This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

10065

PROPERTY OF

Negaunee
LIBRARY

The University of Michigan Libraries

1817

ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

151
C333
Vol. 87

051
C33
v.87
1774

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXVII
NEW SERIES: VOL. LXV
NOVEMBER, 1913, TO APRIL, 1914

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK
HODDER & STOUGHTON, LONDON

Negaunee City
LIBRARY

Copyright, 1914, by THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS

attached
Dept
11-28-66
Xerox Copy

Painted for THE CENTURY by N. C. Wyeth

"THE WOMAN FROM YONDER"

"Madame Grimaux rose to her feet, slightly pale, but with a smile of apology. . . . Alexandre remonstrated in an unfamiliar language. She answered him softly in the same tongue. How I strove to analyze those sounds! They were no doubt the key to everything."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 87 NOVEMBER, 1913 No. 1

THE WOMAN FROM YONDER

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Isle of Life," etc.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE PICTURE BY N. C. WYETH

FOR my part, I do not know what to think. I can only tell it as it happened.

My old friend, Alexandre Grimaux, invited me to visit him. It was a flattering proposal. Grimaux, besides being a famous, if somewhat spectacular, archæologist, is a notorious recluse. I doubt if he receives so intimately a friend a year, either in the house near Paris, which he occupies in winter, or in the charming nest on the hillside above Florence, where he was summering when I got his letter. His marvelous collection of antique objects, his books on dead arts and customs, his manuscripts and printer's proofs, form his whole interest. Or, rather, formerly did so. For lately Alexandre Grimaux had taken a wife.

This wife was a sort of mystery. No one seemed to know who she was or even what race had produced her. She was described as beautiful, silent, strange. She spoke her husband's language with difficulty, Italian with an extraordinary syntax of her own, English, German, and Russian not at all. She cared nothing for society. She gave the impression of a stranger from afar, who in her new abode would always remain an alien. But everybody agreed that she seemed devoted to her husband.

I confess it was on account of her that I accepted Alexandre's invitation.

Cutting short an engrossing piece of work, I traveled a long way uncomfortably in order to throw myself on his hands before he had time to change his mind. For I had not known Alexandre Grimaux at school and in the university without discovering that he could be the master pattern for eccentrics.

Recently, in fact, it had been whispered about among those who came nearest to knowing him that his eccentricity was increasing in a way to cause uneasiness.

It was at about the time of his marriage that people began to mark this change in him.

I arrived at Florence toward evening, took carriage in the direction of Fiesole, and, just as the sun was setting, alighted, in a narrow road lined with cypresses, before his red-washed garden wall. No one had met me. The servant who opened the gate seemed surprised to see my luggage. I had difficulty in persuading him to disturb his master on my account. When finally Alexandre appeared, I knew he had forgotten all about inviting me. But at once he became cordial enough to dispel my misgivings.

"*Sapristi!* It is thou! How I am con-

Copyright, 1913, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

tent!" He let his big hands fall on my arms in a hard grip.

Alexandre Grimaux was a tall, burly fellow whose taurine formidability reminded one of the images, bearded and covered with knotted muscles, on Assyrian palaces. He had a nose like a beak; his black eyes gleamed beneath bushy brows; his beard, inky and curly, rippled down over his waistcoat.

At first glance, he seemed to irradiate all his old strength and intellectual power, the splendid energy, combined with the vivid manner, of the peasant stock of southern France infected with genius. But almost immediately I perceived that something had happened to him. Whether from emotion or his labors, he was exhausted, nervously on edge, overwrought. The inner man was disorganized.

"Quite well?" I asked.

"Never better," he retorted, as it seemed to me, defiantly. And he led the way through a hall of white stucco set with mutilated statues to his workroom.

"Tea, coffee, or something else? If you want a wash, the wash-room is there, rather untidy, I fear, from mummy-dust. Best to put some corrosive sublimate in the bowl. I have been dissecting the lady in the corner, a favorite of Ptolemy Soter, and as neat an example as I have ever seen of the Egyptian embalmer's subcutaneous padding. For half an hour after I unwrapped her she was the most shapely thing imaginable. Before she began to go, I got all my measurements, and took this cast of her head—a beauty, *hein?* But of course that sort of thing is merely recreation. You must see my work, my final classification of the pre-Hyksos pottery. And my new arrangement—the proper one this time—of the 'weak' and 'strong' Egyptian verbs. And a monograph on their pseudo-participle, which is *not* the perfect of the Semitic conjugation. Then there are some fragments—weapons and trinkets and so on—which I found in a very unlikely place. That reminds me. Madame is in her boudoir; she may join us and she may not. Meanwhile repose."

He pushed me into a deep leather chair.

The immense desk before me was covered with folio-sheets and palimpsests, coins and chiseled gems, figurines and *ushebti* images from temples of Cnossus and Egyptian tombs, bottles of iridescent glass, Ægean masks, four-thousand-year-old toys of children, a bewildering litter of precious rubbish. In fact, the big room was a museum. Amphoræ, gladiators' helmets, torsos of marble and terra-cotta filled the corners. On the walls, between shelves crammed with books, or bristling with bronzes and Mycenæan faience, appeared plaster fragments, decorated with the dim mural painting of the Romans. Even the floors were littered, with heaps of personal ornaments, with baskets of broken shards, with tesseræ of porcelain mosaic from Crete, arranged on the rug like half-completed picture-puzzles. Over a chair hung lengths of mummy-linen, gummed and stained by spices, from the shriveled brown object, stiff and straight on the table by the windows, which once on a time had been the fair favorite of Ptolemy Soter.

In the midst of this disorder Alexandre Grimaux sat beaming at me, cigarette-smoke drifting through his inky, curly beard, in his hand a glass of brandy and soda, already nearly empty. For cognac, after working hours, was Alexandre's weakness—a weakness from which more than one professional rival had profited in the past, when garrulity had disclosed some secret work or new discovery.

"But how I am content," he repeated, "to have thee here! I have been lonely." He glanced sidewise at the door. "For a man friend, well understood; for one who knows me well, whom I can trust and talk to freely." He fell into a reverie. Presently he added: "For I can talk to you. To be sure, your ignorance of the ancient world is pitiable. Even Nero knew more of the Homeric Age than you know of so simple an epoch as his. But if you have no special erudition, at least you are sympathetic to me. You are a Sagittarius person, I an Aries, so."

He regarded me sharply, then remarked with a sort of jovial ferocity:

"My wife, also, is a Sagittarius person, with Venus, Mercury, and the moon in the ascendant. Take care not to look at her too warmly, or I shall be apt to smash your head with this iron statuette of Aphrodite Mechanitis."

"Madame Grimaux is warned, I hope, that you 've been so revolutionary as to invite me?"

"Why should I tell her that an Amer-

ican of the twentieth century is to be our guest? She is like me: except for each other, we live in the past."

"You ought to be very happy nowadays."

He looked away, as if secretly agitated.

"My friend, I have found a happiness so strange that I sometimes wonder whether I am not dreaming, or, perhaps—"

Abruptly he stood up, and offered to show me the garden. And the cause of these emotions did not appear till dinner was announced.

We awaited her in the pergola outside the dining-room. The heavens were full of mellow stars, the rose-garden below us was thick with purple shadows. Farther down the hillside, amid vague masses of foliage that blotted the distant sheen of Florence, nightingales were warbling. And the odor of innumerable flowers ascended to us with the concentrated sweetness that Italian nights bring forth.

"You are a sentimentalist, after all," I said; "for you never wander from this land for long."

"Less now than formerly," Alexandre replied, "because my wife prefers places that do not remind her too sharply of the past. That prevent her from suffering too much of a very curious home-sickness, the most curious sort, I believe, that mortal has ever known." He added, laying his hand on my shoulder: "I seem to be telling you things I never discussed before."

A suspicion began to invade me. I suggested:

"These slight fancies are amenable to the simplest treatment, to recreation out of doors, to taking the waters here and there, to certain kinds of literature—"

Alexandre laughed shortly.

"My wife is quite sane, my old one. She is merely the victim of peculiar circumstances that I am helping her to regard with resignation."

At this moment Mme. Grimaux appeared in the French window of the dining-room—against the light a tall silhouette of elegant contours, in a smoky-red gown of unusual, yet nobly simple, fashion. Her glinting hair, however, was intricately arranged in a coiffure such as I had never seen before. Advancing slowly into the pergola, she brought with her an indescribable atmosphere of mingled familiarity and strangeness. Something within me struggled, as it were, to remember.

"*Mon amie,*" Alexandre was saying to her, "this is the one of my old companions whom I have not left behind."

She replied, somewhat haltingly, but in a voice like music:

"You are lucky enough to have saved one old companion."

In the yellow light that issued from the windows Alexandre's face displayed a flush.

"Ah, my dear!"

"It is nothing," she answered gently, and led the way to dinner.

At table, in the glow of the candles, her full beauty was revealed. I saw one of those amber-skinned blondes, with large brown irises and eyebrows darker than the tresses, who appear occasionally in Southern races. All her lovely features combined to give an effect intensely peculiar, exotic. Her forehead was low and broad; her eyes stood wide apart; her mouth, with its full lips, was of a perfect yet extraordinary contour. She looked warm-blooded, intense, capable both of deep thought and of quick wit; but all the while she seemed to be covering her qualities with a profound reserve. It was only when her gaze met Alexandre's that she at all revealed herself. Evidently she cared for her husband deeply. The impression came to me that he was the only person who might understand her, and whom she cared to understand.

There was much about her, all the same, from which, I felt, I ought to be able to divine her race, her proper environment, her social antecedents. She was vaguely suggestive of things which I had known, or known of. I thought that presently she would place herself for me involuntarily. But she did nothing of the sort.

Alexandre talked; she, for the most part, listened. She appeared neither shy nor bored. Once or twice she said enough to give the impression of amiable hospitality. No one could more clearly have shown herself, even in her gracious silences, a woman of the world. One saw, at least, that wherever she had come from, her previous surroundings had been rich and cultivated.

The dinner, as a dinner, was a success. Alexandre, for all his seclusion, and ardu-

ous excursions into desert places, remained a Frenchman of the South. His cook was an artist in the culinary genre of the Midi. We fed royally, perhaps a trifle too richly. And Alexandre, at least, drank champagne as the thirsty soil of those hills absorbs the autumn rains. Somehow I got the idea that he was planning to get tipsy in honor of my arrival.

With the fruit he became preposterous, risky, brilliant, prodigal of his French intelligence and cynicism. His analogies were drawn from modern Europe and from ancient mythology. He displayed intimate acquaintance with the half-world of Paris and of pre-Christian Alexandria. A word about women's fashions, and he was off on a discussion of the hair-dressing just then affected by a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française, as compared with the coiffures of the Greek hetæræ. He could not have been more in earnest if considering the most profound topic. The eternal Gaul was apparent, that inseparable mixture of philosopher and feminist found nowhere outside his land.

He had reached the point where one says what one would not have said, if customary inhibitions were not dissolved by alcohol; but so far his intoxication had not disturbed his wife. She accepted it not only as though she were accustomed to it in him, but also as if it was, where she came from, the natural accompaniment of a dinner.

Alexandre was proclaiming:

"It is the absolutely new in fashion that is alluring, or else the absolutely old, which seems new to our eyes. Madame Audran's latest coiffure renews her fascination. Just so a woman of the present who dressed her hair in the Athenian triple row of curls, entwined with scarlet ribbons and powdered with gold-dust, might do nothing more ingenious to revive a dying interest in her sex—an interest abated, possibly, by an absorption in the very past from which she drew her style. Ah, the terrific fascination of the past, of certain epochs, to certain souls! To regain them otherwise than in imagination—"

With a glance at his wife he broke off quickly, turned to the man behind his chair, and commanded in a slightly thickened voice:

"Look on my desk for a bottle of milky glass, stoppered with wax."

And to me:

"My friend, to show that I am fonder of thee than of any other man, thou shalt have for a liqueur a thimbleful of Chios wine, as thick as honey, twenty-five hundred years old, dug up from a zone below the Cyd-Athenæum—from the Collytus."

Mme. Grimaux rose to her feet, slightly pale, but with a sweet smile of apology. She explained in her unready French:

"You have so much to talk of together that you will be quite happy alone."

I protested. Alexandre, too, remonstrated with a gush of words in an unfamiliar language. She answered him softly in the same tongue.

How I strove to analyze those sounds! They were no doubt the key to everything. Not Hebrew, or Arabic, or Berber, but indefinitely reminiscent of such inflections.

She gave me her hand, said good night, and drifted from the room. Despite the eccentric, flushed man who remained with me, the atmosphere seemed relieved at once of something unnatural.

Was it just then that it occurred to me that Mme. Grimaux's hair had been dressed in a triple row of curls, and entwined with smoky-red ribbons?

But Alexandre was saying, while nervously smoothing out his big black beard:

"Come into the study, then. We shall be more comfortable there. Auguste, bring that bottle back, and cigars and brandy—enough brandy for the evening."

We repaired to his workroom.

I gave him time for one more glass, then took the bull by the horns.

"Alexandre, in what language did you speak to Madame Grimaux just now?"

For a moment he looked at me doubtfully from under his heavy brows, pinched his beak-like nose, and fiddled with his watch-charm, an electrum coin of the Mermnads, stamped with the lion's head. At last he said with a grunt:

"*Eh, bien,* in Punic."

"Punic!"

He laughed derisively, though his fingers trembled as he lighted an immense cigar.

"Ha, you are surprised? You find it a trifle out of the way, *hein,* that one should speak fluently the language of the ancient Carthaginians? Why so? Because it is so little known in books? Ah, in books, to be sure! Books written by my erudite

contemporaries, but only, mind you, of the inscriptions previous to 600 B.C. Ridiculous creatures, who work a year, from pompous, unidiomatic phrases carved in stone, and find another archaic dull vowel, and crown themselves as savants! Look you: I could sit down to-night at this desk and compose out of my head a manual for beginners, in Punic conversation, that would enable you after a few hours' study to talk intelligently, in the vernacular of the second century before Christ, with Hamilcar Barca. That is what I, Grimaux, know of Punic, and what those zanies who call themselves my contemporaries do not know."

"But it is marvelous. And Madame Grimaux also speaks it as well as that?"

"Bah! Madame speaks many languages."

"Not English, however, or German?"

"No, old numbskull, not English, not German. Greek—the Greek of Corax, who wrote the 'Art of Words.' Latin—the Latin of Cato! Egyptian—the Egyptian of the days of Ptolemy Philopator! Punic! But I have mentioned Punic? Libyan! Aha! That hits you? A lost language? Not at all. My wife speaks it; I speak it; we converse in it when the servants are about. I have made a Libyan grammar and a vocabulary, which I keep to myself, because otherwise my dear colleagues would call me an insane impostor. What good would it do them to know Libyan, anyway? Pearls before swine! For me, however, it is good—for sentimental occasions, for intimate *blague*. Its terms of endearment are exquisite, its slang is delicious. You Americans think you have a slang; but the slang of Crœsus's people, who, in effect, were the Yankees of that age, is of a pungency—"

He gulped down another liqueur-glass of cognac, and snorted scornfully:

"My wife is an intelligent woman. She comes of a very restricted class, the small feminine intellectual aristocracy of her race."

Surely the secret was about to be disclosed. With a little urging—

I suggested, in an offhand manner:

"You have not told me yet of the circumstances that produced all this felicity."

He lowered his eyelids, moved his feet uneasily, gazed askance into the corners, thick with shadows, and shining dimly with the treasures of long-vanished civilizations. His agitation was returning. My first impression—of a development in him of some distressing abnormality—recurred to me.

But confronted by the cue for full confession, he obviously recoiled. Yet I knew that sooner or later he would tell me everything; for I was the only human being, except his wife, sufficiently sympathetic to him, and in the end he, as a Frenchman, would have to say something to some one about his heart. Also, he was rapidly becoming drunk.

"Nevertheless," he ejaculated violently, "I ought to tell you nothing."

"Why, then, Alexandre, let us talk of other things."

He pulled hard at his cigar, made a movement toward his glass, withdrew his hand empty. He repeated in a voice that quivered:

"I ought to tell you nothing, nothing, nothing,"—he emptied his glass,—"but I must. Name of God! And better you than another. You at least will not have me examined for my sanity." He leaned forward over the table till his black Assyrian beard brushed the heaps of glittering coins and gems. In an anxious tone, staring at me beseechingly, he asked, "Tell me truly, have I ever seemed to you at all unusual, eccentric?"

Without waiting for a reply, he sprang up, strode to a cabinet, returned with a handful of objects, which he laid on the desk before me. I stared at some flakes and crusts of rust, a few fragments of blackened silver, a scrap of fur-covered hide as hard as a board, and three small plates of gold riveted together. He looked sidewise toward the ceiling, with the air of a man whose conscience almost senses an external remonstrance; and I got the impression that Mme. Grimaux, doubtless in the room above, was somehow concerned even in the story of these objects. Then, lowering his voice, he said:

"Regard well these specimens, for they came at the beginning."

I gave it up.

"You see nothing significant?"

"I am not an archæologist, Alexandre."

He drank more brandy, sat down beside me, and put one large finger on the broadest mass of rust.

"This javelin-head is of a shape pecu-

liar to the Libyan levies of the Carthaginian oligarchy."

He touched the riveted gold plates.

"This is a piece of body-mail such as was worn by the Punic Guard of Patricians."

He pointed to the scrap of hide and to the silver.

"A piece from a shield of lion-skin. Bracelets of Græco-Hispanian workmanship. Well? Well? Well? Where would you think I found these things?"

"The north coast of Africa? Sicily? Spain? Italy?"

He shook his head. Seizing me by the arm, in a whisper he said:

"The Alps!" He leaned back, his eyes afire. He pronounced the word "Hannibal!" and jumping to his feet, in a bellow that rang through the room cried: "I know—I, Alexandre Grimaux, and none other—know by which road Hannibal descended into Italy!"

Suddenly he shook his hand in my face.

"But understand I shall not tell you that road—neither you nor any one else; for they would go there flying. They might find out somehow, from ignorant gossip, the other affair—the affair beside which all this is nothing."

He seated himself again, and with unsteady fingers relighted his cigar. Once more he leaned forward, his brow working, the veins at his temples standing out in knots. And he began:

"It was two years ago this month. Worn out by too much work, I was up there for the sake of the climbing, the high air, the solitude. Just where? That is my secret. To the west, of course. Even you will know that without my telling, since Hannibal had come from the Pyrenees. But not the Mont Genèvre pass! Not the Col d'Argentière! Not Mont Cenis! Another place.

"There, where the mountain-tops begin to fall away toward Italy, is a certain glacier, a valley glacier of extraordinary length and ramifications, that descends from a limited snow-field at a very gentle incline to the moraine—a river of ice that flows to-day a distance of a few millimeters, to-morrow a few millimeters, and so on through eternity. In it, here and there, is a deep crevasse, where one could easily slip, and die quickly, and be frozen, and thereafter be borne on for centuries, millimeter by millimeter, in the heart of that ancient ice.

"With all its windings, its length, from bergschrund to moraine, must be nearly thirty English miles. It moves slowly even for Swiss ice. I judge it moves at an average of two and a half of your inches in a day. There are 63,360 inches in a mile, and 2131 years ago, say 777,800 days ago—"

To be sure, I was listening, but my mind was trying to wander. All the while my thoughts were being drawn toward the room above. Where had I seen that beautiful juxtaposition of features? What was the secret in those deep eyes, that made me feel strangely young, even when they were lighted by a flattering smile? The personality of Mme. Grimaux had not withdrawn at her withdrawal. It permeated the workroom now.

He was saying:

"Sometime when I am tired of life, if I feel like amusing the anthropologists of the future, I shall go up there to the top, to the bergschrund, and have my body boxed and lowered into the crevasse, and travel down gently through the ages. And perhaps, if luck were with science, I would show forth at last through the melting ice of the lower slopes as a fresh relic from another epoch, perfectly preserved by cold, as sound as if I had died the day before. To be sure, in my case they might not get a good idea of the typical twentieth-century man. Perhaps you would do better. Will you give me the disposal of your body?"

He grinned in my face with a sort of strained jocularity. Then he demanded indignantly:

"Are you incredulous so soon? Have you forgotten the mammoths in the frozen soil of the tundra of northern Siberia? When men chopped them out, they were intact. Their bodies were safe from dissolution in that cold storage. One cut steaks from them, cooked and ate their flesh. *Tiens!* A feast brought down for moderns from the Pleistocene Period! But the mammoths, before the ice imprisoned them, were dead." He glared at his big hands, shaking on the edge of the desk as if with palsy, and in a voice of awe, with a profound shudder he repeated, "The mammoths—they were dead."

It was then that it entered my mind:

"My first impression was the right one. It is Alexandre who is in need of a little treatment, not Madame Grimaux."

He poured out and gulped down some brandy, then continued:

"I had followed the glacier down from its beginnings almost to its end. I had started up there, in the region of its perennial renewal, the snow-fields. The snow fall growing deeper and deeper and more compact, changing from snow to névé, from névé to ice, to the [illegible] rock that finally moves forward by its own weight, to join the glacier proper. I had traveled down over its surface, moving beside them, measuring its speed of progress, comparing the advance of its center and edges, deducing the nature of its channel from its crevasses, descending into the crevasses at the end of ropes to study the stratification caused by the snow-falls of long ago, the changes in granular structure, the depth of the ice-lines. For I, who have always found glacier-study a fascination, was fascinated by this glacier. It was *Anagké*—it was necessity."

Even now my mind was [illegible] wander again. What was it about the cold was at the same time mysterious and pathetic? Loneliness. That was it. [illegible] there surrounded her an atmosphere of effable loneliness which, though concentrated, dissembled, was more moving than any loneliness that I had ever known.

Alexandre tapped me on the arm.

"Not far above the moraine where the abrupt change in gradient produces many crevasses, I dug out—this."

He bent over, opened a [illegible] laid before me, amid the wrappings and papyrus-scrolls and [illegible] crushed, polished as if by [illegible] but with scraps of [illegible] its cavities.

I said something [illegible] chuckled, it seemed to me [illegible]

"Observe it [illegible] skull? No doubt [illegible]

Seizing the thing between [illegible] hands, he rambled:

"From what is left of the nose [illegible] clearly prognathous, narrow [illegible] short; the parietal region [illegible] thick. Well? A primitive [illegible] think? Not at all. The [illegible] dome is not characteristic of primitive mountaineers. It is the skull of [illegible]

on the march—a host clambering over mountain-peaks, twenty thousand foot, six thousand horse, mule-trains and swarms of sick, war-elephants and the polyglot herds of camp-followers, the women of the mercenaries, and the concubines of the captains, and the slaves from tribes stamped flat on the way. Imagine all the broken trappings discarded, the weapons smashed in skirmishes and dropped, the paraphernalia too heavy to be carried farther, all the little luxuries, all the loot, that this last great effort made into burdens too cumbrous. And the dead left behind in the drifts.

"Certainly I expected to find other things in the midst of that glacier. Many curious things, abandoned up there amid the snow-fields over two thousand years before, and now approaching the low moraine, and the light of the sun once more.

"We camped beside the glacier, close to my selected spot. We built a hut. Every day, in a swing of ropes, with lantern and ice-hatchet, I peered and pecked in the crevasses. That was a time, my friend! The gloom of those glistening depths! The encircling walls, murky and opaque! The deadly cold! My numb arms, and frozen face, and feverish heart! My head clear, my stomach full of cognac!

"We sank narrow shafts, prolonged the dust-wells, even drove one horizontal gallery a little way into the ice. Now and then a fresh crevasse opened near by with a crash: the walls heaved and settled; once I barely escaped alive. After that the guides refused to continue. I had paid them like a king, and now they called me crazy. As you may imagine, we quarreled over that. They left me there, all but one, an honest, stupid fellow who had become attached to me. Thereafter it was he who let out the ropes. I went on prying and picking down there alone."

From out of doors the harp-music entered again—a new air—no less strange, ineffably wistful. And the wistfulness of that enigmatic air was somehow related in my mind to the unfathomable wistfulness of the player's eyes.

Alexandre leaned closer.

"One night as I lay in the hut the glacier gave forth a deep, smacking boom. Another crevasse! I went out under the stars, and found it, and peering down into that black, narrow abyss, I told myself, 'If this one discloses nothing, I shall go away.' Next day I descended into it."

His voice failed him. His mouth moved spasmodically. He achieved the words:

"And deep, very deep, close to the surface of its wall, looming through the ice, I saw—" He pressed his eyelids together with a shiver—"I saw a long object like a battered coffer—like a misshapen coffin."

He made a quick gesture, lighted a fresh cigar, and for a while smoked furiously. Out of doors the faint harp-notes died away. He went on in a tone of unnatural calm:

"In two days I had reached this thing, and loosened it from the ice sufficiently to lash it round with ropes. It was a great iron chest, vastly caked with rust, bent and warped by the slow grinding of the glacier, but so far as general cohesion went, intact. Toward evening on the second day we had it out, after breaking the ropes three times, and once nearly being dragged to the bottom of the crevasse. Then, in the dusk, with logs for rollers, we pushed it to the hut.

"How many hours to smash it open? I remember that night as a dream—a dream of almost insupportable exultation, of terrific expectancy, of apprehension that made my scalp tingle and my whole body ill. There comes back to me the ceaseless clanging of steel on iron, the dim lamplight falling on the corrugations of rust, the steam of our freezing breath, the patter of sweat on metal. At last, we ripped off the top, and inside, beneath a shroud of camel-hair fabric, appeared the outline of a human body."

A hush fell between us. He remained motionless, staring at me with that new, uncanny composure, his eyes steady, though filmy and injected with blood, his features firm, yet dripping perspiration.

"See! Among the folds of camel-hair I found a piece of vellum, one side scrawled with maps, the other with writing—Greek, of the dialect of the Pontine coast, second century B.C."

And he recited slowly, in his deep voice that was stirred by vibrations:

" 'On the day of the tumult made by the Celtiberians and the Balearic slingers, in a storm of wind and sleet, she was killed. The rear-guard, maddened by the cold, pushing up through the pass, came clamoring to the general, who was di-

recting the progress of the elephants. All wanted their pay, which was in the great coffer on the shoulders of the trumpeter of Baal. Many threatened to turn back. Others howled at the captains, showing their bones and sores, crying out that the officers should not be fatter and warmer than the privates. The slingers even approached the litters of our women, naming the names of the wretched females who had followed them from Spain, and now were coughing and freezing at the tail of the army. For such scum they wanted the furs, mantles, and braziers of our companions. Of these men the general hewed down the spokesman while we others were still breaking the ice about our sword-hilts. A single javelin was thrown; but that one, glancing from my helmet, entered the curtain of her litter, and pierced her through the shoulder. And we could not stop the blood, so the warmth left her, and she froze to death quickly, and was no more. Later, when the ringleaders had been crucified on the ice, and the money distributed among the rest, I got from the general the great coffer, and laid her in it, and now sink it deep into the snow. Thus Laomedon, son of Cretheus, of Cerasus, captain of the Grecian company, in memory of Nephele called the Golden. From Athens to New Carthage, from New Carthage to these eternal snows, she followed me, renouncing perfumes, flowers, the marble bath, and the riches of her own house, nor was ever dismayed by sun or cold, battle or famine. So the gods punish a too great felicity! These words from a broken heart, which seeks sharp death in the first onset with the Romans. Aphrodite remember that one who served her well, and is now among the shades!' "

Alexandre lowered his head. Out of doors even the crickets were silent.

"And before I drew back the wrappings, I was jealous of that man who had died twenty-one hundred-odd years ago!"

For a while he mused, with vacant eyes, plowing his fingers through his beard, swaying slightly in his chair. Finally he said: "I shall not go on. You would never believe. Think me drunk, but not mad."

Once more he began to wander round the room, lurching against the cabinets and bookcases, fingering in a haphazard way precious, fragile objects that he would never have forgiven himself for dropping. He found himself beside my chair. Clutching my shoulder, he leaned over, and, his last resolution forgotten, mumbled:

"See, thou, she was all white—dead-white from head to foot, eyelids, lips, nails, marble-pallid—all except her golden hair, and a deep wound here in the right pectoralis major, crimson, fresh crimson. Frozen, and as fresh as if she had died yesterday!

"Beautiful? The poignant beauty of a vanished race, all shining there, all saved for the despair of modern eyes, through the long centuries, in the depths of the glacier!

"At that moment I knew that I had never loved any one else, that I would never love any one else. All the love of my life went forth to this woman out of the past, this pale perfection that had not stirred since our countries ceased to be wildernesses. For me she epitomized the far-off ages for which I had always yearned—their beauty, their spirit, their strange secrets, their whole obliterated knowledge. It was as if all I had ever longed for lay there embodied, how close, and yet how completely inaccessible, baffling with its white immobility the communion I had always dreamed of. In that hour I was bereaved of the one woman and the one reason for existence."

Alexandre regained his chair, and poured out more brandy.

"That night! A storm had come up. The hut shook; the light flickered; hail rattled on the roof; thunder reëchoed from the heights. In a storm she had died, and in another storm—

"My poor wretch of a guide was crouching in a corner, praying. This business had broken down his nerves. I, for my part, knelt beside her, staring and staring. Perhaps I wept. No doubt. Maybe I kissed her lips. Who can say?

"I am not sure when the idea, the insane inspiration, began to grow in my brain—" He leaned over to take my nerveless hand— "Look here, do you remember our studies together in the university? How often you sat there beside me while I was busy with my biology and vivisection? Have you forgotten Blondell, who in 1825 proved that animals apparently dead from loss of blood could be revived within a limited time by transfu-

sion? Do you recall those dogs I bled to death, and resuscitated, within the five-minute limit, with Aveling's apparatus, by new blood from other dogs? All those processes, the direct and the indirect, the auto-transfusion by ligatures, and so on? And the monkey I froze solid, after draining his veins sufficiently to relieve the pressure when his blood congealed, and brought to life next day by warming and a new infusion? There in the hut beside the glacier I remembered all that."

His voice fell, as if he were afraid of what he was going to say:

"An exsanguinated patient who had been frozen swiftly, whose every fiber was undoubtedly the same as at the moment of freezing, one day for the monkey, seven hundred and seventy-seven thousand-odd days for the woman. What difference? In such cold, flesh remains the same forever.

"I went to work. Imagine, for example—"

He began to laugh, at first with eery softness, soon wildly, rocking from side to side in the throes of an hysteria the more dreadful because it racked so big and strong a man. I came round to him quickly, caught him by the shoulders, began to shake him.

"Alexandre, be still!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Ho! ho! ho! Imagine that wretched hut, the laboratory for the most tremendous operation man has ever seen! Ho! ho! ho!"

His demonic hoots resounded. Through the ceiling came the scraping of a chair. *She* had heard him? *She* was coming down? If she entered that door now! My teeth began to chatter. My scalp stirred. I went on shaking him desperately. Our shadows, swaying back and forth, glided over the walls in monstrous shape, over the glimmering shelves, over the mummy on the table by the windows, which seemed, in that alternation of light and gloom, to be stirring, to be writhing into life.

"Alexandre! Alexandre!"

All at once he was silent. He reached for his glass, but I held his hand away. For a time his deep chest heaved. Then he said distinctly, in an ordinary tone:

"Do you know, in that hut there was nothing proper to work with—nothing, absolutely. If I had only had Aveling's machine, or even Roussel's, or a big hypodermic. But nothing! Indirect transmission, of course, with every danger of infection, of air, of inadequate assistance.

"I routed out my guide. While he was heaping logs on the fire, I explored my medicine-case. Disinfecting-tablets, sterilized gauze, a lancet, by the grace of God a vial of carbonate of ammonia crystal for inhalation in the high altitudes, some tea-cups of enameled tin, a bit of waxed paper capable of being twisted into a funnel, quill tooth-picks, adhesive tape to bind the quill to the funnel—those were my instruments!

"But for a long time I waited. In transfusion, a nervous agitation in the donor is sometimes fatal to the patient. I determined to be calm. It was my will to be calm. At last I think I was.

"When the blazing logs before which I had laid her already threatened to char the roof, I made a half-inch incision in my median basilic vein, and let six or seven ounces run into the tea-cups. I bound up my arm, defebrinated the blood by whipping it with twigs and straining it through gauze. I added a solution of ammonia. Over the spirit-lamp I brought this mixture to 110 degrees Fahrenheit. I was a trifle faint by then, *mon ami,* and somewhat unsteady. It was fortunate that the heat had not yet done its part.

"The roof caught fire. We beat out the flames. The rigidity began to leave her limbs. How long? What is time, or the march of events, at a time like that?

"My guide returned to his corner, and groveled there, gibbering. He believed he had got the devil for a master. At last—at last with my lancet I uncovered the cephalic vein of her left arm, and with a tiny twig for a director raised it. I inserted the quill attached to the funnel. I began the transfusion ounce by ounce, with fifteen-minute intervals.

"The roof caught again. The guide rose, and fought the fire like a man in a delirium.

"In the end the wound in her shoulder became active! I packed it with gauze. I bandaged her limbs to localize the blood-supply about the central organs. I began to exercise her lungs.

"Look! Look! On her lips a faint color! An hour, an eternity of the most terrible suspense, and her body began al-

most imperceptibly to quiver from the natural result, the chill. To quiver! To move of itself! She was alive.

"It was then that my guide rushed out into the storm, screaming, and cast himself down the glacier.

"Two weeks later I found a mountaineer, whom I sent for help. Men came with a stretcher. We took her down into the lowlands."

Perhaps a minute passed in which neither of us moved. The nightingales resumed their song. The moon had risen; its light poured in through the windows to bathe in silvery-green radiance the mummy on the table and the images of obsolete divinities. A sigh broke the stillness. Then Alexandre's voice went on:

"If the soul exists, where had that soul been? What regions did it relinquish at the command of the reviving body? With what regrets, blotted out from consciousness at reëntrance into the flesh?

"One who has loved can doubtless love again and in new places; but old loves persist in memory. Better perhaps not to wake, when waking means remembrance of what is lost.

"But man thinks of his own heart first, as woman, more often than not, thinks first of man's, comforting, reassuring, pretending, out of her vast gentleness and charity, while concealing deep within her a pitiable despair. Who knows?

"At least I have lived a life such as no man ever lived before. My wildest longings have been realized. I have merged myself, as it were, with the past I love so well. Hand in hand with a sure guide, I have retraced my way across obliterated paths to remote days. The moon has risen for me over the roofs of Athens. My ship has drawn in beneath the starlit bulk of Carthage. I have supped and marched with the great dead. I have heard the songs of a world that is gone, that no other will ever hear—the elegiac melodies of the Libyan flute, the lyric utterances of the seven-stringed lyre, without which Pindar, Anacreon, Simonides, Bacchylides are a sealed book. I live amid the sounds and odors, the knowledge and very presence, of the past. And all the while, in the midst of a frightful delight, I have a frightful apprehension; for I have outraged nature, destiny, the sane progress of the universe. What will happen to me for that?

"And that other! Where is he? Close by, invisible in the shadows? Is he calling now? Could that heart of hers, purified by its long absence in unknown spaces, be half aware of such a message? Is it just as a prisoner that I keep her here, a being brought back by force, smiling at her captor with the sad wisdom of one whose inner self knows everything, bearing the chains of this poor, human selfishness with the meekness of a divine comprehension?"

He wept, the tears running down into his beard.

"Nearly every night I find her out there, looking through the darkness toward the old places. No doubt she is there at this moment."

He stood erect, and staggered into the pergola. Below, amid the roses, her tall shape stood motionless. Her gaze was turned toward the east. Alexandre went toward her, his hands outstretched, sobbing:

"No more to-night! No more!"

Turning, she caught him in her white arms. His head sank upon her shoulder: his grief was muffled by her breast. So she supported him, swaying, but standing upright. Her face showed like a mask, ineffably beautiful, of Pity herself.

I heard his smothered voice:

"Be content! For charity, say thou wilt be content—"

Her eyes met mine. They remained, as before, shining with that sublime, sad gentleness. She addressed him very softly:

"Come! To bed."

But he went on, shaken by his paroxysm:

"The crime I have committed against thee!"

"Be silent now! Come! To bed."

She led him into the house.

Deranged?

It is possible, of course, that just at that time he was suffering from some nervous breakdown, full of imaginings related to his work and dreams. But there remained the mystery of the woman, which is still a mystery to me.

Was it coincidence, or a cue for a whole fabric of delusion on his part, that on her left arm, somewhere, I should judge, in the region of the cephalic vein, one saw a tiny scar not yet altogether white?

PERUGIA

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

FOR the sake of a weathered gray city set high on a hill
To the northward I go,
Where Umbria's valley lies mile upon emerald mile
Outspread like a chart.
The wind in her steep, narrow streets is eternally chill
From the neighboring snow,
But linger who will in the lure of a southerly smile,
Here is my heart.

Wrought to a mutual blueness are mountains and sky,
Intermingling they meet;
Little gray breathings of olive arise from the plain
Like sighs that are seen,
For man and his Maker harmonious toil, and the sigh
Of such labor is sweet,
And the fruits of their patience are vistas of vineyards and grain
In a glory of green.

No wind from the valley that passes the casement but flings
Invisible flowers.
The carol of birds is a gossamer tissue of gold
On a background of bells.
Sweetest of all, in the silence the nightingale sings
Through the silver-pure hours,
Till the stars disappear like a dream that may never be told,
Which the dawning dispels.

Never so darkling the alley but opens at last
On unlimited space;
Each gate is the frame of a vision that stretches away
To the rims of the sky.
Never a scar that was left by the pitiless past
But has taken a grace,
Like the mark of a smile that was turned upon children at play
In a summer gone by.

Many the tyrants, my city, who held thee in thrall.
What remains of them now?
Names whispered back from the dark through a portal ajar,
They come not again.
By men thou wert made and wert marred, but, outlasting them all,
Is the soul that is thou—
A soul that shall speak to my soul till I, too, pass afar,
And perchance even then.

WISCONSIN IDYLS

CAMERA IMPRESSIONS FROM NATURE

BY ROBERT H. CONKLIN

A MODERN PAN
BY THE LAKE
SALUTING THE DAWN
THE SHEPHERD BOY

R. WEIR CROUCH

THE MILITANT WOMEN—AND WOMEN

BY EDNA KENTON

THE purpose of this paper is to explain feminism to those who, whatever their personal predilections, want to understand. It is of its nature controversial, but is carefully not contentious. It is a well-constructed brief, shrewdly analyzed, clearly thought out, and forcefully stated. It will hurry the willing reader safely through the footless bogs and gloomy thickets of past wranglings, and place him, shorn of inconsequences and misconceptions, a clear-eyed and open-minded spectator, at the very firing-line of the most thrilling engagement in the war for freedom, which began in the caves and will end with mankind.—THE EDITOR.

THE militant women, so called, have sprung up in England as nowhere else in the world. But whoever holds the English militants to be a spontaneous variation from the normal does not know human history or his age. To disassociate the militant women from the women of the rest of the world is not possible. They are only a highly significant part of the general unrest that is burrowing beneath old codes, undermining old values and ideals, and tossing them up into unsteady mountains of broken sepulchers and moldy rubbish. The middle of the last century saw the stupendous upheaval, with "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man" marking the epochal divide. Since then, more swiftly than mankind has known before, through all its ranks and its two genders there has been mental dynamite in the making. Because it has vision where the other has archaism, the "lower class" is become the higher class, self-conscious and self-poised. Not only youth, but childhood, is a rebel. Art has become anarchic. And as mysteriously as Nature works everywhere, so has she worked with the servant half of the human race, stirring it to self-consciousness and action; helping to keep alive the tiny torch of revolt, all but choked in the deathly damp of tradition and dependence as the silent rebels in the home have passed it on through weary generations to their daughters. For uncounted years the great forces of life have been working silently, and when suddenly the fighting women appear, we are astounded, who count it no miracle that the wind and the rain pass in the night over naked fields, and in the morning leave them green.

Militancy is not yet a cause; it is an effect. Militancy is not a disease; it is a symptom. If its opponents could stamp it out—and they cannot—they would be doing a foolish and a futile thing. The world's attitude toward the English militants is medieval, and more hysterical than the thing itself at an impossibly undisciplined worst could ever be; because militancy is based on the logic of causes, as fear of it is not. As well stone a thermometer to fragments for registering 105 degrees as to attack militancy in itself as complete or bad.

"But," cry the traditionists, "this may mean sex-war."

It *is* sex-war; who doubts it? Who doubts there is sex-war, just as there is class-war, and will be until there is world-wide readjustment of human relationships?

"But," cry the traditionists again, "we see women advocating violence, destroying property, breaking laws. There may be bloodshed."

VIOLENCE AND "FAIR PLAY"

WE are seeing violence, indeed, and those of us who have watched this movement do not doubt that blood will flow, if the English Government does not yield in time. Blood has flowed in England before the great charters of human liberties were wrenched from the blind, stupid, heavy thing that men conceive to be gov-

ernment; and the English Government cannot escape the charge of having dared the rebel women to use the weapons of men in their demonstrations of hostility to a power that has refused to receive their deputations of women, sent peaceably to seek the righting of their political grievances. The militants took up the glove and hurled the time-honored stones and hammers against the time-honored windows; and, later, when a cabinet minister referred publicly to the burning of Nottingham Castle by rioting men, and said, "Women have not done what men did; they have not burned a castle to the ground, and I see no reason for giving them the vote," his words were the prelude to the continued burning of unoccupied castles throughout England. "But we see *women* destroying property, breaking laws—" But endure for a moment the novel mental sensation of seeing these militant women as human beings, nothing less nor more, struggling for their half of the great charter of human rights that the early English Chartists, who were men, forgot to win for them.

The early Chartists did establish this, however, and the English Government in its later struggles against men militants has had to remember it—that a political offender is one who breaks a law as a protest against a political grievance, not, as a criminal offender, for personal gain. It remembered it for men agitators when it was sentencing women rioters to prison as criminal offenders, and it was in protest against this discrimination that the Holloway militants began the hunger-strikes in England.

"Ah, yes, the hunger-strikes," say the traditionists. "That is not fair play, depending on their sex-weakness and man's chivalry to embarrass the government. That is the way women fight."

It happens also to be the way revolutionists fight. In Russia, where the *golodófka,* or hunger-strike, originated, it is the ultimate protest of political prisoners against prison cruelty, and has been used for years by Russian revolutionists, men and women. In "Siberia and the Exile System," published over twenty years ago, George Kennan writes at length of these strikes in Russian prisons, and, on one page, to make his story of Hope Sigida's fate stronger, he puts a curious, hypothetical case of "a cultured, generous, impulsive, and patriotic young Irish girl," working for home rule, subjected to brutal prison regulations, hunger-striking, forcibly fed, and the like, undoubtedly without prescience that in less than a score of years Englishwomen would be taking their leaves from the revolutionists' handbook.

Unthinking people have sneered at the British Government for going into a panic over the hunger-strikers. These people should know that the Russian Government, likewise, is helpless before its prisoners who freely elect to starve. On first thought it would seem that the state, having supplied its prisoners with food, had done its part, and could stand aside unmoved; but it does not, it cannot, though the reasons for its concern are obscure, and difficult to trace. This seems clear, however; that in the end nothing counts against the individual, neither governments nor tortures nor death; and when spirit spurns material preservation of life in the final desperate attempt to obtain that which means more than life, the rare struggle and fine disdain compel involuntary sympathy and admiration. Even the state seems forced into the Aristotelian attitude toward tragedy, and acts accordingly. What really embarrassed the English Government was its own classification of these law-breaking Englishwomen as criminals, and in addition to that blunder, it attempted to feed forcibly intelligent women who chose not to eat.

"And, in any case," the traditionists conclude, "these women are hopeless hysterics, 'touched,' if not actively insane, and ought to be shut up in asylums."

WOMAN'S SPIRITUAL HELPLESSNESS

BUT to dismiss the English militants, or women-actionists anywhere, as hysterics and pathological specimens, as the notable physicians called to the aid of the English Government have named and dismissed them, is to beg the question. Any doctor who shows the door to a patient he has diagnosed as hysterical, without seeking the cause of her hysteria to remove it, does not earn his fee, and, if he recommends merely sedatives and close confinement, his license should be withdrawn.

Under Two, engraved for THE CENTURY, by G. M. Lewis

THE MILITANT

A [illegible] OF THE MASSES

DRAWN BY CHARLES A. WINTER

This is not the way to deal with hysteria, granted that the diagnosis be correct.

After all, it is not the tactics of the English militants that concern us; and their present, single-hearted goal, "Votes for Women," is near and insignificant compared with the stretches that lie beyond that simple, first step. Many women of this generation will stop short, in their path to self-realization, with their enfranchisement, calling it a good fight won, and the battle ended. Others will discover, as men have discovered, that the ballot is a clumsy method of gaining what they want, and will seek, as many men are seeking, other and better ways. Our concern is not with militant tactics or with its first goal. But we are greatly concerned with the militant spirit that is developing in these and many other women. For, of all the evils in the world, the helplessness of women is the greatest; not their material or political helplessness, but their spiritual helplessness, upon which all their other ineptitudes gather like barnacles. This spiritual militancy in women is the ringing, singing note of the world to-day, and what lies back of it and what lies ahead may not wisely be ignored.

First of all, the men and women who do not know the degraded status of women before the English courts are set apart, in their ignorance, from the right to condemn the women of England who are steadily executing a campaign of planned, political violence. For this is true, that the roster of those laws is enough to make any intelligent woman who comes into conflict with them go down to the Woman's Union, and, on the bare chance that action will help, say, "Here am I, to use."

One of the "wild women" sat talking to me not long ago, sometimes humorously, always earnestly and calmly. Finally, because I knew her to be a happy woman in her home, I asked her the old, inevitable question.

"It was such a little thing," she told me, "that turned me to the militants—just the necessity of a form to be signed by my child's 'parent.' I said I would sign it, that I was the boy's mother. 'But it must be signed by the *parent*,' said the doctor, smiling tolerantly as he explained English law to me; that 'A mother, as such, is entitled to no power, only to reverence and respect.' That night I asked my husband—he is a barrister—to tell me the English law for women, and for days after that I went about feeling degraded and unutterably resentful. The new militancy had begun, and I had condemned it; now I began to wonder, and I went to the W. S. P. U., and got its literature. I was in Albert Hall, during the Third Woman's Parliament in 1907, when Mrs. Pankhurst, unexpectedly released from Holloway Prison, came in, and took the vacant chair that waited for her on the platform. I heard her say that men have had control of women's and children's lives long enough, and that in England it must be stopped, and that it was on its way to being stopped. 'We have done what they hoped and what they believed was impossible: we women are roused,' she said.

"I stood up with the rest of them, roused for the rest of my life. Then I went home and told my boy and my husband that I must help. My husband did n't want it, and I waited a little longer, for, you see, I was a happy woman. But the injustice of it ate into me. I was ashamed to have my boy know I was staying outside only because some one I loved wanted me to; women have done that for ages, and that has to be stopped. So I joined them. When I was sent out to throw my first stone, I was sick—*sick*. I did n't think I could go through with it. One woman told me she prayed all the time. The thing that nerved me at last was the chance memory of that doctor's tolerant, uncomprehending, unspeakably insulting smile as he denied me, under the law, any voice in my boy's life."

SUPERFLUOUS WOMEN

Sir Almroth Wright, one of England's distinguished scientific men, disclosed another cause for English militancy when he published, in his famous "Times" letter, the results of his mighty research into the psychology of England's superfluous women. Said he:

"The recruiting-field for the militant suffragist is the half-million of our excess female population, that half-million which had better, long ago, have gone out to mate with its complement of men, beyond

the seas." Then Sir Almroth Wright lists the types, as he sees them, of this half-million excess: "A class of women who have been strangers to joy, in whom instincts, long suppressed, have broken into flame. They are the sexually embittered women, in whom everything has turned to gall, and bitterness of heart, and hatred of men . . . the incomplete. One side of their nature has undergone atrophy, with the result that they have lost touch with their living fellow-men and women . . . the women who are affronted, when man avers that, for him, the glory of woman lies in her power of attraction, in her capacity for motherhood, *and in unswerving allegiance to the ethics which are special to her sex.* I have heard such an intellectually embittered woman say, *though a man had taken her to wife,* that 'never, in the whole course of her life, had a man ever so much as done her a kindness.' " The italics are not Sir Almroth Wright's, but special thought is bespoken for them.

Now, the lot of these superfluous women of England, most of them of the deadly middle class, denied marriage, since their circle, limited at best, may not be overstepped; denied their children; forbidden economic independence; refused any individual life of their own; dependent on the male head of the house, and subordinate to his will—let these women tell if they will what their lives are. Their group is the recruiting-ground from which doctors' offices are filled. Hysterics, many of them. But a physician who stops short at diagnosis, as Sir Almroth Wright stops, whose only suggested remedy is to send them out of the country, whose solution is that, as a militant, "the state would be well rid of her if she were crushed under the soldiers' shields, like the traitor woman at the Tarpeian rock," is a pseudo-scientist who, where women's ills are concerned, refuses to follow the terrible effect to its more terrible cause; nor can his imagination compass the appalling waste of creative energy in these half-million human beings, nor the tremendous strength of that energy, too long suppressed, bursting into flame, nor the incalculable value of it, set free, to the remaking of a badly made world.

In childless homes, and in homes of only one child or two children lies another great reservoir of waste energy among women. The cost of living and the persistent, outlawed, but irresistible, spread of scientific knowledge have directly lowered the world's birth-rate, and England, in common with other nations who still feel the chief end of life is to spawn soldiers, is annoyed, but, as usual, over the wrong thing. Creative energy, suppressed in men, or in women with no healthful outlet in human activities, is waste, waste, waste. Even if care of a home and a child or two does take all a woman's time, it should not. And it does not.

THE WORLD AND THE HOME

FOR woman's work—this is old and so trite!—has gone from her on the rolling wave of the industrial age that has swept her work and often her and her children into factories. Specialized, outside industries have taken her old handicrafts from her, and have left in the home only the stupid forms of drudgery that possess not even the creative interest that was attached to the old primitive arts of spinning and weaving and sewing all that a family might need for clothing and covering. Even in the kitchens there used to be genuine opportunity for creative art; to-day the work of the average family kitchen means generally the mere hasty serving of food, already wholly or partly prepared outside, and the uninteresting clearing away of debris. Yet women must keep busy in the home; perhaps this nervous need of theirs is one reason, though it is not the only reason, why women have never studied conservation of energy, working efficiency, or the elimination of unnecessary steps and movements. And then, where prolonged, crude methods of work fail to fill in time, this nervous energy, if it does not go outside the home for self-expression, reaches out in desperation, and snatches the old handicrafts back under the guise of definite art. If this needs proof, the women's magazines to-day furnish it, filled with revivals of the old handicrafts: hand-quilted quilts, hand-knitted counterpanes and curtains, eyelet-embroidery, and beadwork. It is likely that the spinning-wheel and the loom may be the next futile scheme for keeping women busy in the modern home.

But the world has come in, brought through the home doorway by the same

merciless agent that took the home handicrafts out. The industrial age has developed rapid transit, the telephone, telegraph, wireless, newspapers, increasing club and social life, the yeasty ferment of cities. Women in the house get the history of things as they happen, not dead details after history is made; and as their minds have quickened to a more cosmic interpretation of life, more and more they feel a tremulous eagerness to "do" something themselves, to be a part of the world that is so much more interesting than the home's dull round. For there is rising revolt among women against the unspeakable dullness of unvaried home life. It has been a long, deadly routine, a life-servitude imposed on her for ages in a man-made world. No honest woman will deny —man's opinion is valueless here—that there is nothing in the home alone to satisfy woman's human longing for variety, adventure, romance. But any man will tell you strongly that home is not enough, a mate is not enough, children are not enough, to fill a human being's life, *if that human being is to be himself*. Women, singly, to themselves, have thought this for a long time, and now that they are beginning to talk freely to women, they are discovering that what they have thought involuntarily and rebelliously other women have thought just as wickedly and unideally, next door to them, across the street from them, in the church pews behind them, and at the card-tables.

Then perhaps this happens—it must happen, if a woman thinks. She sees at last, as the world comes more and more into the home, and as her children and she herself, perhaps, are swept out into the industrial treadmill, that the world is not the beautiful, kindly place she dreamed it was in her protected days. She hears the revolutionary "La-la" of industrial unrest, and she discovers that human life, compared with output, is zero to the owners of the world's wealth. She sees her husband's flagging vitality with new eyes, and shudders at her children's early exhaustion under toil. Until to-day women, in their walled cells, have been able to stupefy their own souls in dreams for their children; now they know that those dreams are dead things, and their most powerful sedative has lost its cunning.

THE SUPPRESSED SEX

For women are thinking at last not in men's terms, but in their own, and thought in a slave class is always dynamic. Furthermore, as women talk to women with increasing freedom, and discover a communal mental restlessness among them, they come to perceive this: that they are not "the mysterious sex," but the suppressed sex; that the reason men are not mysteries to women is because men are living in a world created by men for men, more or less favorable for the development of personality and individuality among men, since the restrictions on men's free-willing are comparatively few; that the reason women are mysteries to men is because women have never lived in an environment created by themselves for themselves, but in this man's world, under codes not their own, according to ideals set up for them in no way borne out by facts, and not for themselves ever, but for others. To be called the mysterious sex can never flatter them again, once they have perceived the stupidity of the epithet. Men have said for ages, and women have repeated it like parrots, "Women are thus and so." There is no physician or psychologist or scientist to-day who knows what women are.

Perhaps the new psychology of the human race will have for its starting-point neither male nor female, but the individual and its own.

Now, we find, as definite causes for dynamic thought among women to-day—and dynamic thought is militancy—unfair laws made for her by men who have understood neither her own nor her children's natures and needs; an unmeasured creative energy suppressed by economic, and moral, and class codes, none of which she has shared in making; a suppression of human instinct to adventure and romance and idealism; a suppression of all her instincts to action outside a fixed and dull routine; the coming of the world into the home; the discovery, as she and her children go out into the world, that it is not a place to dream of, but to act in; finally, the illuminating perception that the great reason for the troubles of women, perhaps the basic one, is that the world has been made by men for themselves, and that the women in it have been set aside from life,

no less in the Christian home than in the Eastern harem, have been denied free expression of their individual natures by a tangled jungle of codes and superstitions, have been misinterpreted and uninterpreted, have lived in inert, smothering air; that nothing of this suits them, and that they do not like it.

Then suddenly, as often happens, but never causelessly, there is coherence here, explosion there, energy rushing to meet energy uniting and creating greater energy—and the new world is on.

Now, of the feminist movement so called suffrage is a tiny part, and of suffrage militancy is perhaps likely to be a merely English detail. Nevertheless, the English militants have not only performed several extremely important services to the whole woman movement, but, in their militant campaign, they are indicating a number of extremely interesting tendencies in the self-development of women that are entirely worthy of study.

ENGLISH MILITANCY AND SOLIDARITY

THE first obvious service that English militancy rendered to women was, of course, advertisement, an essential detail for any business, any end. Militant Englishwomen have put not only suffrage but feminism into the daily press and into periodical and permanent literature. Nothing has ever advertised anything so important so quickly as English militancy has gazetted women. This fighting group, spectacular, picturesque, with its aura of flame, its chants of terror, its supreme contempt for unfair law, and its fine defiance of one of the greatest empires of the world, has electrified into concentrated attention upon women the minds of women and men not heretofore interested in a problem that must have presented itself sooner or later for solving. It does not matter whether the attitude of these men and women is for or against; anything definite is better than a mental inertness over a bad state of public health and morals.

English militancy has done this also: it has broken rather completely the fetish of conventionality. For a long time to come women are to be the actively unconventional sex, and the sooner their conventions—which, to be sure, are not theirs, but men's for them—are broken down, the easier the road for those who come after. When a woman goes out deliberately and breaks a law as a protest against lawmakers in power, she puts herself, by direct act, outside the pale of mere convention, and it can never seem quite so important to her again. This is always great personal gain to any one, and does not leave mere bystanders unillumined.

Then, English militancy is showing up this interesting trait in the sex—tagged "anabolic" by scientists, in contradistinction to catabolic man—that women are aggressive fighters, capable of planning campaigns, and of enduring suffering and outrage. It has always been admitted that women, like animals, will fight for their young. The English militants are proving that women, like men, will fight for what they want. This development of more fighting blood augurs well for the world's future, and it could not possibly have been created from the void. It is not a result of militancy; militancy is a result of it, wakened from its long sleep in the hearts of women.

Again, any attempt at direct action must prove to women that money is power and lack of it helplessness. Women have perceived this when food and shelter and clothing and defense against wrongs failed them. And yet they have not seen clearly, and to-day, even in the industrial world, working merely for their food and clothes and shelter, many of them do not see the spiritual necessity of their economic freeing. Witness how many of the younger women in industry lapse, with their marriage, into the old parasitism, and fall back gladly into the old dependence, the old getting of bread by their sex functions. Work and money they have never thought of as direct aids to the freeing of their souls; but militant women anywhere, working for what they want spiritually, see that their economic freedom is a *must*. It alone will not make women free, but without it every woman is a servant to or of some one or something.

Women have been until very recently the unsocialized sex—again the effect of their long suppression. Anything that tends quickly and thoroughly to socialize them is of the highest importance, and militant action is amazingly social in its

Color-Tone, made for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

THE VISION

FROM THE SCULPTURE IN VIENNA BY ANTONIO CAMAUR

nature. It has brought women together from all ranks, classes, and races. The shop-girl and the titled lady have waked up in the same cell with the street girl, all of them tumbled and blear-eyed together. They are finding out more or less swiftly that there is n't much difference between them. And if some parasite woman smiles lightly here, and agrees, I shall be compelled to tell her that the militant woman and the street woman and she herself are all like products of the same social system that has cast them all into the same twisted, distorted mold. What is the street woman but a passive protest against the economic and moral code of man? What is the militant woman but an active protest against the economic and moral code of man? What is the parasite woman but the unprotesting product of the economic and moral code of man? In the common servanthood of women there is solidarity, and it is good for women to discover it through any means.

And then militancy has accomplished this as nothing else in the world to-day has accomplished it, I think, and the importance of it cannot be overestimated, nor can its ultimate effects be foretold. It has made clear the evolution among women of a moral code of their own, set up for themselves, of themselves, without regard to the wishes of men. Men, and most of their laws, have said that women's place in the world is in the home; these women say that their place in the world is in the world, and, if need be, on the fighting-line. This is something new in the world.

THE CRUX OF THE PROBLEM

For nothing that has been termed woman's morality is hers. The ideal of the "womanly woman" is not woman's idea of herself, but man's idea of what he wished her to be; and the rule of conduct on which she has been asked to shape her life is also man's idea of dealing least troublously with the other half of the race. It was St. Paul who laid down the Christian ideal for women; nothing invented of man has ever had a more stultifying effect upon the character and morals of women and of men. For we are all of us, men and women alike, caught together in the present-day world morass. What has been for men's good women have not shared, for they have been persistently set aside from life. But what has been for women's detriment—that is to say, the whole false, superimposed standards of conduct to which they have shaped their shapeless, pliant souls—has been inevitably to man's detriment also. For their "silent influence" has been great indeed—and what an influence! The emanations of warped, suppressed, resentful, outwardly subservient beings. This from the stronger. From the weaker a more terrible parasitism, a more degrading materialism, the abject admission that, having no life whatever of their own to live, they will save their bodies and lose their souls by being what their masters have sincerely thought they wished them to be. The Early Victorian woman was the logical, finished product of woman molded perfectly to man's world, and ever since that falsest of eras there has been in steady process of growth an incoherent revolt of men against the handiwork of their fathers. Civilization has demanded from men an impossible attitude to women. How can a man, intelligent or unintelligent, give "reverence and respect" to an adult human being who, "entitled to no power," submits unresistingly to an enforced state of powerlessness, and then, to save herself alive, resorts to flattery and all the tricks, to petty tyranny, or to saintly passivity in the homes of men? Humanity respects and reverences power, material or spiritual, and it holds weakness in hearty contempt. Nevertheless, it is not likely that men will permit their traditional conception of what a woman should be to be changed peaceably into whatever women, in their searchings after their souls, may prove to be. It is unfortunately true that men shrink from revolution, and this evolution of woman's morality is likely to affect every part of sex-relationship and of life. It is something new in the world.

It gives us, also, the real interpretation of what we are calling the woman movement. For just as it is most superficial to define the militant movement in England as the woman movement, so it is equally superficial to define the woman movement of the world as a political movement or a marriage-reform movement or a divorce movement or an economic or sex or moral or unmoral movement. It is all of these things as it touches the different facets of life, and

many more; but essentially and all-inclusively it is likely to be the greatest spiritual movement that the world has ever known, because it may mean the awakening, for the first time in the world's history of one half of the human race—and that perhaps its more dynamic half—to a seeking after soul, strength, self-mastery, personal destiny. We do not hear anything of a man movement, because, poor and impoverished as it has been in its long, too heavily burdened world struggle, it has, nevertheless, always been this same spiritual impulse to find, through any means, one's self that is breaking at last the bondage of women. The road is no king's highway. It has not been easy for men, it will be a harder road for women; but the goal is worth the plowshares.

It will be a harder road for women because their way will be persistently blocked by old law, old morality, tradition, and they must give up for a time any hope of what has heretofore been the aim of the human female, the approbation and the approval of men. This does not mean that they will meet inevitably antagonism instead; more often than not it is likely to be pure and simple bewilderment, which, while it does not give battle, gives neither sympathy nor understanding.

For if women are at a loss before the sight of their new world, men are to stand more aghast before the crumbling walls of their old one. The key-stone is falling; women are refusing, and must refuse, to accept the old ideals of the relations between men and women. If they decline to be dependent longer, economically and spiritually, upon men, one of man's greatest spurs to action is taken from him, with no other incentive equally compelling yet given in its place. For all the advantage of modern stimuli is with the woman; all of life, unexplored, terrible, perhaps, but of compelling beauty, lies before her. If there is a woman problem, there is a man problem no less.

THE FINDING OF JEAN VALJEAN

BY EVERETT L. WARNER

WITH ETCHINGS BY THE AUTHOR

"IT was here in Montreuil, you know, that Victor Hugo laid the scene of a part of 'Les Misérables,' " said Père Moreau, the old drawing-master, as he slowly stirred his coffee.

"Yes," he continued, "it was here that *Jean Valjean,* the convict fresh from the prison at Toulon, made a new beginning in life under the name of Père Madeleine, and rose eventually to the office of mayor. *Fantine* was born here, and returned to her native village to end her life in misery, and to find at last a resting-place in the potter's field."

Père Moreau and the painter who had arrived from Etaples that morning were seated in the little dining-room where Mme. Hembert serves her regular *pensionnaires,* and the common bond of the métier had brought the two naturally into conversation while they lingered over their *bistouilles,* as the inevitable after-dinner coffee and cognac is known in local parlance.

"Is any slender thread of fact woven into that part of the romance which deals with Montreuil?" hazarded the painter, for his imagination had at once been fired with the thought, and his fancy reveled in the attractive vistas opened by this idea —vistas that were the more alluring because he had come upon them unexpectedly. He had read "Les Misérables" only in English translations, and since in these versions the name of the town was for some inscrutable reason always abbreviated to M—— sur M——, it had not occurred to him to identify it with Montreuil-sur-Mer, where he now found himself.

A STREET IN MONTREUIL

Père Moreau slowly shook his head.

"If Hugo drew any characters from life or wove any actual circumstances into the narrative, I have yet to learn of it. I have never heard of the existence of an industry for the manufacture of English jets and German glass beads, nor have I ever heard of any mayor in the town's history who was at once so given to good deeds, and to a modest concealment of the same, as to have served as a model for *Jean Valjean.* When I first came here, fresh from a Parisian atelier and full of youthful enthusiasm for Hugo, I was as curious as you are; but these Montreuillois! Bah! *qu'ils m'embêtent!* They have no vestige of interest in the matter, and are completely indifferent to the honor that a great genius has paid them.

"If the facts were wanting, one would at least expect to find some one with sufficient local pride to set on foot a few fairly credible legends and traditions. To think there is no place to which we can point and say, 'That is the mayor's house that Hugo describes in "Les Misérables." ' "

The drawing-master of the municipal school was a singular character. Seldom is what the world calls failure accepted and borne with more natural dignity. He had given the best years of his life to art, only to find himself at sixty quite alone in the world and compelled to depend for the bare necessities of life on the pittance gained in a provincial school.

A few days later the painter threaded his way through the narrow, crooked streets that lead from the market-place to the Place Verte; and turning sharply to the right, he passed, on his way to the town library, the gray pile of St. Saulvé.

Granting that the characters in "Les Misérables" were entirely imaginary, it would be interesting to re-read the story while in Montreuil and follow their movements through a familiar setting. If the stage was real, what matter if the actors were fictitious?

At the library, the attendant, after looking through several lists and rummaging among the shelves, returned and said that he regretted deeply that he could not oblige monsieur, but the only works by Hugo which the library possessed were "Les Feuilles d'Automne" and "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." "The library is

rich in fiction, however," he added, "and if Monsieur desires a good romance, he can choose between a large number of titles by Eugène Sue and Dumas, and"—divining the nationality of the applicant—"the collection includes also many of the works of James Fenimore Cooper."

The painter had learned long before this that to the Frenchman of limited education Cooper was the greatest "North American" author, usually the only one that could be readily called to mind; and he was now arriving at the conviction that "Les Misérables" was more widely read in the "States" than in France. This library in Montreuil, numbering apparently four or five thousand volumes, could not supply him with a copy; yet he remembered finding it in a little New England town where the library consisted of a few hundred books kept in a revolving-bookcase in the home of the town clerk.

At the village stationer's, where the next attempt was made to procure the book, the painter fared no better; and returning in disgust to his lodgings, he wrote to a friend in Paris to send it to him.

About this time he learned that the corner room in the Hôtel de France was traditionally held to be the one in which Sterne spent the night on his "Sentimental Journey through France and Italy." This was a clear case of discrimination against Hugo, for neither this nor any other hotel boasted proudly of the room in which he had slept; and as travelers were willing to pay several francs more than the usual tariff in order to say that they had slept in Sterne's historic room, this failure to dedicate a room to Hugo indicated in the local landlords a lack of business sagacity that one would have been slow to suspect.

One market-day, when the Grande Place was crowded with temporary booths, before which customers gathered to haggle and argue in shrill tones, and drive those shrewd bargains that are always amusing

RUE CAVÉE, FIRMIN

OLD MILLS ON THE CANCHE

to a disinterested spectator, the painter was making a leisurely tour of the square when he was hailed by a familiar voice. Turning in search of its owner, he found him busily repairing the handle of a very feeble basket.

The basket-mender was wont to undertake any odd job, from putting a new rib in a parasol to sharpening a razor.

The basket-mender was an alleged authority on matters of the past, and on several occasions he had regaled the painter with the story of historic sieges in which Montreuil had withstood the victors of Crécy and Poitiers, and had related the story of the unfortunate Reine Berthe, who had been imprisoned in one of the towers of the citadel.

Now, to the painter, *Jean Valjean* was quite as real a character as Queen Berthe, and a great deal more interesting. Surely here was the very man who could tell him whether the romance was based on fact, and he seized the first convenient opportunity to ask, "Do you know whether Victor Hugo ever visited Montreuil?"

"Hugo? Mais je crois bien. I often see him on a market-day. *Un bon gaillard,* if it were n't for absinthe; but he will drink too much. That 's why Duval has n't any use for him—Jacques Duval, you know, who keeps the *débit de vins* down by the *gare.* You must have seen the old man's pretty daughter; she 's the one that has completely turned poor Hugo's head, and several wiser heads than his. Voilà une fille qui n'a pas froid aux yeux!"

Pausing a moment, during which he became dimly aware of the amazed expression upon the painter's face, the basket-mender continued, "Perhaps you were n't referring to the son of the big tobacco-grower out on the Hesdin Road. Victor, did you say? Come to think of it, that does n't sound right; but his name slips my mind just now. Drink is a terrible thing, is n't it? I don't know of anything worse, unless it is thirst."

The painter saw the point, and moved an adjournment to the neighboring Café de Paris, where the basket-mender was easily persuaded to choose the lesser of these two great evils. After this episode, the painter followed Père Moreau's example and ceased to ask questions.

THE BASKET-MENDER

The hill upon which Montreuil is built rises high above the surrounding country, and the wind blows keenly across the grass-grown path that leads along the crest of the fortifications. This is the popular promenade of the townspeople on Sunday afternoons even in winter, when the splendid elms that crown the ramparts are bare and leafless; but on a week-day one may sometimes complete the circuit of the town without encountering a soul. For the painter there was a continual fascination in the wide outlook from the wall just above the archway of the Porte de Boulogne. Straggling down from the gate to the cluster of mills on the Canche is a picturesque jumble of red-roofed cottages, and Hugo tells us it was in this region, known as the Ville Basse, that *Jean Valjean* made his home.

Turning toward the town proper, one sees the steeply mounting Cavée St. Firmin, lined on both sides with those dilapidated dwellings of the poor concerning which artists and boards of civic improvement never appear to agree. On the afternoon in question, it was here that the painter halted, and he decided that before the sun sank any lower he would try to catch the effect of light that was filtering through the bare trees and glancing across the roofs. While he was still studying his subject, a small boy carrying a huge green umbrella darted from one of the doorways in the street below, and began the difficult and slippery ascent to the spot where the painter stood.

No poet composing verses on the love of childhood could have been more irritated by the approach of a child than was the painter at this moment. One imp could be put up with or intimidated, as might seem best, but experience had taught the painter that with a positively fiendish

Cross-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

MOONLIGHT IN MONTREUIL

FROM AN ETCHING BY CHARLES EVERETT WARNER

generosity this young bandit would insist on sharing his discovery of an artist with his companions, whose shouts could be heard up the street. Their classes were over for the day, and the children were full of that pent-up deviltry which every artist has observed as belonging particularly to that bad quarter of an hour just after the close of school.

If they did not play tag about the painter and trip over the legs of his easel, they would perhaps crowd around and beg for *un petit sou*. His recent stay in Etaples, where the young are trained from the cradle to annoy artists, had led him to do the children of Montreuil what he later decided was a grave injustice.

But even after arriving at a more charitable opinion, he was never quite able to subscribe to the enthusiastic sentiments of Sterne, who, as he was leaving Montreuil, found that before entering his chaise at the inn door he had yet a little matter to compound with the "sons and daughters of poverty," and exclaimed, "Just Heaven! for what wise reason hast thou ordered it that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?"

Deciding that the moment was inauspicious for that particular sketch, the painter did not wait for his enemy to scale the ramparts, but continued on his way with rapid strides, reflecting on what new bloodthirsty additions he might make to the great picture which he intended to paint of the "Massacre of the Innocents."

In the rapid kaleidoscope of fancy, he saw himself opening the "Figaro" to see his picture used as a frontispiece; and still again he pictured himself in the Salon, elbowing his way into the crowd in front of his picture, and glancing casually at the card "Acquis par l'Etat," while his ears were flattered by a chorus of exclamations:

"Magnifique!" "Epatant!" "Quelle facture!"

This agreeable train of thought had driven away the irritation of the minute before, but it was destined to be rudely interrupted, for in this moment he heard the pit-pat of his small pursuer's feet and a shrill voice crying, "M'sieu! M'sieu! Maman wants to know how much you will charge for mending this umbrella."

This was really too much! To have an old umbrella thrust into his hand just as his fingers were about to close on the rosette of the Legion of Honor!

"Mend your old umbrella?" he fairly shouted. "You tell your mother that—" but his invective ended with a burst of laughter; for his eye had fallen upon his painting-kit, and he realized that it was the awkward bundle composed of his easel, camp-stool, and sketching-umbrella, that had caused him to be mistaken for an itinerant umbrella-mender.

The boy, all flushed and breathless from his run, stood watching the remarkable and eccentric conduct of the supposed umbrella-mender with wonder not unmixed with apprehension, and the painter suddenly felt a wave of compunction.

"What 's your name, young man?" he queried. He spoke in his most ingratiating manner, as though that were the one thing in the world he longed most to learn; but any bachelor would have detected the sham at once, and branded the remark as the old familiar Exhibit A of those who find difficulty in beginning conversation with strange children. "How old are you?" would follow as Exhibit B; and of course for extraordinary emergencies one more question—"Where do you go to school?" was held in reserve.

"Jean," said the boy in reply to Exhibit A.

"Jean what?" inquired the painter, eagerly seizing the opportunity to save Exhibit B for a time of greater need.

"Jean Valjean Vasseur," he answered, adding with the implicit belief and naïveté of childhood, "I 'm named after Jean Valjean. He used to be mayor."

THE painter had found in Montreuil one family that appreciated Victor Hugo.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN STORE

TALKS TO AMERICA

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

IN re-reading the first and by far the best of the modern books on the comedy of childhood, "Helen's Babies," I note once more that you call a place a "store" when we should call it a "shop." Ours is much the more vulgar phrase. You can put into a poem "The peasant's simple store." You cannot put into a poem, "The peasant's simple shop." Not even if you are Mr. Masefield. But I mention this for quite a different purpose.

You know it is always said that America and England are chiefly united by the tie of language. You also know that this is a great mistake. England is united to the continent of America by exactly the same ties which unite her to the continent of Europe. The continent of Europe is inhabited by Latins, Germans, Jews, Slavs, Scandinavians, and Celts. The continent of America is also inhabited by Latins, Germans, Jews, Slavs, Scandinavians, and Celts. America does not in the least belong to England; I thought the military operations round Saratoga had settled that in comparatively recent times. But America does belong to Europe, because the Italians and the Irish and the Jews and the Scotch crofters come from Europe, and could not have come from anywhere else. We English are tied to America by those very real bonds which tie us to Russia. What they are is very soon discovered when the Russian meets a Japanese in the East or when a Californian meets him in the West.

'But on the language I have long ceased to build much hope. My reason is that both the languages strike me as being languages. American is not bad English; it is good American. In that lovely lyric of which the refrain is, "O God! O Montreal," occurs, if I remember right, the couplet: "Thou callest trousers pants whereas I call them trousers. Therefore thou art in Hell fire, and may the Lord pity thee." This seems to me a slightly narrow, nay, a nearly heretical, view of the judgment upon sin. The poet should have asked himself, in a spirit of Christian humility and self-examination, *why* he called them trousers and *why* his transatlantic cousin called them pants. If he had done so, he would, I think, have found the two words were really symbols of the souls of two nations. First, if he, as an Englishman, had asked himself why he used the word trousers, he would have found that he did not know. That is the first great fact about the living tradition and living literature of England. That is the first grand and solid advantage of living in a very historic and protected community. I do not know where the word "trousers" comes from. I should guess it came from the French *trousser,* and had something to do with what was called "trussing the points" of the old trunk-hose. But this is only a guess, and a guess which it would bore me beyond words to verify. I do not know or care where the word trousers came from. But here exactly is the division of the nations. The Americans do know where the word "pants" came from. Obviously, it came from pantaloons, and was quite deliberately shortened for quite practical purposes. If English words are mysterious, it is because they like to wander away from their original meaning; and are thus slowly changed. If American words are mysterious, it is because they go straight to their meaning, and are thus impatiently shortened. I think it was Charles V who said that fine thing, "Whenever I learn a new language, I feel as if I had a new soul." If he had had to learn American as well, to say nothing of Esperanto, he

might have had more souls than he could save. But the man who could make that remark would have known that there really is a soul of America.

It is not a mere jest drawn from the instance of pants and trousers. I could show the same thing in many other Anglo-American differences of phrase. In the charming American domestic tales I read in my boyhood, the thing that we call a railway-station was always called a depot. Well, there is a great deal of national temperament in the two terms. An Englishman calls it a station because his instinct is to think of it as something stationary. He regards the village station as he does the village green or the village church, first, as an object in a local landscape; second, as an agreeable place where one has nothing to do. A railway train is a mere interruption in an English railway-station. But this illogicality and localism is not possible in the dry light and eager clearness of the American intelligence. The American calls it a depot because he realizes that the whole business is in its nature hurried and temporary; that it is a place where things and people are deposited for a short time. The American reserves his antiquarianism for things that are really antique; he keeps his veneration for things that are really venerable. He does so with equal ease, whether the object of his respect be the lost classicism of the Parthenon or the almost equally lost classicism of the Bunker Hill Monument. But the English have a sort of appetite for making things old and comfortable as quickly as possible. We shall soon be encouraging ivy on our railway-stations, as we encourage it on our parish churches. In a very little while the London hansom-cab will be quite literally as romantic as the Venetian gondola.

But the strongest case is that difference between shop and store, which I have already mentioned. The American store may be as small as the smallest English shop. The English shop may be (and if certain modern trends continue, will be) as large as the largest American store. Nevertheless, the difference is national, that is, natural. The abstract and ideal shopkeeper is a small shopkeeper. The abstract and ideal storekeeper is the manager of something like Harrod's Stores. You can have, as Napoleon said, a nation of shopkeepers. You cannot have a nation of storekeepers. They must of their nature tend to be the managers of most other men; that is, the managers of most of the nation. It is in this respect, and this respect only, that I think that the influence of your country upon mine has really been unfortunate.

I should really like to know how you feel about this; for I think you know I am above the mere prejudice of patriotism, or the worse prejudice of anti-patriotism, or, worst of all, the utterly blinded prejudice of the cosmopolitan. All the colors are alike to the cosmopolitan. All colors always are alike to the man in the dark. And there is no darkness like that outer darkness, that heathen and homeless darkness, in which the cosmopolitan dwells. But, speaking as man to man, and therefore as nation to nation, don't you think there is something in my fear that your big businesses are providing us with the wrong model? And all the more because it is a working model.

We talk cheaply here of America as without ancient history. But, indeed, there is more really ancient history in America than in England, and that because the republic of the United States started its career with two of the oldest and simplest institutions on this earth, of both of which England had been ignorant for centuries. Of course I mean war and slavery.

We will toss away the topic of war. I will only ask you whether you do not notice in the big shops the return of the idea of slavery. Can you think of any real difference between the workmen and the slaves, except that the slaves were free? Already the employer is fining his workmen: on all rational grounds of comparison he may soon be flogging his workmen. The big businesses are becoming independent states, as in the Dark Ages. They are becoming despotic states, as in the Dark Ages. The one healthy and heroic civil war of modern times was fought in your country. Half a century ago you fought to resist the rise of an independent republic. Will you not fight to resist the rise of all these independent monarchies?

THE OLD WORLD IN THE NEW

ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF IMMIGRATION

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin

THIS paper on the economic aspects of our present kind of immigration and the economic consequences of its continuance has the authority of experienced scholarship applied practically to a subject which can only be clearly seen in the perspective of many years of elaborate statistics. But Professor Ross, whose reputation as a sociologist is world-wide, has done far more than scientifically analyze and elaborately interpret the Immigration Commission's thirty-nine volumes and the Census Report; he has personally traced this immigration to its Old World sources, and has followed it, through many months of roaming, into the centers of immigrant life in America, using keen and practical eyes, and quizzing social settlement people, charity workers, social workers, labor leaders, employees, immigration officials, priests, bishops, educators, and leaders of the foreign born.

In succeeding months, Professor Ross will consider this question from other and even more important points of view. He has so invested the subject with his wonderfully penetrating vision and fascinating personality as to impart to this and succeeding papers a rare quality of human interest.—THE EDITOR.

MORE and more immigration is an economic matter, a flow of men rather than of families, seeking gain rather than religious and political liberty. Those who bring anything but their hands are a very small and diminishing contingent. Most of the money the immigrant shows on landing has been supplied him for that purpose. In 1882, when the old immigration reached its height, the public domain was being carved up at a tremendous rate, and the home-seeker predominated. A quarter of a century later, when the crest of the new immigration arrived, free land was gone forever, and the job-seeker predominated. Formerly the idea of wandering oversea sprang up naturally among the intelligent and restless; now the idea is sown broadcast by thousands of steamship agents and their runners. In the tavern, knee to knee with the yokels, sits the runner, and paints an El Dorado. The poor fellows will believe him if he tells them the trees of America bear golden leaves. When the "American fever" seizes upon the peasant, it is the obliging runner who suggests mortgaging his home for the passage-money or who finds a buyer for his cows.

Common laborers who have been in America are hired to go about among the peasants, flash money, clink glasses, and tell of the wonderful wages awaiting them. The decoy thus gets together a group who elect him leader and pay him so much per head to guide them to America. Little do the poor sheep suspect that their bell-wether is paid by the steamship agent for forming the group and by the employer to whom he delivers them. A forwarding business exists for sending penniless laborers to America as if they were commercial ware. Each leaves at home some relative under bonds that the laborer will within a year pay a certain sum as cost and profit of bringing him here. Parties, through-billed from their native village by a professional money-lender, are met at the right points by his confederates, coached in three lessons on what answers to make at Ellis Island, and delivered finally to the Pittsburgh "boarding-boss," or the Chicago saloon-keeper, who is recruiting labor on commission for a steel mill or a construction gang.

The emigration of 50,000 Rumanian Jews between January and August, 1900, was brought about by steamship agents,

who created great excitement in Rumania by distributing glowing circulars about America. One authority stated to the Immigration Commission that two of the leading steamship lines had five or six thousand ticket-agents in Galicia alone, and that there was "a great hunt for emigrants" there. Selling steerage tickets to America is the chief occupation of large numbers of persons in Austria-Hungary, Greece, and Russia, the main sources of undesirable aliens. In 1908 and 1909 the inflow and outflow of steerage-passengers through our ports amounted to about a million and a half a year. Allowing an average outlay of $50 a head, we have a movement furnishing $75,000,000 of annual business to the foreign railway and steamship companies. That a monster of this size grows dragon claws with which to defend itself goes without saying.

CHEAP LABOR A RAIN OF MANNA

STILL, it is not as cargo that the immigrant yields his biggest dividends. But for him we could not have laid low so many forests, dug up so much mineral, set going so many factories, or built up such an export trade as we have. In most of the basic industries the new immigrants constitute at least half the labor force. Although millions have come in, there is no sign of supersaturation, no progressive growth of lack of employment. Somehow new mines have been opened and new mills started fast enough to swallow them up. Virtually all of them are at work and, what is more, at work in an efficient system under intelligent direction. Janko produces much more than he did at home, consumes more, and, above all, makes more profit for his employer than the American he displaces. Thanks to him, we have bigger outputs, tonnages, trade-balances, fortunes, tips, and alimonies; also bigger slums, red-light districts, breweries, hospitals, and death-rates.

To the employer of unskilled labor this flow of aliens, many of them used to dirt floors, a vegetable diet, and child labor, and ignorant of underclothing, newspapers, and trade unions, is like a rain of manna. For, as regards foreign competitors, his own position is a Gibraltar. When the European sends his capital hither, he puts it into railroad securities yielding from four to seven per cent., thereby releasing American capital for investment in the enterprises that pay from ten to thirty per cent. The foreign capitalist dares not put up mill or refinery here, because he cannot well run such concerns at long range. He may not invade the American market with the products of his mill over there, because our tariff has been designed to prevent.

ENDLESS INFLOW OF THE NEEDIEST

THUS, so long as he stays in his home market, the American mill-owner is shielded from foreign competition, while the common labor he requires is cheapened for him by the endless inflow of the neediest meekest laborers to be found within the white race. If in time they become ambitious and demanding, there are plenty of "greenies" he can use to teach them a lesson. The "Hunkies" pay their "bit" to the foreman for the job, are driven through the twelve-hour day, and in time are scrapped with as little concern as one throws away a thread-worn bolt. One steel-mill superintendent received official notice to hire no men over thirty-five and keep no man over forty-five. A plate-mill which had experienced no technical improvement in ten years doubled its production per man by driving the workers. No wonder, then, that in the forty years the American capitalist has had Aladdin's lamp to rub, his profits from mill and steel works, from packing-house and glass factory, have created a sensational "prosperity," of which a constantly diminishing part leaks down to the wage-earners. Nevertheless, the system which allows the manufacturer to buy at a semi-European wage much of the labor that he converts into goods to sell at an American price has been maintained as "the protection of American labor"!

THE NEW IMMIGRATION AND THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

BETWEEN 1900 and 1910, although population grew twenty-one per cent., the output of the ten principal crops of the country increased only nine per cent. Between 1899 and 1911 the value of an average acre's output of such crops increased seventy per cent., while its power to purchase the things the farmer buys was greater by forty-two per cent. There has been a general upheaval of prices, to be sure, but the

price of farm produce has risen much faster and farther than the price of other commodities. This is "the high cost of living," and it is immigration that has made this imp shoot up faster in the United States than anywhere else.

As long as good land lasted, our Government stimulated agriculture by presenting a quarter-section to whoever would undertake to farm wild land. This bounty overdid farming, until, in the middle of the nineties, the cost of living had reached a minimum. With the ending of free land, the upward turn was bound to come, but the change was made more dramatic by the inpouring of ten millions of immigrants without the knowledge, the means, or the inclination to engage in farming. Among us there is one American white farmer for fourteen American whites, one Scandinavian farmer for eight Scandinavians, one German farmer for eleven Germans, one Irish farmer for forty Irish; but it takes 130 Poles, Hungarians, or Italians in this country to furnish one farmer. Failing to contribute their due quota to the production of food, these late-comers have ruptured the equilibrium between field and mill, and made the high cost of living a burning question. Just as the homestead policy overstimulated the growth of farms, the new immigration has overstimulated the growth of factories.

IMMIGRANTS AND AGRICULTURE

NEVERTHELESS, certain of the South Europeans who are upon the soil have something to show American farmers facing the problems of intensive agriculture. Italians are teaching their neighbors how to extract three crops a year from a soil already nourishing orchard or vineyard. The Portuguese raise vegetables in their walnut groves, grow currants between the rows of trees in the orchard, and beans between the currant rows. They know how to prevent the splitting of their laden fruit-trees by inducing a living brace to grow between opposite branches. The black-beetle problem they solve by planting tomato slips inclosed in paper. From the slopes looking out on the Adriatic the Dalmatian brings a horticultural cunning which the American fruit-grower should be eager to acquire.

The conversion of New Jersey barrens into berry farms, vineyards, and pepper fields, the reclamation of muck soil in western New York, which Americans were not willing to touch, the transmutation of wild Ozark lands into apples and peaches, are Italian exploits which constitute clear gain for the country. But there are other immigrant farmers whose labors count on the wrong side of the national ledger. Not a few Slav colonies are clearing and tilling land so poor or so steep that it ought never to have been brought under the plow. The soil they have deforested will presently wash into the rivers, leaving stripped rocky slopes to grin, like a Death's-head, in the landscape. The nation will have to pay for it, just as France paid for the reckless ax work that went on under the First Republic.

INDUSTRIAL DISPLACEMENT

THE facts assembled by the Immigration Commission shatter the rosy theory that foreign labor is drawn into an industry only when native labor is not to be had. The Slavs and Magyars were introduced into Pennsylvania forty-odd years ago by mine-operators looking for more tractable miners. Agents were sent abroad to gather up labor, and frequently foreigners were brought in when a strike was on. The first instance seems to have occurred at Drifton in 1870, and resulted in the importation of two ship-loads of Hungarians. The process of replacing the too-demanding American, Welsh, and Irish miners with labor from Austria-Hungary went on so rapidly that by the middle of the nineties the change was accomplished. In 1904, during a strike in the coal-fields near Birmingham, Alabama, many southern Europeans were brought in. In 1908 "the larger companies imported a number of immigrants," so that the strike was broken and unionism destroyed in that region. In 1880, in the first strike in the coal-mines of Kansas, "the first immigrants from Italy were brought into the fields as strike-breakers."

Poles were introduced into South Cleveland in 1882 to replace strikers in the wire-mills. The meat-packing strike of 1904 in Chicago was broken with trainloads of negroes, Italians, and Greeks. In 1883 the largest oil-refining company at Bayonne, New Jersey, "in order to break the strike among the Irish and

American coopers, . . . introduced great numbers of Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Poles." In 1887 a coal-dockers' strike was broken with Magyars, and in 1904 striking boiler-makers were replaced by Poles. The striking glass-workers in 1904 were beaten by the introduction of Slovaks, Italians, Poles, and Magyars. During the 1907 strike in the iron-mines of northern Minnesota, "one of the larger companies imported large numbers of Montenegrins and other Southeastern races as strike-breakers, while a few of the smaller companies brought into the region a number of German-Austrians." "One mining company imported as many as 1300 of these strike-breakers."

The hejira of the English-speaking soft-coal miners shows what must happen when low-standard men undercut high-standard men. The miners of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, finding their unions wrecked and their lot growing worse under the floods of men from southern and eastern Europe, migrated in great numbers to the Middle West and the Southwest. But of late the coal-fields of the Middle West have been invaded by multitudes of Italians, Croatians, Poles, and Lithuanians, so that even here American and Americanized miners have their backs to the wall. As for the displaced trade-unionists who sought asylum in the mines of Oklahoma and Kansas, the pouring in of raw immigrants has weakened their bargaining power, and many have gone on to make a last stand in the mines of New Mexico and Colorado.

Each exodus left behind an inert element which accepted the harder conditions that came in with the immigrants, and a strong element that rose to better posts in the mines or in other occupations. As for the displaced, the Iliad of their woes has never been sung—the loss of homes, the shattering of hopes, the untimely setting to work of children, the struggle for a new foothold, and the turning of thousands of self-respecting men into day laborers, odd-job men, down-and-out-ers, and "hoboes."

IMMIGRANTS AND LABOR ORGANIZATIONS

THE dramatic unionization of the garment industries in our large cities has misled the public as to the actual effect of recent immigration upon trade-unions. The fact is that the immigrants from the backward parts of Europe tend to weaken, if not to shatter, labor organizations in the fields they enter. They arrive needy and eager to get any work at almost any pay. Having had no industrial experience in the old country, they lack the trade-union idea. Without our speech, and often illiterate, they are very hard to reach and to bring into line. So far as they are transients, who are not staking their future on the industry, they are loath to pay union dues and to run the risk of having to strike. It is true that the labor organizer evangelizes the alien workers with his union gospel; but by the time one batch has been welded into a fighting force, another batch is on his hands. His work, like Penelope's web, is raveled out about as fast as it is woven. No wonder that in the cotton industry unionism has been wrecked, while, of the iron miners, less than two per cent. belong to unions. In 1901 the United States Steel Corporation's constituent companies signed agreements with two thirds of their 125,000 workmen, among whom the English-speaking held a dominant place. Ten years later the company signed not a single agreement with its beaten mass of Slav-Latins. There was no union with which to sign. The organizing, organizable Americans have been deleted from the works. No wonder that organized labor demands restriction of immigration. While the inrush continues, the lines of labor will be weak, forming, breaking, and reforming in the face of the intrenchments of capital.

IMMIGRANTS AND WAGES

DURING the last fifteen years the flood of gold has brought in a spring-tide of prices. Since 1896 the retail cost to Americans of their fifteen principal articles of food has risen seventy per cent. Wages should have risen in like degree if the workman is to maintain his old standard, to say nothing of keeping his place in a social procession which is continually mounting to higher economic levels. We know that by 1907 wages had risen twenty-eight per cent., while retail prices were rising twenty-six per cent. Evidently the working-man was falling behind in the social procession. In the soft-coal-field of Pennsylvania, where the Slav dominates, the coal-worker re-

ceives forty-two cents a day less than the coal-worker in the mines of the Middle West and Southwest, where he does not dominate. In meat-packing, iron and steel, cotton manufacture, and other foreignized industries the inertia of wages has been very marked. The presence of the immigrant has prevented a wage advance which otherwise must have occurred.

What a college man saw in a copper-mine in the Southwest gives in a nutshell the logic of low wages.

The American miners, getting $2.75 a day, are abruptly displaced without a strike by a train-load of five hundred raw Italians brought in by the company and put to work at from $1.50 to $2 a day. For the Americans there is nothing to do but to "go down the road." At first the Italians live on bread and beer, never wash, wear the same filthy clothes night and day, and are despised. After two or three years they want to live better, wear decent clothes, and be respected. They ask for more wages, the bosses bring in another train-load from the steerage, and the partly Americanized Italians follow the American miners "down the road."

IMMIGRANTS AND CONDITIONS OF WORK

"THE best we get in the mill now is greenhorns," said the superintendent of a tube mill. "When they first come, they put their heart into it and give a full day's work. But after a while they begin to shirk and do as little as they dare." It is during this early innocence that the immigrant accepts conditions he ought to spurn. This same mill had to break up the practice of selling jobs by foremen. In one concern the boss who sold a job would dismiss the man after a fortnight and sell the job again, while another boss in the same works would take on the dismissed man for a fee. On the Great Northern Railroad the bosses mulcted each Greek laborer a dollar a month for "interpreter." The "bird of passage," who comes here to get ahead rather than to live, not only accepts the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day, but often demands them. Big earnings blind him to the physiological cost of overwork. It is the American or the half-Americanized foreigner who rebels against the eighty-four-hour schedule.

When capital plays lord of the manor, the Old World furnishes the serfs. In some coal districts of West Virginia the land, streets, paths, roads, the miners' cabins, the store, the school, and the church are all owned and controlled by the coal company. The company pays the teacher, and no priest or clergyman objectionable to it may remain on its domain. One may not step off the railroad's right of way, pass through the streets, visit mine or cabin, without permission. There is no place where miners meeting to discuss their grievances may not be dispersed as trespassers. Any miner who talks against his boss or complains of conditions is promptly dismissed, and ejected from the 35,000 acres of company land. Hired sluggers, known as the "wrecking-gang," beat up or even murder the organizer who tries to reach the miners. No saloon, gambling-hall, or bawdy-house is tolerated on company land. Even the beer wagon may not deliver beer at houses to which the superintendent objects.

It is needless to add that the miners are all negroes or foreigners.

IS THE FOREIGNER INDISPENSABLE?

AFTER an industry has been foreignized, the notion becomes fixed in the minds of the bosses that without the immigrants the industry would come to a standstill.

"If it was n't for the Slavs," say the superintendents of the Mesaba Mines, "we could n't get out this ore at all, and Pittsburgh would be smokeless. You can't get an American to work here unless he runs a locomotive or a steam-shovel. We 've tried it; brought 'em in, carloads at a time, and they left."

"Would n't they stay for three dollars a day," I suggested, "even if two dollars and ten cents is n't enough?"

"No, it 's not a matter of pay. Somehow Americans nowadays are n't any good for hard or dirty work."

Hard work! And I think of Americans I have seen in that last asylum of the native born, the far West, slaving with ax and hook, hewing logs for a cabin, ripping out boulders for a road, digging irrigation-ditches, drilling the granite, or timbering the drift—Americans shying at open-pit, steam-shovel mining!

The secret is that with the insweep of the unintelligible bunk-house foreigner there grows up a driving and cursing of

LXXXVII–6

labor which no self-respecting American will endure. Nor can he bear to be despised as the foreigner is. It is not the work or the pay that he minds, but the stigma. This is why, when a labor force has come to be mostly Slav, it will soon be all Slav. But if the supply of raw Slavs were cut off, the standards and status of the laborers would rise, and the Americans would come into the industry.

Some bosses argue for a continuous supply of green foreigners because the sons of the immigrants are "above their fathers' jobs." A strange industry this! Britain's iron industry is manned by Britons, Germany's by Germans, but we are to believe that America's iron industry is an exotic which can attract neither native Americans nor the sons of immigrants. The truth is that the school and other civilizing agencies have turned Michael's boy not against hard work, but against the contempt with which his father's kind of work is tainted. But for the endless stream of transients, with their pigsty mode of life, their brawls and their animal pleasures, the stigma on the work would vanish, and the son of the immigrant would be willing to inherit his father's job.

IMMIGRANT WOMEN DOING MEN'S WORK

WHILE millions of women are being drawn from the home into industry, the popular ideal of womanhood serves as a precious safeguard, turning them away from coarsening occupations which might rob them of health or youth or refinement. But this ideal, which is higher among the American working-men than among the workers of any other people, is menaced by the new immigrants, with their peasant notions of womanhood. The Slavs and the Italians are not in the least queasy about putting their women into heavy and dirty work, such as core-making, glass-grinding, and hide-scraping, which self-respecting American girls will not touch. The employer realizes this, and continually tries these women in male occupations, with the object of substituting them for men, beating down men's wages or breaking a men's strike. Engaging in such masculine work not only prevents immigrant women from rising to the American woman's sense of self-respect, but it hinders their men from developing the American man's spirit of chivalry. What is more, the extension of woman's sphere on the wrong side undermines the native standard of womanliness, so that native girls are perhaps being drawn into work that denies them refinement and romance.

WHAT BECOMES OF DISPLACED AMERICANS

DOES the man the immigrant displaces rise or sink? The theory that the immigrant pushes him up is not without some color or truth. In Cleveland the American, German, and Bohemian iron-mill workers displaced within the last fifteen years seem to have been reabsorbed into other growing industries. They are engineers and firemen, bricklayers, carpenters, slaters, structural iron-workers, steam-fitters, plumbers, and printers. Leaving pick and wheelbarrow to Italian and Slav, the Irish are now meter-readers, wire-stringers, conductors, motor-men, porters, janitors, caretakers, night-watchmen, and elevator-men. I find no sign that either the displaced workman or his sons have suffered from the advent of Pole and Magyar. Some may have migrated, but certainly those left have easier work and better pay. It is as though the alien tide had passed beneath them and lifted them up. On the other hand, in Pittsburgh and vicinity the new immigration has been like a flood sweeping away the jobs, homes, and standards of great numbers, and obliging them to save themselves by accepting poorer occupations or fleeing to the West. The cause of the difference is that Pittsburgh held to the basic industries, while in Cleveland numerous high-grade manufactures started up which absorbed the displaced workmen into the upper part of their labor force.

OUR STANDARD OF LIVING CRUMBLES

UNLESS there is some such collateral growth of skill-demanding industries, the new immigrants bring disaster to many of the working-men they undercut. The expansion of the industry will create some good jobs, but not enough to reabsorb the Americans displaced. Thus in the iron-ore-mines of Minnesota, out of seventy-five men kept busy by one steam-shovel, only thirteen get $2.50 a day or more, and $2.50 is the least that will maintain a family on the American standard. It is plain that the advent of sixty-two cheap immigrants might displace sixty-two Americans or Irish, while it would create

only thirteen decent-wage jobs for them. Scarcely any industry can grow fast enough to reabsorb into skilled or semi-skilled positions the displaced workmen.

Employers observe a tendency for employment to become more fluctuating and seasonal because of access to an elastic supply of aliens, without family or local attachments, ready to go anywhere or do anything. In certain centers, immigrant laborers form, as it were, visible living pools from which the employer can dip as he needs. Why should he smooth out his work evenly through the year in order to keep a labor force composed of family men with local roots when he can always take on "ginnies" without trouble and drop them without compunction? Railroad shops are coming to hire and to "fire" men as they need them instead of relying on the experienced regular employees. In a concern with 30,000 employees, the rate of change is a hundred per cent. a year, and is increasing. Labor leaders notice that employment is becoming more fluctuating, there are fewer steady jobs, and the proportion of men who are justified in founding a home constantly diminishes.

THE RISE OF SOCIAL PRESSURE

FREE land, coupled with high individual efficiency, has made this country a low-pressure area. It ought to remain such, because individualistic democracy forbids a blind animal-like increase of numbers. By causing the population to accommodate itself to opportunities, our democracy solves the Sphinx's riddle and opens a bright prospect of continuous social progress. But of late that prospect has been clouded. The streaming in from the backward lands is sensibly converting this country from a low-pressure to a high-pressure area. It is nearly a generation since the stress, registered in the labor-market, caused the British working-man to fight shy of America. It is twenty years since it reached the point at which the German working-man ceased to hope to better himself much by migrating to America. As the saturation of our labor-market by cheaper and ever cheaper human beings raises the pressure-gage, we cease to attract as of yore such peoples as the North Italians and the Magyars.

In 1898 few came to us from east of Hungary. Now we are receiving them from Asiatic Turkey, Circassia, Syria, and Arabia. An immigration has started up from Persia, and conditions are ripe for a heavy influx from western Asia. These remote regions, which have had only twilight from Europe's forenoon, are high-pressure areas. Their people are too many in relation to the opportunities they know how to use. Until education, democratic ideas, and the elevation of women restrict their increase, or machine industry widens their opportunities, these regions will continue to produce a surplus of people.

If an air-chamber be successively connected by pipes with a large number of tanks of compressed air, the pressure within the chamber must rise. Similarly, if a low-pressure society be connected by cheap steam-transportation with several high-pressure societies, and allows them freely to discharge into it their surplus population, the pressure in that society must rise. But for Chinese exclusion we should by this time have six or eight million Celestials in the far West, and mud villages and bamboo huts would fill the noble valleys of California. Something like this must occur as we go on draining away surplus people from larger and larger areas of high pressure.

Immigration raises the pressure-gage at once for laborers, but only gradually for other classes. It is the children of the immigrants who communicate the pressure to all social levels. The investor, landowner, or contractor profits by the coming in of bare-handed men, and can well afford to preach world-wide brotherhood. The professional man, sitting comfortable above the arena of struggle, can nobly rebuke narrowness and race hatred. If the stream of immigration included capitalists with funds, merchants ready to invade all lines of business, lawyers, doctors, engineers, and professors qualified to compete immediately with our professional men, even judges and officials able to lure votes away from our own candidates for office, the pressure would be felt all along the line, and there might be something heroic in standing for the equal right of all races to American opportunities. But since actually the brunt is borne by labor, it is easy for the shielded to indulge in generous views on the subject of immigration.

In the December CENTURY Professor Ross will write of the effect of present day immigration on the race.

Drawn by Harriet M. Olcott

TO ELSA

. . . "Sir, if my wish come true, your jewel-garden I would see. And may my mother go with me?"

TO ELSA

(With a volume of "The Arabian Nights")

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

PICTURE BY HARRIET M. OLCOTT

WHEN first your dimpled foot shall press
The enchanted carpet, who can guess
To what unhallowed crescent coast
It may transport you; to what host
Of turbaned aliens, clamoring,
Abandon you; or to what king?
A lure beyond the silken sea
Of amber light and ivory,
A porcelain tower, a gilded wall,
A low, monotonous bell to call
You inland from the smiling strand,
And, oh, it might be Samarkand!
But wandering, a child alone,
Whose hand would comfort you, my own?
You are so little, who would heed
To give you sweetened milk at need,
Honey, and dates, and let you taste
Pistachio-nut and almond-paste,
Citron and fig and magic myrrh,
And bathe you all in rose-water,
And see you shod in sandalwood?
If only bells you understood,
What voice would soothe your drowsy hour,
My just-unfurled pomegranate-flower?

When first that swift steed, raven-black,
Bears you to Bagdad on his back,
Nor keeps the ground, but soars in air,
And prances gloriously there,
Will you forget me in your glee?
For he has fed on sesame

Drawn by Harriet M. Olcott

TO ELSA

. . . *"Sir, if my wish come true, your jewel-garden I would see. And may my mother go with me?"*

TO ELSA

(With a volume of "The Arabian Nights")

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

PICTURE BY HARRIET M. OLCOTT

WHEN first your dimpled foot shall press
The enchanted carpet, who can guess
To what unhallowed crescent coast
It may transport you; to what host
Of turbaned aliens, clamoring,
Abandon you; or to what king?
A lure beyond the silken sea
Of amber light and ivory,
A porcelain tower, a gilded wall,
A low, monotonous bell to call
You inland from the smiling strand,
And, oh, it might be Samarkand!
But wandering, a child alone,
Whose hand would comfort you, my own?
You are so little, who would heed
To give you sweetened milk at need,
Honey, and dates, and let you taste
Pistachio-nut and almond-paste,
Citron and fig and magic myrrh,
And bathe you all in rose-water,
And see you shod in sandalwood?
If only bells you understood,
What voice would soothe your drowsy hour,
My just-unfurled pomegranate-flower?

When first that swift steed, raven-black,
Bears you to Bagdad on his back,
Nor keeps the ground, but soars in air,
And prances gloriously there,
Will you forget me in your glee?
For he has fed on sesame

Until he dares forbidden things;
And feeling you between his wings,
What if he fled beyond the sun
And stars with you, my golden one?

Or seaward-swept at sunset, while
He heeds your laughter, some lone isle,
Bound with great waves, may bid him rest
Upon its opalescent breast.
You could not see the darkening world
Within his ebon vans close-curled,
Or know their blackness from the night;
But if impatient for the light,
He shook them free and sought the air
To meet the earliest dawning there,
Who would befriend a baby girl
Or find my island-prisoned pearl?

. . . . . .

Nay, wait a little while, my sweet,
Lest all too soon your questing feet,
Threading the palace, pause before
The one desired, forbidden door;
The thieves that Ali Baba knew
Would leave the treasure, seeing you,
And lock you in their cave from me,
Deaf to my "Open sesame."
I fear the curious-voweled speech
Of those veiled women, and the reach
Of the dread caliph's arm. Oh, where
All is most beautiful, beware!

.

And when Aladdin bends to hear
What you would whisper in his ear
(For he the wondrous lamp must hold
That you may rub its tarnished gold),
Smile, darling little sorceress you,
And say: "Sir, if my wish come true,
Your jewel-garden I would see.
And may my mother go with me?"

JOHN OF GOD, THE WATER-CARRIER

BY MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

WITH PICTURES BY F. LUIS MORA

MOST of the inhabitants were still on their knees in the middle of the street, praying that there might be no repetition of the trembler. Others were searching anxiously for divine symbolism in the earthquake's handwriting of crossed and zigzagged crackings in adobe walls. It had come without warning. Through the ground had passed a series of shudders, like those of a dying animal, with a twitching of houses, a spilling of fountains, and a quick sickness to people's brains.

Several horses from a burning stable were running wild through the streets. An Indian boy who had just risen from his knees unslung his lazo and tried to catch one that galloped past him, but it swerved from the flung noose and charged through an open cabin, striking down a kneeling woman in the doorway. The boy ran to her and lifted her head, then lowered it quickly and crossed himself. Beneath the wetted hair, where a hoof had struck, he had felt the grate of a fractured edge of bone.

Suddenly he was driven at one bound into the street by a thin cry inside the hut.

"Mamá!" said the voice, and then, "Mamacíta!" with a drawling petulance on the diminutive.

The boy moved a little nearer, calling:

"Come out, muchachita!"

But the unseen raised her voice and replied that she could not come out without her mamá, being a little bad with fever. Also, her name was Dolores and she did not desire to be called "muchachita," and she was thirsty, and where was her mamá?

"I will come to thee, Dolores," the boy replied in a shaking voice.

As he stepped past the dead woman he turned his head aside with a prayer. There in a corner was the child, swaddled in coarse cloth, lying on a straw mat. Her head was tied up with fresh leaves of rosemary and mallow, which are sovereign for fever if allowed to wither on the skin. He gave her drink from a water-jug, and then she sucked her lips and looked at him searchingly from eyes like balls of black onyx.

"Who art thou?" she demanded.

"I am Juan de Dios, son of Pancho, the aguador."

Baptismal names of sacred meaning are in high favor with the Inditos, and in "John of God" there was nothing uncommon except the solemnity of the youth's tone as he announced himself to the wondering child.

"And thou," he added, "what age hast thou?"

"Five Aprils," she replied impatiently, "Where is my mamá?"

"Perhaps with thy papá."

"That cannot be. My papá is dead." And then, raising herself on one elbow to see him better, "Why dost thou weep?"

"There is dust in my eyes," said Juan de Dios. "Tell me—thou hast brothers and sisters?"

"I have none."

"Grandparents?"

"Quién sabe?"

"How 'quién sabe'? Hast thou no one?"

"Foolish one! my mamá is enough. Where is my mamá?"

"Perhaps at the church. We have had a trembler."

"Santa Bárbara bendita! Then it woke me!"

"It was a very strong trembler, and if we should have another—"

"Take me out, Juan de Dios!" she cried, holding out her arms to be lifted.

He wrapped her in a blanket, covering her face so that she might not see her mother, and carried her out. An unnoticed figure in that agitated hour, he walked, he stopped, he ran a few steps, he looked around wildly. At last, discerning a closed carriage approaching soberly, he dropped to his knees, uncovering the child's head and his own. The black curtains over the car-

riage windows were partly drawn, but not sufficiently to hide from view the gold chalice covered with an embroidered cloth which an acolyte in red and white held steadily before a black-robed ecclesiastic. Poor and rich, old and young, kneeled in the dust as it passed, for this was the carriage of Our Master—"Nuestro Amo"—and the whole pueblo felt blessed, comforted, and protected by the divine Mystery which it bore among the people. The boy after its passing rose with a light heart and continued on his way, uplifted by what seemed to him a personal message of pardon and peace. The little girl, who a few moments earlier had said, "Why dost thou weep, Juan de Dios?" now said, "Why dost thou smile, Juan de Dios?" He only replied, "Nuestro Amo has passed." And she fell asleep, and the warmth of her little body filled him with a troubled tenderness.

His parents ran to meet him, thanking the saints for having preserved their first-born.

"But what thing bringest thou?" said his father, looking at the bundle in his arms.

"A little sick one," said Juan de Dios, displaying the green herbs that crowned his protégée and permitting her sleeping face to make its own appeal. It was the face of a toast-colored cherub.

"Qué bonita!" exclaimed his mother, admiringly. "But of whom is she, son of mine?"

And he told them in a whisper how the child's mother had been killed, not mentioning the unluckily thrown lazo and his own blood-remorse, but adding simply that Nuestro Amo had sent him the thought to take care of the little orphan.

"Be it so, son of ours!" exclaimed the water-carrier and his wife in one voice; and Juan de Dios, who still looked at the face of the sleeping child, added:

"The chiquita will grow fat and strong for helping, and when she has taken her first communion I will marry her."

And so it was settled. No one else claimed the orphan, and the priest saw no reason why Pancho, the water-carrier, should not add a ninth young mouth to the eight that already busied themselves at feeding-time beneath the flat roof of his adobe cabin. After Juan de Dios, who was twelve, came Tiburcio, two years younger, and then a mixed rabble of barefooted infancy, in which the new-comer took a middle place and proved able to hold her own. The new home was a counterpart of the old one, except that it was more populous and amusing. The tortillas were just as warm and as grateful to little stomachs; there was n't a pin to choose between the niceness of the beans, black and red, or of the sauces that would sometimes bite little tongues; and as for the *chilitos verdes*—little green peppers just the size of her fingers—Juan de Dios would bring them to her in handfuls, knowing that she adored to crunch them between her sharp little teeth. She developed a strong affection for the household altar which stood in one corner and was touched by no one but Juan de Dios. It consisted of an image of the Virgin of Guadalupe stamped on a large piece of leather and decorated with delicate white plumes, at its feet an earthen dish of oil in which a butterfly was always burning—not a real butterfly, of course, but one of those little contrivances of a short wick stuck in a float called by the same name, *mariposa.*

A month after his adoption of Dolores, Juan de Dios was a different person. By parting with certain property, to wit, one carved leather belt, one knife, one lazo, fashioned in a superior manner with fancy knots and stained in bright colors, one flute, which he had made from a piece of sugar-cane, and one veteran fighting-cock with a bamboo leg, he had raised enough money to buy an income-earning equipment consisting of two water-jugs suspended at either end of a long pole which he balanced on his shoulder. So burdened, he embarked in business in a small way, delivering water to households of the humbler sort, and earning about three reales a week. And he was soon rich enough to buy Dolores three white shirts, three skirts of gaily striped and figured baize, much green cotton ribbon for her hair, a medal of their Mother the Virgin of Guadalupe, and scapularies of Santa Barbara, who protects from thunder, the Virgin of the Conception, who defends chastity, and the Archangel Gabriel, who watches over little children.

When his day's work was over Dolores would beg for a story; and sitting cross-legged, with their backs against the sun-

warmed cabin wall, he would tell her stories of the miracles and apparitions of saints, and she would catch her breath and stretch the rims of her eyes at the exciting parts, just as children of the northern land do over the deeds of giants and fairies.

And she would tell him the events of her day. She had spread the clothes on the rocks to dry for the mamacíta washing at the brook; she had fetched holy water from the church; she had gathered wild jasmine, pink and white, and made a basket of posies which she had taken to the station with Tiburcio and some of the sisters, and the passengers in the trains had given her many centavos, which she had tied in a corner of her rebozo to keep them from Tiburcio, who was as full of tricks as a monkey.

Sometimes Juan de Dios would remonstrate with Tiburcio for teasing the little motherless one; and then Tiburcio, taking the scolding in good part, would make Dolores laugh with his comical grimaces. He had bright, impudent eyes and a mole under his mouth which gave him a laughing look and earned him many gracious glances from the señores on the trains when they bought his pomegranates or purple passion-fruit.

Juan de Dios saved enough money in the course of a year to discard his long pole, which caused the *porteros* of the better residences to exclude him from their patios, and provide himself with a mature aguador's outfit like his father's. Thenceforward he bore a very large jug on his back, balanced by a smaller one on his breast, and his knees bent more than ever, and he was very proud. No other Indito was so alert in undertaking small errands or so faithful in performing them. And at last it fell out that some of the oldest families in the pueblo, lifelong patrons of the deliberate Pancho, would ask him in emergencies for the services of his son. Now, Pancho loved his son, but he also had his proper pride, and one day he said to Juan de Dios:

"Son of my life, comfort of my soul, thou art now a man and mayest choose thine occupation."

"Choose my occupation?" stammered the astonished youth. "But your honor knows that I have chosen it these four years."

"Not so," replied Pancho, positively. "Of aguador, sufficient with thy father. Better that thou be a donkey-driver. It is my wish, thou consolation of my miseries; and the day of thy saint I will give thee a burro—and may God accompany thee!"

Juan de Dios was silent. The thought of changing his occupation filled his heart with anguish. Was he not sixteen, and long settled in life? Did not all the world know him as Juan de Dios, the aguador?

That evening at twilight, as he and Dolores squatted against the wall, he said to her:

"To-morrow we will go to early mass, and after we will speak to the padre about thy confirmation. I have to leave thee, Dolores."

"To leave me!" Incredulity and indignant protest struggled with a very lively curiosity.

"Even as I say. I have a weight in my heart, Dolores, but all is for the best. I am going to work for thee a few years in the capital."

She looked at him with mingled terror and admiration, for in the imagination of the Indian of the pueblos the City of Mexico is enveloped in formidable and sinister mystery. With the same feeling in his heart, and a sudden surge of loneliness, Juan de Dios wept. She tried to comfort him, begging him not to go, but he stammered:

"The road of the glory is sown with thorns. I will go. Resign thyself, little daughter. When I return we shall receive the benediction of the padre, and thou shalt be my little wife."

"Yes, yes, Juan de Dios!" She joined her bronze hands flatly as in prayer, bowed her forehead on the finger-tips, and then threw back her head with a heavenward glance of mild ecstasy. "Yes, yes! I shall be very big when thou comest back, and thou wilt take me to my own little cabin—oh, what enchantment!"

She kissed his hand reverentially, and her heart was filled with the great calm that assurance of protection gives to the weak and ignorant.

And so a morning arrived when Juan de Dios departed from his birthplace, accompanying a party of donkey-drivers who were taking various wares to sell in the

capital. It was a morning of farewells, promises, benedictions, and tears. The capital was only two days' easy march distant, but it seemed to all that Juan de Dios, the confidant and comforter, whose daily blessing of the hut had carried an unnamable gentle charm, was embarking into dark distances full of dangers.

THE capital, as sensitive of its reputation as an elegant woman, has a code of manners for Inditos and enforces it in times of peace, peremptorily though kindly. Juan de Dios learned that in the City of Mexico one may no longer enjoy the comfort of going barefoot, and dutifully he taught his feet to endure the encumbrance of leather sandals. He learned that the city aguador may not blow his whistle to halt the traffic while he gravely crosses the street, but must wait for the passing of many vehicles, some with horses and some outlandishly without. From early morn to the fall of the afternoon he would go from fountain to fountain and from portal to portal, his lean body so accustomed to bending that he never thought of straightening it, his head bowed as if in prayer.

On the first day of each month he visited a little shop in the street of San Felipe Neri, where a good old widow sold tobacco and snuff, candles for the poor, for the rich, and for the church; flags of silver and gold paper stuck in dry oranges to adorn altars; toys, candies, lottery-tickets, and many other necessaries. With her Juan de Dios understood himself very well. She would change his mountain of centavos into silver pesos, and from her he would buy his meager supplies for the month, including his lottery-ticket, with which he never won a prize although he never neglected to have it blessed by holding it up in church at the moment of the benediction. Very happy, he would jog home, the heavy silver pieces in his leather pockets making a discreet and dulcet *"trink-trak"* between his jugs and his body. He lived with a charcoal-seller in one room at the back of a bodega, where the odors of dried fish and vats of wine mingled with the dust of the charcoal nightly swept into the farthest corner of the soft earth floor to make place for his sleeping-mat.

When his first jugs had worn out—the sweet-scented, porous red clay becomes perforated in time—he had buried them to their necks in the corner where he slept, and they were now his treasury. On returning home from the widow's he would uncover them and drop his coins one by one into their depths, receiving a separate thrill of satisfaction at the piquant echo of each one from the hollow of its prison.

Once in a year or so he received word from his family by the mouth of some donkey-driver or pilgrim. They were well. They sent him benedictions. And he, as opportunity offered, sent them gifts for their saint-days.

IT was the month of June, which always makes the heart restless. During his five years in the capital Juan de Dios had treated himself to fewer holidays than most peons—not celebrating the days of more than ten or a dozen favorite saints each year—and now his spirit rebelled at many things. The rainy season was, as usual, depriving him of the centavos which at other times accrued from the sprinkling of the streets in front of his customers' houses, as ordained by law. And then there was a new and mischievous spirit in the air, a spirit named "modern improvement," and it now possessed and agitated one of the houses on his route, a three-patio building inhabited by fifteen families of the middle class. The plumber—worker of evil and oppressor of God's poor—had been exercising his malign spells. Was it the will of God that water should run up-stairs, except in jugs sustained by the proper legs of a man? Was the roof of a building a fit place for a large and unsightly tank? Was it reasonable to suppose that a man could fill such a reservoir with water by see-sawing laboriously an erect stake of painted iron, as tall as his breast, which had sprouted diabolically in a patio at the margin of the fountain? Or that the tenants could supply themselves with water by no more than turning a stick of brass not as large as an honest man's finger? Was it for him, Juan de Dios, to become a confederate in these mysteries by hauling and thrusting that painted stake, instead of making many sociable trips between the fountain and the kitchens of his customers? No! He would not so endanger his soul. With firmness he had refused to serve the

strange gods of the plumber. And the owner and tenants of the building, liking well their patient and apostolic-looking aguador, and understanding perfectly his prejudices, had murmured "Mañana!" and allowed the highly painted and patented American force-pumps in the three patios to rust in unlovely idleness.

But the incident had given Juan de Dios a shock and turned his heart toward the simplicity and piety of the pueblo. His Dolores was fourteen now, and ready for marriage. He had saved enough money. He could build a little hut and buy a burro, and lead an easy and blessed existence with his chattering little squirrel of a wife, and the babies that would crawl in the sunshine at their cabin door.

Meanwhile the excellent business which he had built up in the capital should not be lost to the family, for Tiburcio should succeed to it. That part of it had already been arranged; it only remained to send him word that the time had come.

Then came many days of patient waiting and of serious preparation—days, too, of fasting and prayer—until one afternoon there dawned upon his vision at the public fountain which he had appointed as their meeting-place a radiant young spark whom he would not have identified as the weeping boy he had left in the road except for the eloquent mole under the still-laughing mouth. He wore leather trousers, wondrously tight-fitting, and laced up the sides from foot to hip between double rows of brass buttons; a white shirt, without a collar, but with a large, flowing scarlet bow sewed to the middle of the bosom; a leather belt hung with a fancy knife, a plain knife, and other decorative items; from his neck a religious medal which clashed cheerfully against the metal of the knives; on his feet heavy shoes of wine-colored leather, much overlaid and ornamented in punctured designs; on his head a cheap straw sombrero heavily bound to its very apex with silver rope, richly knotted.

Tiburcio saw his brother trotting along with head bended as of old, and moved to meet him; and with many simple ejaculations of joy and affection they placed each his hands on the other's shoulders, with smiles and graceful bendings of heads, and strokings and pattings, like a pair of friendly ants. Thus they remained, regardless of the disorganized traffic, until a gendarme, himself an Indito, ran to them and in a friendly fashion moved them on. And at length Juan de Dios permitted himself to take cognizance of Tiburcio's elegance.

"But, brother of my soul," he protested, "thou appearest a Judas!"

Tiburcio hung his head in shame at this allusion to the garishly bedizened effigies of Judas which are hanged in the streets and plazas on Saturday of Glory and burned amid festive mockery and the sputtering of fire-crackers. Fortunately he had working garments tied up in his blanket, and the portero of a neighboring house where Juan de Dios was known allowed him to change there and emerge in the simple habit that God had undoubtedly ordained for water-carriers. And not until then did he remember to impart to his brother a piece of important news. Laughing, he said:

"Brother, with all thy scoldings thou didst put it away from my memory to tell thee that Lola is here."

"Lola?" repeated Juan de Dios, not understanding.

"Dolores—she came with me."

"Protect me, Saint of my name! Dolores here—but for what? And where is she?"

"While I found thee I left her at the cathedral."

"Well chosen the place! But I beat my brains to comprehend. Did I not tell her to wait for me in the pueblo? And now—*Ay! Ay!* What sinful impatience that she must come to meet me here! What sad fortune that I could not have embraced her as I always wished, in the cabin where I left her!" He wagged his bended head with a heavy sigh at this upsetting of his plans. Tiburcio looked uncomfortable and opened his mouth to speak, but Juan de Dios, having eased himself of his pique, began to rejoice: "But since God wishes it to come sooner, the pleasure, so much better. She is here, my young woman! What little moments we will pass! *Uy, újule!*"

And with that liquid cry of joy he unharnessed himself, pulling over his head the shoulder-straps, with the leather breast-and-back plates and head-piece, and the heavy jugs, and proceeded to harness his brother, saying:

Drawn by Luis Mora. Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

"HE STRUCK HER . . . WITH THE BACK OF HIS HAND, AND THEN RAINED BLOWS ON HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS"

"Do me this service, Tiburcio. Carry on this street five journeys to number fourteen, six to number eighteen, three to number twenty, and eight to the principal patio in number twenty-two. Take care not to touch the pots of flowers in the corridors, and where the cages of birds hang be sure to bend lest thou knock them down. If the parrots speak to thee, answer them not, for the señoras like them not to learn our manner of expressing ourselves. If thou seest a melon or a bunch of flowers swimming in a patron's water-jar, touch them not, for after thou hast poured the water they will but dance a little and come up again. Here are my colorines." He passed over a leather bag filled with scarlet beans. "With these count thy journeys, leaving one each time with the servant of the house. Conduct thyself well, and that God may accompany thee. I go to the cathedral to find my Dolores. Adiós! Adiós!"

The new aguador attracted the attention of a lady and gentleman sitting in the principal patio, and they asked him about Juan de Dios. Tiburcio explained everything with great care, and added in a confident and winning manner that he expected to give just as good service as his brother, if not a little bit better. And the lady in some excitement whispered to her husband:

"Perhaps this youth will agitate the pump, and by the grace of God we can utilize at last our porcelain bath!"

The lady's husband, who was the owner of the house, jumped at the idea, and Tiburcio was conducted to the pump. He rolled his eyes at it distrustfully, and seemed to regard the señor's explanation of its raison-d'être as a rather lame one; but when the señor himself grasped the lever and moved it sturdily back and forth without suffering any other penalty than a shortness of breath—for he was a fat and not young señor—the youth recovered his courage.

"Lend here, Patrón," he said; and getting free of his jugs and rolling up his trousers he attacked the business with confidence. The proprietor and his wife put heart into him at intervals by remarking what a strong fellow he was and how the capital was the proper place for him; and although Tiburcio's muscles were not hardened to such labor he kept at it, his spirit swimming in the ether of pride and praise, for half an hour. Meanwhile the news that an aguador who would pump was on the premises had spread to the second and third patios, and so flattering were the overtures made to him that Tiburcio, concealing his fatigue, addressed himself with zeal to the other two force-pumps. When his arms failed him he continued by employing the weight of his body, the forward plunge pulling a quart of water from the fountain and the backward fall projecting it toward the roof—for it is the ungracious nature of a force-pump to work equally hard both ways. On abandoning the third pump Tiburcio felt a weight in his chest, and his legs bent under him like green twigs; but he was wonderfully happy as he took the silver pieces that he had earned by the sweat of his body, and with them made the sign of the cross on his brow, his eyes, his mouth, and his breast. After which he rolled himself in a straw mat in a shady corner, and abandoned himself like a tired child to his well-earned siesta.

Juan de Dios and Dolores met under the trees of the plaza in front of the cathedral—a new Dolores, almost as tall as himself, with dove's eyes and a sad little voice, very desirable—and they embraced just as he and Tiburcio had embraced, hands on shoulders, with the same little glances and bendings and soft ejaculations. And she called him "Padrino," as of old, at which he protested playfully, *"Qué padrino ni qué calabazas?"*

"What godfather nor what pumpkins? Not thy padrino, but thy husband, who forgives thee for coming to him."

At that she was troubled, and abruptly withdrew her hands from his shoulders, averting her face. That gesture smote him with the knowledge that an evil had come between them. Trembling with anger, he exclaimed:

"What thing is this I see? What thing? What thing?"

His voice pitched higher and higher. Her hands flew to her downcast face. He seized her wrists and shook them, making her whole body reel like a palm in a hurricane.

"Don't beat me, don't beat me!" she sobbed. "Where is Bucho?"

The endearing diminutive of his brother's name, or the tone of instinct in which it was uttered, told him all. He fetched a great sobbing breath and struck her in the face with the back of his hand, and then again with the palm, and then rained blows on her head and shoulders; and she, being a woman and born of blood impressed with the proverb "Who well loves thee will make thee weep," snuggled against him, whimpering. While beating her he swore many oaths, such as "Lightnings and chains of fire!" and spoke bitter reproaches of ingratitude and perfidy, weeping all the while. They were near the central terminus of trolley-lines, and a crowd gathered about them, and there were calls for a gendarme. Hearing that, Juan de Dios turned her about and gave her a push to make her walk in front of him.

Tiburcio had not been seen at number fourteen, nor eighteen, nor twenty, but in the principal patio of twenty-two Dolores heard snores which she recognized, and they found Tiburcio curled in slumber.

Deeply curled, for it required several kicks from his brother to awaken him, and even then his fatigue pressed upon him so heavily that he stared up at them with a vague smile, unconscious of the fury in one face and the fear in the other. Soon, however, it dawned on his sluggish senses that Juan de Dios was declaiming angrily, then that Lola was weeping, then that her love and his own was the cause of the outburst, and then that the girl had thrown herself between them with upraised arms, crying to Juan de Dios:

"Don't curse him! Don't curse Bucho! Bucho, speak to him!"

"Lightnings!" shouted Juan de Dios, his voice muffled with foam. "For his sorceries with which he hath bewitched thee, that God may cripple him!"

Dolores gave a gasp of horror. Tiburcio, his face suddenly bleaching to a waxen yellow, tried to rise to his knees for prayer, but at the first movement an intense pain shot through his back between the shoulders and he tumbled over on his face, howling:

"Crippled! God favor me, miserable sinner that I am! Brother, brother, thy words have fallen over me! I am crippled truly! I cannot move! *Ay-ay-ay!*"

In a series of shrieks he described the progress of his affliction, which extended to all the muscles that he had brought into unwonted action during his intemperate exertions with the force-pumps. Dolores screamed for help, sputtered incoherencies at the portero, and ran round the patio like a wild animal, kneeling at intervals to pray but not daring to go near Tiburcio from fear of the demon that possessed him. Shudder after shudder convulsed him as he sprawled with his forehead on the pavement, the poison of terror augmenting that of fatigue. From the house emerged many servants, male and female, asking questions, offering advice, chattering and crossing themselves, afraid to approach.

It was important to get Tiburcio away. Juan de Dios lifted him to his feet at last, despite his piteous moans. It appeared that he could use his legs, although feebly, but from loins to neck he seemed paralyzed. Supported by his brother and Dolores, and uttering cries at each step, he traversed the streets to the charcoal-seller's and was laid on a mat. Juan de Dios rubbed his body with holy water, sprinkling what was left of it all over the room to frighten away evil spirits.

Night fell over the anguish of the three, but without abating it. Toward Juan de Dios and his prayers the other two deferred in a spirit of humility and anxious expectancy, while he performed such prodigies of spiritual concentration that he shook as with an ague and his tears lost their identity among the drops of sweat that rolled down his contorted visage. They would not believe that he could pray in vain—he, the blessed one, he at whose curse the punishment had fallen! And yet, soon after the great clock of the palace had boomed out eleven, Tiburcio reported to Dolores in a whisper that he seemed to be breaking into two pieces. She wailed loudly, and in desperation demanded of Juan de Dios what thing she could do, or he and she together, that would incline the good God to show mercy to Bucho. Since He was angry at the broken troth, might it not appease Him if she renounced her love of Tiburcio and became the little wife of Juan de Dios? Tiburcio from his mat begged that the efficacy of that method of cure might be tested. Juan de Dios said nothing, but his eyes burned as he looked at Dolores,

and shortly afterward he abruptly went out into the rain. From the door she could see him dimly, by the light of a distant street lamp, sitting motionless under the sky with his knees to his breast, his face upturned in submission and inquiry.

Hours passed before he returned, and then he was alight with resolve. Making a sign to Dolores that she should help him, he uncovered the buried jugs and removed by handfuls all his savings, which they packed in two leather bags. Soon afterward the three set forth into the dark and rain-swept night, Tiburcio traveling as a passenger on his brother's back, partly sustained by a leather band which passed across the other's forehead, and inadequately counterpoised by the two bags of silver pesos which alternately patted Juan de Dios's chest as he trotted. They traversed unfrequented streets until they reached the outskirts, and then struck the road along which a trolley-line runs to the Villa de Guadalupe, the Mecca of the Mexicans. Tiburcio suffered severely from the jolting and straining of sore muscles; but the knowledge of his destination so filled him with hope that he suppressed his groans.

The sun was rising when they reached the Villa de Guadalupe. Juan de Dios stretched his brother on one of the heavy iron benches in the plaza at the foot of the hill. Tiburcio seemed a little easier, which was not to be wondered at, for many miracles had been known to follow the mere arrival of the sufferer within the precincts of the sacred pueblo. To Juan de Dios the very air was sensibly impregnated with sanctity, and he breathed it with rapture. Faint incense instilled it, bells trembled in it, some as remote voices imploring faith, others strong and impatient mandates to repentance. Padres in long black cassocks flitted hither and thither from church to church and from chapel to chapel. Their houses loomed somberly above gardens which seemed thronging congregations of flowers. Even the rag awnings fluttering here and there under the old trees of the plaza played their part in the enchantment, for beneath them were exposed for sale every imaginable aid to devotion—rosaries, images, ribbons of saints, and many other objects, even to little dark papers of blessed earth, the virtue of which is notorious all over Mexico. Juan de Dios bought some of the earth and all three devoured it, as is the way of the faithful, Tiburcio receiving the largest share. It was a natural transition to blessed water. This they obtained from the sacred well at the foot of the hill in the center of a little ancient domed temple, by casting into its rocky depths a heavy, conical cup of iron attached to a chain. Tiburcio drank of the water as much as he could, its abominable flavor strengthening his faith in its miraculous powers. Also his brother poured a cup of it over him.

And now Juan de Dios was ready for the pilgrimage proper. Shading his eyes with his hand, he traced the course of the stone stairway mounting heavenward from his feet, flight after flight, at first shaded by great trees and at last almost lost amid wild creepers as it aspired in curves like those of a snail's shell to the lofty summit, with its coronet of churches and chapels now ethereal with the golden light of the young morning. With an eagle glance which seemed to perceive in that radiance an authentic sign from the Virgin of Guadalupe, whom he had adored from childhood, he exclaimed:

"If yonder thou art, Mother of mine, unto thee I bear a sinner. He is my brother. Make me the road hard, dangerous. Put me obstacles; all that may be necessary to make merit for my presentation before thee with Tiburcio—that is his name."

He wiped the sweat from his forehead with one finger, and continued in a tone of exaltation which thrilled the others.

"I will carry him to thee on my knees, over all those steps, unto thine altar! This act of devotion, I offer it to thee for the health of my sinner brother, that thou wilt permit him to move the body again, if thou thinkest he merits it."

And, having signed himself, he dropped to his knees and with much difficulty, Dolores assisting, hoisted Tiburcio to his shoulders with feet hanging down in front and hands clasping his brother's brow. Juan de Dios held his body upright, balancing carefully, as he felt his way upward, one knee after another, slowly—always slowly. Dolores followed, marveling at his sanctity. It being the rainy season, there was no great throng of pilgrims, but the few

who were ascending to the shrine—some women carrying wax candles decorated with gold paper, others with plates of sprouting wheat of a delicate pallor from having been grown in the dark, and a few Inditos with bamboo cages containing fighting-cocks to be blessed in church that they might have fortune in battle—these remarked the superior zeal of Juan de Dios, and regarded him respectfully as a holy person, one whom it was fortunate to have seen. The same spirit was manifested by the sellers of blessed articles on the landings of the stair. While he rested, Juan de Dios caused Dolores to buy the largest and most beautiful candle obtainable, and thereafter she carried it, unlighted, in front of them. Also, for refreshment and edification of them all, they bought blessed fruit, blessed tortillas fried in chile sauce, and tortillas of the Virgin, which are made sweet and very small and dyed in different colors.

As he climbed, Juan de Dios prayed, and the more he suffered the more he thanked God. His white cotton trousers gave but the scantiest protection to his knees, and that not for long, yet he did not look for smooth places, and Tiburcio groaned more than he. Once he slipped on a rolling pebble, and after that he mounted every step with the same knee, lifting the hurt one after it. The time came when even his strength of aguador wore out, and he clawed the stone balustrade to raise himself and stopped on each step, his breath hissing between his locked teeth from which the lips were stiffly peeled; and still his eyes pleaded for martyrdom. Dolores at every opportunity would wipe Tiburcio's face where the thorns had scratched it.

When Juan de Dios reached the top he signed to Dolores to light the candle, and he held it at arm's-length as he continued his march into the ancient church of the hill, his knees leaving prints of red on the white marble pavement. Into the depth of the church, straight to the blazing shrine he went, and Dolores saw his face working frightfully as he unlocked his teeth to proclaim that he had kept his word; but no sound came from his throat, and he suddenly fell forward in a swoon, spilling Tiburcio, who executed a series of instinctive movements, too quick for eye to follow, which landed him on his feet, supple and free from pain; and he and Dolores threw themselves on their knees beside the unconscious one at the shrine, to recite a multitude of "gracias" for the miracle.

Dolores fully expected to become the little wife of Juan de Dios. He had come from the confessional when he said to them:

"I now comprehend that I do not serve for this world. The love of woman confounds me too much. God will free me from committing more barbarities. I will remain in this saintly place, for which it seemeth to me I was ordained before my mother bore me. Thou, Dolores, and thou, Tiburcio, serve for this earth. Go, and may the good God accompany you always. Take this bag of money, that it may help you to marry and live justly as good Christians. The other bag I have given to the good padre, who will manage it so that I shall have enough prayers and masses said for the guidance of my steps while I live."

Much more he said to them in the same peaceful strain, and laid an obligation upon them to make pilgrimage every year for the feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe in remembrance of the miracle she had performed for Tiburcio.

They left him, and he continued to be an aguador, carrying water from the sacred well to the top of the sacred hill with which to refresh pilgrims, especially the sick and crippled, after the ascent. He himself was crippled, never recovering from a stiffness of one knee, which remained bent. And in this manner Juan de Dios became veritably John of God.

Plate in tint, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. Davidson

"AS HE CLIMBED, JUAN DI DIOS PRAYED, AND THE MORE HE SUFFERED THE MORE HE THANKED GOD"

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA

THE BATTLE WITH THE SLUM

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives"

A NEW generation has grown up since the campaign against the slum was begun on American soil by the Tenement-House Committee, of which Richard Watson Gilder was chairman. Its big battles have been fought in New York City, but they have been fought for the country; a hundred cities throughout the land now tread in the footsteps of the metropolis. Her problems are theirs in only a lesser degree. As the battle goes in the city on the Hudson, they take heart or lose it.

The Tenement-House Committee of 1894 did not merely lend its prestige to the destruction of a few baby-murdering tenements; its indictment was of the whole environment of the toilers, which five years later its successor that built boldly and well on the foundation it had laid characterized as still making "all for unrighteousness" and tending to the corruption of the young. Its demand was for better schools, for public baths, for pavements that could be washed, for parks and playgrounds and kindergartens, for rapid transit, as well as for houses fit to live in. In all New York City there was not a playground, not even a school playground, for boards of education had not yet listed children's play, with their books and study-hours, as "educational" in the official sense. Mulberry Bend, now a playground and park, was a pigsty, for which the city, having acquired possession of its foul old rookeries, collected the rent. The condition of the streets was unspeakable; Colonel Waring, with his "White Wings" and his wise methods, was yet to come. Nowhere was there a winter bath for the people, and, if memory serves me right, the only kindergarten in New York that was not maintained by private funds was in the normal school. The death-rate of the city was the reproach of civilization. For ten years it had averaged more than twenty-four in a thousand of the population. In the year 1912 it reached the lowest point, so that in a low death-rate New York is now in the front rank of world cities—14.11. This means that if New York had maintained its old death-rate with its present population, every year fifty thousand more persons than actually do die would give up their lives in New York. New York, then, has become a place in which it is harder to die. Has it become a better place in which to live?

Well, there are our streets. Their bad condition helped largely in the overturn of the city government in 1894. If they are not so clean as they were under Colonel Waring,—he has had no like successor,—they can at least be washed, and they *are* washed—occasionally. The difference between their condition to-day and

the old slough is the difference between day and night. We still hear the cry for playgrounds, and not in the time of any one now living will it be silenced; but the school department alone operated two hundred and twenty-two playgrounds last year, with an aggregate attendance of nearly six millions of children in the summer vacation, not counting its fifty-odd evening recreation-centers, its seven or eight hundred clubs, and thirty-odd vacation schools. And now the showing of the small parks that have sprung up, the number of which is increasing year by year, the provision made for children's play by the park department and by private effort, and something of what it all means to the city, and must increasingly mean, may be gleaned from the mere statement that in 1911 the accidents of traffic in New York streets cost 270 lives and the injury of 10,577 persons.

Bath-houses we have, and the reproach of "the great unwashed" has been proved a slander. There never is sufficient room, summer or winter, for all who desire to bathe, but in those schools alone that are fitted with shower-baths nearly a million children bathed last year. The single kindergarten once maintained by the city has grown into nine hundred kindergartens; commodious and beautiful school buildings have taken the place of dark and stuffy houses overrun with rats, and are becoming social neighborhood centers. The city superintendent of schools tells us in a report just made public that "New York is using her public-school buildings outside of the regular school hours to a greater extent than any other city in the country," and adds that he hopes the end is not yet.

Into the homes of the people light and air have penetrated, and they have acquired legal claims. The first census taken under the new tenement-house law found 361,000 dark and airless rooms in houses, unfit to live in, half of them without any windows at all. There are still more than sixty thousand windowless rooms left in Greater New York; but they are going. When the last of them is gone, we shall be able to fight tuberculosis, and win. The dark halls have been lighted. Life in the tenements has been made measurably endurable and safe. Not in the ten years since the new law was passed has a human life been lost by fire in any of the hundred-and-odd-thousand houses for lack of means of escape or other faults of construction. In the ten years preceding 1894 two hundred and fifty-six persons perished in tenement-house fires, not counting the firemen who died in efforts to save them. The thousands of vaults and cesspools that were a constant menace to us all are gone. On the whole of Manhattan Island only seven are left, and they are not used in connection with tenement-houses. The power to remove them, once hotly contested, has been so buttressed by the courts that it stands for all cities and all time. The tenement-house law itself, which was weak and tottering, stands secure against assault. The cry that it would wreck the builder has been proved false. He has built more tenements than ever.

To sum up, a million and a quarter of souls, or more than one third of the tenement-house population that was steeped in the environment which made for all unrighteousness, have been housed decently and safely, and the rest will be. Have we, then, solved the housing problem in New York?

No, we have not. We have not realized the ideal of the little house with cheap rent, and we never shall realize it. Instead, rents have risen, and are rising yet. We have not less crowding, but more. We know now that the cliff-dweller in New York has come to stay, at least in the old city. The problem now is how to bar the cliff-dweller from crossing the bridges into the New York of the future. Since the point of saturation was reached in the crowded region south of Fourteenth Street, and the exodus thence began, the tenement-builder has been busy in the boroughs. It is easy to foresee that the time may come when the conditions of Manhattan will be reproduced in the newer regions, without the defense of Manhattan that it is pent between two rivers. How to prevent this is the nightmare of social reformers, of congestion committees. Like men fighting a fire, we must get in front of it. A stern chase is a vain chase in dealing with this trouble. Can we hold our ground there?

The answer applies to every growing city: we can, if we begin at the beginning. City-planning is New York's remedy. Like every other American city, it has

grown as it could grow, which was not as it should. The old city—below Central Park, at any rate—is made; we must begin planning a city that shall have broader streets and lower houses; parks and playgrounds provided ahead of the population, not on the heels of it; a city of zones, determined for twenty years or more, as in the well-governed cities abroad, in which factories may or may not be built, with transit lines laid out to suit the plan. There is nothing chimerical or impracticable in this. That city governments may regulate the height of houses in selected districts is a point that has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. There is no reason why tenements in the outlying boroughs should not be restricted to, say, three stories. The legislature might authorize the board of estimate to create a commission to report on a scheme of city-planning, and after public hearings the plan might be carried out without other authority. A short cut to this end would be for the city to buy up the outlying land, of which the speculating builder is now getting possession, and keep it to sell under certain restriction; but that it cannot do. Perhaps some day it may acquire the power of excess condemnation enabling it to do it, if, indeed, it is for other reasons desirable.

But whether New York adopts belated city planning or a land-tax system to discourage congestion, it has one imperative duty to perform to its tenement-dwellers which no building law can meet: it must prohibit home manufacture among them. The disclosures of factory investigation have made this abundantly plain. Poverty and greed combine to make a definite peril of the practice of letting contract tailoring work be done in tenements. The chance of contagion that stalks abroad among rich and poor from homes that may harbor diphtheria, scarlet fever, or infantile paralysis, and the fact that home work in tenements in the busy season inevitably tends to increase the crowding and to break down child-labor laws, are not the only serious points to consider. Of what use are playgrounds to children who "never play at all," but toil in half-dark rooms from sunrise till ten or eleven o'clock at night—children of tender years who, when they drop asleep, are shaken and beaten by their parents that they may finish their tasks? Licenses are granted to more than eleven thousand tenements in which home work may be done, and there are only ten factory inspectors to attend to them! With the welcome reorganization of the department of labor, and by putting upon the manufacturer the burden of responsibility as well as the odium of having work done on dirty and unsanitary premises, and, further, by prohibiting child labor and certain kinds of work, it is hoped that this mischief may be greatly reduced. There is a general definite conviction that the time has come to forbid contract work in tenements altogether, else all other efforts will go for naught.

The law may never be able to do that. The power and the purpose alike must come from an informed and aroused public opinion that refuses any longer to put up with an abuse which only adds to the burdens of poverty without being of benefit to any one. The evidence is conclusive that it drags down the wages of those engaged in it. The war on home manufacture in the tenements is to-day's phase of the struggle with the slum. We must first attack it on the score of child labor, and, when that evil is disposed of, from the angle of the welfare of the mother and the home. Here is where woman can help. For this at least she needs no political powers; for she has a better weapon: she is the shopper. She can refuse to buy anything made under unsanitary, unfair conditions. The Consumers' League will inform her on these points; it exists for that purpose. Let her challenge her critics by embracing the principles of the Consumers' League and making them her invariable practice. Should all women do that to-morrow in New York City, tenement-house work would cease the next day.

HOME

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

PART II

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT

ALAN WAYNE, nephew of a New York banker, is dismissed by his uncle on account of his wild life. He is a young engineer, and goes to Africa in the employment of a large bridge-building firm. He meets with success and gains the name of "Ten Per Cent." for cutting time and expense estimates.

Gerry Lansing, the other dominant character of the story, has married Alix Deering, a former flame of Alan's. They do not live in harmony, and Alix goes abroad against her husband's wishes. Returning she meets Alan on shipboard. He is passionately in love with her and she is greatly fascinated by him.

Upon reaching home the situation is soon noticed by others. Alan's cousin, Nance Sterling, cautions him, and Gerry asks his wife to drop Alan. Alix is so inflamed thereby that she consents to run off with Alan. On the Montreal express she sees her foolishness and jumps from the train as it moves from the station. Gerry, in the meantime, has followed Alix to the station, and not waiting for the train's departure he walks off without seeing the outcome. He has seen enough to make him wish to escape the imminent scandal, and he takes passage for Brazil. In South America he wanders from place to place, while those at home are making futile search for him. Gerry finally goes inland on the San Francisco River and one morning, when about to take a plunge, he sees the form of a beautiful girl on a near by bank. He dives and swims toward her.

CHAPTER XII

GERRY'S cablegram to his mother was forwarded to Red Hill on the very day that the judge had gone up to tell them that no trace could be found of the missing man.

The Firs were gay that night—gay with the joy of happy people happily planning. In a month, or, at the most two months, Gerry could be here. He would come into his own as never before.

The judge undertook the cabling. He cabled Gerry, and the message was reported undelivered. Then he cabled the American consul. There followed a long series of messages, first quick and hopeful, then lagging, but not doubtful, then a wearying silence of weeks, ending with the inevitable blow. Gerry had been traced to the San Francisco River. The envoy sent on his track by the judge's orders had reached Piranhas, to find the little town in apathetic wonder over the discovery of Gerry's canoe stranded three miles down the river. The paddle was still in the canoe, and a suit of pajamas. No further trace of Gerry had been found. His body had not been recovered. The people said it was not unusual. He had undoubtedly been attacked by tiger-fish. In that case his bones would have been stripped of flesh. It was impossible to drag the great river.

The judge hid in his heart the harrowing details. To Mrs. Lansing he told the central fact. She was struck dumb with grief, and then she thought of Alix. Almost hastily they decided that it was not a time to tell Alix, and during long months they put her off with false news of the search. They carried it farther and farther into the wilds of the Southern Continent. The country was so vast, there was no telling when the messenger would finally come up with Gerry.

Alix bore the strain with wonderful patience. The truth was that her thoughts were not on Gerry. Something greater than Gerry was claiming all her faith, all her strength of body and soul. She did not talk. She was holding that final com-

munion with her innermost self with which a woman dedicates her body to pain and sacrifice. Alix was not afraid. In those days the spirit of the race—her race of pioneers—shone from her steady eyes and even put courage in those about her.

Only when the ordeal was over and an heir to the house of Lansing had raised his lusty voice in apparent rage at having been born to so small a kingdom, did the frail Alix of other days come back. She lay, pale and thin, but with the glorious light of supreme achievement in her eyes.

Then came the day when Alix was strong—strong enough. Mrs. Lansing told her in a choked voice what they knew and what every one believed. She cried softly in Alix's arms.

"Poor Mother!" said Alix, her lips against the wet cheek. "How strong you 've been! How you hid it from me! What a burden to carry in your heart, and smile. But listen, dear Mummy. You are all wrong. Perhaps I would not have known it if you had told me then, but I know it now. Gerry is not dead. There is no river that can drown Gerry."

"My dear," said Mrs. Lansing, frightened, "you must not think that. It 's always the best swimmers that risk the most."

"It is n't that he can swim," said Alix. Her eyes turned slowly till they rested on her son. Her bosom swelled at the memory of the travail—the terrible travail that she had borne not for the child alone or for Gerry alone, but for them both. "Swimming has nothing to do with it. Somehow I know that Gerry is all right somewhere on this little world. Only, dear," and here her voice faltered and her eyes shone with tears, "this little world seems mighty big when hearts are far apart."

Alix clung to her belief. So strong was her faith that Mrs. Lansing became infected, but the judge held out against them.

"My heart is with you," he said at the end of months, "but my head won't turn. A naked man even in South America would have caused remark. Why should n't he have come back for his clothes, for his money? After all, he was n't a fugitive from justice. He was a man wandering over the earth in pursuit of a mere whim, and a whim does n't last forever."

Alix interrupted him.

"Judge, I have never been angry with you. We all owe you too much. But if you ever say 'was' about Gerry again—" She stopped, and bit her lip, but her eyes spoke for her.

"My dear girl," said the judge, and only his color showed that he was hurt, "don't be angry with me. It shall be as you say. I 've only been trying to save you from years of weary waiting. If you have the courage to wait for sorrow, I shall wait, too."

Alix kissed him.

A few weeks before, the Hon. Percy Collingeford had looked up the judge. It was as much a pleasure to the young man as a duty he owed to his father, whose friend the judge had been for many years.

Collingeford was no stranger to America, but he knew far more about dodging arroyos in New Mexico on a cow-pony than he did about dodging the open trenches and debris of Fifth Avenue on the trail of a tea-party. He was an Englishman, a younger son with enough money to put him above the remittance class, and he was possessed of far more intelligence than he had been born with; for from his youth up, he had sought out experience in many places. He came back from the Klondike with more money than he needed for his passage, but only a few kindred spirits knew that he had made it hammering the piano in the Fallen Star of Hope. He had the English gentleman's common creed: ride straight, shoot straight, tub often, and talk the king's English. That creed fulfilled, nothing else seemed to worry him.

He was dining with the judge at the club one night when the name of Wayne —Alan Wayne—floated over occasionally from a neighboring table. Later, as they sat over their coffee and cigars, Collingeford said abruptly:

"I know a chap named Wayne."

"So?" said the judge.

"Heard those people mention Alan Wayne," explained Collingeford. "I wondered if it was the same one—Ten Per Cent. Wayne of Africa."

"That 's the one," said the judge, and watched Collingeford's face.

"Hum!" said Collingeford. "When I saw Wayne, he was in shirt-sleeves and a battered sun-helmet. There are some men

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'THE BRUTE IS FED AND LAUGHS,' HE SAID ALOUD, AND STRODE FROM THE ROOM"

that won't shake hands with him, but I 'm not one of them."

It was then that the judge decided to take Collingeford to Maple House for over Sunday.

CHAPTER XIII

GERRY LANSING was sitting alone in the shade of a bush, his knees gathered in his arms, and his head bowed down. Great quivering sighs that were almost sobs were shaking his strong body. In one terrific swirl life had wrenched him from the moorings of generations, tossed him high, and dropped him, broken. He had, after all, been only a weakling, waiting to fall at the first temptation. It seemed as though it could not be true. The sun had only just risen. The mist still hung in the air in wisps. It was still early morning—the morning that he had found so glorious, the morning in which just to live had seemed enough; but it was true. Between the moment when he had plunged from the sand-spit and the moment when he and the girl had stood on the river-bank and laughed together to see the canoe, worked adrift by the eddy, swirl out into the river and away, eons had passed. In that laughing moment he had stood primeval man in a primeval world. With the drops of water from the river he had flicked off the bonds it had taken centuries to forge. And now the storm was past, the elation over, and his truant conscience returned to stand dismayed before the devastation of so short a lapse.

The girl, dressed in a homespun cotton robe belted at the waist, came down a half-hidden path, shyly at first, and then with awe to see him weeping. She tossed him a cotton jumper and trousers, and then drew back and waited for him in the path. He picked up the garments and looked at them. They were such simple clothes as he had seen laborers wearing. He rose slowly to his feet, dressed, and followed the girl.

She led him along the path through the brush and out into a little valley made up of abandoned cane- and rice-bottoms. In the middle was a slight elevation, too low to be called a hill, and on it was an old plantation house, white stucco once, now sadly weather-streaked, its tiles green-black with the moss of years.

She pointed to the house and then to herself, and smiled. He understood the pantomime, and nodded. When they reached the house, a withered and wrinkled little woman came out to the arched veranda to meet them. She looked Gerry over shrewdly, and then held out her hand. He shook it listlessly. They walked through a long dividing hall. On each side were large rooms, empty, save one, where a big bed, a wash-stand, and an old bureau with mildewed glass were grouped like an oasis in a desert. They reached the kitchen. It was evidently the living-room of the house. A hammock cut off one corner. Chairs were drawn up to a rough, uncovered table. A stove was built into the masonry, and a cavernous oven gaped from the massive wall.

At the stove was an old negress, making coffee with shaky deliberation. On the floor sat an old darky, clad only from his waist down in such trousers as Gerry was wearing, except that they were soiled and tattered. He looked up, fastened his eyes on Gerry, and then struggled to his feet. Dim recollections of some bygone white master brought a gleam into his bleary eyes. He raised his hand in the national gesture of child to parent, slave to master.

"Blessing, Master! blessing!"

Gerry had learned the meaning of the quaint custom.

"God bless thee!" he answered in badly jumbled Portuguese. The girl and the wrinkled little woman looked at him, surprised, and then smiled at each other as women smile at the first steps of a child.

They made him sit down at the table, and placed before him crisp rusks of manioc flour and steaming coffee the splendid aroma of which triumphed over the sordidness of the scene, and through the nostrils reached the palate with anticipatory touch. It was sweetened with dark, pungent syrup and was served black in a capacious bowl, as though one could not drink too deeply of the elixir of life.

Gerry set down the empty bowl with a sigh. The girl had deftly rolled a cigarette in a bit of corn-husk scraped as thin as paper; now she slipped it into his fingers. The old negress picked up a live coal, and deposited it on his plate. Gerry lighted the cigarette. With the first long, contented whiff he smiled. The smile brought stinging recollection. With a

frown he threw away the cigarette and rose from the table.

"The brute is fed and laughs," he said aloud, and strode from the room. The girl and the little wrinkled woman looked at each other in dismay. They seemed to sense the unintelligible words.

Gerry went to seat himself on the steps of the veranda. Before him stretched the fallow valley, beyond it gleamed the black line of the rushing river. To the right were the ruins of a sugar-mill and stables; to the left, the debris that once had been slaves' quarters. The fields still bore the hummocks, in rough alinement, that told the story of past years fruitful in cane. All was waste, all was ruin.

The girl slipped to a seat beside him. She rolled a fresh cigarette, and then shyly laid a small brown hand on his arm. Gerry looked at her. Her big brown eyes were sorrowful and pleading. She held out the cigarette with a little shrug that deprecated the smallness of the offering.

They sat until the sun passed the zenith and, slipping over the eaves, fell like fire on their bare feet. Gerry stood up, pointed to himself, and then down the river to the town. The girl shook her head. She made him understand that he was cut off from the town by an impassable tributary to the great river, that he would have to make a long detour inland. Then she swept her hand from the sun to the horizon to show him that the day was too far gone for the journey.

He was not much concerned. An apathy seized him at the thought of going back. He felt as though shame had left some visible scar on his countenance that men must see and read. As he stood, thoughtful and detached, the girl grasped his arm with both her hands and drew his attention to her. Then she gave one sweep of her arm that embraced all the ruin of house and mill and fields. She pointed to herself. He understood: these things were hers. Then she folded her hands, and with a gesture of surrender laid them in his.

All that afternoon Gerry was very silent and thoughtful—silent because there was no one he could talk to, thoughtful because the idea the girl had put into his head was taking shape, aided by a long chain of circumstances. He looked back over his covered trail. If he had been some shrewd fugitive from justice, he could not have planned it better. His sudden flight without visiting his home, his failure to buy a ticket, the subornation of the purser, with its assurance of silence as to his presence or destination—all that had been wiped out by his cablegram to his mother. But then Fate had stepped in again, and once more blotted out the trail. Gerry pictured the finding of the canoe and paddle with his pajamas miles away from the spot where he had left them. Supposing there were any search for him from home, and there was no reason to believe there would be, since he had cabled reassurance to his mother, it would come up against a blank wall with the tracing of the canoe, the pajamas, and the paddle. They formed a clue which could lead only to one conclusion.

Gerry decided. He looked at the girl, and she ran to him. He put his arms about her, and gazed with a sort of numbed emotion into her great dark eyes. Those eyes were wells of simplicity, love, fidelity; but below all that there were depths of unmeasured and unmeasuring passion that gave all and demanded all.

CHAPTER XIV

COLLINGEFORD gave a sigh of relief when he saw what manner of place was Maple House. As they gathered around the great table for dinner, he was the only stranger, and he did not feel it. Nance was there with the faint smile of a mother who has just put her children to bed. Charley Sterling, teasing Clematis, tried to forget that Monday and the city were coming together. Mrs. J. Y., with Collingeford on her right and the judge on her left, held quiet sway over the table, and nodded reassuringly at the old captain, who was making gestures with his eyes to the effect that a whisky and soda should be immediately offered to the guest. J. Y., pretty gray by now, sat thoughtful, but kindly, at the other end of the table. Clem was beside him.

It was not until the men were sitting alone after the glass of port in which all had drunk Collingeford's welcome to that house that the judge said casually:

"Collingeford saw Alan in Africa."

"Eh! What?" said the captain, aroused to sudden interest. "What 's that about Alan?"

"I ran across Alan Wayne in Africa," said Collingeford, smiling. "Do you want me to tell you about it?"

"Yes," grunted the other, and J. Y. nodded as he caught the young man's eye.

"Wish you would," he said, and leaned forward, his elbows on the table.

Collingeford was one of those men who are sensitive to men. His vocabulary did not run to piffle, but he loved an understanding ear. He looked at the judge's keen but restful face, at the captain's glaring eyes, which somehow had assumed a kindly glint, at J. Y.'s rugged figure, suddenly grown tense, and he knew that Alan Wayne was near to the hearts of these three. He fingered his wine-glass.

"Prince Bodsky and I were on a hunt. We were headed home after a long and unsuccessful shoot in new country, and we were as sore and tired and bored with the life of the wild as two old-timers ever get. On the day I 'm telling you about we were trekking up a river gorge to a crossing. After lunch and the long rest, we still had ten miles to go to cross, and it did n't help things to know that, once over, we had to come straight back on the other side. During the first hour's march in the afternoon we heard the strangest sound that ever those wilds gave forth. It was like hammering on steel, but we refused to believe our ears until a sudden curve brought us bang up against the indisputable fact of a girder-bridge in the throes of construction. Before the thought of the sacrilege to the game-country, before we could see in this noisy monstrosity the root of our recent bad luck, came the glad thought that we did n't have to do ten miles up that gorge and ten back. We would have whooped except that men don't whoop in Africa; it scares the game.

"I said the bridge was in the throes of construction. It was just that. Its two long girders, reaching from brink to brink, with their spidery trusses hanging underneath, fairly swarmed with sweating figures, and the figures were black. It was that that brought us to a full stop, and just when our eyes were fixed with the intensity of discovery, one of the workers looked up, saw us, relaxed, and gave the loud grunt which in Landin stands for 'Just look at that!'

"The babbling and hammering about him ceased; but while he still stared at us, we saw a veritable apparition. A white man, hung between heaven and the depths of the gorge, was racing along the top of the slippery girder. His helmet blew off, hung poised, and then plunged in long tacking sweeps. The man was dressed in a cotton shirt, white trousers, and thick woolen socks. No boots. Of course, I did n't notice all that till afterward. In his hand he carried a *sjambok*. Suddenly the staring darky seemed to feel him coming; but before he could turn, the quirt came down with the clinging sting of hide on flesh. We saw the blood spurt. The negro toppled without a cry. He fell inside, caught on a truss, clung, and with a struggle finally drew himself up on to a stringer. A shout of laughter went up from his fellows. Bodsky and I had heard it often—the laugh of the African for his brother in pain. Then they fell to work again. The black, with the blood trickling off his back, rested long enough to get his breath, and then climbed back to his place on the girder. He was grinning. Don't ask me to explain it. Men have died trying to explain Africa.

" 'Now 's our time,' I whispered to Bodsky. He shook his head slowly from side to side, but I was already under way. I walked up to the white man and asked him if he could let us across. He glanced around, as though he had n't seen our outfit till that moment, and then he looked me square in the eyes.

" 'We knock off at six,' he said, and that was all.

"I turned back. I 'd been angry before, but never as angry as that. Bodsky was already getting up the fly of a tent.

" 'I saw it coming,' he said, with his quiet little laugh that you never hear when there 's anything to laugh at.

" 'Look here, Bodsky,' I said, 'let 's walk to the old crossing.' And he answered:

" 'My dear chap, I 'm going to sit right here. I would n't miss this for a shot at an elephant. That man is Ten Per Cent. Wayne.'

" 'Where 'd you meet him?' I asked.

" 'Never met him,' said Bodsky; 'but I 've heard of him.' So had I. We sat down together under the fly on a couple of loads, and propped two whiskies and warm water on another load in front of us, and watched Wayne.

" 'Suppose we offer him a drink,' I said.

"Bodsky looked at me pityingly.

" 'So you want to get burned again. Does that man look to you as though he was thinking about a drink? Well, let me tell you he is n't. Every bit of him is thinking about that bridge every minute. God! I have n't seen men driven like that since I was a boy. And I 've never anywhere seen a man drive himself like that.' All the Mongolian and Tatar that is said to lurk in every Russian seemed to be leaking out of Bodsky's narrowed eyes.

"We sat there and drank and smoked and sweated, and I sulked. Every once in a while Bodsky would say something. First it was: 'Those boys are from the South. Must have brought them with him.' Then it was: 'He knows something about the sun. He keeps his head in the shade-spot from that lonely palm.' And finally: 'Collingeford, I never despised your intellect before. What are you sulking for? Can't you see what 's up? Can't you understand that if a man will stand for two hours shifting an inch at a time with the shade rather than disturb half a dozen niggers at work to go and get a helmet, he is n't going to call those niggers off to let a couple of loafers like us crawl across his girders? What you and I are staring at is just plain, common-garden Work with a capital W, stark naked and ugly, but by God! it 's great.'

"And right there I saw the light. To us two the mystery of Ten Per Cent. Wayne was revealed. He could drive men. He could make bricks without straw. While work was on, nothing else mattered. Right and wrong were measured by the needs of that bridge, and death was too good for the shirker. And with the light I forgot the brute in the man tearing along the dizzy height of the girder to lash a loafer, and remembered only that he had risked his life to avenge just one moment stolen from the day's work."

The stem of Collingeford's wine-glass snapped between his fingers.

"I 'm sorry," he said, laying the pieces aside. He smiled a little nervously on the three tense faces before him. "I don't tell that story often. It goes too deep. Not everybody understands. Some people call Wayne no better than a murderer; but I 'm not one of them. And Bodsky says there have been a lot of murderers he 'd like to take to his club."

"J. Y., there 's somebody listening at the door."

J. Y. swung around and threw it open. He sprang forward, and caught Clem in the act of flight. He brought her back into the room and sat down, holding her upright beside him. J. Y. was proud, and for a moment Collingeford's presence galled him.

"What were you doing, Clem?" he asked.

Clematis was in that degree of embarrassment and disarray which makes lovely youth a shade more lovely. Her brown hair was tumbled about her face and down her back. Her cheeks were flushed, and her thin, white neck seemed to tremble above the deep red of her slightly yoked frock. Her lips were moist, and parted in excitement. She was sixteen, and beautiful beyond the reach of hackneyed phrases. The four men fixed their eyes upon her, and she dropped hers.

"I was eavesdropping," she said in a voice that was very low, but clear.

"Why, Clem!" said J. Y., gravely.

Clem looked around on the four men. She did not seem afraid. Unconsciously they waited for her to go on, and she did.

"Mr. Collingeford was telling about Alan. I shall always eavesdrop when any one tells about Alan."

For a second her auditors were stunned by the audacity. Collingeford's face was the first to light up, and his hand came down on the table with a bang.

"Bully for you, young un!" he cried, and his clear laugh could be heard on the lawn. Before it was over, the judge joined in, the captain grunted his merriest grunt, and J. Y. patted Clem's shoulder and smiled.

Clem was of the salt of the earth among womankind—the kind that waits to weep till the battle is over, and then becomes a thousand times more dear in her weakness. Her big eyes had been welling with tears, and now they jumped the barrier just as Nance rushed in and cried:

"*What* are you all laughing at?" Then she caught sight of Clem. From her she looked around on the men. "You four big hulking brutes!" she said. "Come to me, Clem, you darling! What have they been doing to you? There, there, don't

cry! Men are silly things. What if they did laugh at you?"

Clem was sobbing on Nance's shoulder.

"It is n't that," she gasped. "I don't —mind—that; but Mr. Collingeford ca-called me a 'young un.'"

The three gray-heads kept their faces

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'I 'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU 'LL ONLY STOP CRYING'"

with difficulty. Collingeford leaped to his feet.

"My dear young lady—Miss Clematis," he stammered, "my word, now! I did n't mean it. Swear I did n't. I 'll do anything if you 'll only stop crying. Do stop and listen to me. I 'll grovel."

It took him an hour to make his peace.

CHAPTER XV

MANY they were who drank at the fountain of hospitality in Maple House, and to all quiet Mrs. J. Y. held out the measured cup of welcome with impartial hand; but once in a while one came who made the rare appeal to the heart. Such a one was Collingeford. For all his wanderings, his roughing, and his occasional regression to city drawing-rooms and ultra-country houses, Collingeford fitted into the Hill; he belonged.

On Sunday night they were gathered on the lawn, all but Clem, who sat at the piano beside an open window and poured her girl's voice out over the rippling keys. Her voice was thin and clear, like a mountain brook hurrying over pebbles, and like the brook it held the promise of coming fullness.

Collingeford sat by Mrs. J. Y., a little apart from the others. Mrs. J. Y. broke

a long silence when she said in a full, low voice that somehow seemed related to Clem's thin trill.

"We are very quiet here."

Collingeford looked thoughtfully at his glowing cigar-end.

"The best parts of life are quiet," he answered.

"Do you really like it?" said Mrs. J. Y., almost shyly. "Englishmen of your class generally fall to the lot of our landed and châteauxed."

"My dear Mrs. Wayne," said Collingeford, "I 've been sitting here in a really troubled silence, trying to think out how to ask you to make it a week for me instead of a week-end."

Mrs. J. Y.'s laugh was happy, but low. Collingeford went on:

"I know America pretty well for an Englishman. I thought I had done the whole country from Albuquerque to Newport. But you are right. When we 're not roughing it out West, we visiting Englishmen are pretty apt to be rubbing up against the gilded high-lights of the landed and the châteauxed. This"—Collingeford waved his cigar to embrace the whole of Red Hill—"is something new to me—and old. It 's the sort of thing Englishmen think of when they are far from home. I have never seen it before in America."

"And yet," said Mrs. J. Y., "there are thousands of quiet homes in America just like it in spirit. Despite all our divorces, all our national linen-washing in public, our homes are to-day what they always have been, the backbone of the country. She turned her soft eyes on Collingeford and smiled. "There," she added, "I have been polemic, but one seldom has the chance to spread the good fame of one's country. I am glad you can give us a week instead of a week-end."

Collingeford heard some one speak of Mrs. Lansing, and he said to Mrs. J. Y.:

"I know a Mrs. Lansing, a beautiful and scintillating young person, the sort of effervescence that flies over to Europe and becomes the dismay of our smart women."

Mrs. J. Y. for a second was puzzled.

"That is n't Mrs. Lansing; it 's Mrs. Gerry you 're thinking of. Mrs. Lansing is her mother-in-law. They live next door."

The next morning, with Clem as cicerone, Collingeford went over to the Firs to pay his respects to Alix. They found her under the trees.

"How do you do?" said Alix. "The Honorable Percy, is n't it?"

"What a memory you have for trifles!" said Collingeford, laughing. "May I sit down?"

"Do," said Alix. She was perched in the middle of a garden seat. On each side of her were piled various stuffs and all the paraphernalia of the sewing-circle. Collingeford sat down before her and stared. Clem had gone off in search of game more to her taste. Alix seemed to him very small. He felt the change in her before he could fix in what it lay. She seemed still and restful despite her flying fingers —spiritually still. Her eyes, glancing at him between stitches, were amused and grave at the same time.

"Doll's clothes?" said Collingeford, waving at a beribboned morsel.

"No," said Alix.

Collingeford stared a little longer, and then he broke out with:

"Look here, what have you done with her? Over there the young Mrs. Lansing, spice, deviltry, scintillation, and wit —blinding; over here, Mrs. Gerry, demure and industrious. Don't tell me you have gone in for the Quaker pose, but please tell me which is the *poseuse,* you now or the other one."

Alix laughed.

"I 'm just me now, minus the deviltry and all that. Come, I 'll show you what I 've done with it." They threaded the trees, and came upon a mighty bower, half sun, half shade, where in the midst of a nurse and Clem and many toys a baby was enthroned on a rug. "There you are," said Alix. "There 's my spice, deviltry, scintillation, and wit all done into one roly-poly."

"Well, I 'm blowed!" said Collingeford, advancing cautiously on the young monarch. "Do you want me to—to feel him or say anything about his looks? I 'll have to think a minute if you do."

"Booby!" said Alix. "Come away."

But Collingeford seemed fascinated. He squatted on the rug and poked the monarch's ribs. Nurse, mother, and Clem flew to the rescue; but, to their amazement, the monarch did not bellow. He appropriated Collingeford's finger.

"I wonder if he 'd mind if I called him a 'young un,' " soliloquized the attacking giant. Then he pulled the baby's leg. "When he grows up, tell him I was the first man to pull his leg. My word, he has n't a bone in his body, not even a tooth."

"Silly!" said Clem. "Of course not."

Collingeford spent a good deal of his week at the Firs. Clem went to see the baby daily as a matter of course, and he went along, as he said himself, as another matter of course. Clem talked to the baby, Collingeford to Alix. He said to her one day:

"I 've read in books about babies doing this sort of thing to gadabouts—"

"Gadabouts," interrupted Alix, "is just, but cruel."

"Well, butterflies," compromised Collingeford. "But I never believed it really happened."

"Oh," said Alix, "it was n't the baby —not altogether. You see, Mr. Collingeford, Gerry Lansing—I 'm Mrs. Gerry—disappeared over a year ago—before the baby came. He thought I did n't love him. I might as well tell you all about it. I believe in telling things. Mystery is always more dangerous than truth; it gives such a lead to imagination."

So she told him, and Collingeford listened, interested. At the end he said nothing. Alix looked at his thoughtful face.

"What do you think? Is n't there a chance? Don't you think he 's possibly—probably alive?"

The judge was not there to hear the meek appeal of faith for comfort. Collingeford met Alix's eyes frankly.

"If I were you," he said, "I would probably believe as you do. I 've met too many dead men in Piccadilly looking uncommonly well ever to say that a man is dead because he 's disappeared. Then there 's the other side of it. Bodsky says a man is never dead while there 's anybody left that loves him."

CHAPTER XVI

ALAN WAYNE had been away for a year. He had not returned from Montreal, but had gone on from there to work in South America and, later, to Africa.

He had been in town for several days when he met the judge on the avenue one afternoon in November.

"Judge," he said without preamble, "what 's this I hear about Gerry disappearing?"

"It 's true," said the judge, and added grimly, "he disappeared the day you went to Montreal."

Alan colored, and his face turned grave.

"I am sorry," he said. "I did n't know it."

"Sorry for what?" asked the judge; but Alan refused the opening, and the judge hardly regretted it. They were not in tune, and he felt it. His heart was heavy over Alan for his own sake. He had broken what the judge had long reverenced as a charmed circle. He had exiled himself from that which should have been dearer to him than his heart's desire. The judge wondered if he realized it. "You 're not going out to Red Hill?" he asked, trying to make the question casual.

Alan glanced at him sharply. What was the judge after?

"No," he said after a pause, "I shall not break the communal coma of Red Hill for some time. I 'm off again. McDale & McDale have loaned me to Ellinson's. I 've become a sort of *Poohbah* on construction in Africa. They get a premium for lending me."

They walked in silence for some time, and then Alan took his leave. The judge followed his erect figure with solemn eyes. Alan had deteriorated. One cannot be the fly in the amber of more than one woman's memory without clouding one's own soul, and a clouded soul has its peculiar circumambiency which the clean can feel. The judge felt it in Alan, and winced.

If Alan did not go to the Hill, the Hill, in certain measure, came to Alan. The next afternoon found the captain once more established in his chair in a window at the club, with Alan beside him. The captain had not changed. His hair was in the same state of white insurgency, his eyes bulged in the same old way, and he still puffed when he talked. His garb was identical, and awakened the usual interest in the passing gamin.

"You 'll never grow old, sir," said Alan.

"Old!" said the captain. "Huh! I grew old before you were born." The

captain spoke with pride. He straightened his bullet head, and poised a tot of whisky with a steady hand. "What did I tell you?" he said into space.

"How 's that, sir?"

"What did I tell you about women?" repeated the captain, turning his eyes toward Alan.

Alan flushed angrily. He had no retort for the old man. He sat sullenly silent.

The captain colored, too.

"That 's right," he said with a surprising touch of choler. "Sulk. Every badly broken colt sulks at the grip of the bit. What you need, young man, is a touch of the whip, and you 're going to get it."

And then the old man revealed a surprising knowledge of words that could lash. At first Alan was indifferent, then amazed, and finally recognized himself beaten at his own game. He came out of that interview thoroughly chastened and with an altogether new respect for the old captain. No one knew better than Alan that it took a special brand of courage to whip him with words, but the captain had not stopped to stuff his own ears with cotton-wool before engaging the enemy. He had risked all in one liquid, stinging, overwhelming volley, and he had won. Alan would not have hesitated to strike back at a saint, but he took with good grace chastisement from the old sinner.

Alan left the captain, and presented himself at the down-town offices of J. Y. Wayne & Co. They were expecting him, and he was shown in to his uncle immediately, to the exasperation of several pompous, waiting clients. It was the first time that uncle and nephew had been face to face since their memorable interview at Maple House.

J. Y. Wayne was aging; but there was no weakness in his age. He nodded toward a chair, but did not offer his hand. When he spoke, his voice was low and modulated to the tone of business.

"I wanted to see you to tell you that you have overpaid your account with me. The balance has been put to your credit. You can see the cashier about that. I want to tell you, too, that I have made too much money myself to admire a surprising capacity in that direction in any one else.

"Don't think that I don't appreciate the significance of your wiping out a debt which you incurred unwittingly. I can see that you had to do it, because a Wayne must carry his head high in his own eyes. But—" and here J. Y.'s eyes left his nephew's expressionless face and looked vaguely into the shadows of the room; his voice took a lower key—"with all your sacrifice to pride, you have failed in pride. You have not been proud in the things that count."

J. Y.'s voice fell still lower. His words hung and dropped in the silence of the room like the far-away throb of a great bell on a still night.

"Yesterday Clem was crying because you had not come to the house. I try to think, Alan, that it 's because Clem is there that you have not come. If I could think that—" J. Y.'s eyes came slowly back to Alan's face. A dull red was burning there. J. Y. went on: "Shame is a precious thing to a man. Different creeds, different circumstances, carry us to various lengths. Ethics are elastic to-day as never before, but as long as shame holds a bit of ground in a man's battle-field, he can win back to any height."

For a long minute there was silence, then on a common impulse they both arose. Alan's eyes were wide open and moist. He held out his hand, and J. Y. gripped it. It was their whole farewell.

Back in his rooms Alan sat down and wrote to Clem:

Dear Clem: We are all two people. Uncle J. Y. cut his other half off about thirty years ago and left it behind. The judge has *his* other half locked up in a closet. He has never let it out at all. And so on with every one of us. This sounds very funny to you now, but some day when you are grown up you will catch your other self looking at you, and then you will understand what I mean. I am two people, too. The half of me that knows you and loves you and Red Hill, and that you love, has been away longer than the rest of me. He only got back twenty minutes ago, and it is too late for him to come and see you because he and the rest of me are off to-morrow on another trip. But he wants you to know that he is awfully sorry to have missed you. Next time I shall bring him with me, I hope, and I 'll send him to you the day we arrive.

CHAPTER XVII

FROM the very beginning, the necessities of his new life called to Gerry's dormant instincts.

He had gathered desultory but primitive information. Occasional reoccurring words began to be more than mere sounds. The girl's name was Margarita; the wrinkled little woman was her aunt, Dona Maria; the two darkies were lingering relics of slave days. They had been born here. They had gone with emancipation, but they had come back. The name of the plantation was Fazenda Flores. To them it was the world. They had wandered out of it hand in hand with liberty, but they had come back because freedom was here. They needed some one to serve. Margarita had long been an orphan. The place was hers and had once been rich; but before her day water had become scarce. The place was uncared for and had fallen into its present ruin. It was well, she said, for if she had been rich, suitors would have searched her out long since. She was eighteen. She had been a woman for years.

These things, some of them distinct, some only half-formed impressions, ran in Gerry's head as he wandered over the fazenda. It had once been rich; why was it not rich now? Fertility sprang to his view on every side save one. This was the gentle slope away from the river and behind the house. Even here he discovered hummocks in alinement, vague traces of the careful tilling of another time. He climbed the slope till he came to a depression running parallel with the river. It made a line, and beyond that line was desert untamed. Cactus and thorn dotted its barren soil. Gerry followed the depression down to its end, then turned back, and followed it up. It wandered among rocks and hillocks to a natural cleft in the banks of the great river.

He climbed a point of rock. Far down to the left gleamed the old plantation house in the midst of its waste lands. Tons of water flowed past it and left it thirsting for drops. Irrigation is coeval with the birth of civilization. It had been here in this depression, lived, and passed away before he and the girl were born. He saw a vision of what Fazenda Flores had once been, what work could make it again.

The following day he rooted out two rusty spades from the debris in the old mill, fitted new handles to them, and took the old darky, Bonifacio by name, off with him to the depression. They began the long task of digging out the silt of years. Day after day, week after week, they clung to the monotonous work. The darky worked like an automaton. Work in itself to him was nothing beyond the path to food and rest at night. Labor made no demands on courage; it had no end, no goal. But Gerry's labor was dignified by conscious effort. His eyes were not in the ditch, but on the vision he had seen of what Fazenda Flores might be. The essence of slavery is older than any bonds wrought by man; the white man and the black in the ditch were its parable. The dignity and the shame of labor were side by side, paradoxically yoked to the same task.

Margarita and her aunt looked on and smiled, and joy began to settle on the girl. During Gerry's first restless week she had steeled herself each night to the thought that she would wake to find him gone. But now he was taking root. It amused him to dig. Well, let him dig. There was no end to digging.

Margarita was happy. Her cup was full. All the dreams of her girlhood were fulfilled in Gerry. A silent and strange lover, but a man—such a man as she had dreamed of, but had never seen.

One evening he sat on a bench on the veranda, fitting a handle into a dipper made of a cocoanut-shell. Margarita sat on the steps at his feet. She stayed herself on her hands and, leaning back, gazed on the starry sky and sang:

> "Brunette, Brunette,
> Those dreaming eyes,
> Your eyes, Brunette,
> They are my skies.
> They are my sins,
> Such eyes as they;
> I look and sin,
> And then I pray."

She leaned back farther and farther until she sank against his knees. He stooped over her. She threw up her arms about his neck, locked her hands, and drew him down. He kissed her lips and sighed.

"Ah, do not sigh," she wailed. "Laugh! Laugh but once!"

CHAPTER XVIII

GERRY did not grudge the months of toil in the ditch. It was slow of growth, but there was something about it which held his faith. It was rugged and elemental. It was the ugly source of a coming resurrection.

When it was all but done, he took Margarita and showed her his handiwork. He pointed out the little sluiceways, each with its primitive gate, a heavy log hinged on a thole-pin with a prop to hold it up and a stone to weight it when down. On the fazenda side were innumerable little trenches that stretched down into the valley.

But not until he led her to the cleft in the river gorge and showed her that half an hour's work on the sand barrier would let the river into the great ditch did she understand. And then she caught his arm and burst into violent protest and pleading.

"No, no," she cried, "you shall not do it! You shall not let in the river. The river is terrible. You must not play with it. It does not understand. You think it will do as you wish, but it will not. Oh, if you must, please, *please* play with it below the rapids! There it is kinder. It lets one bathe. It lets one wash clothes."

Gerry got over his astonishment and laughed. Then he soothed her. Already the simpler phrases of her tongue came easily from his lips. He told her that she was foolish and a little coward. She must watch and see how tame the river would be. As he talked, a strange figure approached on the other side of the ditch.

"Father Mathias," said Margarita; "it is Father Mathias. He will help me dissuade you."

Gerry looked with awe on the spectacle presented by the new-comer. An old man, rubicund of face, his flat, wide-brimmed hat pushed well back on his gray head, was ambling toward them on a mule. A long cassock, half unbuttoned and looped about his waist, was supplemented by black trousers and flaring riding-boots. Over his head, for protection against the sun, he held an enormous white cotton umbrella lined with green. The mule stopped abruptly on the very brink of the ditch. The old priest shot off and rolled down the bank to the bottom. The mule stood still, his fore legs slightly straddled; his pose was one of mild surprise.

Before Gerry could jump into the ditch, the priest had scrambled to his feet.

"Blessing, Father!" said Margarita, gravely.

"God bless thee, daughter!" replied the priest, calmly. "But not this accursed ditch. My hands are soiled, nay, worse; scratched!" With the help of Gerry's strong grip he climbed to the top of the bank on which they stood. He smiled on them benignantly. "A strange welcome to the old father, children. What devil dug this pit for rectitude?"

"O Father," cried Margarita, "curse the ditch if you will, but do not call my man a devil! Look at him. Is he not good to see? I found him at the river. He is mine."

Gerry smiled at the girl, then at the priest. The priest smiled back.

"Thou didst find him at the river, thou daughter of Pharaoh!" cried the priest, a twinkle in his eye. "A fine babe. May he grow to be a leader of his people!"

Together they walked down to the house. Bonifacio was despatched to fetch the mule, and then Margarita drew the old priest into a vacant room. Over her shoulder she said to Gerry, "I am going to confess."

Gerry flushed and nodded. He wished that he could subject his own conscience to so simple a rite. He walked about nervously, wondering what the priest would have to say to him when he came out. But when Margarita and Father Mathias finally emerged, they were already talking of other things. The household gathered in the kitchen, and there the old father retailed the gossip of a vast country-side.

It was almost a year since he had visited this offshoot of his parish, and he had much to tell. The father was a connoisseur in gossip for women. He touched lightly on tragedies and moral slips in his community, but dwelt at length on funerals, births, marriages, where rain had fallen and where it had not, the success or failure of each of the great church fêtes, and all kindred subjects. This was the link, mused Gerry, that joined Fazenda Flores to the world and the world to Fazenda Flores.

The next morning Gerry was up early. He was excited. From this day the ditch,

the parched slope, the valley would know thirst no more. With the long dry season even the green bottoms had begun to wilt. He called Bonifacio, and as they started off, Father Mathias and Margarita joined them.

"You will not let him do it, Father?" the girl was saying. "The ditch is accursed. You yourself have cursed it."

"That was but a playful anathema," said the priest, smiling at the recollection of his introduction to the ditch. "Stay thou here, child. Perhaps I shall find that to bless solemnly in your man's ditch."

The girl went slowly back to the house, and the priest walked on with Gerry.

Under his direction Bonifacio was digging a great hole just at the back of the sand-bank. Gerry measured its capacity, and finally called the old darky out. He jumped down on to the sand-bank himself and dug a small trench to the water. The river surged through it gently. Gerry climbed out. With each pulse of the come-and-go a wave rushed through the little trench, widening it and occasionally carrying away into the hole a block of the sand-bank. Gradually, then in rapid progression, the barrier was leveled. The hole filled with water that rose till it began to trickle down the long length of the ditch. They followed the tiny stream. Soon it came in rushing surges. Hours passed. Bonifacio slept, but Gerry and the priest had forgotten time. The ditch filled. The water started to flow back into the river. Along all its length the ditch held. Gerry heaved a great sigh. The priest gave him his hand.

"Wonderfully graded," he said. "You are a born engineer."

Gerry started opening the sluice-gates, the lowest first. The water gurgled out into the main trench, and from there was distributed. At first the thirsty soil swallowed it greedily, but gradually the rills stretched farther and farther down into the valley. Under the blazing sun they looked like streams of molten silver and gold.

Margarita came running up to them from the house. She looked reproachfully at Father Mathias. Gerry put his arm about her and made her face the valley. The priest stretched out his arms and blessed the water. Then he looked at the girl and smiled.

Gerry left them to start on the work of fitting the ponderous sluice-gate of hewn logs that he had prepared for the mouth of the great ditch. It was a triumph of ingenuity. He never could have evolved it without the aid of a giant ironwood wormscrew taken from the wreck of a cotton-press. The screw was so heavy that he and Bonifacio could hardly carry it.

At the end of three days the great gate was installed. He and Bonifacio toiled like sailors at a capstan. They drove the heavy barrier down into the sand with a last turn of the screw and shut out the river. Margarita came and saw and was pleased.

CHAPTER XIX

UNDER the broad dome of a mango-tree on the banks of an unnamed African river Alan Wayne had pitched his camp. The tent and the projecting veranda fly were faded and stained. The bobbinet mosquito curtains were creamed with age and service. Two camp-chairs and a collapsible table, battered but strong, were placed before the tent. Over one of the chairs hung a towel. On the ground squatted a take-down bath-tub half filled with water. In the deep shadow of the tree the pale-green rot-proof canvas of the tent, the fly, the chairs, and the bath-tub gleamed almost white.

On the farther side of the great trunk of the tree was the master's kitchen—three stones, and a half-circle of forked sticks driven into the ground. On the sticks hung a few pots and pans, a saddle of buck, bits of fat, and a disreputable-looking coffee-bag. Between the stones was a bed of coals. Before them crouched a red-fezzed Zanzibari.

From under a second tree, fifty yards away, came the dull, rhythmic pounding of wooden pestles in wooden mortars. The eye could just distinguish the glistening, naked torsos of three blacks in motion, pounding the kafir corn for the men's evening meal.

Down the river, and almost out of sight, a black, spidery construction reached out over the water—Alan's latest bridge. Men swarmed on it.

At six o'clock there came the trill of a whistle. Suddenly the bridge was cleared. A babble of voices arose. There was a

crackling of twigs, a shuffling of feet, here and there a high, excited cry, and then the men poured into camp.

Behind them marched the foreman, McDougal; behind him came Alan. At sight of him the Zanzibari sprang into action. He poured a tin of hot water into the bath-tub and laid out an old flannel suit. Beside the suit he placed clean underwear, fresh socks, and, on the ground, a pair of slippers.

Alan stripped, bathed, and dressed. The Zanzibari handed him a cup of hot tea. By the time the tea was drunk the table was freshly laid, and Alan sat down to a steaming bowl of broth and dinner.

After dinner McDougal joined him for a smoke. For a full half-hour they sat wordless. Darkness fell and brought out the lights of their fitfully glowing pipes. From the men's camp came a subdued chatter. The men were feeding. As they finished they lighted fires, a fire for every little group. The smell of the wood fires triumphed over every other odor.

McDougal knocked out his pipe.

"The de'il of a country is this," he said: "in the seas of it a life-preserver holds you up handy for sharks, and in the rivers does swimming save your life? Nae. It gives you a meal to the crocs."

They had lost a black that day. He had slipped from the bridge into the water. He had started to swim to shore, and then suddenly disappeared in a swirl.

Conversationally, McDougal limited himself to a sentence a day, in which he summed up the one event that had struck him as worthy of notice. Having delivered himself of his observation for the night, he lighted his pipe again and relapsed into silence.

It was after eight when Alan called for a light, and drew from a worn letter-case the correspondence that a runner from the coast had brought in that day. He glanced over official communications, blue-prints, and business letters, and stuffed them back into the leather case. One fat letter, note-paper size, remained.

"McDougal," said Alan, "hush up the camp. Tell 'em it 's nine o'clock."

McDougal arose, and, picking up a big stick, strode over toward the men. The stick was so big that he had never had to use it. At the mere sight of it the men desisted from clamor and horse-play.

Alan drew the fat letter from its envelop and for the second time read:

Dear Alan:

As you see, this is from New York. We came down yesterday. All summer I have been watching for my second self because I 'm just about grown up now,—outside, I mean; inside is different, somehow,—and three days before we left I really caught her looking at me while I was sitting on the old stone bench down by the pond.

I jumped up and ran after her all the way down Long Lane and up the Low Road to where the red cow broke her leg that time, and there I *lost* her. I did n't find her again, and had to come away without her, and now I feel so queer—sort of halfy, just like you.

Somehow I can't blame her. She did n't want to leave the Hill in the "gorgeous month," so she just stayed behind. Do you remember

> This is the gorgeous month when leafy fires
> Mount to the gods in myriad summer pyres?

A few hours ago, when I was doing my mile on the avenue, I almost got run down, and mam'selle gave me an awful scolding for being so absent-minded. It was a true word. I was just that—absent-minded—because my mind was off chasing that other half. I could see her so plainly! She had on the cinnamon linen with the white collar and tabs. But I forget: you don't know it. She was bareheaded, and her feet and skirt were wet because it had been drizzling before the sun came out in an evening salute to the flaming trees. I saw her tumble down, jumping the stone wall in the bushes at the foot of old Bald Head, and then some one picked her up, helped her over, and together they climbed to the top. It was your other half. Have you missed him? I liked the way he treated mine, just like a boy. Somehow he 's younger than you, and sometimes he laughs right out.

Then I saw her get home, change her things, and—shall I tell you?—fish out the old doll; yes, Bessy. I left her telling Bessy one of those stories you used to call "Tales of the Very Real Things That Are Not." Remember? And then I came back, and there I was on the avenue, with people staring at me more than they ever have before. I suppose it was because I was out of breath with chasing in my mind. Good-by, Alan.

CLEM.

Alan sat in the circle of light from the hanging-lamp and stared into the darkness. From the river came the sound of sucking mud, then a heavy tread. A monster hippo blundered through the bushes in search of food. On the other side of the tree trunk the Zanzibari was snoring. The fires were burning out at the men's camp. Once more the odor of their bodies hung in the air.

Alan arose, and dragged his chair to the outer edge of the mango-tree. He sat down, and with hands locked and elbows on knees gave himself up to memory.

Red Hill, crowned with mountain-ash, called to his spirit as a torch in the night to a lost wanderer. The thirty months that had passed since last he saw its budding promise were swept away. He imagined those very budding leaves at the end of their course, the pale amber of the elms, the deep note of the steadfast firs, the flaunting fire of the brave maples. The memory of home gripped him, held him, and soothed him. His head nodded, and he slept, only to awake with a start, for he had dreamed that he had lost the way back forever.

CHAPTER XX

One day as Gerry was pottering about a log bridge he had thrown over his ditch, a shadow fell across his path, and he looked up to find Father Mathias, mule, umbrella, and all, looming over him.

"I am on the way back," said the priest, "and I have stopped to have a chat with you."

They made a strange picture sitting side by side on the twisted log. Gerry was looking more and more like a Greek god. His hair, close cropped by Margarita, seemed to have bronzed with his skin. The cotton jumper and trousers had molded themselves to his limbs. His body was trimmed down to perfect lines. When he moved, one could see muscles rippling as though work were play. His eyes were deep and clear. They had forgotten the look of whisky. On his feet were rawhide sandals. Like a native, he had learned to keep them on with the aid of a leather button held between his toes. His face, like his body, was alive.

Father Mathias had taken off his hat, and laid it carefully on his pudgy knees. With a vast red bandana handkerchief he mopped his gray head, his glistening tonsure, and his fat jowls. About him there was nothing in training except his eyes. They gleamed and flashed from a passive mask; they swept Gerry from head to toe.

"Flesh is not *thy* burden, my son," he said.

Gerry knew himself in the presence of a father confessor. He began to tell his story dreamily. In that blaze of tropical light, perched beside his own handiwork, a frocked priest at his side, a mule, with head and ears pendent, before him, and down in the valley the plantation house, Margarita, the river, it was hard to picture Alix. He seemed to be in the free, swinging orbit of another sphere. He told a lucid story, but as he spoke he seemed to see himself and Alix diminished by a greater perspective than mere time—flies buzzing under glass. Vaguely he felt that he must still love Alix were Alix of his life; but she was not. She belonged to a mechanism of life the whirring of the tiny wheels of which drowned out the low tones of elemental things which, once heard, left no place in a man's heart for lesser sounds.

The priest did not watch him as he talked, but, when he had finished, turned, and seemed to drill him with his piercing eyes.

"It is well," he said. "Life has buffeted you that later you may buffet life. But it is not with that distant future that I would meddle. To me you are only a sudden factor in the life of one of the most innocent of my flock. Some people have an exaggerated idea of innocence. Not I. Margarita is innocent to me. She has married you in her heart. Some day you will go away—" Gerry shook his head in denial, but the priest resumed—"some day you will go away, and it will kill her; but in the meantime you make her live a life of sin. Why do you? Why not marry her?"

Gerry looked around in surprise.

"Marry her! Have n't I just told you that I am married?"

The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"All that, my son, is locked in the confessional. Why make a mountain of a distant mole-hill? Need your two worlds ever clash? You lose nothing. You give peace to the girl, who is ready to renounce

the rights and privileges of Mother Church rather than say a word that might frighten you away. She made me swear that I would never breathe to you of marriage." Gerry smiled, but the priest continued calmly, "The girl is all I am thinking of—the girl and the children."

"Children!" exclaimed Gerry. Years with Alix had relegated children to a state of remote contingency.

It was the priest's turn to smile.

"Yes," he said, "children. They happen, somehow."

Gerry did not smile. He was trying to picture himself in relation to children.

"It would not be fair," continued Father Mathias, "to the children. This place is Margarita's. It was worth nothing without your ditch. It will soon be worth a great deal. Say you died, say you left her with children; they could not inherit. After all, it is a small thing for you to do. You and I will know the marriage is illegal, but it is big odds that the law will never know it."

"Where are your morals, Father?" said Gerry, smiling. "Do you counsel me to live a lie?"

The priest snapped his fat fingers.

"In the balance against peace of mind, lies are feathers. Besides, we all live a lie, anyway. Our ambition should be to live a big, kindly lie and not a mean, self-centered one."

Gerry smiled at the argument. It appealed to him. It fitted in with the inverted order of things. He rose and held out his hand.

"If children come," he said, "I will marry her."

The priest scrambled to his feet, his face wreathed in smiles. The slanted umbrella framed him in a gigantic aureole.

"One more indiscretion," he said, "and this time the confessional is not the source; that is, not directly. My son, you had better marry her straight away."

By the time all he inferred had reached Gerry's brain Father Mathias had climbed his mule and was off to the house. Gerry followed him slowly. He did not feel as though he were about to pay a price. The marriage brought thus suddenly to his contemplation would be no meaningless or unlawful form to him. He would make it a solemn consecration to fatherhood.

When he reached the house, Margarita, standing panting and frightened beside the priest, one hand on her breast, the other held out as though groping, studied his face for a long moment, and then hurled herself into his arms. He held her close, and laughed. His laughter was low, strong like himself, reassuring. Margarita was quivering and sobbing. He had never heard her weep before. Suddenly she stopped, and raised her eyes to his. His laughter ceased. Their looks intermingled and held. Each made to the other an unspoken promise.

The next morning the priest left them again. He had married the lovers, and carried with him the documents for registry. Gerry walked beside the mule as far as the bridge. There the tub turned laboriously, and its convoy with it. The two men looked over the valley and smiled. The valley smiled back. Already it was robed in a wide-spread flush of green. The priest nodded slowly.

"It is good," he said. "Farewell, my son," and he turned to sail ponderously out into the barren lands of cactus and thorn.

ONE morning Gerry looked up from his labor to find a mounted figure just behind him. An elderly man of florid face sat a restive stallion of Arab strain. The stranger's note was opulence. From his Panama hat, as thin and light as paper, to his silver spurs and the silver-mounted harness of his horse, wealth marked him. He was dressed in white linen, and his flaring, glossy riding-boots of embroidered Russian leather stood out with telling effect from the white clothes and the whiter sheep's fleece that served as saddle-cloth. In his hands was a silver-mounted rawhide quirt. His face was grave, his eyes blue and kindly. As Gerry looked at him he spoke:

"I 'm Lieber, from up the river. Father Mathias told me about you."

Gerry started at the familiar English and frowned. At the frown the stranger's eyes shifted.

"I did n't come down here to bother you," he went on hastily. "Father Mathias told me about the green grass, and I could n't keep away. I 've got cattle and horses up my way, and they 're dying—starving. I came down to make

a deal. I 've picked out a hundred and twenty head with blood in 'em, horses and cattle. If you 'll take 'em and feed 'em through to the rains, I 'll give you ten out of the hundred. Some are too far gone to save, I 'm afraid."

Gerry looked at his tiny plantation, which showed up meanly in the great expanse of waste pasture.

"I 'm sorry," he said, "but I 'm afraid I can't. You see, I can't afford to fence."

Lieber looked around and nodded.

"That 's all right," he said; "I 've got a lot of old wire that 's no use to me and a lot of loafers to tear it down and put it up. I 'll fence as much pasture as you say, and throw in the fencing on the deal."

"That 's mighty fair," said Gerry; "I 'll take you." He dropped his hoe. "Won't you come down to the house and have a bite to eat?" He turned, and Lieber started to follow. "By the way," said Gerry over his shoulder, "you 're not a German, are you?"

Lieber stopped his horse. His eyes wavered.

"No," he said shortly, "I 'm not. I 'm an American. After all, I don't think I ought to waste any time. Hours tell with starving stock. I 'll just get back in a hurry, if you don't mind. My men and the wire will be here just that much sooner."

Gerry frowned again, but this time at himself. He felt that he had stepped on another man's corns while defending his own.

"All right, Mr. Lieber," he said; "the sooner the better. I 'll do all I can to help."

The next morning the men came, accompanied by ox-carts loaded with fencing, posts and all. Lieber was with them. He sat his horse through the hot hours and drove his men steadily. Gerry threw himself into the work as foreman. The fence grew with amazing rapidity. From the bridge they carried it in a straight line past the house to the river. It cut off a vast triangle the two other sides of which were held by the ditch and the river. By night the work was almost done. Gerry was tired and happy, but he sighed. How many weeks of toil would not he and Bonifacio have had to put in to accomplish that fence! Money assumed a new aspect in his thoughts. What could he not do if he had money to buy material and to pay labor? How he could make a little money grow! He thought of the bank-account at home that must be piling up in his name. But somehow the thought of that money was not tantalizing. That solution had nothing to do with his present problem of life. That money seemed unrelated to himself now, unrelated to effort. It did not belong in the scheme of things.

Lieber stayed the night with them, and Gerry studied and imitated the older man's impersonality. Lieber kept his eyes on his plate or in the vague distance while the women attended them, and as soon as the business of eating was over he retired to the room that had been allotted to him.

He was up early in the morning and away to meet the coming herd. First came the horses, neighing and quickening their weak trot at the smell of grass. Far away, and like a distorted echo, sounded the lowing of the slower cattle. The little herd of Fazenda Flores caught the moaning cry and lifted lazy heads. One or two lowed back.

The horses were rounded up at the bridge to await the cattle. They stretched thin necks toward the calling grass, and moved restlessly about with quick turns of eager heads and low impatient whinnies. Lieber sat his stable-fed stallion stolidly, but his eyes grew moist as he looked over the bony lot of horses.

"They must wait for the cattle," he said to Gerry. "A fair start and no favor. God! if you could have seen them three months ago!"

The cattle came up in a rapid shamble that carried them slowly, for they were staggering in short, quick steps. Their heads hung almost to the ground. They had no shame. They moaned pitifully, continually.

Gerry opened the wire gap. The horses gave an anticipatory whirl and then dashed through. They forgot their weakness. They galloped down the slope, spurning beneath their feet the food they had longed for. They did not stop till they reached the rich bottoms. Lieber smiled affectionately.

"There 's spirit for you," he said.

He and Gerry went back to the house for breakfast. The herders sat and smoked. They had had coffee; it would

see them through half the day. Before Lieber left, the horses were herded once more, and with much trouble driven out upon the desert. Lieber turned to Gerry.

"Don't let them back in until to-morrow, please," he said. "If you do, they 'll founder."

"What about the cattle?" asked Gerry.

"The cattle are all right. They have n't enough spirit left to kill themselves eating. They 'll begin lying down pretty soon. Good-by, and remember, you 'll get a warm welcome up at Lieber's whenever you feel like riding over."

"Thanks," said Gerry. "Good-by."

He watched Lieber ride away on the road the priest had taken. Fazenda Flores, his isolated refuge, was beginning to link itself to a world. Man, like a vine, has tendrils. To climb he must reach them out and cling.

CHAPTER XXI

THE horses picked up rapidly, the cattle more slowly. Two calves, added to the herd over night, aroused memories of the home farm in Gerry's breast. Every morning he stood by the pasture fence and gazed with a thrill on the new life in the scene. A fluttering corn-husk or the wave of a hand was enough to start the horses careering over the fields. Life had sprung up in them anew. They played at being afraid. They leaped mere hummocks as though they were walls. Heads and tails held high, they breasted the morning breeze in a vigorous, resounding trot. The cattle—all but a few that still hovered between life and death—now stood sturdily on four legs. They lifted their heads slowly, and gazed mild-eyed at the romping horses.

The reward of those long months of preparation was at hand. Once every spade thrust had seemed only the precursor to barren effort. Now every stroke of the hoe seemed to bring forth a fresh green leaf. Life fell into an entrancing monotone. It became an endless chain that forged its own links and lengthened out into an endless perspective. Days passed. The arrival of Lieber's foreman to see how the stock was progressing was an event. He brought with him an old saddle and bridle, a gift from Lieber to Gerry.

The foreman's eyes caught on the two new-born calves. They had been taken from their weak mothers and were in a rough pen by themselves. The foreman did not have to count the stock to see that none was missing. He was cattle bred. A gap in the herd or the bunch of horses would have flown at the seventh sense of the stockman the moment he laid eyes on the field. Instead, there were these two calves.

"Master," he said to Gerry, "you have made up your mind not to lose a head. You would save even these little ones, born before their time!"

Gerry nodded gravely. In trouble and valuable time they had cost him an acre of cotton. But an acre of cotton was a small price to pay for life. A grip of the hand, and the foreman was off in a cloud of dust. At the bridge he pulled his horse down to the shambling fox-trot that spares beast and man, but eats steadily into a long journey.

Gerry turned to his work, but a cry from the house arrested him. He listened. The cry was followed by a moan. He dropped his field tools and ran to the house. All was commotion. The day of days had come to Margarita with the appalling suddenness of an event too long expected. She called for Gerry. He went to her. She looked a mere child in the big rough bed he had made with his own hands. Suffering had struck the light from her face. She was frightened, and clung to him.

Joana, the old negress, and Dona Maria made methodical haste about the room. At the second cry from Margarita, Gerry lost his head. These women were hard, they were iron. They paid no attention.

"Something must be done! Something must be done!" he said aloud in English. The aunt and the negress worked on in silent preparation of the preparations of many days. Margarita screamed. They paid no heed. Her frenzied grip bit into Gerry's hand.

"We must have a doctor!" he shouted in their own tongue to the women. "Do you hear? We must have a doctor!" Cold sweat was gathering on his brow. He too was frightened.

Dona Maria glanced at him.

"A doctor?" she cried impatiently. "What for? The girl is not ill."

"Not ill! Not ill!" roared Gerry.

Dona Maria picked up two towels and tied them to the bed's head. She tore Margarita's hands from Gerry's; then she twisted the towels into ropes and gripped the girl's hands on them.

"Hold on to those," she commanded. "Towels have some sense." Then she clawed Gerry out of his seat by the bed and hustled him out of the room, out of the house. The door slammed behind him. He heard the great bar drop. He was locked out.

Gerry paced angrily up and down the veranda. Calm came back to him. He saw that he had been a fool. He stopped, and sat down on the steps of the veranda. Here, before he had made his benches, she had often sat beside him, caressed him, sung to him. How cold he had been! How little he had done for her, and now she was doing this for him! He remembered that as she had worked on baby clothes she had said she wished she had some blue ribbon. They had all laughed at her, but she had nodded her girl's head gravely and said:

"Yes, I wish I had some blue ribbon—a little roll of blue ribbon." What a brute he had been to laugh! He paced up and down the veranda saying to himself, "A little roll of blue ribbon, a little roll of blue ribbon!" He stumbled on the saddle that Lieber had sent him. It held his eye. He picked up the bridle and ran down to the pasture. He caught the oldest and gentlest of the horses, opened a gap in the fence, and led him out. Then he called Bonifacio.

"Listen," he said; "you must take the fattest of the steers, the red one with the blazed face; you must drive him into the town and sell him."

The darky demurred.

"It is too late for market, master."

"It does not matter. You must do as I say," said Gerry, angrily. "You must sell the steer. If you cannot sell him, you must give him for blue ribbon. Do you understand? You must bring back blue ribbon for your mistress. She says she must have a little roll of blue ribbon."

The darky acquiesced. Together they saddled the old horse, and Bonifacio, armed with a long bamboo to prod the fat steer, mounted, and cut out his charge from the herd. Gerry accompanied him to the bridge.

"You understand, blue ribbon. A roll of blue ribbon," he shouted.

The old darky nodded gravely and repeated:

"Yes, master, a roll of blue ribbon. I 'll not forget."

Hours passed, and Bonifacio returned. He laid a little package and some money beside his master. He unsaddled the old horse and turned him into the pasture; then he came back, sat down at Gerry's feet, and slept. Gerry looked with wonder on his nodding head. He took his fingers from his ears. On the instant a high, unearthly shriek seemed to rend itself through flesh, through walls, and then tore on swift wings into the vast silence that stretched away into the night. Gerry dropped his face in his hands and sobbed. A low moaning was coming from the house, and then a new, strange sound,—a sound that struck straight at the heart,—the first wail of the first-born. The moaning caught on that cry, stumbled, and recovered into a thin, weak laugh. Pain had passed, and with the child was born laughter.

Gerry sat stunned. It seemed incredible. That shriek and then moaning and laughter in one weak breath! Was pain, such pain, so short-lived? The echo of the terrible shriek still rang in his ears. Then the door opened, and Dona Maria came bustling out.

"Come in!" she cried. "Thou art the father of a man-child."

Gerry went in, and knelt beside the bed. Margarita looked at him and smiled faintly, proudly. He laid the little roll of blue ribbon in her weak hand. She turned her head slowly and looked down. She saw the glint of blue and understood. She turned her eyes, swimming black pools in a white, drawn face, to Gerry. To sacrifice she added adoration.

CHAPTER XXII

THE calm which had settled on Alix's life puzzled her. She wondered if she was beginning to miss Gerry less; and then she remembered that she could never have really missed him because she had never really known him. Collingeford had brought a fresh note into existence. She felt that at the end of his week on the Hill he had fled from her—fled from fall-

ing in love with her. She knew that he would come back. How should she meet him?

She was still debating the point when Collingeford arrived in the city. Upon arrival, he called on Mrs. J. Y., and then on Nance and then, of course, on Alix. As she came into the room he felt a strange fluttering in his throat. It stopped his words of greeting. He stuttered and stared. He had never felt so glad at the sight of any one.

"What *are* you looking so dismayed about?" cried Alix, with a smile and holding out her hand. "Has a short year changed me so much? Am I so thin or so fat?"

Collingeford recovered himself.

"Neither too thin nor too fat. It is perfection, not imperfection, that dismays a man. You call it a short year?" he added gravely. "It 's been an eternity, not a year."

But Alix was not to be diverted from her tone of badinage. She looked him over critically.

"Well," she said, "I congratulate you. I did n't know before that bronze could bronze. What a lot of health you carry about with you!"

They sat and stared at each other. Each found the other good to look upon. Seen alone, Collingeford's tall, tense figure or the fragile quality of Alix's pale beauty would have seemed hard to match. Seen together, they were wonderfully in tone. Alix grew grave under inspection, Collingeford nervous. "There is no news?" he asked.

"None," said Alix, and a far-away look came into her eyes as if her mind were off thousands of miles, intent on a search of its own.

Collingeford broke the spell. He jumped up and said he had come for just one thing, to take her out for a walk. It was one of those nippy early winter afternoons cut out to fit a walk. Alix must put on her things. She did, and together they walked the long length of the avenue and out into the park.

By that time they had decided it was a warm afternoon, after all—almost warm enough to sit down. They tried it. Collingeford sat half turned on the bench and devoured Alix with his eyes.

A full-blooded, clean young man in the presence of beauty is not a reasonable being. Collingeford was trying to be reasonable, and was failing utterly despite the fact that he did not say a word. And just as he was going to say a word Alix gave him a full, measuring look and said almost hastily:

"It is too cold, after all; quite chilly. It was our walking so fast deceived us." She rose and started tentatively toward the gate. "Come on, Honorable Percy," she said playfully.

Collingeford caught up with her and said moodily:

"If you call me Honorable Percy again, I shall dub you Honest Alix."

They were walking down the avenue.

"Honest Alix is n't half bad," he continued thoughtfully. "The race has got into the habit of yoking the word honest to our attitude toward other people's pennies, but it 's a good old word that stands for trustworthy, sincere, truthful, and all the other adjectives that fit straight riding."

"Speaking of riding, Mr. Collingeford, you 're riding for a fall." Alix glanced at him meaningly.

"How did you know?" he stammered, and then went on rather sullenly: "Anyway, you 're wrong. I 'm not. But I was just going to." He prodded viciously at the cracks in the pavement with his stick.

"Don't," said Alix—"don't do that, I mean. You 'll break your stick, and it 's the one I like."

Collingeford turned a flushed face to her.

"Look here, Alix," he said, "you *are* honest and sincere and all those things I said. Don't let 's hedge—not just now. If your bad luck does n't let up, if you learn anything,—anything you *don't want to know;* I can't say it right out,—would you—d' you think you ever would—"

Alix did not smile. He was too much in earnest, and she liked him too much, was too much at one with him, not to feel what he was going through.

"I like your Honest Alix," she said after a pause, "and I 'm going to let her do the talking for a moment. If I learned absolutely that—that Gerry can never come back to me, there is no man that I would turn to quicker than to you." Collingeford gave her a grateful look, and the flush under his tan deepened. "Don't mis-

understand me," she went on. "I like you a whole lot, but I have never thought of marrying any one but Gerry. I 'd like to marry Gerry. I 've never married him yet, not really."

They walked on for some time in silence. Collingeford's thoughts had raced away southward, and Alix's followed them unerringly.

"Don't make one horrible mistake, Percy," she said when she was sure. "Don't imagine that I could ever love the bearer of ill tidings."

Collingeford flushed, this time with shame.

"No; of course not," he stammered.

They walked on in a full silence. Collingeford's shoulders drooped. For the first time in his life he felt old.

"You are right, you are always right," he said at last. "I shall go away—somewhere where it 's easy to sweat."

"Somewhere where it 's easy to sweat!" exclaimed Alix. "What an ugly thought."

"It 's only Bodsky," said Collingeford, reminiscently. "Bodsky says you can drown any woman's memory in sweat. Good old Bod! I wonder where I shall find him."

"Oh," said Alix, "if it 's Bodsky's, one must n't quarrel with it simply because it is ugly. But—"

"But what?" said Collingeford.

"I was going to say, 'But what naked language!' Perhaps it is one of those truths one shrinks from because it starts in by slapping one's face. Anyway, even if it is a truth, it 's horrid. It hurts a woman to be forgotten."

Collingeford smiled.

"Just so," he said, and stopped before an up-town ticket agency. "Do you mind?" he asked, with a wave of his hand. They went in, and he bought a passage for England. He was to sail the following afternoon. He looked so glum over it that Alix consented to lunch with him and see him off.

He came for her the next day a little late, but when she saw his face, she felt a shock and forgot to chide him. Her eyes mirrored the trouble in his, but somehow she felt that it was not the parting from her that had turned him pale in a night. He helped her into the waiting cab and then sank back into his corner.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"FATHER MATHIAS, MULE, UMBRELLA, AND ALL"

Alix laid her gloved hand on his knee.

"What is it?" she asked.

Collingeford's face twitched. He fixed his eyes through the cab window on nothing.

"Bodsky," he said, "is dead. He has been dead for months."

"Oh," cried Alix, "I 'm sorry! I 'm sorry for you." She did not try to say any more. She had put all her heart into those few words.

Collingeford drew out his pocket-book and took from it a soiled sheet of paper,

a leaf torn from a field note-book. He held it out to her with trembling hand.

Alix puzzled over the slip of paper.

"What 's the name of the place? I can't make it out."

"It 's a little hole on the borders of Tibet. That paper 's been handed along for five months. The envelop it came in was in tatters."

Alix read:

Dear Old Pal:

Do you remember what I used to tell you? When a man has seen all the world, he must go home or die. When we last parted, I had three places left to see, but they have n't lasted me as long as I thought they would. I have sent you my battery. The bores are a bit too big for the new powder, and you can't use the guns, I know; but you 'll have a home, old man, and you can give them a place in a rack. They will make a little room as wide as the ends of the earth. I did n't kill her. I made her kill herself.

BODSKY.

Alix was puzzled again, but then she remembered.

"So he did n't kill her, after all," she said.

"Kill her! Kill what?" said Collingeford. "Oh, yes, I remember. As if *that* mattered."

"It matters. It *does* matter," cried Alix, outraged.

"Forgive me!" said Collingeford. "I had forgotten that you never knew Bodsky. You said yesterday that Bodsky used naked language. You were right. Bodsky undressed things. Just as some people see red and some blue, Bodsky saw things naked. He could look through a black robe of rumor spangled with lies and see truth naked. He was naked himself—naked and unashamed. It 's hard for me to make you see, because you did not know him. Bodsky was one of those men who could have accomplished anything, only he did n't."

Alix mused.

"I can't see him, I can't quite see him. A man who can accomplish anything and does n't seems wrong—a waste."

"You can't see," said Collingeford, "because you are facing my point of view. You must turn around. Bodsky used to say that all humanity had a soul, but it took a tragedy to make a man. His tragedy was that life cut him out from the herd. He was n't a creator; he was a creation. Generations, races, eons, created Bodsky, and left him standing like a scarred crag. He had only one mission, to see and understand."

They were silent. Presently Collingeford helped her out, and together they passed through the rich foyer, the latticed palm room, and up the steps into the latest cry in dining-rooms. A little table in the far corner had been reserved for them.

They sat down, each half facing the room. Alix caught her breath.

"Whiffing the old air?" asked Collingeford.

"No," answered Alix; "only sighing. I feel so out of it, and that always makes one sigh whether one wants to be in it or not. I know it all so well that this amounts to a disillusion. Time and absence have turned into a binocular, and I 'm looking through the wrong end. I see things clear, but tiny. There 's little Mrs. Deathe, pronounced Deet, and she is n't a day older. But now I see that she was born as old as she 'll ever be."

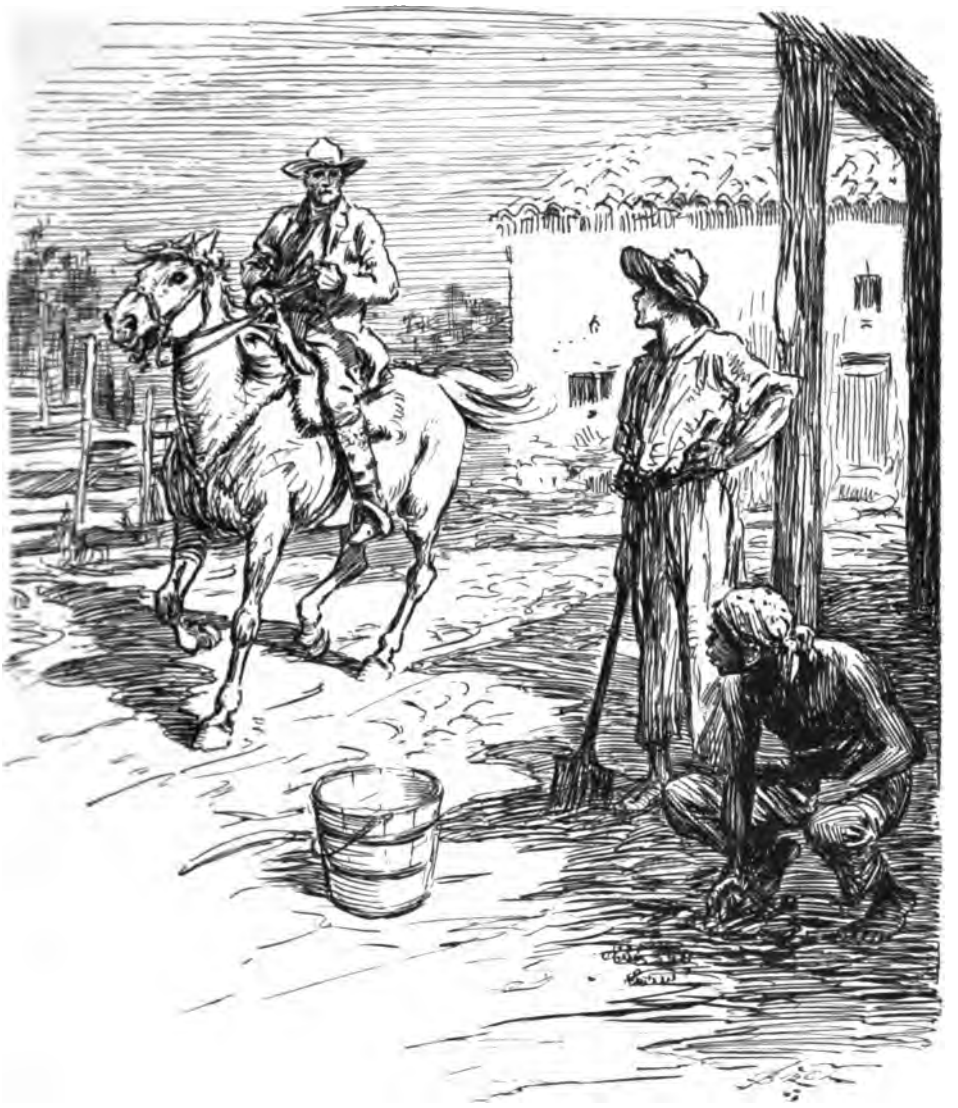
"Good," said Collingeford.

"And with her is Mrs. Remmer. She 's gone in for the little diamond veil brooches. They ruin the effect of a simply stunning hat, but, as always, she has rushed at the newest, expensive fad. The lines of worry are in her face because she has bought all and still craves to spend."

Alix paused.

"Go on," said Collingeford.

"There are only a few men in the room, but almost all of these women have husbands. The husbands are in two tenses, past and future. There must be a present, but it is nebulous. I did n't know before, but I know now that in time these women will go back or forward to their husbands. Some day they will get dizzy and fall, and the shock will wake them up. I used to be patronizing to divorce, like all these; but divorce has taken on a new face all of a sudden. I see that it is a great antidote to its own evil. While we laugh and play with it, it is herding us on to a sane adjustment. We are tearing down the fence of the pasture and rushing out to scatter over fields that are free—and barren. By and by we 'll come back tired and hungry and thirsty, and we 'll see that



Drawn by Reginald Birch

"AN ELDERLY MAN OF FLORID FACE SAT A RESTIVE STALLION OF ARAB STRAIN. THE STRANGER'S NOTE WAS OPULENCE" (SEE PAGE 68)

the pasture 's the thing, green and fresh and sustaining, and the fence, nothing."

"You see, you understand, you are prophetic," said Collingeford, smiling.

"But I do not tower like your Bodsky," said Alix, and then bit her tongue at the slip.

A shadow seemed to fall on them. Collingeford and Alix felt as though they sat alone and yet not alone. Collingeford nodded as though Alix had spoken.

"Yes," he said, "Bodsky has come back to us. Don't regret it. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel that we two are alone with him and that it 's worth while. He 's come on us like a cloud.

"But I like clouds," he continued, "big black clouds. If it were not for them, you could n't see the lightning or hear the thunder. They make lightning and thunder—the arm and the voice of the gods. Bodsky was n't divine,—he could n't create, and he knew it and felt it,—but he could echo the roar and reflect the light.

I remember a duffer making a careless remark about a woman's travail. Bodsky looked him over and said, 'Some day you will see and hear and know, and the memory of that remark will bring you on to your knees. But this much I can tell you now, young man: I would rather have been the man who produced the first wooden spoon than Alexander the Great. From a spoon to a baby is a long step up. That 's why we have made a shrine for mothers. Generally speaking, women are despicable; but a mother has passed through crucifixion to transfiguration.' I think it was about the longest speech he ever made. To him that was one of the things too big to drop through the mesh of his sieve of life unnoticed.

"Bodsky was elemental. He was an *element*. He could not produce, but he could make fertile the lives of lesser men. I was the duffer that made the careless remark. That was the first time he ever spoke to me. I 've sat at his feet ever since. I did n't know I was doing it, but I can see it now. And the result is this: Bodsky could n't go home. But I can, and I 'm going home before I 've seen the whole world. Only—only I wish I could take you with me."

"There, there," said Alix, playfully, but her eyes were soft. "We must go now, or you will miss your ship."

CHAPTER XXIII

WHEN Alix got home she sat down and wrote a note to Alan—just a line to tell him that she was ready and wished to see him. He came the following afternoon. At first he was a little awkward, straining just the least too much not to betray his nervousness, but the sight of Alix put him at his ease. Once it had been with a fine art that she had pampered the ill-at-ease into well-being, but as Alan crossed the room and stood before her he knew that art had been banished and that a new Alix, simple and secure in the unassailable atmosphere that guards true women, held out her hand to him from beyond an invisible barrier. She had become a true woman,—true in the sense of honor,—and she was as tempered as steel, but soft with the softness of motherhood. About her there was the peace of an inner shrine. She drew him into it unhesitatingly, and he suddenly felt unclean, just as he had felt unworthy on that other day when he had recoiled from Nance's loving arms about his neck.

"You 're not looking very well, Alan," said Alix, when he was seated.

"No, I 'm not on the top of the wave just now," replied Alan. "Touch of river fever. It 's like memory, a hard thing to shake."

"I 'm not trying to shake mine," said Alix, calmly. "My memories have made me."

"No wonder you don't quarrel with them," said Alan, in frank admiration.

"Life," said Alix, "is beginning to pay dividends; not much, just a competence. Enough to live on." She smiled faintly.

"Alan, when are you going to come back to the legitimate? Don't you ever tire of life as a variety-show? Would n't you rather have one real, steady star in life than a whole lot of tarnished tinsel ones?"

Alan jumped to his feet, stuck his hands in his coat pockets, and started walking up and down the somber room. They were in the library.

"A steady star," he repeated. "What a find that would be! I 've raised many a star on my horizon, Alix, but the longer I look at 'em, the more they twinkle back. It 's easier to down conscience than to down blood."

"In the end," said Alix, "a man must down blood or it downs him—downs him irretrievably. Blood unchecked is just common beast."

"Do you think I don't know it?" flashed Alan. "Each day I find an old haunt denied to me. I am ill at ease. My world has left yours behind. There is a pale. Behind it lies Red Hill. Do you know I have n't been to the Hill for three years? Behind it lies Nance, the faithfullest, most trusting foster-sister a waster ever had. And now you. You lie behind it, and toy with my soul through the bars."

Alix sprang to her feet, and laid strong, nervous hands on Alan's shoulders. She shook him, and turned him so that he faced the light. Alan did not laugh. There was fire in Alix's eyes.

"You little thing," she said tensely, "not to see that the bars are down!"

He turned under her hands, and she let

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"GERRY WENT IN, AND KNELT BESIDE THE BED" (SEE PAGE 72)

him go. He stood looking out of the window at the bare trees. Alix watched him.

"Alan, you can come to the Hill tonight. They—we—are all going to be together here. It 's Clem's birthday. If you can feel the pale, that 's enough for me. I want you to be with us."

"Alix, believe me or not, it 's because I feel the pale that I won't come. If there 's a ship sailing for the ends of the earth before night, it shall carry me. This big city is n't big enough to hold all the Hill and leave me room to wander outside."

"Then why—why—"

"I 'll tell you. The last time I saw J. Y., he said to me among other things, 'Yesterday Clem was crying because you had not come to the house. I try to think, Alan, that it is because Clem is there that you have not come.' Those were his very words. The rest passed, but that stuck. It stuck because it was the truth, and I had been blind to it. What did you say a little while ago? Blood unchecked is just common beast. Well, there it is in a nutshell. I bear the mark of the beast. Do you think I want Clem to see it?"

He turned from the window.

"Alix, I can't see Clem yet. She is expecting me. I told her that the better half of me would look her up as soon as I got back; but what if somebody that does n't know my better half at all should see me riding, walking with Clem? I can't risk *that*. Do you understand?"

"But, oh, Alan," said Alix, "if you could only see Clem now! She 's glorious. Why, it 's three years—three years since you saw her. You used to think me beautiful—"

"Used!" protested Alan, casting a valuing glance at Alix's pale beauty.

"Well," conceded Alix, "you think me beautiful. Beside Clem with her heaps of brown hair and deep blue eyes, I am nothing. I am worse; I am a doll. And she was born with a strange wisdom and strength of her own. She 's made her own world, and she 's made it right. And yet—the wisdom in her deep eyes, Alan! She knows, she knows it all, and you know that she knows, only faith sits enthroned."

"Faith sits enthroned," repeated Alan; "that 's why I can't come to-night." He looked around for his hat and stick.

"By the way," said Alix, "why J. Y. and why Mrs. J. Y.? I 've always wondered."

"I don't know," said Alan. "I 've always wondered, too, I suppose. But here 's the judge. He can tell you."

"Tell what?" asked the judge as he walked in and took Alix's outstretched hand.

"Why there 's no Mr. Wayne and Mrs. Wayne, only J. Y.'s."

"And you don't know, Alan?" asked the judge. "Well, I 'll tell you. Mr. Wayne and Mrs. Wayne they were Alan's father and his young wife. Their life was a hot flame that suddenly smothered itself in the clouds of its own smoke. The memory of the clouds passed with them, but the flame—the flame burns on in the hearts of all who knew them. It will burn on. That 's why J. Y. is J. Y. and that 's why it will always be J. Y. and Mrs. J. Y. to the Hill."

Alan said good-by in a hurried, low voice and started for the door, but the judge called to him:

"Just a moment, Alan; I 'm coming with you." Then he turned to Alix. "I just dropped in to tell you I am delighted to be able to come to-night."

"I am glad," said Alix. "Perhaps you could persuade Alan to come, too, if you think—"

"If I think what?" The judge eyed her steadily.

"If you think he is ready," finished Alix.

The judge found Alan waiting for him on the steps as he hurried out.

"What are you doing for the rest of the afternoon?" he asked.

"I 'm sailing for South America if there 's a connection."

The judge looked up surprised.

"I did n't know you had anything urgent on." They walked on in silence for some minutes, then the judge said hesitatingly: "Alan, you 're rushed, of course, but if you could, if you can, do one thing and put it down to my account. Just drop in and see J. Y. for a minute. Somehow I feel that you can't see J. Y. the way he really is, the way I can. That 's natural, too, I suppose. But if you knew him, Alan, the way I do, you 'd know it 's an honor for any man to shake hands with J. Y. Wayne. And to have J. Y. Wayne want to shake hands with you is a thing that comes to most men as a reward."

"I don't know," said Alan, "that J. Y. wants to shake hands with me." He spoke almost questioningly. "You know, Judge, there have been days when he would n't."

"I don't know that he wants to, either, my boy; but I do know this: he 's a busy man, but there 's never a day that he 's too rushed to think of you."

Alan stopped and held out his hand.

"I am much obliged to you," he said. "I 'm sorry I did n't think of it myself. I 'm off to his office now as soon as I 've telephoned Swithson."

J. Y. received his nephew with outstretched hand. His rugged face was lighted up with the rare smile that came to it seldom, for it was the far-flung ripple, the visible expression of a deep commotion.

"I just dropped in, sir," said Alan, "to say good-by. I 'm off again to South America. Africa seems to be taking a year off."

"When are you leaving?" asked J. Y.

"This evening," said Alan. "The boat 's already pulled out, but I 'll catch her at quarantine. She 's waiting for her papers."

They sat and looked at each other for a moment, and then J. Y. arose and held out his hand again.

"If that 's the case," he said, "I won't keep you. Good-by and good luck."

"Good-by, sir," said Alan.

As he reached the door J. Y. spoke again.

"Alan," he said, "I 'm glad you dropped in."

"I am too, sir," said Alan.

He was just leaving the sedate old office building, sandwiched in between modern towers of Babel, when a cab drew up at the curb. The door opened, and a girl stepped out. She suddenly stood still. Alan's eyes were drawn to her, and found hers fixed on him. He drew a quivering breath. "If you could only see Clem now!" Alix had said, and had tried to tell him of the beauty of Clem. Now Clem stood before him. How weak were words! How futile to try to convey the essence of Clem's beauty in words! He stepped toward her hesitatingly. She saw his hesitation, and a cloud came over the light in her face. Her moist lips trembled. Their hands met.

"Alan!" she said and he answered, "Clem!"

And so they stood, his eyes fixed in hers, which were blue and deep. He felt his soul sinking, sinking into those cooling pools. He did not wish ever to speak again, ever to think again.

And then Clem laughed. Her eyes wrinkled up. There was a gleam of even teeth. The wind blew her furs about her and lighted the color in her cheeks.

"How solemn we are after three years!" she cried. "Three years, Alan! Are n't you ashamed?"

"I am going away," he stammered weakly, and waved at an approaching four-wheeler, piled high with traveling kit and convoyed by his hurried, but never flurried, servant.

But Clem stuck to her guns.

"Really?" she said with a glance at the loaded cab and with arching eyebrows. Then her smile burst again. "You can't expect me to be surprised, can you? We seem to have a habit of meeting when you are on the point of going away. There. You must be in a hurry. Good-by," and she held out a gloved hand.

Alan's spirit was ever ready for war, and this, he suddenly perceived, was war. He braced himself and smiled, too.

"Twice hardly amounts to a habit," he drawled. He had never drawled to Clem before, but then Clem had never before taken up the social rapier with him. "Besides," he went on, "there 's a difference. Last time you ran after me."

Clem's smile trembled, steadied itself, and then fought bravely back.

"Yes," she said—"yes." And then her eyes wavered and wandered. She dropped his hand. "Good-by," she said again, the faintest catch in her voice, and hurried away to seek J. Y.

Alan stood and watched her. What shoulders she had and what a swing to them! Slim of hip and foot and ankle, it was the body of a boy—a boy god; a body, a life, a soul of promise, of treasures garnered and enshrined. Alan cast his mind back over his own life. He felt a sinking within him. "For a mess of pottage," he muttered, and then his servant touched his arm anxiously and held out his watch, face up.

"You 'll never make it, Mr. Wayne."

Alan turned on him, but not angrily.

"Perhaps not, Swithson, and perhaps yes. You may go back to the flat. I 'll get along all right." And with that he hurled himself at the cab. "Double fare if you make the Battery in ten minutes," he shouted to the driver, and then settled back in the seat to ponder.

(To be continued)

STANDISH HALL, ONE OF THE FRESHMEN BUILDINGS IN WHICH HARVARD IS TO TRY AN EXPERIMENT IN UNDERGRADUATE DEMOCRACY

From a perspective drawing by the architects, Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge.

THE STRUGGLE FOR COLLEGE DEMOCRACY

HARVARD UNDERTAKES TO SOLVE THE GREAT SOCIAL PROBLEM IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY LIFE BY A PLAN COMBINING FEATURES OF THE OXFORD SYSTEM AND WOODROW WILSON'S FAMOUS "QUAD," PRINCETON'S GRADUATE SCHOOL

BY JOHN CORBIN

Author of "An American at Oxford"

WHEN a man sends his son to the university, it is natural to suppose that the boy will mingle with other undergraduates man to man, and win friends and distinction according to the stuff that is in him. But a father who lately took counsel of the graduates of several institutions made a discovery which he found deeply disquieting. Everywhere it was recognized that in order to come into friendly relations with the leading men of his class a freshman had to make a set campaign of what the feminine world knows as social-climbing. "At Harvard," said this father, "they call it 'swiping,' at Yale 'heeling,' and at Princeton 'getting into a following.'

"Now, which do you think most likely to make a man of my son, following, or heeling, or swiping?"

The fact is that all our universities are rather sharply divided into the "ins" and the "outs"—the sheep who are not unwillingly shepherded in luxurious and exclusive clubs or fraternities, and the goats who lead an isolated and ineffectual existence in the solitary wilds without. As they have grown rapidly, the dividing-line has become more and more a matter of chance, and less a matter of desert. Where the fraternity system prevails, the line is often drawn in the freshman year, before the character and ability of the undergraduate has had time to develop. Where the social life centers in a system of clubs, the elections come later; yet the

choice is scarcely more representative. If a boy is a member of a clique from one of the leading preparatory schools, or a distinguished athlete, the path is easy—so easy that often quite undeserving fellows rise to the crest of the wave. But, lacking such advantages, as many a good man does lack them, he finds himself in imminent danger of being submerged.

In the modern world no taboo is more powerful than that which rests upon American undergraduates who have failed to "make" a club or fraternity. They are hoi polloi, barbarians, outsiders—to mention only a few of the epithets. Every instinct of self-preservation impels a boy to get himself "run" for a fraternity, to follow, heel, or swipe; in short, to enter a conscious struggle against which every manly impulse revolts.

Two things equally grave result from this. An increasingly large proportion of undergraduates fail to get what they are capable of getting out of undergraduate life. Helpless and forlorn, they live in little cliques, remote from the moving interests, the priceless traditions, of the student body as a whole. And the universities in turn are failing to develop the full value of the material they have to work with; for if the right man fails to make a team, fraternity, or club, the institution as a whole loses precisely as he does.

Yet I for one do not accuse our universities of any snobbish intention or real exclusiveness of spirit. Everywhere the impulse and the ideal are right. Many poor men of character and ability yearly make their way into the inner circles at Yale and Princeton; and if Harvard is a shade less fortunate in this respect,—I do not say that it is,—it excels all other universities, I think, in what may be called the democracy of scholarship and intelligence. The universities in which the fraternity system prevails are the most obviously democratic in their dominant ideal; as, for example, the great state universities of the West.

The real need, as we are coming to see, is not of an ideal, but of a system—an organization which gives every undergraduate the opportunity of developing to the utmost his capacity for college life and college leadership. In a word, the disorder is functional, one of digestion and assimilation.

"The university," wrote a graduate of Harvard, toward the end of President Eliot's régime, "has very largely lost its power of social assimilation. A well-known professor, walking through the college yard, met a youth who seemed so forlorn and troubled that he was prompted to ask, 'Are you looking for anybody?' The young man answered, 'I don't know anybody this side of the Rocky Mountains.' Whether from shyness or from pride, many men hold Harvard degrees whose acquaintance at Cambridge is scarcely greater."

The anecdote was quoted from a university pamphlet written to convince the reader of the hospitality extended to newcomers; and the critic who took it so backhandedly was scolded at his alma mater for omitting to mention that the young man was a freshman, and, having thus been taken in hand, eventually found friends. In an address delivered at Yale, Dean Briggs listed this critic with the author of "Brown at Harvard," the leading actor in which, also a Harvard man, was rotten-egged by loyal undergraduates. Apparently the good dean thought that the offenders deserved alike to be in very bad odor amid the classic shades. So be it! It takes the breaking of eggs for the making of *Hamlets,* and a critic may similarly profit.

One fact, however, Dean Briggs failed to mention. The critic went on to urge that in order to insure a hospitable welcome to freshmen, and to restore "the power of social assimilation," it was only necessary to have a system of halls reproducing the residential features of the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge; and even while he was held up to the reprobation of a sister university, his idea was taking substantial form on the banks of the Charles in a system of freshman halls. "It has been remarked," said President Lowell, in explaining his innovation, "that the only advance in the art of the novel since Scott lies in the fact that we have learned to begin a story in the middle." The new halls are to plunge the freshman *in medias res.* Could any illustration be more suggestive of the dreary waste of the first half of an undergraduate's life in the conditions that have hitherto prevailed? Not that the figure walks on all fours. The literal fact is that these new

halls are to begin the task of "social assimilation" at the beginning.

Other universities have been similarly criticized by their children. Yale is in chronic revolt against her societies, Princeton against her upper-class eating-clubs; and wherever the fraternity system prevails, it has its unrelenting foes. Nor is the remedy which Harvard is trying its own exclusive invention. President Wilson, when president of Princeton, attempted it in a somewhat different form. He failed to establish his "quads," and for reasons which, as I hope to show, were sufficient; but the idea lives on. Even as the Colonial halls for freshmen are building on the banks of the Charles, the Gothic tower of Dean West's graduate college is rising beautifully on the summit of the hill at Princeton.

At the University of Wisconsin, President Van Hise some years ago showed me architects' designs for a system of residential halls for which he was hoping to secure the necessary money; and he now writes: "Our plans have been presented to each session of the legislature and are pending before the present legislature. We have strong hopes that the appropriation will be made which will enable us to take the first steps in carrying out the plans." Apparently there is to be a single huge commons—a thing most undesirable socially, and of no considerable economic advantage. At Cornell, Andrew D. White cherished the hope of separate colleges from the start, and President Schurman has urged the plan in his reports during the last dozen years. There is now a good prospect that it will be realized and that each college will have its separate kitchen and dining hall.

There is no paradox in the fact that we are seeking a remedy in the English universities. Oxford and Cambridge have traditionally been, and still are in the main, the resort of the upper classes; but, thanks to their internal organization, they are in effect more democratic than any American university. This is the conclusion which, much to my surprise, was forced upon me by a rather wide experience as an Oxford undergraduate; and it was strongly confirmed by American Rhodes scholars whom I met during a recent sojourn by the Isis.

No freshman can live a single day in an English college without making several acquaintances, and at the end of his first week he can hardly escape having literally dozens. The porter who greets him at the gate expects him, and has a room already prepared to receive him. His first duty is to call on his tutor, who is destined to become a familiar and most helpful mentor. The tutor takes him to call on the master of the college, and introduces him not only to other freshmen, but to second-year men, whose duty it is to call on him, invite him to breakfast or luncheon, and in general supervise his entrance into the college life and activities. In our universities a freshman is regarded as an uncouth creature to be ridiculed, hazed, or at least ignored; in the English colleges he is a younger brother who is to be encouraged to develop his best capacities.

One difference of custom tells the whole story. With us rooms in the most favorably placed dormitories are the abode of upper classmen. The freshman lives as he can in an outer limbo of boarding-houses, or in college buildings justly despised. In Oxford the freshman is taken at once into the quadrangle, though upper classmen have to be turned out into the town to make room for him. In effect, the English system says: "For better or for worse you are one of us, and for four years we shall have to abide by your deeds. Come on! Let us make the best we can of you!"

At Harvard, if I may record an experience which is typical, I was plunged for two years into the gloom of a very tedious novel before I discovered, quite by accident, that I could run. Then the story began. At Oxford the master of my college, a philosopher of European reputation, walked circles around me at our first interview, and said that I ought to be able to row and play foot-ball. I suffered tortures by field and river before I was given over to the cinder track, and incidentally I made many good friends. I abhor public speaking, yet was drafted into the college debating society, and several times forced to expose a naked intellect. A man must be a goat by nature and preference if he is to escape the helpful friendliness of an English college.

It was in order to achieve some such organs of digestion and assimilation that

President Wilson proposed to divide Princeton into "quads." So far so good. Unfortunately, either from ignorance of the English universities or because of some formal and doctrinary theory of democracy, he added ideas alien alike to the English and the American university.

Each quad was to be mathematically democratic: so many rich men, so many poor men; so many men from north, south, east, and west; so many from the leading preparatory schools and so many who arrived friendless. Each quad was to be, so to speak, a cross-section of the undergraduate body as a whole. To any one familiar with the English colleges, this arrangement must seem somewhat cut and dried, as most cross-sections are. The life of any great university is rich and strong enough to give scope to various developments. In Balliol learning is tempered by sportsmanship; in New College sportsmanship is redeemed by learning. The dominant qualities are the same, yet the atmosphere of the two places, and of the men who are bred in it, is full of the variations that enhance character and make life interesting. Brasenose, Trinity, St. John's, Magdalen, Christ Church, have each its atmosphere, subtle and indefinable perhaps, but permanent and distinct. And so on through the list. Every college gives the stamp of Oxford, yet each adds an inestimable imprint of its own. Without knowing quite why, perhaps, Princeton revolted at the attempt to level it down.

The rock upon which the "quad system" split, however, was the upper-class eating-clubs. In the main they were, and still are, characteristic of the best elements of Princeton life. To me personally, and I have studied them at close range, they seem the most representative, the most truly democratic social system in any American university. It is the rule, and a rule which suffers comparatively few infractions, that their membership shall not be made up until the end of the second year, when the true character of all candidates has had time to develop.

Yet the fact remains that certain cliques are generally reputed to be in the following for Ivy, Cottage, Tiger Inn, and so forth; and not unnaturally there is strife to become identified with these cliques. And the members of the clubs wear distinctive hatbands, much prized, it appears, by the ins and deeply resented by the outs. In President Wilson's opinion, certainly, the clubs were the resort of exclusiveness, of snobbishness; and so they must go!

One difficulty was that many of them were heavily in debt for their buildings. Even the most doctrinary democracy cannot by fiat disestablish an issue of bonds. It was equally evident to the Princeton mind that, for all the abuses that seemed to center in them, the clubs were a most valuable asset to the university. They were the rallying-ground of those graduates who, on the whole, were the leading graduates, the ones who had the welfare of the alma mater most dearly at heart. To abolish them was to oust the Princeton spirit from its firmest vantage-ground. And it was to lessen the revenues of the university; for the returning graduate is the graduate who most easily loosens his heart-strings—and purse-strings.

To regard the clubs as opposed to the quad or college system, moreover, is, I believe, fundamentally to misconceive the situation. They are rather to be regarded as essential to its fullest and most helpful development.

Let us go back to Oxford. Each college is a microcosm in which the spirit of the place works powerfully, thoroughly; yet, after all, it is small, on an average numbering about two hundred. The little frogs are happy in their puddle; but how about the big frogs? The best thing in the world for a big frog in a small puddle is to try life in places where his advantage is less obvious. If an Oxford man is a good sportsman and a good fellow, he is elected to Vincent's; and there he meets the good sportsman and good fellows of the university as a whole. The debaters go to the Oxford Union; and to win one's way to the presidency of the Union is perhaps the greatest distinction of an Oxford career. There are half a dozen smaller debating clubs which foregather the most distinguished birds of a political feather from all the twenty colleges. There are purely social clubs, like Bullingdon, and there are the Gridiron Club for diners, the Musical Union, and the Dramatic Society. As soon as a man has won special distinction in any line, in short, he emerges from the little world of

his college into a club, and is thrown among kindred spirits from the university as a whole.

In his university club a man takes part in activities which are wider and higher: he develops his own ability, and contributes his quota to the general life of the place. But, far from being cut off from his former mates, as he is in an American university club, he brings them an inestimable privilege. The major part of his life and activity is still in his college, and he carries back to it reports of what is being said and done in the world without its walls. The local life and the general life interpenetrate and fuse, so that the humblest man in college lives, actually or vicariously, in the general stream of Oxford tradition. Whereas the quad system means uniform, mechanical democracy, small in scope and without local distinction, the English combination of club life and college life means varied atmosphere and charm, with the largest possible outlook, and opportunity for vital leadership. In that vivid phrase of Oom Paul's, one hand washes the other.

The common run of men may feel regret at not taking active part in the affairs of the university; yet they have had a fair chance, and do not complain. The college still affords them a pleasant home and a life of very considerable scope. There is no taboo, no social stigma of being excluded. Not by the farthest stretch of the word could they be called outsiders, barbarians, hoi polloi. And the system works equally well in the case of the club man. To the end he is at home in college among brothers. Except when he is turned out to make room for incoming freshmen, he sleeps there, and takes most of his meals in his room and in the hall. He still plays on the college teams, rows in the college boat. And so he escapes the dangers of the club or fraternity man in an American university, whose life is largely limited to association with the favored few. There is no real exclusion on the one hand, no real exclusiveness on the other. The life is highly organized, highly specialized, highly efficient in giving scope to all grades and varieties of capability. If it is not more democratic, then there is something wrong with our conception of democracy.

In a recent political campaign it was asserted that at Princeton President Wilson routed the snobs and made the college democratic. To this a leading Princetonian retorted that Princeton was precisely as democratic as it had always been. He added, significantly, that it was still doing business at the old stand. These are harsh words on both sides.

The credit of first organizing undergraduate democracy, as it now seems, is to go to Harvard. In a way there is justice in this, for Harvard was the first prominently to advocate supplementing the club system with a system of residential halls—as long ago as 1894.

At that time a widely different plan was given preference, also of English origin. In the early nineteenth century Oxford was a victim of a quad system very closely similar to that which of late President Wilson advocated. The twenty colleges lived miniature, separate lives, with no common meeting-ground, no mechanism for developing special talents or for creating a highly organized university spirit. Then came the Oxford Union; and the university, which has always been more keenly political than any American institution, found a powerful unifying force in debate. Membership was open to all, and the library, periodical room, and auditorium of the Union—let us not forget the lawn, where afternoon tea was served in summer—proved a rallying-ground for all active spirits, political and social. It so happened, however, that the new spirit of unified Oxford did not stop with the Union. Other clubs were formed, as we have seen—clubs that took precedence from the fact that their aims were more definitive and interesting and their membership carefully selected. Long before the close of the century the unifying force of the Union had become a mere tradition. Except on the evening of a debate, those who foregathered there were a social fringe, with little unity and no real influence or power.

It was this Union, however, which Harvard chose to imitate, precisely as the framers of our national constitution took as model a form of the English constitution which had long been obsolete. For a time the spirit of democracy struggled mightily to make the Harvard Union the real heart and center of undergraduate life. To join it was represented as a pa-

triotic duty. But from the first it was evident that there was no power in it to bring the club-man and the unassimilated into helpful intimacy and understanding. Of late years the number of members has relatively declined. The institution is a faint shadow of the decadent Oxford Union—a convenience for returning graduates and a pleasant resort for undergraduates who have no more direct and vital associations. Regarded as an instrument of democracy and efficiency, it has been only a dreary waste of time, of money, and of enthusiasm. And this the university itself now realizes.

The advocates of the residential hall, some of whom had predicted this outcome, bided their time. A group of patriotic graduates bought up a tract of land on the banks of the Charles, then a dismal slum, but now a beautifully gardened esplanade. To hold this tract, they went down into their pockets every year to the extent of twenty thousand dollars. Of almost any American university it may be safely said that, in spirit at least, it is as democratic as it has always been! Under President Eliot there was other use for such moneys as accrued to the university; but to President Lowell the residential hall was one of the most important of a group of reforms which are transforming and humanizing Harvard, and which are destined, as Harvard men believe, to mark a new era in American university organization.

Three halls, Standish, Smith, and Gore, will be ready for occupancy next September. Together they will probably house the entire freshman class, with the exception of students who live at home in Boston and its suburbs. Each hall is to be a distinct and separate community. Each will have a master and a staff of proctors to insure order and decorum. The proctors will be chosen as far as possible from among the instructors in courses frequented by freshmen, so as to assure acquaintance, and, indeed, familiarity and friendship between teacher and taught, proctor and proctorized. Learning and discipline will thus be immeasurably humanized.

Each community will have its separate common-room, kitchen, and dining-hall. The English plan of having no fixed seats at table will probably be followed. Thus groups coming from lecture-hall or athletic-field will sit down together, if they so choose; or a man may sit beside some one with whom he wishes to speak. Mealtime—the time when most people are readiest to develop social instincts—will bring a constant shifting of groups and of individuals. Universities which are planning to build a general commons will do well to study the workings of these separate dining halls. Harvard has tried the general commons—in its Memorial of unsavory memory.

Each hall will also have its separate athletic team in all major sports, and compete with other halls for the championship of the class. These teams will be a sort of complement to the regular freshman teams, affording sport and the discipline of athletic contests to men not capable of playing on the class teams, and developing material for them, precisely as class teams develop material for university teams.

Where residence is limited to the first year, a somewhat formal selection of the members of each hall should prove as helpful as it would be pernicious if applied to the college as a whole. "No definite rules have been made," I am told, "in regard to the distribution of the rooms; but undoubtedly care will be taken not to allow any one hall to become the camping-ground of any particular set of men. An endeavor will be made to have each community a cross-section of the class." Freshman classes nowadays number five or six hundred, and are composed of men of widely different interests and traditions. Everywhere it has proved impossible to develop generally a spirit of intimate comradeship. But by working in smaller units, composed of men of all sorts, the spirit of democracy can be made manifest from the start.

Fear has been expressed that the authorities will forbid men to leave the hall after nine o'clock, and will require those who dine out of hall to return before midnight. This is the rule in English colleges, sanctioned by century-old custom, and, indeed, by the general sentiment of the undergraduates, who recognize that it tends powerfully to keep the college homogeneous and give strength to its spirit and traditions. It is, however, contrary to all American custom, and President Lowell gives assurance that no such rules will be adopted.

These freshman halls are only a part of a very capacious and thoroughly thought-out plan. The men who have established them look forward to a time when it will be possible to erect a superstructure of halls in which the undergraduate may reside throughout the sophomore, junior, and senior years. Here, it is to be hoped, the mathematical scheme of division will be modified so as to develop communities each accentuating some desirable note of difference.

To allow a sophomore to choose his own upper-class hall without restriction would perhaps not be possible. Certain halls would inevitably grow too large, too rich, too social, too athletic. But the spirit which followed the forlorn hope of the Harvard Union may easily be so guided as to create in the upper-class halls an atmosphere of varied distinction which shall be in no wise unrepresentative or undemocratic.

In view of the expense involved, and of the fact that the dormitory accommodations are already sufficient, it is not thought wise at present to agitate the building of upper-class halls. Yet among undergraduates who fail to make the more congenial and homelike clubs there should be an increasing demand that the comfort and comradeship of the first year shall be continued. The development of the upper-class hall is only a question of time and money.

In the freshman halls, meanwhile, every member of the class will enter, from the day of his arrival, into familiar intercourse with a considerable part of the most prominent men of his year, and so will have a fair chance of election to the more coveted clubs. If he is not elected, he will still have a very wide acquaintance among those similarly situated. There will be at least one American institution where, in order to make the most of undergraduate life, it will not be necessary to follow, to heel, or to be run, or even to make a noise like a Rocky Mountain goat upon encountering a benevolent professor.

May it be timorously suggested that the sister-university might have a more profitable use for eggs no better than they should be than to bestow them upon exponents of this scheme of residence in groups? As a Harvard man of times past, I have a very deep respect for the Yale tradition. The senior societies made the undergraduate body heel to some purpose. But, as elsewhere, the social system gives signs of weakening in proportion as the university grows larger. Even the enthusiastic Stover despaired of creating any broad and permanent spirit of democracy under present conditions. But if the undergraduate body were divided into residential halls, each with its leading men in the senior societies, then, as it seems to me, democracy might become widely organized and permanent; and at the same time the societies would have a more powerful means than ever of manifesting the Yale spirit beneath the elm-tree shade.

Where the more usual type of fraternity prevails, the question is in one way more difficult, for residence in the chapter-house begins early in undergraduate life. Yet it should be possible to keep new-comers in the more democratic halls for at least the first year. In one way the problem is far easier. The fraternity universities have, for the most part, no dormitories, and for the most part they are, like Wisconsin, intending soon to build them. Thus no existing property will suffer if, instead of the old type of dormitory, they build a system of freshman halls and upper-class halls.

What Harvard has done for freshmen, Princeton has done for graduates, and most handsomely. Unfortunate as undergraduates have been, they have at worst lived among some hundreds of fellows who were entering upon a new and joyous experience, eager to make friends for the most part, and loyal to the class and to the university. They had many common interests even in study. The graduate is entering the world of serious professional labor. Whatever his desire for comradeship, he has little time to make friends or to enjoy them.

If he has migrated to a strange institution, he finds himself among men who are not only unknown, but for the most part unknowable. His acquaintance is limited to the classroom and perhaps a departmental club which meets at infrequent intervals. If a man stays on at his own university, he finds himself bereft of the main body of his old associates. He lives in a world of strangers, with whom he has little or nothing in common; and strangers in a strange place are in many ways less

appalling than strangers in a place which has hitherto been alive with comrades. In short, at a time when all the instincts of manhood cry out for some real work in the world, the graduate student finds himself caught in the petty web of his own highly specialized studies. It is not strange if the "grad-grind" has been taken as the type of all that is thin-blooded and anemic.

From the merely professional point of view the situation is quite as bad. Scientific culture and research being the order of the day, the tendency of the candidate for the doctorate in philosophy is to neglect the broader outlines even of his own specialty. Yet even the philologist needs to keep in touch with workers in neighboring fields; and if he wishes to gain a true perspective on the world as a whole, he will do well to have some knowledge of the harvest in distant vineyards. As the man withers in the friendless world of the graduate school, so the scholar dries in the bud.

In the postgraduate college at Princeton Dean West is creating an institution in all respects similar to the English college, except, of course, that it is composed of more advanced and serious students. It is a Gothic structure, very beautiful, and about its quadrangles are students' rooms, common-room, dining-hall, and the residence of the dean. Over the whole rises a stately tower, pinnacled like the tower of Magdalen. One has only to open his eyes to be back in Oxford.

For the last decade Dean West has been busy organizing the graduate school on a residential basis, creating traditions of humanistic culture and social solidarity. In their new home the members will live as a close community within walls that beautifully symbolize the spirit of academic order and decorum—the order and decorum which make one free to expand in all the interests and activities natural to the scholar who is still a man.

Residence in a compact community makes friendliness easy and natural at any hour, and at meals the graduate school will gather as a whole in the spacious and dignified hall. In the common-room there will be current periodicals, and easy-chairs for reading and talk. There is probably no place in America where the life of learning is likely to be one half as stimulating to the scholar and to the man. The specialist cannot fail to gain breadth of vision, the humanist some touch of the spirit of modern science.

As I have said, the college crowns a hill. It looks down upon the neighboring university and the distant valley beyond. It is characteristic of President Wilson that he fought against this isolation. It is one of the fixed ideas of our people, and it explains, perhaps, why of all modern nations we are most lacking in variety of life and distinction of character. Our tradition is for the mechanical plane, the dead level.

Thus, in founding the University of Chicago, President Harper saw the value of residence in groups, and was the first to make actual progress in the matter. If he had lived, he would possibly have developed a thorough system of residential halls. His successor, President Judson, follows him in believing in residence in groups, but deprecates the plan of permitting any group to develop an individual character. "It seems to me advisable," he says, "that a given residential hall shall contain students of all sorts, graduates and undergraduates alike." Is it possible that at Chicago freshmen discuss divinity with theologs, that graduates discuss literature with sophomores? Elsewhere, as far as I have been able to find, both parties refuse to place themselves at so great a disadvantage. They may mingle, but cannot mix.

In "The Promise of American Life," Mr. Herbert Croly has shown that our traditional conception of democracy had its origin early in the last century, when frontier conditions prevailed and differences of character and of position were few. Obeying the irresistible logic of progress, we have come to a time in which society, and even business, is organized in large units, and in which men succeed in proportion as they become differentiated—specialists. The book marks an epoch in our national thought. The democracy of Jefferson and Jackson is as obsolete as the college of the early nineteenth century, in which a four-year curriculum was supposed to hold the learning of the world in its pint pot. In at least two institutions to-day democracy is expanding by means of varied organization.

THE MONOPOLIST

BY L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "Under Rocking Skies," "A Marriage of Convenience," etc.

IT was late in the afternoon of a day in June that Boris Jansin returned over the mountains of eastern Pennsylvania, coming down into the valley with the self-satisfied swagger that was characteristic of him, and now exaggerated by his complacency in the awe he was about to inspire as a much-traveled man. As he swung rapidly into the one straggling street of the village and within the focus of watching eyes, he waved his hand airily to two or three elderly men sitting in evening content in open doorways, called familiarly to a former companion or two, and, twisting his big, black mustache, stared with naïve impudence at a pretty young girl whom he had never before seen. He laughed aloud when she turned her back on him in indignant confusion. It was a pleasant laugh, compounded of joy and confidence, and, as he passed on, from the screening shelter of a bush the girl watched his short, sturdy figure swing out of the road toward the group of loungers in front of Long Michael's shop. She heard their shouted greeting with the vague discontent of one who was lonely in the midst of gaiety, and she strained her ears to catch the name of the joyous stranger who seemed to bring a ripple of life with him. Certainly, she told herself almost fretfully, Jolsva needed a ripple of life; it was dull. Boris was saying much the same thing aloud to his listeners:

"Yes, two years have I been gone, and now I rub my eyes. My friends, it is the evening of the day I went away—so little change like that. There is the same splotch of brick-dust on thy nose, Matthew Mark."

The crowd laughed, and Matthew Mark rubbed his nose and grinned sheepishly; but it was Long Michael, of the sharp tongue, who answered.

"Yes," he said, "the same splotch, as you say, only added to. Do you not know that what Matthew Mark has, he keeps, even to brick-dust? And the silver he had in his pocket when you went away he has there now, and all that he has earned since. But you, Boris? Travel costs, I hear; it rubs the pocket bare."

Boris laughed lightly.

"Nevertheless, I shall not borrow of Matthew Mark," he declared. He glanced up the street to where the strange girl still stood partly hidden by the screening bush, her black-and-white bodice and bright-red skirt pricking a bit of color in the somber-hued twilight. "I was wrong, my friends," he now said. "I likened it to the evening of the day I went away. That was a great lie. That little beauty yonder was not here then."

Again the group laughed and looked at Matthew Mark, who shuffled his feet awkwardly and tried to look unconcerned.

"That also Matthew Mark has added to the brick-dust on his nose and the silver in his pocket," Long Michael explained. "He is to marry her on Sunday evening."

Boris glanced at the embarrassed bridegroom-to-be.

"Felicitations, Matthew Mark," he said pleasantly. "There are also advantages in standing still, it seems: the wind of heaven blows things against one. It is better to stay at home than to travel. Well, God's peace be with you, if so it must be."

"And with you, Boris Jansin," replied Matthew Mark.

Jolsva was wholly Hungarian, though only a little brick-making village in the mountains of Pennsylvania. One might have strolled through its one street from Sunday till Sunday without having heard a word of English. Thither, six months before, Rose Polgar had come from far-off Hungary to live with her cousin Katia Stolgolz, and Matthew Mark, after his acquisitive fashion, had gone steadfastly about the business of adding her to his collection of desirable things. That Rose was desirable, no one could deny; even Boris Jansin, great traveler that he was,

had seen that at a glance. She was pretty; she smiled more than she laughed, which is well in a young woman, as every one knows; Katia Stolgolz openly boasted that Rose had an excellent dot; and less openly, though none the less truthfully, Katia's neighbors declared that Rose had been God's gift to Katia, who was notoriously a poor housekeeper.

Boris did not appear on the street the next morning until long after the last man had gone to his work. He strolled leisurely down past Katia's house at the very moment that Rose was sweeping the path to the gate. He leaned over the fence, and, removing his hat with a flourish, called:

"Good morning, Rose Polgar."

Rose did not even smile now, though she answered pleasantly enough:

"Good morning, Boris Jansin."

Boris laughed, and a sly twinkle came to his eyes.

"Thanks, Rose Polgar," he said softly. "It is my best welcome home to know you have learned my name."

She looked at him coolly as she leaned on her broom.

"It was easy to learn," she said; "it was shouted up and down the street, and I am not deaf. That prodigal son Boris Jansin has come home, they said."

Boris laughed.

"Am I, then, the prodigal son?" he asked. "It is not well to believe all one hears, Rose Polgar. Nevertheless, this you may believe: I should not have gone away if you had been here. Now I think that unknowingly I went to find you."

"Well, now that you have at last found me, I will say good day," she replied, and ran into the house by the front door.

But she did not know Boris. As she entered the kitchen, still smiling at her quick-witted dismissal of him, she stopped short with a disconcerted air; for there sat Boris at the kitchen table. He laughed at her confusion.

"Ah, you are quick, Rose Polgar," he exulted, "but I am still quicker. You are the slow match, but I am the flame. When the match snaps, the fire does not run away."

She stood looking at him with a worried little line wrinkling her white forehead between her black eyebrows, and Katia Stolgolz went up to her and laughingly pulled her toward a chair.

"Look not so frightened, little one," she said. "Can he eat you?" She turned to Boris. "She is of great shyness," she explained. "It is that which makes her lonely and sad, I tell her, and not the dullness here, as she thinks. Think of a girl being dull and her wedding two days away!"

"Yes," said Boris, gravely; "yet think again, Katia Stolgolz—think of being married to Matthew Mark!"

Katia shook her head.

"Yes, that is true, as you say," she confessed. "Matthew Mark is not gay; but, then, marriage is marriage, Boris Jansin. You cannot deny that."

Boris made no effort to deny it; he was gravely looking at Rose, who sat with downcast eyes.

"Where do you come from, little one?" he asked suddenly.

"From Zorna," she replied.

He gave a little cry, and said eagerly:

"From Zorna, where one looks down the steep valley, as it were, to sunrise, and straight overhead for sunset, so close does the village cling to the side of the mountain?"

All her apathy was gone then, and she leaned toward him eagerly.

"You know it, then—Zorna?" she gasped.

"Know it?" he repeated, with a laugh. "Like the palm of my hand. No, better; as I already know thy face, little Rose. My mother also came from Zorna."

"Oh, it is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Wonderful!"

"It is more: it is God's leading," he said enigmatically. Then presently he said with a smile, "You know the wishing-well, where it gushes out of the rock among the black birches?"

"Yes, yes," she said gaily.

"Of course," he replied; "but it was not Matthew Mark's face that you saw in the dark pool when you made your wish there on All Saints' day."

Rose blushed, but she looked up at him with a smile half gay, half defiant.

"Nor was it yours, Boris Jansin," she retorted.

"There is a wishing-well here also," he replied unheedingly. "I can take you to it in half an hour. Katia can tell you if I speak not the truth."

"Yes, it is the truth," Katia replied;

"but a poor well enough. I know, who have wished there and gained nothing."

"I am beyond wishing-wells now," Rose said sedately.

"But not beyond wishing, I think," Boris replied.

"Does one get beyond wishing before one dies?" asked Rose, lightly.

"I care not for Matthew Mark myself," interposed Katia, philosophically; "but when one's word has been given, it is better to forget aught else, I think. Not that it is always easy." She sighed, and glanced at Rose. "It is God's truth that Matthew Mark is not handsome, and he never speaks, and what he gets he holds fast, spending nothing of; but, then, can we all get kings? A man is a man, and a home is a home. Thank God for that much, and pray to Him to keep the heart from wandering."

Rose was looking at her with wide, apprehensive eyes.

"You make me afraid, Katia Stolgolz," she murmured.

"That, too, is a part of life—to be afraid," said Katia.

"Does not perfect love cast out fear?" softly asked Boris. He looked from Katia to Rose. "I only ask. It seems reasonable. I myself, in certain cases, would have no fear."

"Ah, why should a man talk of fear in such matters?" asked Katia, scornfully. "Did not the good God make him the ruler? Can he not come and go as he pleases? But a woman!"

"Then all the more reason that she follow only where her heart leads," argued Boris. "At the best, marriage is the gamble; but if there is not love in the beginning, then it is not even a gamble, but certain unhappiness."

Rose had not looked up while he was speaking, but now she rose hastily and walked toward the door.

"Where are you going, little one?" Katia asked sharply.

Rose paused in confusion.

"Nowhere. I forgot," she murmured, and sank back into her chair again.

In their feverishly hurried preparation for the wedding-feast, neither Rose nor Katia saw Boris the next day except as a laughing figure hurrying up and down the street. He seemed busy at nothing, and once Katia, looking up from her kneading-bowl as he was passing the house, said with a laugh:

"I have a mind to call Boris Jansin in to stir all this cake. He has nothing to do, and my arms are ready to drop off. The work would go lighter, I think, if there were a man here to make us laugh. Laughter shortens a task, we all know."

"A man to stir one's wedding-cake!" cried Rose. "It would bring bad luck, you know."

"Well, I hope Matthew Mark will not bring worse," grumbled Katia, who was tired. "I shall at least ask Boris to come to the wedding." She ran to the door and called, and he stopped. "You are coming to the wedding to-morrow night, are you not?" she asked. "Every one is to come, you know. You also are welcome."

He nodded brightly.

"I shall come," he said.

"Make it gay, if you can," she cried laughingly. "You know how Matthew Mark will be—the great log."

"I shall not be like Matthew Mark," he replied as he hurried away.

Indeed, he was like the spirit of joy the next night when at nine he came into the crowded room where the wedding guests sat stolidly about the walls. Long Michael was tuning his fiddle; the bride was there, sitting by the side of Matthew Mark and gazing steadfastly at the floor as though the lights hurt her eyes. Matthew Mark seemingly gazed at nothing. A few girls sat whispering together, momentarily breaking into hysterical giggles. Boris paused at the door.

"What, no dancing yet?" he cried gaily. "Has Jolsva lost its legs?"

Katia Stolgolz, coming up behind him, pulled him by the sleeve back into the hall.

"What do you think?" she whispered tragically, yet with eyes near to laughter. "Father Franz has not come! He was to be here at eight. Some say he went over the mountain to see a sick child; but I just now heard it whispered that he fears Matthew Mark will give him no fee, and he waits outside, hoping to bargain." She laughed hysterically. "Of course that is a jest; but, nevertheless, he is not here. That is no jest."

"But why has the bride come down before the service?" asked Boris.

"She waited nearly an hour, and then

marched into the room, fearing it was bad luck to wait any longer. There she sits, a bride, and yet not a bride. Poor thing! You can see yourself she 's half dead with shame. But, Mother in high heaven, what are we to do?"

"Do?" said Boris. "Why, dance, of course. What is a wedding without dancing? A priest is well, but a fiddler better. Thank God it is not Long Michael, but Father Franz, who is late!"

Now, at Hungarian weddings the one giving the bride a silver dollar acquires the right to dance with her that even the bridegroom cannot gainsay. As Boris ceased speaking, he advanced to the middle of the room, smiled, drew a canvas pouch from his pocket, and, taking out a silver dollar, tossed it into the lap of Rose Polgar.

"The first dance with the bride!" he shouted, and, nodding to Long Michael, strode up to Rose, his hands on his hips, his feet moving lightly to the tune Long Michael began to play, his eyes on the bride's face. Hesitatingly she rose and curtsied before him. Seizing her hands, he wheeled on his heels.

"All choose your partners!" Long Michael called, and with an eagerness that the long delay had brought to the verge of nervous tension, the company surged out upon the floor. Matthew Mark danced with Katia.

"You must dance the next dance with the bride," she said tartly. "It should have been the first. How it must look!"

Matthew Mark smiled.

"I had not the silver dollar," he confessed. "It is God's truth that I searched through the village a whole hour to find one, but not one was to be found. But what does it matter? Why pay when after to-night I may dance with her always for nothing? Let others pay; that is wisdom."

Over on the other side of the room, where at the moment they were dancing, Boris was saying to Rose:

"Only one of two things could make thy face as sad as it is to-night, little one: either you are afraid Father Franz will not come or you fear that he will. Which fear is it?"

"It may be that my face is sad because I am dancing with you," she replied, with a saucy toss of her head.

He laughed.

"Then your sadness is not likely to end soon," he told her.

She looked up questioningly as she asked:

"What do you mean, Boris Jansin?"

"But you have not answered my question," he said. "That comes first."

"Nor am I likely to," she retorted. "You are not Father Franz, my confessor."

He looked at her slowly as he replied in a low tone:

"Yet have you confessed. You fear he will come. You would have told me the truth if it were the other reason. O little Rose, why did you not wait for me? I know now that I have been searching for you these two wandering years."

"Take me back to my seat," she said angrily. "It is wicked to talk like that."

"Is the truth ever wicked?" he replied. Nevertheless, he led her back to her chair at the head of the room. Later, as he stood by the door, Katia came to him.

"It was wrong to take the first dance from Matthew Mark," she said in a low voice. "You know he is not quick to think." Long Michael was tuning his fiddle for the second dance. Boris smiled.

"I took only what my silver dollar gave as a right," he replied. "Must the quick to spend wait on the slow?" He flung a dramatic arm out toward the company sitting in embarrassed or wondering silence about the walls. "Look! Long Michael is beginning to play, yet no one moves toward the bride. Such misers!" He walked rapidly toward Rose, taking his canvas bag from his pocket as he went. Laughter rippled down the line of watchers.

"The second dance with the bride!" he called loudly, and flung the second dollar into her lap.

This time she, too, rose with a laugh, though a little flush of angry resentment burned on her cheeks. The resentment was not for Boris, but for those who showed so little desire to dance with her that they sat like dumb cattle, looking at one another furtively and doubtless thinking of their cherished silver, she thought to herself. Her eyes held scorn as they met Matthew Mark's as she swung past him.

He smiled uneasily, and said aloud with an attempt at bravado:

"That surely will buy us a kitchen table —that second dollar."

"Aye," retorted Mary Cracow, who sat near him; "and no doubt you will keep her tied to it, the poor child!"

He leaned toward her at that.

"It is God's truth," he said confidentially, "that only yesterday I hunted the village up and down for silver dollars, and found not one."

"That I myself know to be true," said Luke Posen, who overheard. "I also searched, but uselessly."

"Boris found them," retorted Mary.

"That also seems true, the cunning devil!" said Luke.

At midnight, when Boris was dancing the fifteenth consecutive dance with the bride, every one in the company at last knew what had led Boris up and down through the village in what had seemed a meaningless activity the day before: he had seemingly secured every silver dollar in the village. He now no longer returned his canvas pouch to his pocket, but tied with a stout cord about his neck, it hung before him, still jingling with ominous heaviness as he danced.

"Well, it is God's will," said Matthew Mark, philosophically, when at last he learned the truth. "When nothing can be done, nothing can be done. He laughs best who laughs last, and Boris Jansin will yet furnish the whole kitchen for us. God gave one man talent to spend, and another some small talent in saving. Let those who really think, consider which is better."

"But is it not putting shame on us all?" asked Luke, who was sensitive to Mary Cracow's openly expressed scorn. "Why grasp all the dollars, the swine!"

"I also was thinking of that," said Matthew Mark, with a troubled face, for in his slow mind resentment was beginning to fight with avarice.

"Thinking of it!" sneered Luke. "Long since you should have thrown him into the street."

At that moment it chanced, as they circled the room in the dance, that Boris and Rose were nearing the group, and just to prove that he acted where others thought, John Posen, Luke's younger brother, thrust out his foot in their path. But Boris saw, and stooping quickly, he caught the boy by the leg, and drew him sprawling to the floor, and then danced on with a laugh.

Others laughed, but more scowled, and the little spark of anger and rough play spread. In the next round a piece of spiced bread was thrown at Boris, and later a shower of pieces pelted him when his back was turned. He only laughed again.

"It was never my way to look fearfully back over my shoulder," he called aloud. "What little danger marches bravely up to my face I meet gladly."

Some one shoved Matthew Mark violently toward him, and the look of alarm on Matthew Mark's face as he lurched forward set the room in a roar of laughter. Boris, too, laughed.

"*Danger,* I said," he shouted mischievously as he danced on.

He had taken his place with Rose for the twentieth dance when at last, stirred to action by the jeers or reproaches of his friends, Matthew Mark strode forward and caught Rose by the arm. She drew back with a little cry.

"Now this must end," he said fiercely. "Come back to your chair."

"Have I not paid the silver dollar for the dance?" asked Boris, pleasantly.

"The dances are over," snapped Matthew Mark. "I have told Long Michael not to play."

"But I have paid," replied Boris; "therefore the dance will go on. Long Michael will play. I shall see to that." He tried to brush Matthew Mark aside, but Matthew Mark pressed forward.

"Then it will be over my dead body that you dance," he said, and raised his arm to strike. Rose sprang between the two men.

"Oh, please do not try!" she cried to Boris. "I am really tired; it is better not to dance again."

"It is better at least to *begin,* little Rose," Boris said, and putting her behind him, wheeled and faced Matthew Mark, drawing back his arm.

Then as the two men crouched to spring at each other's throats and the company surged excitedly out upon the floor, the moving mass seemed suddenly frozen to immobility; for from the door an authoritative voice boomed out, "Peace be with you, little children!" and Father Franz shouldered his way through the press and

stood glaring down at Boris and Matthew Mark.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

Boris explained.

"And a custom is a custom, is it not so, Father?" he added at the close. "It should not be lightly broken."

"There is some strange business here," said Father Franz. "Here have I been called over the mountain to see a sick child who does not exist, and coming home, my driver lost his way in the darkness, and purposely, I think." His keen eyes caught the shadow of a smile just touch for an instant Boris's face, and he paused and glowered. "Do you know anything of that—the false sick child and a driver who purposely loses his way?" he demanded. "Out with it, knave! You seem up to strange tricks."

"Is all not fair in love and war, Father?" asked Boris, humbly. "Surely one must believe it, it has been said so often and long."

"Knave!" exclaimed Father Franz. "Little scoundrel!" He turned and waved the company back and looked at his watch.

"Back to your seats, little children," he commanded. "It is late, and I must get to my bed. And as soon as I can rush through the marriage service and end all this folly, go straight to your homes, like good children. There has been madness enough." He turned to Matthew Mark. "Are you ready? And you?" he asked Rose.

She held down her head, nervously fingering her veil.

"It is too late," she said in a faint voice.

"Too late? Nonsense!" he grumbled. "I must have it over, after all this trouble."

"But, Father, I have changed my mind," she said appealingly. "I do not care to marry Matthew Mark. The silver dollars for the dances shall go to the church."

"And those still left in the bag, also, Father," Boris said eagerly. He rattled the pouch as it hung from his neck. "Is it not best that the church have them all? You have had so much trouble because of them, dear Father Franz."

"Such nonsense!" grumbled Father Franz. "I mean not the giving of the silver, of course; that is well thought. But this changing your mind after all this trouble for me and your friends! Child, for your folly, you ought to be made to marry this knave Boris. Faith! I think you would be well matched! Such a pair!"

"Perhaps that, too, would be right," murmured Rose.

Father Franz stared.

"I did but joke," he said hastily.

"But a joke might be the good Lord's way to point to the truth, might it not, Father?" Boris said eagerly. "Surely, He sometimes works in strange ways."

"Much the good Lord had to do with it," said Father Franz. He glanced down at the floor for a moment in deep thought, then suddenly wheeled toward Matthew Mark. "Have you nothing to say, too, Matthew Mark?" he demanded.

Matthew Mark shrugged his shoulders.

"The good Lord gave to some a gift for spending, and to some a small talent for saving against his old age," he declared. "What could I do with a wife who spends like that—all that money to the church for nothing at all?"

Very sharply Father Franz turned his back on him, and waved his hand toward the company.

"Back to your seats," he commanded. He took his book from his pocket, pushed Boris over to the side of Rose, and turned, looking about the room. "Who gives this woman away, Katia? Your husband? Then let him hurry. Do you not see it is late?"

BOLSTERING UP THE NATIONAL EXCHEQUER

A PLEA FOR A TAX UPON LITERARY PRETENTIOUSNESS

BY LEONARD HATCH

NOW that tariff legislation is a thing of the present, it is time to remember certain timorous souls who have feared reduction of the tariff. I do not refer to those who have been exercised about the effect of tariff changes on themselves, their business, their food, their clothing, their cost of living. Such have already been sufficiently clamorous and conspicuous; there is no need to dwell upon them.

I am thinking of those who, in a less selfish way, have been devoting all their tremors to the cause of the Government. They are afraid that the public treasury cannot stand the sudden reduction in its income incident to tariff reform, and that such a curtailment will cause it to suffer. Even the thought of an income tax has had little power to cheer them; they search continually for some other scheme to bolster up the exchequer.

It is to such as these that I am able to bring a glad thought, for I have just happened on a plan to counteract any bad effects of tariff reduction upon the national treasury—a plan at once so simple and so beneficent to the government exchequer and beneficial to the public, that I marvel that it has never been tested.

Unfortunately, I cannot lay the flattering unction to my soul that the idea first occurred to me. In my knickerbocker days, even before the taste for "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Tom Brown's School Days" developed, I read Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies." At that time I skipped all the passages which were not concerned directly with the story; but the other day, re-reading the book, I came upon mention of a lady—perhaps a suffragette—with a brilliant idea:

> She made Sir John write to the "Times" to command the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the time being to put a tax on long words.
>
> A light tax on words over three syllables, which are necessary evils, like rats: but, like them, must be kept down.
>
> A heavy tax on words over four syllables, as *heterodoxy, spontaneity, spiritualism, spuriosity, etc.*
>
> And on words over five syllables (of which I hope no one will wish to see any examples), a totally prohibitory tax.

There you are! The passing, facetious fancy of an Englishman now dead provides the germ of a system which, if applied to this country to-day, would effectually forestall any chance of an impoverished national treasury. The steepest sort of taxes on imports would not begin to bring in the revenue that a tariff on imperfect speech and writing here at home would do. Dear old Schedule K would be made to look like a penny mite-box beside the sums that would pour in. And all this without undeserving hardship.

To explain more specifically: take, for example, the mere length of words. If X, Y, or Z should choose to speak of plastography when they meant forgery, let them pay a tariff for that privilege; or if they chose to denote a state of thickness by incrassation or inspissation, a tax would promptly be levied. In fact, whenever such words as eudemonism, obfuscate, phytophagous, anthropopathism, oneiroscopy, and eleutheromaniac were sprung on an unsuspecting hearer or reader, a payment would be instantly demanded.

Of course in the case of scientists, whose business necessitates the use of certain words, an exception might be made. If a physician, a botanist, a zoölogist, or a chemist could prove that to gain a livelihood he had to employ such words as erythematic, entomophilous, echinococcus, or erythrophyllin, he would be exempt, or the tax would be light.

But when there were no extenuating

circumstances, there would be no abatement of taxes. Especially severe should be the schedules in cases where long words were used when shorter ones would serve as well. That is, if any one should speak of etiolation or rubescence when he merely meant the state of being white or red, the excise would be heavy. In other terms, if a word had only the fault of length, a reasonably moderate specific duty would be imposed; but if a long word were employed where a short one might have been, the culprit would be subject to an ad valorem tax, the amount to depend on the gravity of the offense. Thus the person who makes it his rule never to use a short word if a long one will do as well would have to pay for his preference, just as he has had to pay for his preference for an English greatcoat.

The range for such a tariff schedule is indeed broad. Its possibilities touch more than the mere matter of length. Trite and hackneyed words and phrases should certainly not be on the free list, and more stringent regulation than mere taxation would be advisable in some cases. The journalist who describes a person as clean-cut, strenuous, temperamental, or well groomed, might be given a few days in a cell to ponder on possible synonyms, and the same rule would apply to critics who find indispensable such words as significant, suggestive, gripping, artistry, obsession, and the indefinable something. Nor would the political orator be allowed to *point with pride* or *view with alarm*. In extreme cases, as where any one used such words as virile, enthuse, humans, or quite some, hard labor or solitary confinement would be the only possible verdict.

Or recourse might be made to that grand old Gilbertian rule of making the punishment fit the crime. Thus any humorist who attempted to raise a laugh by speaking of Art with a capital A might be made, after the fashion of school discipline, to write out the word Art with the afore-mentioned capital two or three thousand times. As for the dramatic critic who declares that any play has, or lacks, the punch, why not let him attend that same play every night for, say, a month?

There ought not, however, to be any distinction against journalism and in favor of fiction and poetry. Take the case of the novelist and his methods. Suppose, instead of saying, "She wondered why he was silent," the novelist wrote: "Whether the man's inherent predilection to ratiocinative meditation had gripped him, whether it was merely the instinctive armor of taciturnity in which the masculine ego, feeling itself worsted, often arrays itself, or whether he was stung into a wordless impotency of embarrassment, and perhaps a sentimental embarrassment, by the proximity of her presence—such were the subliminal queries which thrust themselves, with a thousand nuances of interrogative emphasis, against the exquisite sensitivity of her feminine, perhaps all too feminine, curiosity, dominantly, ineluctably."

Any author who chose to write thus ought to be forced to pay for the privilege. So, too, ought the one who writes as follows, paragraphing each sentence separately:

"Why are you silent?" asked she.

"Don't you like silent people?" he parried.

"That depends," she returned.

"On what?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Would you like me to try?" he queried.

This time it was she who was silent. In her eyes beckoned a mocking challenge, —and her face was close to his; so very close that—

"Oh!" she cried; and again, "Oh!"

But her voice was throbbing more with triumph than with indignation. He released her.

"You see, silent people are often the most dangerous!" he laughed.

And so on ad infinitum and ad nauseam. Whether the first novelist or this one should be taxed more heavily would be a question for the experts to pass on. Probably a pro rata tax depending on the author's sales would be the fairest plan.

Obviously, other practices beside length of words and brevity of paragraphs would need attention. All manner of affectations and gallery plays would be dealt with severely in the short story as well as in the novel. There would be no mercy for the author who indicates that some one is speaking by saying: "gurgled she," "shot he," "blushed she," "hesitated the boy," "twinkled the débutante," "straw-grasped the culprit," "antipho-

naled the pair." Yet for years, while the tariff on wool has been condemned up hill and down dale, such verbal practices have gone unregulated.

In the case of poetry alone taxes might be levied heavy enough, though just, more than to equal present rates on paper, ink, and type-writers. Perhaps it would be most feasible to have poets registered and licensed, as dogs are nowadays. Specific rulings would also obtain. If poet "Series B, No. 27,381," wished to exceed the annual limit of three spring poems, he would have to pay a small fee. And for overusage of certain words, such as o'er, glades, babble, verdant, skyey (Shelley, or is it Keats? notwithstanding), lap of spring, and countless more, there would be fitting tariff exactions. As for poets who maltreat their lines, standing them on their heads, after the manner of Chinese torture, in order to get a rhyming word in the right place, they also would suffer for such criminal practices. Likewise poets who invariably eschew all meter, apparently regarding poetry, to quote the old salt, as prose with "its loose ends all to starboard." Moreover, the people, if they *are* real people at all, who write the words to popular songs should not escape a heavy fine when they rhyme baby and lady, kiss and wish, or when they lead into the chorus with the line, *"And thus to* $\left\{\begin{matrix} her \\ him \end{matrix}\right\}$ *did say."*

It is possible to run on with case after case needing reform. Any one can see for himself how a tariff analogous to the one so long in operation might be placed upon foreign words and phrases incessantly and needlessly interlarding a passage of English. Slang could be controlled in the same way, although it would be manifestly unfair to deal as harshly with what springs from impulse as with that which is due to the complacency of long usage. Bad grammar and unpardonable pronunciation might be regulated and bettered by the same means. We should then have the almost unbelievably hopeful spectacle of the National Government working in conjunction with organized education throughout the land.

At this point I can hear the reader murmuring to himself: "All very pretty, but how does he purpose to carry out such reform practically? How can he detect violations and assess the taxes?" Nevertheless, I am convinced that such a tariff could be put into practical execution. The thinking portion of the public would see the beauty of the scheme and would cooperate. A majority would strive to curtail the offending products of their tongues and pens. Many an author and public speaker, with a sufficient income, would come forward stoutly to "declare" whatever dutiable wares he was about to offer to the public. Of course there would be some attempted smuggling. This would have to be checked as all smuggling is. The Government would be forced to employ a vast corps of officials to enforce its excises. Some would read indefatigably, going through books and newspapers as the custom-house satrap to-day goes through one's trunk on the pier. Others would work after the fashion of a plain-clothes force, haunting churches and public meetings, street corners, hotel lobbies, afternoon teas; in fact, every spot where people talk. All this would require time and patience. But the difficulties are mechanical rather than fundamental.

And picture to yourself the results. First of all, the nation's treasury would be full to overflowing. All public institutions would share the profits. Bad grammar would finance new schools and colleges. Slang would found libraries. By itself, the word virile would help endow a national museum. Spring poetry would amply finance the printing and distribution of agricultural literature. The split infinitive would help to organize municipal theaters. And will and shall alone would pay for a national highway across the continent. All the while public taste and intelligence would grow. Cultivation would increase a thousandfold as soon as it began to cost money to be uncultivated; for not only is it true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but it is equally indisputable that the way to his brain is through his pocket. Can any sane person for an instant doubt the ultimate result if the tariff and the thinking public began thus, hand in hand, to work strenuously in such an uplift movement for the higher good?

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

YOUNG WOMAN WITH A FAN

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED RED CHALK DRAWING, TOUCHED WITH WHITE, BY ALBERT STERNER

s and fell crashing among
pedestrians; large cloths
above our heads.
my swaying rickshaw and
believe there is a typhoon
the wind tore my breath
hotel I found Chang Siu,
servant, clinging to a swaying
the motor, with a wide
e.
ow?" he gasped. "S'pose
come."
't do, Chang Siu," I shouted.
to cover the motor."

THE FAMOUS CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE FROM UTSONOMIYA TO NIKKO

We ran across miles of flat paddy-fields dotted with frequent well-sweeps, at which the meagerly clad peasants were raising water for their irrigation. Dumpy little straw-thatched cottages nestled about, with iris and red lilies growing in profusion on their wide sod roof-ridges. The road wound along through the bright green of the paddy like a narrow white ribbon, raised a few feet above the flooded level of the rice-fields. It was the narrowest little road conceivable, and as we could turn out only a few inches on either side without dropping off into an irrigation-ditch or the soft mud of the fields, it was necessary for each of the hundreds of pedestrians to jump completely off the road and stand ankle-deep in mud as we passed. They were all very good-natured about it, although many were dragging or carrying heavy loads.

When we finally reached Nagoya, we found the hotel built in European style, with a small, but attractive, court. As usual with Japanese courts, it required so much manipulating to get the car inside that we decided to use rickshaws for sight-seeing in Nagoya.

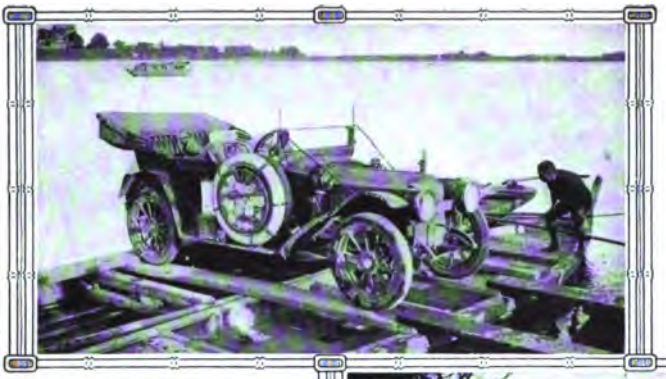
A SCENE IN THE HAYAKAWA VALLEY

In the late afternoon I noticed that a strong wind had suddenly sprung up, and we encountered unpleasant little eddies and whirlwinds, which dashed handfuls of dirt into our faces. An hour later the wind had strengthened enormously, and every one was excited and worried, running distractedly from place to place, shouting futilely, and striving to get their lighter possessions away from the wind's blustering reach. The streets and air were full of strange articles; empty wooden tubs rolled noisily over the ground; huge bright-colored tin signs broke loose from their fastenings and fell crashing among the dodging pedestrians; large cloths sailed merrily above our heads.

I clung to my swaying rickshaw and shouted, "I believe there is a typhoon coming," but the wind tore my breath away. At the hotel I found Chang Siu, my Chinese servant, clinging to a swaying palm-tree near the motor, with a wide grin on his face.

"Plenty blow?" he gasped. "S'pose one typhoon come."

"This won't do, Chang Siu," I shouted. "We 'll have to cover the motor."



USUAL TYPE OF JAPANESE FERRY

COMMON CONDITION OF JAPANESE BRIDGES

Chang Siu followed me cautiously out back of the hotel. On all sides roofs were beginning to shed their tiles, and a flower-pot with a geranium in it chased a kerosene lamp across our path. In the face of this bombardment we searched, and suddenly I came upon just what was needed. Most Japanese buildings are roofed either with thatch or tile; here, by unexpected good luck, was a small empty shed with a wooden roof. We carried away the roof, and lashed it firmly with wire rope over the car. When we had finished, the motor looked like a yacht laid up for the winter.

It grew dark, and began to rain furiously, and we fled for refuge inside. The force of the hotel had not been idle, and the building was braced and barricaded from end to end with huge poles and beams tied with straw rope. Wooden shutters had been nailed over the windows, except in the corner rooms, which were equipped with sheet-iron ones, now heavily barred and bolted. From the stairs ascending from the office, several poles, eight inches in diameter and twenty feet long, were braced up against the main entrance-doors, and securely lashed to heavy planks which latticed the front of the building. The hotel seemed fortified to resist any sort of attack. Later we heard the crash of falling telegraph-poles, collapsing roofs, and the roar of shattered tiles flung broadcast. Then all the lights went out.

My room on the second floor rocked and swayed, and it seemed as though the building could not hold together. After a while I grew accustomed to the motion and the noise of breaking glass, and dropped off to sleep, but a terrific crash right by my ear brought me up with a start. The sheet-iron shutters of my windows had finally succumbed to the fury of the gale, and although fully eight inches outside of the glass, had bent in until the windows, sash and all, lay shattered on the floor. A drenching torrent whirled in through the crack between the resisting shutters, seized a screen and hurled it clear across the room on to my bed, and then seized the bed and bounced it savagely up and down. Then part of the roof took leave, and slid past my window with the nerve-racking clatter of coal pouring into an empty steel bin.

By dawn the typhoon was satisfied with

what it had done, and moved on out to sea. I retrieved my saturated clothes, and went down-stairs.

I crawled out by a broken window and picked my way through the debris to look at the car. Chang Siu came out, and together we scraped off the wreckage and removed the wooden roof. The car was undamaged.

There was scarcely a house in the city that had not lost at least a portion of its roof, and broken tiles were heaped in every direction. Strangest of all, in a city remarkable for the number of its theaters, not one was left standing. As for the ordinary little houses of the people, many were just pathetic heaps on the ground. The typhoon was said to be the worst in half a century, and the whole of Japan suffered heavily.

Two days later, driving through a maze of fallen trees, tangled telephone-wires, and wrecked houses, we had not proceeded far before a strange object loomed up ahead. It was a junk, a big sea-going junk, and completely blocked the road. Lest one alone made an insufficient barricade, three others lay across the highway at regular intervals beyond, deposited there from a small river half a mile distant.

A hump-backed stone bridge led to a parallel road. It was parallel only in its fitful efforts to maintain the same general direction as the river, and its impromptu excursions into the interior of the island added many miles to our already ambitious schedule. There was very little traffic on the road, only a few four-wheeled horse-drawn wagons; but herds of frightened elephants would have been as easy to pass.

The first of these slow-moving produce carts which we encountered quickened its speed alarmingly at the first sight of us several hundred yards distant. Without preliminaries, the horse promptly plunged off the road and the heavily laden cart followed, burying itself to the platform in the soft slime of the paddy-field four feet below. His desire to avoid the motor at least simplified our passing, and as our offers to assist in the disinterment of the cart were not very cordially received, we drove on, only to be confronted by other carts with other methods of procedure.

One horse veered sharply through the front of a near-by house, which, being

JAPANESE CANDY-SELLER DRUMMING UP TRADE

JAPANESE WOMEN DRYING RICE

A VILLAGE ON THE TOKAIDO ROAD

A STONE LANTERN SHOP

A JAPANESE LAUNDRY

mostly of paper, did not seriously impede him, but made a nice, spectacular smash. An old woman screamed, and a flock of children came popping out from all sides; but the horse kept on, crashing through a bamboo fence into a paddy-field, and stopped abruptly to snatch a furtive, unaccustomed meal.

The road ended abruptly at the edge of a vast lagoon. Vague rumors of a ferry had reached me, but there was none to be found, nor even a decent-sized sampan. Accordingly we returned sixteen miles to Toyohashi, and tried to find a road around.

There were only three roads away from Toyohashi, and as we had come in by one, and obstinately refused to consider the ferryless second, an obliging Japanese put us on the third, shaking his head in puzzled resignation. The road was a delightful, meandering little thing which led innocently over one mountain pass to the top of a second, and then jumped off a few hundred feet below. The car was equal to it, and slid down, almost perpendicularly among the boulders, although our springs, flattened to straight lines by long use and continual overloading, complained bitterly. Then the lagoon again confronted us, and we skirted for miles along its edge, sneaking in safety over a whole family of little bridges. All were precarious, with missing planks and sections of their approaches washed away, for the lagoon had also suffered in the typhoon; but number seven appeared perfectly safe. As our front wheels rose upon it at the slowest speed I could maintain, it never even trembled; but just as the rear wheels left the bank, the bridge slid away from its foundations, the farther end rose abruptly in the air, and car and bridge plunged together into the lagoon. Chang Siu sailed out over our heads, two suitcases and a tiffin-basket landed on the back of my neck, and my mother violently assaulted the windshield, but fortunately failed to break it.

It was a strange accident. The car had dropped fourteen feet straight down, landing with its front wheels in a V, formed of part of the bridge and the steeply shelving bank, while the back wheels stood straight up in the air.

We clambered out with difficulty and regained the shore. Nothing appeared damaged except the pan. The road was built up above a paddy-field on one side and an arm of the lagoon on the other, and about us was absolutely nothing solid to hitch the chain-falls to.

"No use," I remarked cheerfully. "We 'll have to wait for the crowd."

I lighted my pipe, and we sat on the rescued cushions and watched a huge full moon rise over the reedy lagoon. No one appeared for over half an hour, then fig-

ures began drifting up in twos and threes out of the dusk, and squatted on their heels on the other side of the gaping chasm, their tiny pipes glowing in the darkness. I waited patiently as the little group slowly multiplied, then waded across and explained that we had not assumed that particular position in order to get a prettier view of their nice lake. No one moved. I called Chang Siu over. "Tell them we want to go to Hamamatsu; bridge break," I said. "Want to get motor out. Say I make present if coolie help get motor out." Chang Siu repeated four words three times very fast, and stopped short. I tried a mixture of Japanese, English, and deaf-and-dumb language. This time one of the men apparently grasped the idea, for he conferred in loud tones with his comrades, and then turned to me in a long reply, which I could not follow.

"What did he say, Chang Siu?" I asked, for I had lost him hopelessly in the early beginning.

"He say, yess." Boiled down, that probably amounted to just what he had said, but it was not very enlightening. I shrugged my shoulders and told them to go ahead, and then the difference between these men and a gang of Indian coolies with which I had had experiences became startlingly evident. They knew just what to do, and went ahead and did it.

When the motor was extricated, I asked how much of a present would be acceptable. The number-one coolie probably set it high, suggesting fifteen yen; but I did not complain. Seven dollars and a half for the hard physical labor of sixty-eight men for four hours seemed scarcely extortionate.

It was a magnificent run along the Fujikawa, the road often cut in the side of the mountain high above the river, and again descending to the fertile basins, where the ripened paddy was being harvested. I think ours was the first motor over that road, and seldom had it aroused greater excitement. As soon as we came in sight, no matter how far away they were, the people abandoned everything and started for us on the dead run, and when we again disappeared from view, many who had not arrived on the scene were still scrambling frantically over the fields and down the hillsides in the distance.

The scenery was superb, the heavily wooded mountains rising straight up from the winding river, and Fuji's snow-covered peak dominating the green hills on

IN THE TEMPLE GROUNDS

MOTORING IN JAPAN

BY

MELVIN A. HALL

THE process of unloading, lightering, and landing our car at Kobe was made rather less complicated by the courtesy of the Japanese customs officials. When the landing agent finally departed with a basket and both arms full of papers, to which the last stamp, the last signature, and the final bit of tape, had been affixed, I drove away from the dock between lines of officials in white uniforms, who saluted, and swung open the custom-house doors.

After a few days' preliminary touring to the west and north, we departed upcountry early one afternoon with such little information as I had been able to obtain, none of it particularly assuring. While we were at tiffin, the motor, filled with luggage, had been left blocking the street outside. Upon coming out we found it surrounded by about a third of the population of Kobe, exploring it inside and out, and striving desperately with one another for more intimate views. Forcing my way through the mob and into the car, I stepped on the muffler cut-out and started the engine on the spark. The unexpected roar of an open exhaust cleared a short space in front, and I drove cautiously away, while the outer layers of humanity, clinging to running-boards and luggage-rack, were gradually shaken off, with shrieks of laughter. With the pack in full chase behind, making the narrow streets reëcho with the noise of their wooden clogs, we crept through the town, dodging rickshaw, confused pedestrians of both sexes, toddling babies, and more or less casually placed telegraph-poles.

THE FAMOUS CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE FROM UTSONOMIYA TO NIKKO

We ran across miles of flat paddy-fields dotted with frequent well-sweeps, at which the meagerly clad peasants were raising water for their irrigation. Dumpy little straw-thatched cottages nestled about, with iris and red lilies growing in profusion on their wide sod roof-ridges. The road wound along through the bright green of the paddy like a narrow white ribbon, raised a few feet above the flooded level of the rice-fields. It was the narrowest little road conceivable, and as we could turn out only a few inches on either side without dropping off into an irrigation-ditch or the soft mud of the fields, it was necessary for each of the hundreds of pedestrians to jump completely off the road and stand ankle-deep in mud as we passed. They were all very good-natured about it, although many were dragging or carrying heavy loads.

When we finally reached Nagoya, we found the hotel built in European style, with a small, but attractive, court. As usual with Japanese courts, it required so much manipulating to get the car inside that we decided to use rickshaws for sight-seeing in Nagoya.

A SCENE IN THE HAYAKAWA VALLEY

In the late afternoon I noticed that a strong wind had suddenly sprung up, and we encountered unpleasant little eddies and whirlwinds, which dashed handfuls of dirt into our faces. An hour later the wind had strengthened enormously, and every one was excited and worried, running distractedly from place to place, shouting futilely, and striving to get their lighter possessions away from the wind's blustering reach. The streets and air were full of strange articles; empty wooden tubs rolled noisily over the ground; huge bright-colored tin signs broke loose from their fastenings and fell crashing among the dodging pedestrians; large cloths sailed merrily above our heads.

I clung to my swaying rickshaw and shouted, "I believe there is a typhoon coming," but the wind tore my breath away. At the hotel I found Chang Siu, my Chinese servant, clinging to a swaying palm-tree near the motor, with a wide grin on his face.

"Plenty blow?" he gasped. "S'pose one typhoon come."

"This won't do, Chang Siu," I shouted. "We 'll have to cover the motor."

USUAL TYPE OF JAPANESE FERRY

COMMON CONDITION OF JAPANESE BRIDGES

Chang Siu followed me cautiously out back of the hotel. On all sides roofs were beginning to shed their tiles, and a flower-pot with a geranium in it chased a kerosene lamp across our path. In the face of this bombardment we searched, and suddenly I came upon just what was needed. Most Japanese buildings are roofed either with thatch or tile; here, by unexpected good luck, was a small empty shed with a wooden roof. We carried away the roof, and lashed it firmly with wire rope over the car. When we had finished, the motor looked like a yacht laid up for the winter.

It grew dark, and began to rain furiously, and we fled for refuge inside. The force of the hotel had not been idle, and the building was braced and barricaded from end to end with huge poles and beams tied with straw rope. Wooden shutters had been nailed over the windows, except in the corner rooms, which were equipped with sheet-iron ones, now heavily barred and bolted. From the stairs ascending from the office, several poles, eight inches in diameter and twenty feet long, were braced up against the main entrance-doors, and securely lashed to heavy planks which latticed the front of the building. The hotel seemed fortified to resist any sort of attack. Later we heard the crash of falling telegraph-poles, collapsing roofs, and the roar of shattered tiles flung broadcast. Then all the lights went out.

My room on the second floor rocked and swayed, and it seemed as though the building could not hold together. After a while I grew accustomed to the motion and the noise of breaking glass, and dropped off to sleep, but a terrific crash right by my ear brought me up with a start. The sheet-iron shutters of my windows had finally succumbed to the fury of the gale, and although fully eight inches outside of the glass, had bent in until the windows, sash and all, lay shattered on the floor. A drenching torrent whirled in through the crack between the resisting shutters, seized a screen and hurled it clear across the room on to my bed, and then seized the bed and bounced it savagely up and down. Then part of the roof took leave, and slid past my window with the nerve-racking clatter of coal pouring into an empty steel bin.

By dawn the typhoon was satisfied with

what it had done, and moved on out to sea. I retrieved my saturated clothes, and went down-stairs.

I crawled out by a broken window and picked my way through the debris to look at the car. Chang Siu came out, and together we scraped off the wreckage and removed the wooden roof. The car was undamaged.

There was scarcely a house in the city that had not lost at least a portion of its roof, and broken tiles were heaped in every direction. Strangest of all, in a city remarkable for the number of its theaters, not one was left standing. As for the ordinary little houses of the people, many were just pathetic heaps on the ground. The typhoon was said to be the worst in half a century, and the whole of Japan suffered heavily.

Two days later, driving through a maze of fallen trees, tangled telephone-wires, and wrecked houses, we had not proceeded far before a strange object loomed up ahead. It was a junk, a big sea-going junk, and completely blocked the road. Lest one alone made an insufficient barricade, three others lay across the highway at regular intervals beyond, deposited there from a small river half a mile distant.

A hump-backed stone bridge led to a parallel road. It was parallel only in its fitful efforts to maintain the same general direction as the river, and its impromptu excursions into the interior of the island added many miles to our already ambitious schedule. There was very little traffic on the road, only a few four-wheeled horse-drawn wagons; but herds of frightened elephants would have been as easy to pass.

The first of these slow-moving produce carts which we encountered quickened its speed alarmingly at the first sight of us several hundred yards distant. Without preliminaries, the horse promptly plunged off the road and the heavily laden cart followed, burying itself to the platform in the soft slime of the paddy-field four feet below. His desire to avoid the motor at least simplified our passing, and as our offers to assist in the disinterment of the cart were not very cordially received, we drove on, only to be confronted by other carts with other methods of procedure.

One horse veered sharply through the front of a near-by house, which, being

JAPANESE CANDY-SELLER DRUMMING UP TRADE

JAPANESE WOMEN DRYING RICE

A VILLAGE ON THE TOKAIDO ROAD

A STONE LANTERN SHOP

A JAPANESE LAUNDRY

mostly of paper, did not seriously impede him, but made a nice, spectacular smash. An old woman screamed, and a flock of children came popping out from all sides; but the horse kept on, crashing through a bamboo fence into a paddy-field, and stopped abruptly to snatch a furtive, unaccustomed meal.

The road ended abruptly at the edge of a vast lagoon. Vague rumors of a ferry had reached me, but there was none to be found, nor even a decent-sized sampan. Accordingly we returned sixteen miles to Toyohashi, and tried to find a road around.

There were only three roads away from Toyohashi, and as we had come in by one, and obstinately refused to consider the ferryless second, an obliging Japanese put us on the third, shaking his head in puzzled resignation. The road was a delightful, meandering little thing which led innocently over one mountain pass to the top of a second, and then jumped off a few hundred feet below. The car was equal to it, and slid down, almost perpendicularly among the boulders, although our springs, flattened to straight lines by long use and continual overloading, complained bitterly. Then the lagoon again confronted us, and we skirted for miles along its edge, sneaking in safety over a whole family of little bridges. All were precarious, with missing planks and sections of their approaches washed away, for the lagoon had also suffered in the typhoon; but number seven appeared perfectly safe. As our front wheels rose upon it at the slowest speed I could maintain, it never even trembled; but just as the rear wheels left the bank, the bridge slid away from its foundations, the farther end rose abruptly in the air, and car and bridge plunged together into the lagoon. Chang Siu sailed out over our heads, two suitcases and a tiffin-basket landed on the back of my neck, and my mother violently assaulted the windshield, but fortunately failed to break it.

It was a strange accident. The car had dropped fourteen feet straight down, landing with its front wheels in a V, formed of part of the bridge and the steeply shelving bank, while the back wheels stood straight up in the air.

We clambered out with difficulty and regained the shore. Nothing appeared damaged except the pan. The road was built up above a paddy-field on one side and an arm of the lagoon on the other, and about us was absolutely nothing solid to hitch the chain-falls to.

"No use," I remarked cheerfully. "We 'll have to wait for the crowd."

I lighted my pipe, and we sat on the rescued cushions and watched a huge full moon rise over the reedy lagoon. No one appeared for over half an hour, then fig-

ures began drifting up in twos and threes out of the dusk, and squatted on their heels on the other side of the gaping chasm, their tiny pipes glowing in the darkness. I waited patiently as the little group slowly multiplied, then waded across and explained that we had not assumed that particular position in order to get a prettier view of their nice lake. No one moved. I called Chang Siu over. "Tell them we want to go to Hamamatsu; bridge break," I said. "Want to get motor out. Say I make present if coolie help get motor out." Chang Siu repeated four words three times very fast, and stopped short. I tried a mixture of Japanese, English, and deaf-and-dumb language. This time one of the men apparently grasped the idea, for he conferred in loud tones with his comrades, and then turned to me in a long reply, which I could not follow.

"What did he say, Chang Siu?" I asked, for I had lost him hopelessly in the early beginning.

"He say, yess." Boiled down, that probably amounted to just what he had said, but it was not very enlightening. I shrugged my shoulders and told them to go ahead, and then the difference between these men and a gang of Indian coolies with which I had had experiences became startlingly evident. They knew just what to do, and went ahead and did it.

When the motor was extricated, I asked how much of a present would be acceptable. The number-one coolie probably set it high, suggesting fifteen yen; but I did not complain. Seven dollars and a half for the hard physical labor of sixty-eight men for four hours seemed scarcely extortionate.

It was a magnificent run along the Fujikawa, the road often cut in the side of the mountain high above the river, and again descending to the fertile basins, where the ripened paddy was being harvested. I think ours was the first motor over that road, and seldom had it aroused greater excitement. As soon as we came in sight, no matter how far away they were, the people abandoned everything and started for us on the dead run, and when we again disappeared from view, many who had not arrived on the scene were still scrambling frantically over the fields and down the hillsides in the distance.

The scenery was superb, the heavily wooded mountains rising straight up from the winding river, and Fuji's snow-covered peak dominating the green hills on

IN THE TEMPLE GROUNDS

A JAPANESE WELL

the other side. Far below us we could see the long, narrow river sampans shooting down through the rapids at high speed, or being towed laboriously up-stream by gangs of straining coolies, their high rectangular sails spread to catch the following wind. We scaled two stony passes, clearing treacherous culverts and shelflike bridges, which swayed perilously under the unaccustomed weight, and as we penetrated farther, little land-slips which blocked the road and had to be cleared away, grew more and more frequent.

Passing through Matsuno, its sole policeman hailed us and politely asked to accompany us to the next village. He stood on the running-board, but as we approached each little hamlet his duty suddenly called him to the one beyond, and we began to suspect that he had joined us for the rest of our trip. I was somewhat bored; the condition of the road was not such as to make his extra weight welcome.

The road grew steadily worse. In the mountains the little land-slips assumed proportions no longer easy to dig through; on the basins frequent washouts recalled Hamana lagoon. With difficulty we reached Minobu, a town of one steep street, lined with inns and shops selling rosaries, leading up to one of the finest Buddhist temples in Japan. But we did not get far beyond, for rounding a point against which the river swirled viciously, we suddenly came to the end of the road. It should have continued, cleaving to the mountain side twenty feet above the river, but there was no vestige of it left, and the mountain slid straight into the water.

"I think this game is up," I remarked; but there was no necessity for comment. Our policeman stepped down from the running-board, pointed ahead, and made some remarks with an apologetic bow.

"What do you suppose he is saying?" asked my mother.

"He is probably saying," I ventured, "that since the honorable road exists no longer, he will accompany us back to his honorable village."

Whatever he may have said, that is what he did.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TEMPLES

THE GLOW-WORM

THE FIRST USER OF ANÆSTHETICS

BY HENRI FABRE [1]

Author of "Social Life in the Insect World"

FEW insects in our climes vie in popular fame with the glow-worm, that curious little animal which, to celebrate the little joys of life, kindles a beacon at the end of its tail. Who does not know it at least by name? Who has not seen it roam amid the grass, like a spark fallen from the moon at its full? The Greeks of old called it λαμπυρίς, meaning "the bright-tailed." Science employs the same term; it calls it "the lantern-bearer" (*Lampyris noctiluce*). In this case, the common name is inferior to the scientific phrase, which, when translated, becomes both expressive and accurate.

In fact, we might easily cavil at the word "worm." The Lampyris is not a worm at all, not even in general appearance. He has six short legs, which he well knows how to use; he is a gadabout, a trotabout. In the adult state, the male is correctly garbed in wing-cases, like the true beetle that he is. The female is an ill-favored thing, who knows naught of the delights of flying; all her life long she retains the larval shape, which, for the rest, is similar to that of the male, who himself is imperfect so long as he has not achieved the maturity that comes with pairing-time. Even in this initial stage, the word "worm" is out of place. We French have the expression, "naked as a worm," to point to the lack of any defensive covering. Now, the Lampyris is clothed; that is to say, he wears an epidermis of some consistency; moreover, he is rather richly colored: his body is dark brown all over, set off with pale pink on the thorax, especially on the lower surface. Finally, each segment is decked at the rear edge with two spots of a fairly bright red. Worms wear no decorations.

Let us leave this ill-chosen denomination and ask ourselves what the Lampyris feeds upon. That master of the art of gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin, said:

"Show me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are."

A similar question should be addressed, by way of a preliminary, to every insect the habits of which we purpose to study; for, from the least to the greatest in the zoölogical progression, the stomach sways the world; the data supplied by food are chief among the documents of life. Well, despite his innocent appearance, the Lampyris is an eater of flesh, a hunter of game; and he follows his calling with rare villainy. His principal prey is the snail. This detail has long been known to entomologists. What is not so well-known, what is not known at all yet, to judge by what I have read, is his curious method of attack, of which I have seen no other instance anywhere.

Before he begins to feast, the glow-worm administers an anæsthetic; he chloroforms his victim, rivaling in the process the wonders of modern surgery, which render the patient insensible before the surgeon operates on him. The usual game is a small snail, hardly the size of a cherry, such as *Helix variabilis,* which in hot weather collects in clusters on the stiff stubble and other long, dry stalks by the roadside, remaining there motionless, in profound meditation, throughout the scorching summer days. It is in some such resting-place as this that I have often been privileged to light upon the Lampyris banqueting on the prey which he had just paralyzed on its shaky support by his surgical artifices.

But he is familiar with other preserves. He frequents the edges of the irrigating-ditches, with their cool soil, their varied vegetation, a favorite haunt of the mollusk. Here he treats the game on the ground; and, under these conditions, it is easy for me to rear him at home and to follow the operator's performance down to the smallest detail.

[1] Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

I will try to make the reader a witness of the strange sight. I place a little grass in a wide glass jar. In this I install a few glow-worms and a provision of snails of a suitable size, neither too large nor too small, chiefly *Helix variabilis*. We must be patient and wait; above all, we must keep close watch, for the desired events come unexpectedly, and do not last long.

Here we are at last. The glow-worm for a moment examines the prey, which, according to its habit, is wholly withdrawn in the shell, except the edge of the mantle, which projects slightly. Then the hunter's weapon is drawn—a very simple weapon, but one that cannot be perceived plainly without the aid of a lens. It consists of two mandibles bent back into a powerful hook, very sharp and as thin as a hair. The microscope reveals the presence of a slender groove running throughout its length; and that is all.

The insect repeatedly taps the snail's mantle with its instrument. This is done with such gentleness as to suggest kisses rather than bites. When we were children, teasing one another, we used to talk of "tweaksies," to express a slight squeeze of the finger-tips, something more like a tickling than a serious pinch. Let us use that word. In conversing with animals, language loses nothing by remaining juvenile. It is the right way for the simple to understand one another.

The Lampyris doles out his tweaks. He distributes them methodically, without hurrying, and takes a brief rest after each tap, as if he wished to ascertain the effect produced. Their number is not great: half a dozen at most, to subdue the prey and deprive it of all power of movement. That other pinches are administered later, at the time of eating, seems very likely; but I cannot assert this definitely, because the sequel escapes me. The first few, however, are enough to impart inertia and loss of all feeling to the mollusk, thanks to the prompt, I might almost say lightning-like, methods of the Lampyris, who, beyond a doubt, instils some kind of poison by means of his grooved hooks.

Here is the proof of the efficacy of those sudden twitches, so mild in appearance: I take the snail from the Lampyris, who has operated four or five times on the edge of the mantle. I prick him with a fine needle in the fore part, which the animal, shrunk into its shell, still leaves exposed. There is no quiver of the wounded tissues, no reaction against the brutality of the needle. A corpse itself could not show fewer signs of life.

Here is something even more conclusive: chance occasionally gives me snails attacked by the Lampyris while they are creeping along, the foot slowly crawling, the tentacles swollen to their full extent. A few disordered movements betray a brief excitement on the part of the mollusk, and then all movement ceases: the foot no longer slugs; the fore part loses its graceful swan-neck curve; the tentacles become limp and give way under their own weight, dangling feebly like a broken stick. This condition persists.

Is the snail really dead? Not at all; for I am free to resuscitate the seeming corpse. After two or three days of that singular condition, which is no longer life and yet is not death, I isolate the patient and, although this is not really necessary to success, give him a douche, which will represent the shower so dear to the able-bodied mollusk. In about two days my prisoner, lately injured by the glow-worm's treachery, is restored to his normal state. He revives in a manner; he recovers movement and sensibility. He is affected by the stimulus of a needle; he shifts his place, crawls, puts out his tentacles, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The general torpor, a sort of deep drunkenness, has vanished completely. The dead returns to life. What name shall we give to that form of existence which for a time abolishes the power of movement and the sense of pain? I can see only one that is approximately suitable: anæsthesia. The exploits of a host of wasps, the flesh-eating grubs of which are provided with meat that is motionless, though not dead, have taught us the skilful art of the paralyzing insect, which numbs the locomotory nerve-centers with its venom. We have now a humble little animal that first produces complete anæsthesia in its victim. Human science did not in reality invent this art, which is one of the wonders of modern surgery. Much earlier, far back in the centuries, the Lampyris, and apparently others, knew it as well. The animal's knowledge had a long start of ours; the method alone has changed. Our operators proceed by making us inhale the

fumes of ether or chloroform; the insect proceeds by injecting a special virus that comes from the mandibular fangs in infinitesimal doses. Might we not one day be able to benefit by this hint? What glorious discoveries the future would have in store for us, if we could better understand the insect's secrets!

Why does the Lampyris use anæsthetic talent against a harmless and peaceful adversary, which never would begin a quarrel of its own accord? I think I know. We find in Algeria a beetle known as *Drilus marocanus,* which, though nonluminous, approaches our glow-worm in its organization and especially in its habits. It, too, feeds on land mollusks. Its prey is a Cyclostomus with a graceful spiral shell, tightly closed with a stony lid which is attached to the animal by a powerful muscle. The lid is a movable door, which is quickly shut by the inmate's mere withdrawal into his house, and as easily opened when the hermit goes forth. With this system of closing, the abode becomes inviolable; and the Cyclostomus knows it.

Fixed to the surface of the shell by an adhesive apparatus, whereof the Lampyris will presently show us the equivalent, he remains on the lookout, waiting, if necessary, for whole days at a time. At last, the need of air and food obligé the besieged non-combatant to show himself; at least the door is set slightly ajar. That is enough. The Drilus is on the spot and strikes his blow. The door can no longer be closed, and the assailant is henceforth master of the fortress. Our first impression is that the muscle moving the lid has been cut with a quick-acting pair of shears. This idea must be dismissed. The Drilus is not well enough equipped with jaws to gnaw through a fleshy mass so quickly. The operation must succeed at once, at the first touch; if not, the animal attacked would retreat, still in full vigor, and the siege must be resumed as arduously as ever, exposing the insect to fasts indefinitely prolonged. Although I never have come across the Drilus, which is a stranger to my district, I conjecture a method of attack very similar to that of the glow-worm. Like our own snail-eater, the Algerian insect does not cut its victim into small pieces; it renders it inert, chloroforms it by means of a few tweaks, which are easily distributed, if the lid is half-opened for a second. That will do. The besieger thereupon enters, and in perfect quiet consumes a prey incapable of the least muscular effort. That is how I see things by the unaided light of logic.

Let us now return to the glow-worm. When the snail is on the ground, creeping, or even shrunk into his shell, the attack never presents any difficulty. The shell possesses no lid and, to a great extent, leaves the hermit's fore part exposed. Here, on the edges of the mantle, contracted by the fear of danger, the mollusk is vulnerable and incapable of defense. But it happens frequently that the snail occupies a raised position, clinging to the tip of a grass-stalk or perhaps to the smooth surface of a stone. This support serves him as a temporary lid; it wards off the aggression of any churl who might try to molest the inhabitant of the cabin, always on the express condition that no slit show itself anywhere on the protecting circumference. On the other hand, if the shell does not fit its support quite closely, if some point, however tiny, is left uncovered, this is enough for the subtle tools of the Lampyris, who merely nibbles at the mollusk and at once plunges him into that profound immobility which favors the tranquil proceedings of the consumer.

These proceedings are marked by extreme prudence. The assailant must handle his victim gingerly, without provoking contractions, which would make the snail let go his support and precipitate him from the tall stalk whereon he is blissfully slumbering. Now, any game falling to the ground would be so much sheer loss, for the glow-worm has no great zeal for hunting-expeditions; he profits by the discoveries good luck sends him, without undertaking assiduous searches. It is essential, therefore, that the equilibrium of a prize perched on the top of a stalk and only barely held in position by a touch of glue should be disturbed as little as possible during the onslaught; it is necessary that the assailant should go to work with extreme circumspection and without producing pain, lest any muscular reaction should provoke a fall and endanger the prize. As we see, sudden and profound anæsthesia is an excellent means of enabling the Lampyris to attain his object, which is to consume his prey in perfect quiet.

What is his manner of consuming it? Does he really eat—that is to say, does he divide his food piecemeal, does he carve it into minute particles, which are afterward ground by a chewing-apparatus? I think not. I never have seen a trace of solid nourishment on my captives' mouths. The glow-worm does not eat in the strict sense of the word: he drinks his fill; he feeds on a thin gruel into which he transforms his prey by a method recalling that of the maggot. Like the flesh-eating grub of the fly, he is able to digest before consuming; he liquefies his prey before feeding on it.

This is how things happen: a snail has been rendered insensible by the glow-worm. The operator is almost always alone, even when the prize is a large one, like the common snail, *Helix aspersa.* Soon a number of guests hasten up—two, three, or more—and, without any quarrel with the real proprietor, all alike fall to. Let us leave them to themselves for a day or two and then turn the shell, with the opening downward. The contents flow out as easily as would soup from an overturned saucepan. When the sated diners retire from this gruel, only insignificant leavings remain.

The explanation is obvious. By repeated, tiny bites, similar to the tweaks which we saw distributed at the outset, the flesh of the mollusk is converted into a gruel, on which the various banqueters nourish themselves without distinction, each working at the broth with some special pepsin of his own and each taking his own mouthfuls of it. Because of this method, which first converts the food into a liquid, we infer that the glow-worm's mouth must be very feebly armed, except for the two fangs which sting the victim and inject the anæsthetic poison and, at the same time, no doubt, the serum capable of turning the solid flesh into fluid. It appears that those two tiny implements, which can barely be examined through the lens, must have some other object. They are hollow and in this respect resemble those of the ant-lion, which sucks and drains its capture without having to divide it; but there is this great difference: the ant-lion leaves copious remnants, which are afterward flung outside the funnel-shaped trap dug in the sand; whereas the glow-worm, that expert liquefier, leaves nothing or next to nothing. With similar tools, the one simply sucks the blood of his prey, and the other turns to account every morsel of his, thanks to a preliminary liquefaction. This is done with exquisite precision, though the equilibrium is sometimes anything but steady. My rearing-glasses supply me with magnificent examples. Crawling up the sides, the snails imprisoned in my apparatus sometimes reach the top, which is closed with a glass pane, and fix themselves to it with a speck of glair. This is a mere temporary halt, in which the mollusk is miserly with his adhesive product, and the merest shake is enough to loosen the shell and send it to the bottom of the jar. Now it is not unusual for the glow-worm to hoist himself up there, with the help of a certain climbing-organ that makes up for his weak legs. He selects his quarry, makes a minute inspection of it to find an entrance-slit, nibbles it a little, renders it insensible, and without delay proceeds to prepare the gruel, the consuming of which will occupy him for several days.

When he leaves the table, the shell is found to be absolutely empty; and yet this shell, which was fixed to the glass by a very slight stickiness, has not come loose, has not even shifted its position in the smallest degree. Without any protest from the hermit, who has gradually been converted into broth, it has been drained on the very spot at which the first attack was delivered. These small details tell us how promptly the anæsthetic bite takes effect; they teach us how dexterously the glow-worm treats his snail, without causing him to fall from a very slippery, vertical support, and without even shaking him on his slight line of adhesion.

Under these conditions of equilibrium, the operator's short, clumsy legs are obviously not enough; a special accessory apparatus is needed to defy the danger of slipping and to seize the unseizable. This apparatus the Lampyris possesses. At the hinder end of the animal we see a white spot, which the lens separates into a dozen short, fleshy appendages, sometimes gathered into a cluster, sometimes spreading into a rosette. There is the organ of adhesion and locomotion. If he would fix himself somewhere, even on a very smooth surface, such as a grass-stalk, the glow-worm opens his rosette and spreads it wide on

Color Tone, made for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson. From a photographic portrait by P. H. Fabre, the son of Henri Fabre

THE INSECTS' HOMER

BY JOHN PEARSON

The nonagenarian, HENRI FABRE, a naturalist called by Darwin "the incomparable observer," a poet whom Maeterlinck styles "one of the finest of the century that is past"

OVER their tiny hills and cities bending,
An old man's face, kindly and comprehending,
Scans all the story of their little lives;
And then with Vergil's art and Darwin's zeal
He gives our alien, Titan race to feel
And know the epic of the webs and hives.

the support to which it adheres by its own stickiness. The same organ, rising and falling, opening and closing, does much to assist the act of progression. In short, we find the glow-worm a sort of self-propelled cripple, who decks his hind quarters with a dainty white rose, a kind of hand with twelve fingers, not jointed, but moving in every direction, tubular fingers, which do not seize, but stick.

The same organ serves another purpose —that of a toilet-sponge and brush. At a moment of rest, after a meal, the glow-worm passes and repasses this brush over his head, back, sides, and hinder parts, a performance made possible by the flexibility of his spine. This is done, point by point, from one end of the body to the other, with a scrupulous persistence that proves the great interest he takes in the operation. What is his object in thus sponging himself, in dusting and polishing himself so carefully? It is a question, apparently, of removing a few atoms of dust or some traces of viscidity that remain from the evil contact with the snail. A wash and brush-up is not superfluous when one leaves the tub in which the mollusk has been treated.

If the glow-worm possessed no other talent than that of chloroforming his prey by means of a few tweaks resembling kisses, he would be unknown to the vulgar herd; but he knows also how to light himself like a beacon; he shines, which is an excellent manner of achieving fame. Let us consider more particularly the female, who, while retaining her larval shape, becomes marriageable and glows at her best during the hottest part of summer. The lighting-apparatus occupies the last three segments of the abdomen. On each of the first two it takes the form, on the ventral surface, of a wide belt covering almost the whole of the arch; on the third segment, the luminous part is much smaller and consists simply of two tiny crescent-shaped markings, or, rather, two spots, which shine through to the back and are visible both above and below the animal. Belts and spots emit a glorious white light, delicately tinged with blue. The general lighting of the glow-worm thus comprises two groups: first, the wide belts of the two segments preceding the last; secondly, the two spots of the final segments. The two belts, the exclusive attribute of the marriageable female, are the parts richest in light. To glorify her wedding, the future mother dons her brightest gauds; she lights her two resplendent scarves. Before that, from the time of the hatching, she had only the modest rushlight of her hind quarters. This efflorescence of light is the equivalent of the final metamorphosis, which is usually represented by the gift of wings and flight. Its brilliance heralds the pairing-time. Wings and flight there will be none for her; the female retains her humble larval form, but she kindles her blazing beacon.

The male, on his side, is fully transformed; he changes his shape, acquires wings and wing-cases; nevertheless, like the female, he possesses, from the time when he is hatched, the pale lamp of the end segment. This luminous aspect of the stern is characteristic of the entire glow-worm tribe, independently of sex and season. It appears upon the budding grub and continues throughout life unchanged. We must not forget to add that it is visible on the dorsal surface as well as on the ventral; whereas the two large belts peculiar to the female shine only under the abdomen.

My hand is not so steady nor my sight so good as formerly, but, as far as they allow me, I consult anatomy for the structure of the luminous organs. I take a scrap of the epidermis and manage to separate from it nearly half of one of the shining belts. I place it under the microscope. On the skin a sort of whitewash lies spread, formed of a very fine, granular substance. This is certainly the light-producing matter. To examine this white layer more closely is beyond the power of my weary eyes. Close beside it is a curious air-tube, the short and remarkably wide stem of which branches suddenly into a sort of bushy tuft with very delicate ramifications. These creep over the luminous sheet or even dip into it. That is all.

The luminescence, therefore, is controlled by the respiratory organs, and the work produced is an oxidization. The white sheet supplies the oxidizable matter, and the thick air-tube, spreading into a tufty bush, distributes the flow of air over it. Now remains the question of the substance whereof this sheet is formed. The first suggestion was phosphorus, in the

chemist's sense of the word. The glow-worm was calcined and treated with the violent reagents that bring the simple substances to light; but no one, so far as I know, has obtained a satisfactory answer from this treatment. Phosphorus seems to play no part here, despite the name of phosphorescence which is sometimes bestowed upon the glow-worm's gleam. The answer lies elsewhere, but no one knows where.

We are better informed on another question. Has the glow-worm a free control of the light he emits? Can he turn it on or lessen it or put it out as he pleases? Has he an opaque screen which can be drawn over the flame at will, or is that flame always left exposed? There is no need for any such mechanism; the insect has something better for its revolving-light.

The thick tube supplying the light-producing sheet is capable of increasing the flow of air whereby the light is intensified; the same air-tube, swayed by the animal's will, can slacken or even suspend the passage of air, whereupon the light grows fainter or even goes out. The tube, in short, has the mechanism of a lamp that is regulated by the access of air to the wick.

Excitement sets the attendant air-duct in motion. We must here distinguish between two cases: that of the gorgeous scarves, the exclusive ornament of the female ripe for matrimony, and that of the modest fairy-lamp on the hindmost segment, which both sexes kindle at any age. In the second case, the extinction caused by a flurry is sudden and complete or nearly so. In my nocturnal hunts for young glow-worms, measuring about one fifth of an inch, I can plainly see the glimmer on the blades of grass; but should the least false step disturb a neighboring twig, the light goes out at once, and the coveted insect becomes invisible. Upon the full-grown females, illumined with their nuptial scarves, even a violent start has only a slight effect and often none at all.

I fire a gun beside a wire-gauze cage in which I am rearing my menagerie of females in the open air. The explosion produces no result. The illumination continues as bright and placid as before. I take a spray and rain a slight shower of cold water upon the flock. Not one of my animals puts out its light; at the very most, there is a brief pause in the radiance; and that only in some cases. I send a puff of smoke from my pipe into the cage. This time the pause is more marked. There are even some extinctions; but these do not last long. Calm soon returns; and the light is renewed, as bright as ever. I take some of the captives in my fingers, turn and return them, tease them a little. The illumination continues, and is not much diminished if I do not press too hard with my thumb. At this period, with the pairing close at hand, the insect is in all the fervor of its passionate splendor, and nothing short of very serious reasons would make it extinguish its signals.

All things considered, there is not a doubt that the glow-worm himself manages his lighting-apparatus, extinguishing and rekindling it at will, but there is one point at which the voluntary agency of the insect is without effect. I detach a strip of the epidermis, showing one of the luminescent sheets, and place it in a glass tube, which I close with a plug of damp wadding, to avoid an overrapid evaporation. Well, this scrap of carcass shines away merrily, though not quite so brilliantly as on the living body!

Life's aid is now superfluous. The oxidizable substance, the luminescent sheet, is in direct communication with the surrounding atmosphere; the flow of oxygen through an air-tube is not necessary; and the luminous emission continues to take place, in the same way as when it is produced by the contact of the air with the real phosphorus of the chemists. Let us add that, in aërated water, the luminosity continues as brilliantly as in the free air, but that it is extinguished in water deprived of its air by boiling. No better proof could be found of what I have already propounded, namely, that the light is the effect of a slow oxidization.

The light is white, calm, and soft to the eyes, and suggests a spark dropped by the full moon. Despite its splendor, it is a very feeble illuminant. If we move a glow-worm along a line of print in perfect darkness, we can easily make out the letters one by one, and even words, when these are not too long, but nothing more is visible beyond a narrow zone. A lantern of this kind soon tires the reader's patience.

Suppose a group of glow-worms placed

almost touching one another. Each of them sheds its glimmer, which one would think should light up its neighbors by reflection and give us a clear view of each individual specimen. But not at all; the luminous group is a chaos, in which our eyes are unable to distinguish any definite form at a medium distance. The collective lights confuse the light-bearers into one vague whole.

Photography gives us a striking proof of this. I have a score of females, all at the height of their splendor, in a wire-gauze cage in the open air. A tuft of thyme forms a grove in the middle of their establishment. When night comes, my captives clamber to this pinnacle and strive to show off their luminous charms to the best advantage at every point of the horizon, thus forming along the twigs marvelous clusters, from which I expected magnificent effects on the photographer's plates and paper. My hopes are disappointed. All that I obtain is white, shapeless patches, denser here and less dense there, according to the numbers forming the group. There is no picture of the glow-worms themselves and not a trace of the tuft of thyme. For want of a satisfactory light, the glorious firework is represented by a blurred splash of white on a black ground.

The beacons of the female glow-worms are evidently nuptial signals, invitations to the pairing; but observe that they are lighted on the lower surface of the abdomen and face the ground, whereas the summoned males, whose flights are sudden and uncertain, travel overhead in the air, sometimes at a great height. In its normal position, therefore, the glittering lure is concealed from the eyes of those concerned; it is covered by the thick bulk of the bride. The lantern should really gleam on the back and not under the belly; for, as it is, the light is hidden under a bushel, so to speak. The anomaly is corrected in a very ingenious fashion, for every female has her little wiles of coquetry. At nightfall, every evening, my caged captives make for the tuft of thyme with which I have thoughtfully furnished the prison and climb to the top of the upper branches, those most plainly in sight. Here, instead of keeping quiet, as at the foot of the bush just now, they indulge in violent exercises, twist the tip of the flexible abdomen, turn it to one side, turn it to the other, jerk it in every direction. In this way, the search-light cannot fail to gleam, at one moment or another, before the eyes of every male who goes a-wooing in the neighborhood, whether on the ground or in the air.

It is very like the working of the revolving-mirror used in catching larks. If stationary, the little contrivance would leave the bird indifferent; by turning and breaking up its light in rapid flashes, it excites the bird.

While the female glow-worm has her tricks for summoning swains, the male, on his side, is provided with an optical apparatus suited to catch from afar the least reflection of the calling-signal. His corselet expands into a shield and overlaps his head considerably in the form of a peaked cap or shade, the object of which appears to be to limit the field of vision and concentrate the view upon the luminous speck to be discerned. Under this arch are the two eyes, which are relatively enormous, exceedingly convex, shaped like a skull-cap, and contiguous to the extent of leaving only a narrow groove for the insertion of the antennæ. This double eye, occupying almost the whole face of the insect and contained in the cavern formed by the spreading peak of the corselet, is a regular Cyclop's eye.

At the moment of the pairing, the illumination becomes much fainter, is almost extinguished; all that remains alight is the humble fairy-lamp of the last segment. This discreet night-light is enough for the wedding, while the surrounding host of nocturnal insects, lingering over their respective affairs, murmur the universal marriage-hymn. The laying follows very soon. The round, white eggs are laid, or, rather, are strewn at random, without the least care on the mother's part, either on the cool earth or on a blade of grass. These brilliant creatures know nothing at all of family affection.

Here is a very singular thing: the glow-worm's eggs are luminous even while still contained in the mother's womb. If I happen by accident to crush a female big with germs that have reached maturity, a shiny streak runs along my fingers, as if I had broken a vessel filled with a phosphorescent fluid. The lens shows me that I am wrong. The luminosity comes

from the cluster of eggs forced out of the ovary. Besides, as laying-time approaches, the phosphorescence of the eggs is already apparent without this clumsy midwifery. A soft, opalescent light shines through the integument of the belly.

The hatching follows soon after the laying. The young of either sex have two little rushlights on the last segment. At the approach of the cold weather, they go down into the ground, but not very far. In my rearing-jars, which are supplied with fine and very loose earth, they descend to a depth of three or four inches at most. I dig up a few in midwinter, and always find them carrying their faint stern light. About the month of April they come up again to the surface, there to continue and complete their evolution.

From beginning to end, the glow-worm's life is one great orgy of light. The eggs are luminous, the grubs likewise. The full-grown females are magnificent lighthouses; the adult males retain the glimmer which the grubs already possessed. We can understand the object of the feminine beacon, but of what use is the rest of the pyrotechnic display? To my great regret, I cannot tell. It is, and will be for many a day to come, perhaps for all time, a secret of animal physics which is deeper than the physics of the books.

THE PUMA

BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

PICTURE BY THE AUTHOR

UP in the high mountains of the western United States and British Columbia there is at least one animal which the cruel winter cannot starve.

The great cat called the cougar, or puma, finds the deer, mountain-sheep, and goat even easier to capture in winter than in summer, for the flat paw has a decided advantage over the sharp, narrow hoof in the deep snow and on the slippery rock, and the keen air gives a zest to the hunt which the summer lacks.

Naturally of a playful disposition, like nearly all the cats, the puma finds in his hunting more than mere work for a living. The wolf, on the contrary, follows a trail on a run for a day or more, and then, if its prey goes up a tree or into a hole, will wait and work for a long time before giving up. If the chase is successful, however, the wolf will be eating before the victim is fairly dead.

But the great cat, when it sees its game, creeps with the greatest skill and caution as near as it can possibly get, and saves all its strength for one superb, supreme effort; then, if that effort is unsuccessful, which it rarely is, it looks after the flying deer or hare or ptarmigan a moment, as if to say, "You win this time; but wait." If its leap has been quick and strong, and its prey is some small creature, like a marmot, grouse, or hare, it catches it up and plays with it as a house cat plays with a mouse before it kills it and satisfies its hunger.

In the New York Zoölogical Park, in a large cage outside the Lion House, there is a puma which has been seen to leap ten or twelve feet up the bars and catch sparrows, and then play with them for a time before eating them.

Mr. Calkins tells of watching a puma, on a pebbly beach beside a stream, go through the most elaborate creeping and stalking, make a sudden rush and a great leap, and catch a small butterfly, which it played with for a long time, like a great overgrown kitten, which is all it is.

Oh, the beautiful, splendid, supple, graceful, powerful, silent puma! I would rather watch and draw and dream about it than about any other living thing.

PUMA AND PTARMIGANS

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE KEY-NOTE

BY KATHARINE ROOF

Author of "A Lighted House," "The Stepmother," etc.

"MUSIC has secrets that you do not guess." I said that to Dinzl, who thinks music began after Beethoven. "For there is a world of sound that your ears do not hear, and there are chords that may contain the thunderbolts of the gods."

Dinzl laughed and shook his head.

"No doubt we shall yet hear the morning stars sing together," he said. He had the German's fondness for sententious phrase, but he did not remotely guess at my meaning; for as yet it is a secret, my discovery. Olga suspects, but she can prove nothing, and this is as it must be, for my discovery is one of those for which the world is not yet ready.

Otto said that my "Undine" would never have been produced at the Royal Opera except for Olga's influence; but he was jealous. He need not have been, for Olga loved him. Yes, Olga loved Otto Springer. *Ein*springer, I called him, and the name clung to him; for if ever a man was built for the rôle of substitute in art and life, he was that one. You can imagine that he did not love me any better for my little joke. But Olga did not care whether Otto sang with the voice of a god or the squeak of a penny whistle. Well, and what has it availed him in the end, the beautiful Otto, that he was made, as Olga said, in the semblance of a *Siegfried?* You smiled when I discovered her in your arms that night on the dark stage; but who has smiled last, good Otto Einspringer, you or I?

I had not thought it would be my fate to love that unhuman being, an opera-singer. I thought I had learned in this America of yours a somewhat different attitude toward women. Less the master and less the slave of women in this country, you cannot perhaps wholly understand the attitude of the German man. It is not necessary that we have the smallest respect for the woman that enchains us, and with marriage, of course, the dream evaporates; but while it lasts, men often kill themselves for women not worth the loss of the most trifling opportunity. It is a blindness, a madness, such love. And even I, who can see Olga coldly, cruelly, as with the eyes of her rival,—for I can see women as women do, without illusion; it is perhaps the double nature of genius,—knowing all her egoism and her vanity, cannot escape her spell. After all, there is something splendid about her, and when she would throw her careless arm about my shoulder,—she would do the same with any of the others,—with a patronizing, *"Sehe, Kind,"* not a word could I hear for the beating of my blood at her touch, though I knew it to be as impersonal as though her arm rested upon a chair-back. So can the light of genius be put out by a woman!

When I first saw Olga Kvaal as *Brünhilde,* I knew that I beheld a great artist. You would not call her beautiful here, perhaps. She is too large. I do not mean fat—hideous word. Has she not as *Salome* the light movement of a cat, the twist of a serpent? She can do anything, that woman, but she is not slender. Not wholly German, for she has Slav blood, she does not know too much about her origin, which was humble. But what of that? She is a personality, an irresistible force, a strange compound of savagery and civilization. She is cleverer than the majority of singers,—I assure you, O adoring audience, that many of them are stupid as guinea-pigs,—but it is a cleverness of intuition rather than of training and knowledge. She has a *flair* for the thing that is art. She is very dark, dusky dark; a sullen face, you would say until she smiles. What more is there to describe except the nameless thing that moves over her face like a flame and causes the heart to tremble with the thought of how such a woman might love?

It was a simple bourgeois repast to which she invited us—beer, *Wurst,* a true *Kunstler* party. I had learned, young as

I was, a somewhat more caviar taste in America; but what did I care for food! She knew my songs, the wonderful, dusky *Brünhilde*. She had sung one—the "Ariel"—in concert. She said things that made my heart beat as it never had at the commendation of the great masters. Even then in that first hour, I believe, I loved her. It was, as the Italians say, *"La forza del destino."*

I felt that she understood me as no other had done. Yes, even though my head came only to her shoulder when we stood and talked, I felt that she saw me in my true stature. We were happy until Otto came. She did not love me, but I interested her more than the other men. Because of my American training, I was a new type. To her I was not merely a colorless stripling with talent. Sometimes when I looked at her she would glance aside, and once she said: "Your eyes, *Kind*, they are *übernatürlich*. Do not look at me so!"

She had a temper and the vanities of a child, but I did not think the less of her for that, as you Americans might; and behind the footlights, in the music, living in the soul of *Isolde*, of *Senta*, or of *Lenore*, she became a being to worship. Yet I, too, am a genius, and a greater than she, for she lives like the rose for the hour, while I build for the future of the greatest of the arts, which is still in its infancy.

Alas! what does it profit a man with a woman though he have the genius of a Wagner and the heart of a *Romeo*, if he has also the face of a comedian, the body of a stripling! Olga herself called me her grotesque, her romantic comedy. Even my name, Kurt Jung, is a mockery. *Jungling*, Olga calls me when I am not *Kurzchen;* and that, in consideration of my small stature, is an insult. But once I heard her call Otto her *schöner Gott*. That man with the soul of a cowherd!

Ah, well, she treated me like a *Wunderkind*, but she recognized my genius. She did not need any one to tell her that my music is great, even though she is a woman. And you can read in that qualification that, although I have lived many years in your country, I am a German at heart. I was born in Germany, but my father, an experimental scientist, came here with his family when I was a child. He had hoped I would carry on his work, and who shall say I have not in an oblique fashion down the most obscure and hidden paths of his profession?

"Truly, you do not lack faith in yourself, *Jungling,*" Olga said once to me; "you live ever on the heights." And then, bending suddenly that *Kundry* smile of hers upon me, she murmured, "Is it not sometimes lonely up there?" And I dared not trust myself to look into her eyes for fear I should seize her in my arms, and what then? Would I be cast out from her presence forever? Not at all. She would but fling me off like an obtrusive pet and mutter: "How, then, are you so stupid, *Jungling?* I will not be annoyed like this."

So I turned my eyes away and said, "So do you, O radiant goddess, dwell upon the heights."

"Yes," she answered; "but I can steal down the mountain side to meet my lover."

And my blood ran in my veins a searing flame, for I knew too well of whom she spoke. And to love Otto Springer was to descend indeed into a deep valley.

He had not been in the opera company a week before I saw that he attracted her. He came, as I have said, from a provincial opera-house, some small town on the map of the Fatherland that you have never heard of this side of the water, and why he had the opportunity to leave it I cannot imagine. It was there he belonged, in his triumphant mediocrity. Otto was a third-class baritone, but he was *schön*, as Olga said that night of his first appearance. No doubt he was *schön*, like a Norse god. Who can see such a thing more clearly than a rival? He is a high baritone, and sang *Siegmund* to her *Sieglinde*, if you call it singing. She praised him as though he were really a great artist. He looked foolish and flattered. I saw the difference in her eyes when they rested upon him.

In the weeks that followed it became obvious to every one. Once in my madness I spoke to Olga about it. I called Otto names.

"He is a fool, a *Bauer*, a cabbage-head," I told her, and she looked at me with the eyes that kill; then she struck me. Yes, struck me across the face. You will call me craven that afterward I only loved her more. Truly, I was her little whipped dog, as the *kleine* Schreiter told me. Lit-

tle Schreiter sings *Freia* and *Wolglinde*. She is ugly and has no future, and would be more than willing to bear my name and leave the opera-house forever.

For, you see, by this time I was a personage. I had been called decadent by some, by others the true prophet of the music of the future. Here in America, where your papers claimed me as an American composer, my work was spoken of as an "interesting development." One critic said I had "evoked new colors without name." They could no longer say that I but composed in the manner of the modern masters. In the jargon of criticism, I had found myself.

But it is not with the esthetics of music alone that I have concerned myself. There are other uncharted realms which I have explored, for, as I said to the good Dinzl, there is a world of sound to which our ears are not yet opened.

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter,"

said the poet, who, genius-like, drew prophetic truth from the world of the subjective. But my discovery, my great and terrible discovery, is of the dynamic power of music.

In the scientific world we know that every object has its key-note, the tone to which it vibrates; and it has been at least a theory accepted by many scientists that the rate of vibration sufficiently increased can be destructive. That story of the walls of Jericho that fell at the blast of the ram's horn is not legend, but fact. It was that the horn had struck their key-note. But I have gone further. I have discovered more—that that theory of the human key-note, laughed at by the modern scientist, is *true;* that every one of us has in the same manner a key-note to which he vibrates. But they are of a world of sound so remote from our present knowledge of tonal combinations, these human key-notes, that it is only those belonging to the cruder types of humanity that we can hope to discover until we have traveled further along that path; and so that dissonance of mine which so curiously affected Otto,—and it is all my own; you will search for it in vain in the scores of my predecessors,—strange as it is to our ears, is no doubt only the remotest outpost of that unknown country. To evolve my own key-note, for example, would be an impossibility at present. Yet I have the hope to prove more before I pass on to the next plane of knowledge.

You will find this chord of which I speak in its first and less highly evolved form in my setting of "Tomlinson," a name that said little to the Germans, who are not generally acquainted with Kipling (but they accepted my tone poem). It is so composed that the *diseur* may read the verses against the orchestral background, if desired, so closely does the English text fit the music. When I first read that line,

> The Wind that blows between the worlds,
> it cut him like a knife,

I felt, or, rather, seemed to hear, an absolutely new chord made up of strange intervals. It kept on vibrating in the ears of my mind until it fairly forced me to composition.

And that harmony, ethereal, exotic, held the vibrations to which Otto responded—Otto, who was so unsensitive musically—it is not unusual with the opera-singer—that I should never have considered him a subject for experiment. For at first I believed the quality of musical susceptibility to be involved. It was one Sunday afternoon when I was playing the thing on the piano for Olga that I had the first intimation of my discovery. Otto was there, with the air of one very much at home. When the chord came the first time, high and piercing, expressing those terrible winds neither of earth nor heaven, I noted the moved look on his face. It was a peculiar look, scarcely either of pain or pleasure, but more the expression of one shaken and a little bewildered. A suspicion of its meaning flashed over me as I crashed on through arpeggios and chromatics, ascending and descending, descriptively following the soul of *Tomlinson* from heaven to hell. I recalled that that particular dissonance occurred four times in different keys as the line repeated itself. I should have opportunity for experiment.

When it came the second time Otto started up.

"But it is too unpleasant, this modern music; it is *aber hesslich,*" he grumbled,

pacing the floor. I heard Olga tell him to sit down, and he obeyed her; but when it came a third time he got up again. "Enough, enough!" he cried, as if in anger.

Olga looked at him in surprise.

"Most certainly he will finish it. I wish to hear it." Olga was imperious even with Otto.

"I do not wish to hear any more of it," he muttered.

"Well, then, you may go," she told him, as though it were a matter of indifference to her; "but do not any longer disturb the music." He took a step, then hesitated. "But thou, *dummes Kind,* it is *wunderbar,* but wonderful," Olga spoke to him, impatiently. "Can you not see? He is a little stupid, *Jungling,"* she said to me, and I believe she knew that, although she loved him; but the hand she laid on his shoulder to detain him did not touch him as though it rested upon the chair-back, and my soul writhed within me while my foolish face smiled. But Otto still hesitated. "Do not go," she urged him then, softly, with the *Isolde* note in her voice. Otto answered stubbornly:

"I shall not stay if he plays that again." He stood looking into his hat.

"It will not come again," she reassured him, as one speaks to a child, and I played on without contradicting her. I had not stopped, and from time to time I saw him glance apprehensively at the piano, as though he expected an explosion. I knew that the chord would come once more in still another key when the line recurs for the last time in the poem.

Olga conquered again, and he sank back in his chair, but with a heavy brow,—it became him, that frown, for his face was ordinarily inexpressive,—and I saw her glancing at him as though against her will. My music no longer had her undivided attention. Yet as I played on, I won it back. I believe she had forgotten him when the chord came again, shrill, eery, penetrating, an octave higher,

The Wind that blows between the worlds,

and Otto, suddenly rising and seizing his hat, left the room, slamming the door behind him.

"He is mad. The boy is mad," exclaimed Olga. But in the artist world such explosions do not arouse much comment, and the obvious explanation satisfied her: "He is jealous that I pay so much attention to your music."

But not even the fact that her thought was only of Otto could dull the excitement of my discovery—a discovery the scope of which might reach beyond the limits of conjecture. Why, for example, should it not be utilized as the most subtle and powerful form of hypnotism? Yes, I have told you that it is dangerous and that the world is not ready for it yet. The workings of these higher laws are mysterious. Why was I never able to discover Olga's key-note? Because I believe love—such love as mine for Olga, a madness of flesh and spirit—robs us of psychic power in the case of the beloved.

After that I worked hard on my "Undine" and also on my theory. It has been the hypothesis that the degree of force with which the chord is struck has much to do with the effect. Up to a certain point I had believed it should please; beyond that the vibrations would be painful. It was my theory that, insisted upon, it might drive the sensitive to violence, if not to madness. I had conjectured that it was also a matter of the quality of tone created by the different combinations of instruments. With Otto the effect of my chord seemed to be entirely disagreeable except in the first key. But I was not sure whether his discomfort came from repetition or from the different effect of the same chord in a different key. I had noted that that most gruesome and discordant chord, coming with the line,

For the naked stars grinned overhead, and
he saw that his soul was bare,

he had not seemed to notice, so it was clear that it was not a case of susceptibility to "close" harmony or discord.

So I went to work on my chord, turning it about, experimenting, adding, subtracting, until I had achieved what seemed to me an intensification of its effect. I worked on my "Undine," too. From the beginning, I believe I had intended to employ in it an harmonic scheme based on my chord. It seemed born for that story.

While I was working, I developed my acquaintance with Otto. I flattered him.

He was vain of his good looks, with reason, no doubt, for he was soon the *Schwärm* of half the young girls in the city, and that does not often come in the way of a baritone. He was allowed to sing the *Holländer* to Olga's *Senta;* all the opportunities possible to a baritone were given to him, while Guttmann, who had a really good voice, was quite shelved. He did not love Otto much better than I did.

One day Otto showed me some of his letters. The Anglo-Saxon code I had in part grown up with rose in protest at that. I felt embarrassed to read the foolish letters. I went finally to the piano and began to play. Otto seemed not to attend. He sat there smoking his pipe and reading over the letters.

"There are some I have not yet gone through; it is necessary at least to open them," he apologized, but I noted that they had all been opened before. From my seat at the piano I faced him and saw the foolish smile upon his lips. In a few years, I thought, Otto would be fat, like most German singers, and what then of his classic beauty? Gradually modulating until I approached that form of the chord that had not affected him unpleasantly, I tried tentatively the result of my experiments. Playing in a cautious pianissimo, I searched for my effect.

I saw him glance up bewildered, as before, as though scarcely certain whether he felt pain or pleasure. I experimented further in a slight crescendo, playing from his face, as if it were a sheet of music. His brow cleared and lightened. I played in full tone then, and he jumped up, threw down his letters, and went to the open window.

"*Gott im Himmel,* what a day! It is wicked to stay in the house. I could walk to the end of the world." He stretched out his arms and laughed like a child, and all the time I was lingering about my chord. Then I modulated, shifted into a darker key, and a cloud passed over his face. "But there is a chill in the air," he said. "After all, it will perhaps rain. It is better to stay in the house." Otto hated rain like a cat or a Frenchman. He returned to his letters, and I hovered threateningly about the dark chord, noting how he frowned and became uneasy. Then slipping by swift modulation into the key that I believed would affect him most powerfully, I brought it out in forte, without evasion, and he started like a man who had been struck; yes, actually pale and shuddering, I could see that a cold perspiration had broken out upon his forehead.

"*Du lieber Gott!*" he stuttered inarticulately. "What is it that you do like a fiend upon that instrument! Such a noise! It is of hell." He picked at his collar as though he wanted to loosen it, and his hands were shaking.

I rose from the piano.

"I am sorry if my playing annoys you," I said. "I owe you an apology." Then I said, "*Auf wiedersehn,*" and left him discomposed, but recovering. I had proved my theory.

I cultivated Otto's acquaintance no further, but went on with my opera; and Otto, between his love-letters and Olga and the difficulty of learning his parts, doubtless found scant time in which to wonder about my erratic sociability.

I took my score to Olga as soon as it was finished. It was her privilege to be the first.

"But it is the music of another world, my *Kurzchen!*" she exclaimed, when she had glanced over it. "Truly I believe your soul has visited some other star!" Then she insisted that she must hear it at once, not on the piano, but with all the instruments. "If it is what I believe it to be," she said, "I shall make the good Balluf produce it; but at once."

It is, as you perhaps remember, a one-act opera, shorter than "Electra," which, to my mind, is too long for unbroken episode; it leaves one breathless, depleted, unable to respond. But my opera is not Strauss, neither is it Debussy; it is pure Kurt Jung,—oh, the foolish name,—it has the stamp of original genius. It is, as perhaps you remember, written entirely for the wind-instruments and the voice. Why not? It is for fools to laugh. What is more exquisite than wood-wind and the voice? Recall those passages in the Nile scene of "Aïda." Have I not found uses for the bassoon that no one else has imagined? Ah, you may well believe I played tricks with my instruments. Strauss? He is an infant beside me. His discords are monstrous, affected, bombastic, compared with the transparent yet

inexplicable wind-and-water harmonies of my "Undine." I do not say you could sustain a long opera with such an orchestra, but for that drama of the elements,—the greens, the blues, those effects liquid, ethereal, the story of the water-nymph that would gain a soul by loving a mortal, of the despairing love of the fire-spirit for a creature of another element,—I cannot conceive it upon a denser orchestral background. Balluf came to me one night after an "Aïda" performance.

"It is enough; we will give your 'Undine,'" he said, "the Kvaal has so great a belief in it. But I tell you frankly,"—they are fond of what they call frank speech, the Germans,—"I tell you frankly, *Jungling,* if it were not for Debussy, Strauss, Max Reger, and all the rest of this modern *unheimliche* music, they would not listen to you, for you have gone a step beyond them all. It is surely the last word, the ultra-violet ray in tone."

He had the orchestra go through it one evening after a performance. Koch, the oboist, said afterward that the curious thing about it technically was that, despite the strangeness of my effects, the parts in themselves were not difficult. They were of different opinions concerning it. Dinzl was doubtful, also Grüning, one of the flutists. It was too *"exotisch,"* they said, they could not decide yet. As for Balluf, I saw him sitting there, from time to time shaking his great head.

"But it is beautiful in the end, *Jungling,"* he said to me afterward. "Decadent it may be, but it is not hideous. You have said something new; but I myself do not yet know what it is that you have said. It is a hieroglyphic."

"A hieroglyphic that the future will decipher," I answered, and he smiled.

"You all say that, you fantastic children, you secessionists. But, after all, there is still Mozart and Gluck and Schubert. They do not die! They are the wild flowers that return to us every spring. Thank the good God, I say, for the wild flowers!" He was a sentimental German at heart, Balluf.

But when I met Olga's eyes that night I knew happiness, for I saw that my music had strangely moved her. They had a look I had never seen before, but it was not a look of love. It was that briefly, imperfectly, she too had seen the vision of that far country into which my soul had journeyed. As we talked, the look vanished.

"Have no fear, *Karlchen,"*—she spoke in her tone of every day, and patted me as though I were indeed her dog,—"I myself shall sing your *Undine.* I am a *bischen gross,* perhaps, but that does not matter. I can triumph over the physical." She stated only the fact. If she was not of the type of the fairy, she was even more truly the elemental made in the fashion of woman, yet no woman. All the tormenting mystery that I had written into those ambiguous phrases was in her voice.

When the time came to distribute the parts, Otto made difficulties and said that his was an impossibility, perhaps because of a smoldering jealousy of me, perhaps because the man was really so slow a study.

But Olga was determined that he should sing it.

"You will not learn it, then? *So.* It shall be Guttmann who holds me in his arms for the long *Liebestod.* It is as well for Herr Jung, perhaps. Guttmann is not beautiful, but he has the better voice. And so quickly he learns his part! *Mein Gott!* in two days he will know it." So she tormented him, poor fool, and overcame his resistance, as she knew she would.

"It is enough; it is your wish; I sing it," he muttered. He was proud of her interest, and fearful of losing it; also he was not so phlegmatic as to remain unmoved by her spell.

So we came to the time of that first rehearsal, the stormiest at which I have ever assisted, and, believe me, such occasions are not pastorals. The rôle of *Kura,* the fire-spirit, was given to Halasz at my request. Halasz is a lithe Hungarian who was an actor before he was an opera-singer, and is an extraordinary artist. Otto had managed to learn his rôle in the three weeks, with the aid of Lowenstein, who is a coach and accompanist. I can well believe that Lowenstein did most of the work! In fact, he told me that he fairly massaged the notes into the sluggish brain of Olga's hero. Lowenstein is a little Jew with a mind like a razor. Before your remark is half made he has divined its conclusion. How he must have suffered with Otto!

"Lieber Gott!" he said to me, shaking his nervous hands aloft, "but the boy's brain is made of dough. But entirely. Tell me, I ask you, what can she, the radiant one, find to love in that sheepshead?" For Lowenstein, in his strange cerebral way, also adored Olga.

As I have said, I have used my chord in the climax of my finale. I work always toward it, but it does not actually occur until the end, and then only in the orchestra after the voice parts are concluded. At our first complete rehearsal they played it as it comes the first time gently, but not quite piano, as I had instructed them. As written, it is repeated twice afterward; but it was not, for Otto rose sharply from his reclining posture in Olga's arms—he was supposed to be dying—with an incoherent, angry outburst.

"So soon the dead is resurrected! He waits not for the come forth of the audience," remarked Dinzl, who reckons himself a wit. There were smiles on the faces of the men; but Otto was white with anger, far more moved than when in his rooms I had experimented upon him with the piano. That proved to my mind that some keener, more potent vibration was created by the wind-instruments. He stuttered that it was unbearable, that he would not remain upon the stage and listen to such sounds.

"Who would have suspected him of having so much temperament?" Dinzl again murmured. They took Otto for a fool, and were not disposed to see any significance in his anger. They waited with amusement for me to meet the emergency. Olga advanced, beckoning.

"You must change that chord, *Kurzchen,*" she said. "For some reason it is to him a serious matter. I have never seen him so excited. You must re-write your finale. The chord is not inevitable in the resolution. It is, perhaps, as he says, too modern, too bizarre. It will not hurt your work to alter it." She spoke on urgently, seeing me silent. I smiled bitterly, no doubt.

"Because your Otto does not like it, I must alter it?" I said. "But *Gnädigste,* you know well that your Otto is no musician. Modern or academic, they are all one to him. He does not know the difference. It is a whim." I said that, understanding as she could not understand.

She drew down her brows with that look that converted her into the outraged goddess. "Have a care!" she said. "You wish, I believe, to have your opera produced?" I looked away, trying to control myself. I felt that the waiting men were becoming curious.

"Is it a threat?" I asked her.

"Call it by what name you choose," she answered me serenely. "It is a fact."

I laughed again, but in despair, not scorn.

"Has it indeed come to this, that the presentation of a work of genius shall hang upon the whim of one man, and a man with power only through the great one who favors him?" So I spoke out of my passion, not gaging the possibly fatal consequences; for in the end perhaps the love of my work was stronger in me than the madness Olga Kvaal had instilled into my soul's blood. But with an inexplicable feminine turn she became suddenly gentle.

"Is it so, then, my poor boy? You are but jealous, and jealousy knows no reason. I forgive you, then, because you have, after all, some of that genius you claim for yourself; but you must change that chord. There is no time now for Guttmann to learn and rehearse the part, and it is the only chance this year for your opera. It is to change the chord or return your score to the portfolio."

I raised my eyes and looked upon her lips—the lips that he had kissed, and an inner ague, hot, then cold, seized upon me and shook me to the soul while I stood before her motionless. A genius does not love like other men. And I vowed that if I might never know the surrender of those lips, at least Olga should share my hell.

"As you wish," I said, and turned and left her while she was telling me that I was a good boy and would not regret it. Then from my conductor's desk in rehearsal in the days that followed I had to look on that last long embrace of theirs—no ordinary stage simulation of love-making—upon which the curtain goes down, leaving them in darkness. Once, going quickly upon the stage afterward, I found her in his arms; and when Otto recognized me he smiled. Yet the torture lay not in his smile, but in that glimpse of Olga's face. When I recall it, the fire, the fragrance, I am mad; there is blood

before my eyes and in my ears, and I am glad, glad for the thing that I have done.

So I went to my men of the orchestra. They laughed always at Otto: he was too *eingebildet,* too complacent, too unmusical, to be endurable to them. They would wonder at Olga's choice, and end in apostrophe.

"Who shall explain the ways of woman! *Frauenliebe,*" they said, "it is a *Gewitter,*" and so dismissed it with lifted shoulder and raised eyebrow. I told them that I had apparently given way to Otto's whim because the Kvaal had asked it. It seemed the only way to obtain peace at the moment; but why, after all, should I mar my effect for the whim of an Einspringer? Dinzl agreed with me. He was, as I have said, an enthusiastic modernist. I pointed out to them that that portion of the music to which Otto had taken so mysterious an antipathy came at the very end, when there was no more voice. It could, therefore, still be played as it was written upon the occasion of the premier. It would, perhaps, be a risk to venture again upon it at rehearsal. So it still lay there upon their page crossed out, and with the commonplace resolution I had substituted written above it. We could try those last few bars together once or twice, after the singers had gone, I told them, and then play it upon the important occasion as it was originally written. So it was settled, and I was happy with a strange inner excitement that would not let me rest. The chord of the "Kiss of Death," or the "Chord of the Lost Soul," as Olga had christened it, should, after all, be heard, and Otto would be a means to the ends of science.

How shall I describe that night, that first and last performance of my "Undine"? Olga, deeply absorbed as she was in Otto, was too much the artist not to become wholly submerged in the part once there before the footlights. God! but I had not known my music was so beautiful. For she had saved her voice at the rehearsals, Otto had been sulky, and Halasz had had a bad throat. But at that supreme moment Halasz and Olga were superb, and Otto, perhaps wakened by the love of a great artist to his highest power, even Otto sang as he had never sung before—and certainly will not again. Olga's voice in the love-passages, who could forget it! Even as the water-nymph seeking a soul simulated the warmth of a human woman, so she infused it into her voice. But it was a warmth taunting, ambiguous, dual. Underneath was the deadly lure of the unhuman siren. You knew that she did not possess that which she so poignantly expressed. It was, one might say, an emotional overtone, that double suggestion.

The story of my "Undine" is that of a water-nymph who is drawn in by a young fisherman in his net. He loves her, and she, with the aspiration of the elemental to win a soul, lures him with false hope, so that she may steal his through his love.

Kura, the fire-spirit, who loves *Undine* hopelessly, since he may not approach her without encompassing his own destruction and hers, in his despair with his foiled love turned to hate, gives her false and subtle counsel.

"Kill him, your lover," he said; "then, in the moment of death, kiss his lips, and his soul will not escape into the void after the manner of souls, but will pass into your body and become your soul, and you will be immortal. Only so may an elemental win possession of a soul. He may love you and wed you," *Kura* whispered in the ear of the listening *Undine,* "this mortal with an immortal soul, but that is not enough. When he dies, he will take his soul with him into the unknown unless you can steal it in its passing." And then he told her of the poison contained in the fragrance of a white flower that grows high upon the mountain. "*Zithra,* the air-spirit, will bring it to you," he told her. "It has a haunting fragrance. Twine the blossoms in your hair. They are harmless to an elemental, but poison to mankind. Draw his face down into your hair—your gold hair of which he sings. He will inhale the deadly scent of the white flower, and he will die. Thus may you steal his soul."

At that point comes the fatal kiss, and with it my chord for the first time. Then the harmony wanders away from it, returns a second time, a third, in crescendo. All is told in that climax—betrayed human love, the eery cruelty of the soulless elemental, the balked passion of the fire-spirit, the doom of the lost soul that the mortal forfeited and that the water-creature did not win; for in the crucial mo-

ment the jealous fire-spirit comes too near. *Undine,* scorched by his presence, cries out, starts back, then, recalling herself again, seizes her lover in her embrace; but the fire-spirit, hovering above her in the air, cries out: "It is too late! The soul has fled; it is neither his nor yours; it is lost forever." It ends with a mocking swirl of the oboe. The chord descends again for the last time in darkness.

I knew that the audience was with me. I could feel it in those indescribable psychic waves that pass between listener and performer. As the moment for the end approached, my heart beat to suffocation. Some electric communication passed between me and the men under my baton. Otto had sung the last note of his unconscious *Liebestod.* Then came my chord, once, twice, again; like blows upon the heart it came, piercing and terrible. Yes, I knew it in that moment as terrible.

Then the curtain fell. There was the hush, the wild outbreak of the applause; but no one came out to receive it, and I sat at my conductor's desk in that moment of recognition scarcely aware of the significance of the tribute. The curtain had gone down upon Olga in Otto's arms, and it had not risen. Never had there been so long a pause. At that moment of tension, when I thought I must cry out my question, demand to know, Olga appeared with Halasz. There was a dreadful look on her face; Otto had not come. My heart leaped as though it would leave my body. They withdrew at once. Again the applause rolled into thunder. There were cries: "Jung! Kvaal!" I turned and bowed from my place, but Olga did not come out. I made my way through the subterranean passage leading from the orchestral pit to the stage. I remember it as the insane sequence of a dream.

Upon the stage all was confusion. In the dim light I saw Otto lying in Olga's arms, about them huddled forms. I spoke to my neighbor.

"What is it? What has happened?" While he spoke I could hear also outside the dull thunder of the applause, and the cries: "Jung! Kvaal! Jung!"

"Der arme Herr is todt," he told me in hushed tones. "He no longer breathes."

"Dead!" I cried. My excitement did not strike them as strange in the circumstances. The man tapped his heart.

"It was weak. Some shock killed him at once, even as in the opera. But it is awesome. He died in her arms." Those last words roused me to madness, yes, even with my victim dead there before me. I pushed up to her.

"So then," I said—and they said afterward I smiled—"it was indeed the Kiss of Death!" She raised her head and looked at me. Never, never shall I forget those eyes, the fear, the hate, the horror of the thing I had done, the despair.

"The Kiss of the Lost Soul," she said —*"your* soul—*yours!"* Then she choked and could say no more but, "Go! go! *murderer!"*

So Olga knew. They thought grief had crazed her and that she connected the accident, as they called it, with my opera. It has never been given since. They say the association is too terrible for her.

I HAVE no remorse. If she had loved me, it never would have happened. But if I had had that keen and ephemeral human happiness of Olga's love,—for all love is ephemeral but the unrequited,—I should not have made my great discovery of the key-note. You will agree with me that it is dangerous, not to be put in the hands of the unscrupulous. You think I am that, perhaps? But, no. Otto was a fool. It is thought no harm to experiment upon criminals, many of them not wicked men, but only those imprisoned for one moment of violence. Otto was no loss to the world. A great artist loved him, you say. Yes, but her art will gain. Under the influence of her grief she will, if such a thing be possible, acquire more of the thing called temperament. And how long will it last, that grief? For the soul of the artist of the footlights is a mirror that reflects one thing only—her own face.

I am not cruel. The other day I rescued a wounded dog from some boys who were torturing it. Every day I feed the birds outside my window-sill. When I found one frozen the other morning, I shed tears. But I have no regrets for Otto's fate. Even if I gave myself up to the police, who would believe my story? There is no other way than to put my discovery on record, and in the future science will credit it to my name. If only I could forget the look in Olga's eyes!

EX ORIENTE

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON

I AM the East, the immemorial East.
My steadfast spirit hath not changed or ceased;
As I have stood through countless ages past,
So shall I stand while sea and mountains last.

Earth's scourges all have wreaked their will on me.
War, famine, pestilence, the cruel three,
Have poured on me what woes they have to give;
Harried and vexed, yet changeless still I live.

I look afar, and view my foe, the West,
Proud, eager, clamorous, scorning peace and rest.
She thinks me feeble, holds me in despite:
I heed her not; I know my hidden might.

Heathen she calls me, and idolater,
And yet the creed she vaunts I gave to her;
And knows she truly what the precepts mean
That Jesus taught, the lowly Nazarene?

In bygone centuries my patient eyes,
Unmoved, have watched her grandest empires rise
And fall, her brightest glories wax and wane;
What I have seen, that may I see again.

Her marching legions trample on my shore,
And in my ears her murderous cannons roar;
They come, they pass, and when their din has ceased,
Still I remain the immemorial East.

Careless she hurls her challenge forth to me,
Sure of her self-appointed mastery;
But who can read the unwritten page of fate?
Lo! silent and inscrutable, I wait.

OUR DISORGANIZED DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," etc.

QUEER DEMANDS MADE UPON DIPLOMATS

ONCE upon a time not long ago, an American woman traveling on the Continent shipped her trunks to Paris in care of the American ambassador. She wrote a note to her country's representative, sending him the keys to her luggage, and asked him to unlock the same and take therefrom certain articles of underwear to be used as samples in the purchase of more. He was instructed to make these purchases, repack the trunks, and ship them to Cherbourg, where the owner was to take the steamer for home. The woman said in her letter of instruction that any money expended by the ambassador in making the purchases would be promptly refunded on receipt of bill. An hour spent in the reception of any American embassy or legation during the busy season of travel will yield to the observer much information, much amusement, and not a little wonderment at the naïveté, and in some cases the downright "cheek," of the average traveler abroad. It is a never-ending procession of callers on errands of every conceivable character.

The lost baggage the embassy is expected to recover, the presentations at court, cards of admission to forbidden places, invitations to exclusive functions, and the loan of money to pay bills accumulated owing to "delayed remittances" or to pay fares home for those who have underestimated the cost of their travels—all these are only a few of the matters which must be disposed of by the American ambassador, minister, or the secretaries. It must all be done with tact and adroitness. The requests to be granted require keen discrimination, and those refused must be denied in such a way as to incur no animosities and to lead to no trouble at home for the holder of the diplomatic post; for perhaps the applicant is a near relative of a United States senator or other influential person whose objection may hold up a reappointment or even hasten a recall. Such things have happened, and the proudest heads have fallen before the onslaught of some irate woman upon the White House or the State Department. The citizens of no other country utilize their representatives abroad in matters of personal convenience as do the citizens of the United States.

These tales of extraordinary demands made upon America's diplomatic representatives abroad are not those of years ago, when our people were less familiar with European travel and customs; for it was only during last summer that an American lady well known as a leader in the feminist movement telegraphed from London to the American minister in a mid-European country, instructing him to arrange for her an interview with the queen of that country at seven o'clock in the evening on a certain day, as the sender of the wire would not arrive until five in the afternoon, and would leave by a later train the same evening. The American minister dutifully conveyed the message

to her Majesty, who in this case was indeed "most gracious," but, as she smilingly explained, she had a state dinner on the evening in question, and as much as she regretted being unable to meet this distinguished American, it would be impossible at the hour of the day named.

Such demands upon the American diplomatic service abroad have not been confined to women, but it is notable that nearly all American men who travel nowadays have achieved more or less vividly a different conception of the purpose of diplomacy, one which may be briefly interpreted to stand for the upholding of the dignity of America as a nation and the advancement of American interests abroad. This is the standard set by other great nations, and the ideal toward which the American people would have their diplomacy tend.

LACK OF DISTINCTION IN THE SERVICE

THERE is no conceivable reason why this ideal should not be reached. A great, intelligent, and wealthy nation is represented. With a happy geographical independence, an unwritten law of non-partizanship in foreign disputes, with a population cosmopolitan in its racial sympathies and interests, she herself the friend of true liberty and the enemy of oppression everywhere, the United States should by all means lead in the world of diplomacy by sheer clarity of purpose and obvious disinterestedness. So far from achieving such distinction, however, the influence and the power of the United States in international affairs are to-day at low ebb. The voice of the nation is not heard above the din of international politics, or, if heard, is given no heed.

THERE REASONS FOR ITS FAILURE

THERE are two all-sufficient reasons for this. The first of these lies in the fact that the diplomatic corps is a foot-ball of the politicians and a victim of amateurish experiments in statecraft. The second reason lies in the lack of a continuous foreign policy on the part of the American Government. This second fault is difficult to remedy, as it arises from an inherent defect in the American political system. The first and greater reason for the ineffectiveness of American official representation abroad is inexcusable, for the remedy lies in the hands of any President and his counselors wise enough and brave enough to apply it. It has been true in the past, and is still true to an unfortunate extent, that we Americans lack a certain consciousness of foreign affairs possessed in a high degree by the intelligent people of all other nations included among the so-called Great Powers. This lack of consciousness is taken advantage of by politicians of expedient ways, and mistakes are made by amateur and would-be statesmen, temporarily in positions of great power in Washington, without the people as a whole being able, through lack of understanding, to call them to account. No prime minister or leader of a party could successfully face the storm of criticism that would arise in England, France, or Germany should the statesmen of any one of those countries adopt a dilatory policy in the matter of filling a vacant diplomatic post, use the diplomatic service as spoils, or send a notoriously unfit man to an important place.

The member of Congress who, during the recent session, introduced a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Navy to inform the legislative body as to the number of naval ships and the space thereon that could be utilized to send exhibits of American products to foreign countries, might consistently have added another clause to his resolution, calling upon the Secretary of State to furnish information as to how many diplomatic posts were available for scholarship prizes for university faculties or as substitutes for civil pensions for willing workers in the party ranks.

NOW AT ITS LOWEST EBB

AT no time in the recent history of the State Department has the American diplomatic service been in a state of such utter disorganization and ineffectiveness as at present. Important posts remain vacant; in many others the American representatives are literally sitting on their trunks, ignorant of their possible fate, unable to make plans for the future, and unsuccessful, after repeated effort, in extracting from Washington any word as to what is going to happen. Several men, knowing that in the end they would be requested to

return, and pressed by their own private affairs, have taken the matter into their own hands, sent in their resignations to take effect on a certain day, and, when no reply has come, have returned home, leaving the embassy or legation in the hands of a secretary. Past services have counted for nothing in changes that have been made, and the new men have not been sent to any particular place because of the special requirements of that place, but because of the wishes or importance of the man himself. This disorganization has now extended even to the secretarial staffs of the embassies and legations, supposedly covered by the merit system instituted by Elihu Root when Secretary of State. This feeling of alarm and insecurity has arisen as it has become known that men at present outside the service have been offered places in which it has been supposed the present occupants would be retained, or that, if changes were made, men already in the corps would be selected.

The routine work of the embassies and legations is carried on by these secretaries, and training and experience are invaluable in these positions. It is they who receive the American visitors and attend to their wants. It is they who attend to all the usual and minor business which is transacted between governments. In fact, except for unforeseen occurrences, many of the chancelleries would run on forever without hitch under the expert administration of a secretarial administration, whether the chief of the post was on duty or not.

It is in the big event that the ambassador or the minister figures. It is he who smooths out controversies, leaving no irritation. It is under his direction that battles for trade privileges are fought, and won or lost. It is he who is in the eye of the foreign people he is living among, and it is he who is responsible for upholding the dignity of his country and advancing its material interests abroad. As his personality impresses itself upon those to whom he is accredited, and as his ability wins points for his own nation in the wars of diplomacy, so he and his country are judged by his confrères, and by that measure is he of value to the land he represents. Modern diplomacy is commercial diplomacy, and at no time in history did the United States ever need more the advantages to be gained by an extension of foreign trade. We are passing as a nation from being an exporter of raw material to a vender of the products of labor. The law of supply and demand is supreme in the raw-material market. In the market for manufactured goods, wisdom, experience, strength, and consistency of purpose are needed to secure our share of the increment of trade.

OUR FAILURE IN THE EAST

At this critical time, a glance over the field of American diplomacy yields little satisfaction. In the far East we have turned tail and run, after recognizing a republic where no republic exists or ever can exist, and the Chinese who brought this about are now engaged in new revolutions and are refugees with a price upon their heads, set by the government we have recognized. We have shown only a maudlin sentimentalism in the Balkan situation, which is nothing like that which we in America have conceived it to be. For months there was no head to the American embassy at St. Petersburg, at a time when great tact and the highest skill and ability were needed to repair serious damage done to American interests by unthinking or expedient home politics. Great importance is attached to the appointment of an ambassador to Great Britain, where none is actually needed, the position in present circumstances being purely social, and all important business between the two governments being conducted in Washington. Small significance is attached to the appointment of an ambassador to Germany, the most important and responsible post in the entire service, and one where the American representative can win or lose tremendously for the people at home. The American Secretary of State makes an appeal to public sentiment in China, a country where there is no such thing as public sentiment. The President of the United States dismisses the vast possibilities of our future relations with Russia with a curt notice to the effect that Russia must change her domestic laws and conform Russian interior administration to American ideas before we can have anything to do with that country. On telegraphic orders from Washington, one American minister in central Europe is sent into another near-by country to make a report

on affairs that come under the jurisdiction of another American minister of equal rank and vastly superior experience and local information.

THE ALERT CORPS OF OTHER NATIONS

In the meantime other nations are displaying no such indifference to their interests in America, for Germany keeps at his post in Washington one of the strongest, best informed, and most active diplomats on the Kaiser's list, because there are things stirring in America which are of importance to the German people. England sends a man to Washington specially equipped through previous knowledge to deal with the Panama question. England extends the term of her representative in Pekin because he is an authority on Chinese affairs, and partly in consequence, English capital has already begun the building of the thousands of miles of new railroad which will be constructed in that country in the next few years. On the whole it is not a pretty picture, this devastation of the American diplomatic service; and yet there is hope in it.

The service has always been at the beck and call of politics, hence has never, as a whole, reached within reasonable distance of the ideal which is in the mind of every thoughtful American. It has not been bad enough, however, to cause popular revolt, and conditions in the United States have not been such as to bring home to the people the importance of this branch of government. The increasing importance of diplomacy in connection with American material interests, and the notoriously disorganized state of the service, may possibly bring about a realization of the contrast between what is and what should be, and when the American people ask a question of those in whose hands they have placed great responsibilities, an answer must be forthcoming. We are a good-natured and long-enduring people, but, like most persons of that description, difficult to satisfy when finally aroused.

The American embassy or legation can be made into something more than a tourist agency. There are great American interests at stake in nearly every country in the world, and able, experienced, and conscientious men are needed to handle these situations with credit to the nation and profit to American interests. A happy-go-lucky policy in diplomatic appointments may occasionally discover an unusual genius, but there is no guaranty under such a policy that any appointee will fill the position in the manner in which it should be filled, to say the least.

THE INCUBUS OF POLITICS

Under a recent administration at Washington it apparently became absolutely necessary for the President of the United States to recall a man from Europe who was bringing discredit upon the country he represented. The congressional delegation of the State from which this man was appointed, fearing his influence upon local politics should he return, desired his retention abroad. They called in a body at the White House, and pleaded that he might remain where he was. The President, beset by other matters, and not willing to enter into a struggle with these men over what was, in view of other things, of less importance, was forced to compromise and retain the services of this official for a considerable period after it had been decided to dispense with him. The American public, with that lack of consciousness of foreign affairs already noted, viewed the incident entirely from the point of view of a political bout between the President and these congressmen, in which the latter were successful, and not, as it truly was, a prostitution of the functions of the State Department in the interests of several selfish and unpatriotic members of Congress.

To use the diplomatic service as an adjunct of the spoils system is immoral and dangerous to vast American interests. To use it for the purpose of giving to dilettante diplomats a holiday, or to fill these places with personal friends, enthusiastic reformers, or others whom it may seem pleasant to provide with lucrative positions abroad, is not immoral, but it is equally dangerous to the great and growing interests of the American people in other lands. Many of these men go to important places, where they flounder in depths beyond them. Their heads swell, and their feet slip. Their lack of knowledge of the ordinary forms of social life, to say nothing of the stricter forms of diplomatic usage, bring not only them, but

their country, into discredit, and in many cases no chance comes about for them to redeem themselves by any piece of inspired statesmanship in a great crisis. They come and go, leaving no impression and no memory behind them beyond idle gossip as to their ignorance or gaucheries.

It would be an interesting experience for the President of the United States and his Secretary of State to call together the foreign managers of the great export businesses of the United States, and ask their frank opinion of the American Department of State and its policies in the matter of appointments and in the so-called advancement of American foreign trade. It would be an equally interesting experience to have a score or more of those astute and trained diplomats who year in and year out conduct the foreign affairs of other great nations, give their real opinion of the effectiveness of America's representation at the present time. To describe modern American diplomacy as that of the "dollar," is a misnomer, for there is no profit therein either from the material or the idealistic point of view.

As suggested before, there is only the hope that the evil effects of the present system will become so manifest that the search-light of American public opinion will be turned full upon the State Department and its organization, for there is no question as to what must then happen, especially in these days when the nation is endeavoring to set its house in order. There is opportunity in Washington for a great and fearless Secretary of State, a man of executive force, wide mental horizons, and a big consciousness of international affairs. It must be realized, however, that even such a Secretary of State would be helpless without the support of a man in the White House who saw eye to eye with him in all things, and had the courage of his vision.

WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT?

BY AGNES REPPLIER

Author of "The Fireside Sphinx," etc.

THE first essential of good talk is a topic. Other things are needed, but this is the base upon which the fair fabric of speech is deftly reared. The topic antedated conversation, and stands responsible for it. "In modern life," says Laurence Housman, "the gift of speech too often means the power of saying nothing, and of saying it nicely; but what forced primeval man into becoming a speaking animal was rather the desire to say something, first anyhow, and then somehow." If our early ancestors did not feel this desire, or, rather, this pressing need of making themselves understood, they were silent. There is something rather restful in the thought.

But the power of saying nothing nicely, although an ever-useful accomplishment, is not precisely what we mean when we speak of good talk. We have in mind, first, a subject that will support conversation, and, second, conversation that will clarify the subject. It was all very well for Montaigne to say that a fly was as fair a topic as *he* required. Nobody in Montaigne's time knew anything about flies; therefore digression was swift and facile. Nowadays it is sheer madness to mention a fly's name. It brings down upon our devoted heads the history of sanitation, with details we would fain escape. We might as well talk about tuberculosis or dentistry or our digestions. As a matter of fact, we do talk a good deal about our digestions. It is a strong and silent man who can forbear telling his diet to a sympathetic listener. It is a disciplined woman of the world who never

says why she is not eating grape-fruit at a luncheon. We fancy sometimes that these revelations are the unseemly outgrowth of modern conditions, that all of us have learned just enough about our gastric juices to rob us of reserve. We say that our grandmothers, those dim and deified grandmothers whose conversation has been comfortably forgotten, never referred to food that had been consumed. Its subsequent history was shrouded in obscurity. But when our great-grandmothers were babies, Horace Walpole visited Paris and found the Parisians as absorbed in their digestions as ever we are to-day. "There is not a man or woman here," he wrote, "who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance."

FIT THE CONVERSATION TO THE FIELD OF THE GUESTS

A TOPIC arbitrarily chosen and carefully nursed will produce good talk, but not the best. It is a wise host who guides the conversation into fields where his distinguished guest is most at home, because only on these terms will the distinguished guest shine as a luminary should. To invite an actor and discuss choral services, to invite a bishop and discuss the Drama League, are wasted opportunities. Sir Robert Walpole used to say he always talked indecencies at his own table, because in them *all* his guests could join. This was considerate, but monotonous. Times and tastes have changed in the last two hundred years. As a matter of fact, they changed so swiftly that even Horace Walpole would have none of his father's jests. He hated them more stoutly than he hated gruel and anatomy.

It was one of Mme. de Staël's stupidities—and it is wonderful how stupid a clever and self-absorbed woman can be—that she never considered her company. Without meaning to embarrass or to offend, she would talk about things eminently disagreeable to her listeners, and she was not sensitive enough to observe the discomfiture she caused. Therefore her contemporaries disliked her cordially. Dr. Johnson roundly accused Topham Beauclerk, whom he loved, of sinning deliberately in this regard. "You never open your mouth but with the intention of giving pain," he said with sorrowful sternness; "and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you said, but from seeing your intention." Jerome Cardan, in one of the most candid autobiographies ever penned, admitted that he liked to inflict this species of annoyance. "It is a singular defect in my character," he wrote blandly, "that I will talk of nothing with so much complacency as that which I know to be displeasing to my hearers." Many have sinned in the same measure since the Milanese physician wrote his "De Vita Propria," but few have made confession of their sin.

THE BEST TALK THE RESULT OF HAPPY ACCIDENT

IF good talk is often an artificial product, the best has always been, and always will be, a matter of happy accident—the right men snatching the right topic at the right hour, and under favoring conditions. One of these conditions is elasticity of duration. At the coffee-house or the tavern, Dr. Johnson and his friends talked their fill. The night lay before them, unfettered by restrictions. They were free men, who went home when they pleased, not because the hands of the clock pointed to ten or twelve or two. But when we dine with friends, we are under a solemn obligation to go away at the proper time, whether we want to or not. We may not leave earlier because we are bored, nor stay later because we are interested. Therefore, when the dinner has been eaten, and we are free to talk to whom we will, we find ourselves choosing migratory themes, subjects devoid of significance, which can be interrupted without injury and dropped without concern.

When, by some rare chance, there is given us, by day or night, an hour of keen and animated talk, we do well to hold on to it and enjoy it without reckoning the cost. To lose such an hour for the sake of keeping an appointment or going to bed is sheer stupidity. We have often been to bed, and we shall have many more appointments before we come to die; but who can restore to us the opportunity we have lost? It is claimed that the ever-widening current of women's interests and activities gives them plenty to talk about, and so it does; but it also takes from them the leisure for conversation. They

all have pressing engagements, a word utterly destructive of social intercourse, and they scuttle away to keep them, after a fidgety half-hour, totally devoid of serenity and of concentration. Which of them can say

"With thee conversing, I forget all time"?

Yet if they have never said it, or at least thought it, they never have conversed. It is the stolen hour, no less than the stolen fruit, which is forever sweet.

I was once visiting a friend when upon us descended, suitcase in hand, a college professor who differs from most college professors inasmuch as he can talk well upon subjects that are not his specialty. He was going to a big public dinner, and he had half an hour to spare before dressing for it. The conversation began. My friend's dinner was announced. The professor said he had plenty of time to take a plate of soup with us. Then he would go up-stairs and dress. The conversation flowed on. The soup was eaten, the dinner was served. The professor said he would dine with us, dress immediately after, and reach his own function in time for the toasts, which was all that was necessary. The conversation deepened in interest. Opposing opinions met in battle array, and were followed by sweet periods of truce. The dinner was over, the coffee appeared. The professor said he would let the other toasts go by, and would leave us in time to give his own. The conversation grew every moment keener, more rapid, more persuasive. The hands of the clock moved slowly and relentlessly. At half-past eleven the professor rose, seized his unopened suitcase, and fled for the midnight train to his suburban home. He had added one more broken engagement to his long list of derelictions. He had gained and given one evening worth the having, and the memory of it will linger while we live.

THE FATAL MONOLOGUE

Crabb Robinson, who heard much good talk, but who confessed that he himself possessed nothing beyond vivacity and an even temper; Moore, who excelled in anecdote and lively gossip; and Boswell, whose only talent lay in drawing out and recording the words of wiser men, have all told us a great deal about the inexhaustible conversations of their day. We know that Dr. Johnson hated political discussions. "Sir, I 'd as soon have a man break my bones as talk to me of public affairs." We know that the "half-literary conversation of half-learned people," which we are now accustomed to receive with respect (it seems unreasonable to ask more), was intolerable to the little group of friends who gathered about Charles Lamb's fireside. We may well believe Moore when he tells us that Miss Edgeworth was at once the least pretentious and most delightful of talkers, and that her "unaffectedness and repose" won pardon for her father's complacent volubility. And we note with pleasure that Croker was dreaded, as Macaulay was dreaded, because he always knew more than the occasion demanded, and said more than the company cared to hear. Croker was the kind of man who disputed every assertion, and who always set everybody right. He contradicted the Duke of Wellington when that experienced gentleman ventured upon a statement concerning the battle of Waterloo. He would not have hesitated, so said Lord Melbourne, to have contradicted the recording angel as to the number and nature of his sins. Lord Brougham declared Macaulay to be worse than "ten parrots and a chime of bells," and Charles Greville bears witness to the tranquillity which sweetly pervaded a country house as soon as Macaulay had departed.

These things are instructive as well as entertaining. They show us where lie the pleasant pastures, and where the pitfalls of companionship, and they prove to us the waste of misapplied talent. The contentious talker is a valuable asset if we do not have too much of him. He is like a breath of keen air blowing in upon the insipidity of a purely polite conversation. He may contend for a truth, a principle, a whim, a crotchet, it does not matter much. The whims and crotchets of our friends are apt to be indistinguishable from their principles and truths. But a man who contends for the sake of contention, or because he has acquired the pernicious habit of contradicting, is a stumbling-block in our conversational paths. If he is stupid, his contradictions insult our intelligence; if he is brilliant, they

fetter our free speech. "We derive little pleasure," said the acute Mlle. de Montpensier, "from disputing with those whom we are bound to respect." What reader of Walter Pater, for example, has not felt drawn by the singular charm of his aloofness? What reader has not speculated a little wistfully upon the manner of man who, in a pyrotechnic age, could set so high a value on reserve? But when we learn that Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln and lover of scholars, declined vehemently to travel with Pater because "he would say the steamboat was not a steamboat, and that Calais was not Calais," we feel how good a thing it is to approach "those whom we are bound to respect" through the safe and dignified medium of print.

There is a happy mean between the irresponsible talker, the man or woman who has no real convictions, and who says smart things all around a subject, and the man or woman whose convictions are too onerous for handling. Painstaking accuracy and contempt for truth are equally fatal to conversation. Frederick Locker said that George Eliot did not talk well because she was likely to be more in earnest than the occasion justified, which we can well believe. "She spoke as if with a sense of responsibility," and one cannot be exactly captivating when one is doing that. Mme. de Sablé might have said of her, "*Elle s'écouta en parlant.*" This congenital seriousness becomes at times disconcerting. It does not discriminate between the significant and the trivial, and it does not allow for the element of surprise which is the life-blood of ordinary conversation. The unexpected is always welcome. If we know in advance what our friends are going to say on any given subject, we care very little to hear them. They are too much like that curious family in Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married," who all represent extreme views, and who all speak in character. Such people have, as Carlyle put it, "a tur-rrubble faculty for developing into bores." It takes all Mr. Shaw's genius to arrest this natural expansion, and he is only partly successful. The *Bridgenorths* do bore us, because each in his given re is amusing—for an hour; but we they must have bored one another to verge of desperation.

Conflicting tastes, irreconcilable opinions, variety of interests, and the wide scope of human ignorance are determining factors in conversation. It is hard to find half a dozen people who will plunge unanimously into the same current of thought. Even the weather is not a perfectly safe topic, because there are men and women who, like Dr. Pusey, never seem to know what kind of day it is, and evince no interest when told. Politics, the most vital and engrossing of themes, begets asperity if we talk, and mental confusion if we listen. I do not know whether all nations in all ages divided themselves into irresponsible optimists who believe in going ahead, no matter where you arrive, and wary pessimists who believe in standing still, and getting nowhere at all, but recorded history and personal observation have little else to reveal. It is a good blend of these contending human elements that has developed and controlled the civilizations of the world; it is their clash and clamor that forever estrange argument from conviction. The things best worth discussing are, as a rule, unwelcome subjects of conversation, because of their ungovernable vitality. "For heaven's sake, don't start Mrs. Smith on the suffrage!" "For heaven's sake, don't start Mr. Brown on the Progressive party!" "For heaven's sake, don't start Mr. and Mrs. Jones on social service!" This means that we debar Mrs. Smith and Mr. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Jones from talking about the only subjects on which they can say anything worth hearing, and we do this because we have reason to fear that their information, like Macaulay's, will be more than the occasion demands. There is nothing in the world we so much dread as being submerged by the eloquence of our friends.

WHAT SHALL WE TALK ABOUT?

WHAT, then, shall we talk about? Our neighbors? A good subject, but parochial. Our servants? That is like chanting a refrain. Our children? The most popular woman I ever knew confessed to me in a moment of expansion that she owed her popularity to the fact that her only and idolized son had never said anything in his life that she was able to repeat to anybody. Books? Plays? We

are too liberally supplied with both. They take no vital hold upon us. London talked for weeks about "The School for Scandal." All the letters of the period are full of it. London and Paris talked about "Clarissa Harlowe" to that extent that Diderot said there was never any lack of animated conversation among people who had read it or were reading it. Their tongues were loosened because their hearts were stirred.

Some fair avenue of approach we must have, if we are to meet one another with mental ease and the grace of sympathetic understanding. Some courage we must have to deal with difficulties by the way. If we are always afraid of hearing too much, we shall end by hearing too little. If we shrink too fearfully from being bored, we shall grow flaccid, as do the people who shrink too fearfully from any of life's common ills. A conversational rest-cure will be our only refuge. If we wince at the pestilent wit which blights whatever it touches, we may lose our relish for the "proper wit," which lends sparkle to ordinary talk. I borrow the phrase from Sir Thomas More, who tells us it was the distinguishing quality of a lady more famed for charm than for virtue. "A proper wit had Mistress Shore, and could both rede well and write, merry in company, redy and quick in answer, neither mute nor full of babble, sometimes taunting without displeasure, and not without disport."

Was there ever a more spirited description of an agreeable woman, one who merited a better fate than was dealt her by the rude age in which she lived? Topics for talk were never lacking in the fifteenth century, when all news traveled by word of mouth, and came filtering down, with many fair imaginings, from court to commoner, from the great ships lying in London docks to the little hamlets waiting by the highroad. Not from the printed sheet, but from the engaging and no less mendacious voice of rumor did the men and women of that day hear all that was to be known of public affairs; and as it was their custom to believe what they were told, they could never have felt Dr. Johnson's reluctance to listen.

We do not feel it now. Narcotic indifference, the rest-cure frame of mind, is alien to humanity. Every day the headlines of the newspapers rivet our attention. Every day the word they bring fills us with fresh concern. Every day we discuss the happenings of the day before; and when, the day after, we learn that these happenings did not happen, even this familiar experience lends a fresh impetus to speech. It is given to a few men to talk, and talk well, about Byzantine art or the habits of bees or the "Book of Job." It is given to all men to talk well or ill about their fellows. They may not derive satisfaction from their theme, because it is in the nature of humanity to be disappointing; but interest is not necessarily allied to enjoyment. The spectacle of life can seldom please, but it can never pall. "The world," said Walter Bagehot, "has a vested interest in itself."

T. TEMBAROM

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Shuttle," etc.

WITH DECORATIVE PICTURES BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

CHAPTER XXXVI

AS Miss Alicia had from necessity acquired the habit of early rising at Rowcroft Vicarage, and as the next morning was bright, she was clipping roses on a terrace before breakfast when Pearson brought her the note.

"Mr. Temple Barholm received a telegram from London last night, ma'am," he explained, "and he was obliged to take the midnight train. He had n't time to do any more than leave a few lines for you, but he asked me to tell you that nothing disturbing had occurred. He specially mentioned that everything was all right."

"But how very sudden!" exclaimed Miss Alicia, opening her note and beginning to read it. Plainly it had been written hurriedly indeed. It read as though he had been in such haste that he had n't had time to be clear.

Dear Little Miss Alicia:

I 've got to light out of here as quick as I can make it. I can't even stop to tell you why. There 's just one thing—don't get rattled, Miss Alicia. Whatever any one says or does, just don't let yourself get rattled.

Yours affectionately,
T. TEMBAROM.

"Pearson," Miss Alicia exclaimed, again looking up, "are you *sure* everything is all right?"

"That was what he said, ma'am. 'All right,' ma'am."

"Thank you, Pearson. I am glad to hear it."

She walked to and fro in the sunshine, reading the note and re-reading it.

"Of course if he said it was all right, it *was* all right," she murmured. "It is only the phrasing that makes me slightly nervous. Why should he ask me not to get rattled?" The term was by this time as familiar to her as any in Dr. Johnson's dictionary. "Of course he knows I do get rattled much too easily; but why should I be in danger of getting rattled now if nothing has happened?" She gave a very small start as she remembered something. "Could it be that Captain Palliser— But how *could* he? Though I do *not* like Captain Palliser," she added with a touch of finality.

Captain Palliser, her distaste for whom at the moment quite agitated her, was this morning an early riser also, and as she turned in her walk she found him coming toward her.

"I find I am obliged to take an early train to London this morning," he said, after their exchange of greetings. "It is quite unexpected. I spoke to Mr. Temple Barholm about it last night."

Perhaps the unexpectedness, perhaps a certain suggestion of coincidence, caused Miss Alicia's side ringlets to appear momentarily tremulous.

"Then perhaps we had better go in to breakfast at once," she said.

"Is Mr. Temple Barholm down?" he inquired as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table.

"He is not here," she answered. "He, too, was called away unexpectedly. Pearson has just told me that he went to London by the midnight train."

She had never been so aware of her unchristian lack of liking for Captain Palliser as she was when he paused a moment before he made any comment. His pause was as marked as a start, and the smile he indulged in was, she felt, most sin-

gularly disagreeable. It was a smile of the order which conceals an unpleasant explanation of itself.

"Oh," he remarked, "he has gone first, has he?"

"Yes," she answered, pouring out his coffee for him. "He evidently had business of importance."

They were quite alone, and she was not one of the women one need disturb oneself about. She had been browbeaten into hypersensitive timidity early in life, and did not know how to resent cleverly managed polite bullying. She would always feel herself at fault if she was tempted to criticize any one. She was innocent and nervous enough to betray herself to any extent, because she would feel it rude to refuse to answer questions, howsoever far they exceeded the limits of polite curiosity. He had learned a good deal from her in the past. Why not try what could be startled out of her now? Thus Captain Palliser said:

"I dare say you feel a little anxious at such an extraordinarily sudden departure," he suggested amiably. "Bolting off in the middle of the night was sudden, if he did not explain himself."

"He had no time to explain," she answered.

"That makes it appear all the more sudden. But no doubt he left you a message. I saw you were reading a note when I joined you on the terrace."

Lightly casual as he chose to make the words sound, they were an audacity he would have known better than to allow himself with any one but a timid early-Victorian spinster whose politeness was hypersensitive in its quality.

"He particularly desired that I should not be anxious," she said. "He is always considerate."

"He would, of course, have explained everything if he had not been so hurried?" was the reply.

"Of course, if it had been necessary," answered Miss Alicia, nervously sipping her tea.

"Naturally," said Captain Palliser. "His note no doubt mentioned that he went away on business connected with his friend Mr. Strangeways?"

There was no question of the fact that she was startled.

"He had not time enough," she said. "He could only write a few lines. Mr. Strangeways?"

"We had a long talk about him last night. He told me a remarkable story," Captain Palliser went on. "I suppose you are quite familiar with all the details of it?"

"I know how he found him in New York, and I know how generous he has been to him."

"Have you been told nothing more?"

"There was nothing more to tell. If there was anything, I am sure he had some good reason for not telling me," said Miss Alicia, loyally. "His reasons are always good."

Palliser's air of losing a shade or so of discretion as a result of astonishment was really well done.

"Do you mean to say that he has not even hinted that ever since he arrived at Temple Barholm he has strongly suspected Strangeways' identity—that he has even known who he is?" he exclaimed.

Miss Alicia's small hands clung to the table-cloth.

"He has not known at all. He has been most anxious to discover. He has used every endeavor," she brought out with some difficulty.

"You say he has been trying to find out?" Palliser interposed.

"He has been more than anxious," she protested. "He has been to London again and again; he has gone to great expense; he has even seen people from Scotland Yard. I have sometimes almost thought he was assuming more responsibility than was just to himself. In the case of a relative or an old friend, but for an entire stranger— Oh, really, I ought not to seem to criticize. I do not presume to criticize his wonderful generosity and determination and goodness. No one should presume to question him."

"If he knows that you feel like this—" Palliser began.

"He knows all that I feel," Miss Alicia took him up with a pretty, rising spirit. "He knows that I am full of unspeakable gratitude to him for his beautiful kindness to me; he knows that I admire and respect and love him in a way I could never express, and that I would do anything in the world he could wish me to do."

"Naturally," said Captain Palliser. "I

was only about to express my surprise that since he is aware of all this he has not told you who he has proved Strangeways to be. It is a little odd, you know."

"I think"—Miss Alicia was even gently firm in her reply—"that you are a little mistaken in believing Mr. Temple Barholm has *proved* Mr. Strangeways to be anybody. When he has proof, he will no doubt think proper to tell me about it. Until then I should prefer—"

Palliser laughed as he finished her sentence.

"Not to know. I was not going to betray him, Miss Alicia. He evidently has one of his excellent reasons for keeping things to himself. I may mention, however, that it is not so much he who has proof as I myself."

"You!" How could she help quite starting in her seat when his gray eyes fixed themselves on her with such a touch of finely amused malice?

"I offered him the proof last night, and it rather upset him," he said. "He thought no one knew but himself, and he was not inclined to tell the world. He was upset because I said I had seen the man and could swear to his identity. That was why he went away so hurriedly. He no doubt went to see Strangeways and talk it over."

"See Mr. Strangeways? But Mr. Strangeways—" Miss Alicia rose and rang the bell.

"Tell Pearson I wish to see him at once," she said to the footman.

Palliser took in her mood without comment. He had no objection to being present when she made her inquiries of Pearson.

"I hear the wheels of the dog-cart," he remarked. "You see, I must catch my train."

He glanced up with a seemingly indifferent air, as Pearson stood at the door.

"Is not Mr. Strangeways in his room, Pearson?" Miss Alicia asked.

"Mr. Temple Barholm took him to London when he last went, ma'am," answered Pearson. "You remember he went at night. The doctor thought it best."

"He did not tell you that, either?" said Palliser, casually.

"The dog-cart is at the door, sir," announced Pearson.

Miss Alicia's hand was unsteady when the departing guest took it.

"Don't be disturbed," he said considerately, "but a most singular thing has happened. When I asked so many questions about Temple Barholm's Man with the Iron Mask I asked them for curious reasons. That must be my apology. You will hear all about it later, probably from Palford & Grimby."

When he had left the room Miss Alicia stood upon the hearth-rug as the dog-cart drove away, and she was pale. Her simple and easily disturbed brain was in a whirl. She could scarcely remember what she had heard, and could not in the least comprehend what it had seemed intended to imply, except that there had been concealed in the suggestions some disparagement of her best beloved.

Singular as it was that Pearson should return without being summoned, when she turned and found that he mysteriously stood inside the threshold again, as if she had called him, she felt a great sense of relief.

"Pearson," she faltered, "I am rather upset by certain things which Captain Palliser has said. I am afraid I do not understand."

She looked at him helplessly, not knowing what more to say. She wished extremely that she could think of something definite.

The masterly finish of Pearson's reply lay in its neatly restrained hint of unobtrusively perceptive sympathy.

"Yes, miss. I was afraid so. Which is why I took the liberty of stepping into the room again. I myself do not understand, but of course I do not expect to. If I may be so bold as to say it, miss, whatever we don't understand, we both understand Mr. Temple Barholm. My instructions—my particular instructions—were to remind you, miss, that everything would be all right."

Miss Alicia took up her letter from the table where she had laid it down.

"Thank you, Pearson," she said, her forehead beginning to clear itself a little. "Of course, of course. I ought not to—He told me not to—get rattled," she added with plaintive ingenuousness, "and I *ought* not to, above all things."

"Yes, miss. It is most important that you should *not.*"

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE story of the adventures, experiences, and journeyings of Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, his daughter, and the invention, if related in detail, would prove reading of interest; but as this is merely a study of the manner in which the untrained characteristics and varied limitations of one man adjusted or failed to adjust themselves to incongruous surroundings, and totally unprepared-for circumstances, such details, whatsoever their potential picturesqueness, can be touched upon but lightly. No new idea of value to the world of practical requirements is presented to the public at large without the waking of many sleeping dogs. An uneducated, blustering, obstinate man of one idea, having resentfully borne discouragement and wounded egotism for years, and suddenly confronting immense promise of success, is not unlikely to be prey easily harpooned. Joseph Hutchinson's rebound from despair to high and well-founded hope made of him exactly what such a man is always made by such rebound. The testimony to his genius and judgment which acknowledgment of the value of his work implied was naturally, in his opinion, only a proper tribute which the public had been a bull-headed fool not to lay at his feet years before. So much time lost, and so much money for it, as well as for him, and served 'em all damned well right, he said. If Temple Barholm had n't come into his money, and had n't had more sense than the rest of them, where would they all have been? Perhaps they 'd never have had the benefit of the thing he 'd been telling them about for years. He prided himself immensely on the possession of a business shrewdness which was an absolute defense against any desire on the part of the iniquitous to overreach him. He believed it to be a peculiarly Lancashire characteristic, and kept it in view constantly.

"Lancashire 's not easy to do," he would say hilariously. "Them that can do a Lancashire chap has got to look out that they get up early in the morning and don't go to bed till late."

Smooth-mannered and astute men of business who knew how to make a man talk were given diffuse and loud-voiced explanations of his methods and long-unacknowledged merits and characteristics. This company and that were after him, but Lancashire did n't snap up things without going into 'em, and under 'em, and through 'em, for the matter of that.

The well-mannered gentlemen of business stimulated him greatly by their appreciative attention. He sometimes lost his head a trifle and almost bullied them, but they did not seem to mind it.

Little Ann found her duties and responsibilities increasing daily. In a quiet, remote, and darkened corner of her mind, in which were stored all such things as it was well to say little or nothing about, there was discreetly kept for reference the secretly acquired knowledge that father did not know so much about business ways and business people as he thought he did.

So the various persons who were interviewing Mr. Hutchinson became familiar with the fact that he had an unusual intimacy with and affection for his daughter. She was present on all occasions. If she had not been such a quiet and entirely unobtrusive little thing, she might have been an obstacle to freedom of expression. But she seemed a childish, unsophisticated creature, who always had a book with her when she waited in an office, and a trifle of sewing to occupy herself with when she was at home. A stout old financier found one day that she had quietly laid her book on her lap, and that they were resting upon him like unflinching crystals as he talked to her father. Their serenity made him feel annoyed and uncomfortable. It was a sort of recording serenity. He felt as though she would so clearly remember every word he had said that she would be able to write it down when she went home; and he did not care to have it written down. So he began to wander somewhat in his argument, and did not reach his conclusions.

"I *was* glad, Father, to see how you managed that gentleman this afternoon," Little Ann said that night when Hutchinson had settled himself with his pipe after an excellent dinner.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "Eh?"

"The one," she exclaimed, "that thought he was so sure he was going to persuade you to sign that paper. I do wonder he could think you 'd listen to such a poor offer, and tie up so much. Why, even I could see he was trying to take advantage, and I know nothing in the world about business."

The financier in question had been a brilliant and laudatory conversationalist, and had so soothed and exhilarated Mr. Hutchinson that such perils had beset him as his most lurid imaginings could never have conceived in his darkest moments of believing that the entire universe had ceased all other occupation to engage in that of defrauding him of his rights and dues. He had been so uplifted by the admiration of his genius so properly exhibited, and the fluency with which his future fortunes had been described, that he had been huffed when the arguments seemed to dwindle away. Little Ann startled him, but it was not he who would show signs of dismay at the totally unexpected expression of adverse opinion. He had got into the habit of always listening, though inadvertently, as it were, to Ann as he had inadvertently listened to her mother.

"Rosenthal?" he said. "Are you talking about him?"

"Yes, I am," Little Ann answered, smiling approvingly over her bit of sewing. "Father, I wish you 'd try and teach me some of the things you know about business. I 've learned a little by just listening to you talk; but I should so like to feel as if I could follow you when you argue. It 's just an education."

"Women are not up to much at business," reflected Hutchinson. "If you 'd been a boy, I 'd have trained you same as I 've trained myself. You 're a sharp little thing, Ann, but you 're a woman. Not but what a woman 's the best thing on earth," he added almost severely in his conviction—"the best thing on earth in her place. I don't know what I 'd ever have done without you, Ann, in the bad times."

He loved her, blundering old egotist, just as he had loved her mother. Ann always knew it, and her own love for him warmed all the world about them both.

"And now the good times have come," she said, bestowing on him two or three special little pats which were caresses of her own invention, "and people see what you are and always have been, as they ought to have seen long ago, I don't want to feel as if I could n't keep up with you and understand your plans. Perhaps I 've got a little bit of your cleverness, and you might teach me to use it in small ways. I 've got a good memory you know, Father love, and I might recollect things people say and make bits of notes of them to save you trouble. And I can calculate. I once got a copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' for a prize at the village school just for sums."

The bald but unacknowledged fact that Mr. Hutchinson had never exhibited gifts likely to entitle him to receive a prize for "sums" caused this suggestion to be one of some practical value. When business men talked to him of per cents., and tenth shares or net receipts, and expected him to comprehend their proportions upon the spot without recourse to pencil and paper, he felt himself grow hot and nervous and red, and was secretly terrified lest the party of the second part should detect that he was tossed upon seas of horrible uncertainty. T. Tembarom in the same situation would probably have said, "This is the place where T. T. sits down a while to take breath and count things up on his fingers. I am not a sharp on arithmetic, and I need time—lots of it."

Mr. Hutchinson's way was to bluster irritatedly.

"Aye, aye, I see that, of course, plain enough. I see that." And feel himself breaking into a cold perspiration.

Therefore he found it easy to receive Little Ann's proposition with favor.

"There 's summat i' that," he acknowledged graciously, dropping into Lancashire. "That 's one of the little things a woman can do if she 's sharp at figures. Your mother taught me that much."

"Men have the big things to look after. That 's enough for anybody," said Little Ann. "And they ought to leave *something* for women to do. Now, is n't there some little thing I could begin with? Would you mind telling me if I was right in what I thought you thought about Mr. Rosenthal's offer?"

"What did you think I thought about

it?" He was able to put affectionate condescension into the question.

She went to her work-basket and took out a sheet of paper. She came back and sat cozily on the arm of his chair.

"I had to put it all down when I came home," she said. "I wanted to make sure I had n't forgotten. I do hope I did n't make mistakes."

She gave it to him to look at, and as he settled himself down to its careful examination, she kept her blue eyes upon him. She herself did not know that it was a wonderful little document in its neatly jotted down notes of the exact detail most important to his interests. There were figures, there were calculations of profits, there were records of the gist of his replies, there were things Hutchinson himself could not possibly have fished out of the jumbled rag-bag of his uncertain recollections.

"Did I say that?" he exclaimed once.

"Yes, Father love, and I could see it upset him. I was watching his face because it was n't a face I took to."

Joseph Hutchinson began to chuckle—the chuckle of a relieved and gratified stout man.

"Tha kept thy eyes open, Little Ann," he said. "And the way tha 's put it down is a credit to thee. And I 'll lay a sovereign that tha made no mistakes in what tha thought I was thinking."

He was a little anxious to hear what it had been. The memorandum had brought him up with a slight shock, because it showed him that he had not remembered certain points, and had passed over others which were of dangerous importance.

"What I was seeing all the time was the way you were taking in his trick of putting whole lots of things in that did n't really matter, and leaving out things that did," she explained. "He kept talking about what the invention would make in England, and *how* it would make it, and adding up figures and per cents. and royalties until my head was buzzing inside. And when he thought he 'd got your mind fixed on England so that you 'd almost forget there was any other country to think of, he read out the agreement that said 'All rights,' and he was silly enough to think he could get you to sign it without reading it over and over yourself, and showing it to a clever lawyer that would know that as many tricks can be played by things being left out of a paper as by things being put in."

Small beads of moisture broke out on the bald part of Joseph Hutchinson's head. He had been first so flattered and exhilarated by the quoting of large figures, and then so flustered and embarrassed by his inability to calculate and follow argument, and again so soothed and elated and thrilled by his own importance in the scheme and the honors which his position in certain companies would heap upon him, that an abyss had yawned before him of which he had been wholly unaware. He was not unaware of it now. He was a vainglorious, ignorant man, whose life had been spent in common work done under the supervision of those who knew what he did not know. He had fed himself upon the comforting belief that he had learned all the tricks of any trade. He had been openly boastful of his astuteness and experience, and yet, as Ann's soft little voice went on, and she praised his cleverness in seeing one point after another, he began to quake within himself before the dawning realization that he had seen none of them, that he had been carried along exactly as Rosenthal had intended that he should be, and that if luck had not intervened, he had been on the brink of signing his name to an agreement that would have implied a score of concessions he would have bellowed like a bull at the thought of making if he had known what he was doing.

"Aye, lass," he gulped out when he could speak—"aye, lass, tha wert right enow. I 'm glad tha saw what I was thinking. When he comes back I 'll give him a bit o' my mind as 'll startle him. It was rightdown clever of thee to see just what I had i' my head about all that there gab about things as did n't matter, an' the leavin' out them as did—thinking I would n't notice. Many 's the time I 've said, 'It is na so much what 's put into a contract as what 's left out.' I 'll warrant tha 'st heard me say it thysen."

"I dare say I have," answered Ann, "and I dare say that was why it came into my mind."

"That was it," he answered. "Tha mother was always tellin' me of things I 'd said that I 'd clean forgot myself."

He was beginning to recover his bal-

ance and self-respect. He even began to rub his hands.

"I 'll show him," he said, "I 'll send him off with a flea in his ear."

"If you 'll help me, I 'll study out the things I 've written down on this paper," Ann said, "and then I 'll write down for you just the things you make up your mind to say. It will be such a good lesson for me, if you don't mind, Father. You know how you always feel that in business the fewer words the better, and that, however much a person deserves it, calling names and showing you 're angry is only wasting time. It 's your being what you are that makes you know that temper is n't business."

"Well," said Hutchinson, drawing a long and deep breath, "we 'll go over that paper now, Ann. I 'd like to give you your lesson while we 've got a bit o' time to ourselves and what I 've said is fresh in your mind. The trick is always to get at things while they 're fresh in your mind."

The little daughter with the red hair was present during Rosenthal's next interview with the owner of the invention. The fellow, he told himself, had been thinking matters over, had perhaps consulted a lawyer; and having had time for reflection, he did not present a mass of mere inflated and blundering vanity as a target for adroit aim. He had a set of curiously concise notes to which he referred, and he stuck to his points with a bulldog obstinacy which was not to be shaken. Something had set him on a new tack. The tricks which could be used only with a totally ignorant and readily flattered and influenced business amateur were no longer in order. This was baffling and irritating.

The worst feature of the situation was that the daughter did not read a book, as had seemed her habit at other times. She sat with a tablet and pencil on her knee, and, still as unobtrusively as ever, jotted down notes.

"Put that down, Ann," her father said to her more than once. "There 's no objections to having things written down, I suppose?" he put it bluntly to Rosenthal. "I 've got to have notes made when I 'm doing business. Memory 's all well enough, but black and white 's better. No one can go back of black and white. Notes saves time."

There was but one attitude possible. No man of business could resent the recording of his considered words, but the tablet and pencil and the quietly bent red head were extraordinary obstacles to the fluidity of eloquence. Rosenthal found his arguments less ready and his methods modifying themselves. The outlook narrowed itself. When he returned to his office and talked the situation over with his partner, he sat and bit his nails in restless irritation.

"Ridiculous as it seems," he said, "I 've more than an idea that we have to count with the girl."

"Girl? What girl?"

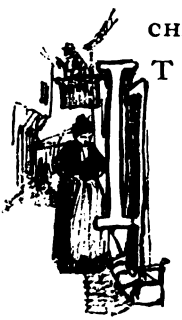
"Daughter. Well-behaved, quiet bit of a thing, who sits in a corner and listens while she pretends to sew or read. I 'm

certain of it. She 's taken to making notes now, and Hutchinson 's turned stubborn. You need not laugh, Lewis. She 's in it. We 've got to count with that girl, little female mouse as she looks."

This view, which was first taken by Rosenthal and passed on to his partner, was in course of time passed on to others and gradually accepted, sometimes reluctantly and with much private protest, sometimes with amusement. The well-behaved daughter went with Hutchinson wheresoever his affairs called him.

"She 's my secretary," Hutchinson began to explain, with a touch of swagger. "I 've got to have a secretary, and I 'd rather trust my private business to my own daughter than to any one else. It 's safe with her."

CHAPTER XXXVIII



IT was in the course of the "lessons" that he realized that he had always argued that the best way to do business was to do it face to face with people. To stay in England, and let another chap make your bargains for you in France or Germany or some other outlandish place, where frog-eating foreigners ran loose, was a fool's trick. He 'd said it often enough. "Get your eye on 'em, and let them know you 've got it on them, and they 'd soon find out they were dealing with Lancashire, and not with foreign knaves and nincompoops." So, when it became necessary to deal with France, Little Ann packed him up neatly, so to speak, and in the rôle of obedient secretarial companion took him to that country, having for weeks beforehand mentally confronted the endless complications attending the step. She knew, in the first place, what the effect of the French language would be upon his temper: that it would present itself to him as a wall deliberately built by the entire nation as a means of concealing a deep duplicity the sole object of which was the baffling, thwarting, and undoing of Englishmen, from whom it wished to wrest their honest rights. Apoplexy becoming imminent, as a result of his impotent rage during their first few days in Paris, she paid a private visit to a traveler's agency, and after careful inquiry discovered that it was not impossible to secure the attendance and service of a well-mannered man who spoke most of the languages employed by most of the inhabitants of the globe. She even found that she might choose from a number of such persons, and she therefore selected with great care.

"One that 's got a good temper, and is n't easy irritated," she said to herself, in summing up the aspirants, "but not one that 's easy-tempered because he 's silly. He must have plenty of common sense as well as be willing to do what he 's told."

From the time of his advent, Joseph Hutchinson had become calmer and had ceased to be in peril of apoplectic seizure. Foreign nations became less iniquitous and dangerous, foreign languages were less of a barrier, easier to understand. A pleasing impression that through great facility he had gained a fair practical knowledge of French, German, and Italian, supported and exhilarated him immensely.

"It 's right-down wonderful how a chap gets to understand these fellows' lingo after he 's listened to it a bit," he announced to Ann. "I would n't have believed it of myself that I could see into it as quick as I have. I could n't say as I understand everything they say just when they 're saying it; but I understand it right enough when I 've had time to translate like. If foreigners did n't talk so fast and run their words one into another, and jabber as if their mouths was full of puddin', it 'd be easier for them as is English. Now, there 's 'wee' and 'nong.' I know 'em whenever I hear 'em, and that 's a good bit of help."

"Yes," answered Ann, "of course that 's the chief thing you want to know in business, whether a person is going to say 'yes' or 'no.' "

He began to say "wee" and "nong" at meals, and once broke forth "Passy mor le burr" in a tone so casually Parisian that Ann was frightened, because she did not understand immediately, and also because she saw looming up before her a future made perilous by the sudden interjection of unexpected foreign phrases it would be incumbent upon her to comprehend without an instant's hesitation.

"Don't you understand? Pass the but-

ance and self-respect. He even began to rub his hands.

"I 'll show him," he said, "I 'll send him off with a flea in his ear."

"If you 'll help me, I 'll study out the things I 've written down on this paper," Ann said, "and then I 'll write down for you just the things you make up your mind to say. It will be such a good lesson for me, if you don't mind, Father. You know how you always feel that in business the fewer words the better, and that, however much a person deserves it, calling names and showing you 're angry is only wasting time. It 's your being what you are that makes you know that temper is n't business."

"Well," said Hutchinson, drawing a long and deep breath, "we 'll go over that paper now, Ann. I 'd like to give you your lesson while we 've got a bit o' time to ourselves and what I 've said is fresh in your mind. The trick is always to get at things while they 're fresh in your mind."

The little daughter with the red hair was present during Rosenthal's next interview with the owner of the invention. The fellow, he told himself, had been thinking matters over, had perhaps consulted a lawyer; and having had time for reflection, he did not present a mass of mere inflated and blundering vanity as a target for adroit aim. He had a set of curiously concise notes to which he referred, and he stuck to his points with a bulldog obstinacy which was not to be shaken. Something had set him on a new tack. The tricks which could be used only with a totally ignorant and readily flattered and influenced business amateur were no longer in order. This was baffling and irritating.

The worst feature of the situation was that the daughter did not read a book, as had seemed her habit at other times. She sat with a tablet and pencil on her knee, and, still as unobtrusively as ever, jotted down notes.

"Put that down, Ann," her father said to her more than once. "There 's no objections to having things written down, I suppose?" he put it bluntly to Rosenthal. "I 've got to have notes made when I 'm doing business. Memory 's all well enough, but black and white 's better. No one can go back of black and white. Notes saves time."

There was but one attitude possible. No man of business could resent the recording of his considered words, but the tablet and pencil and the quietly bent red head were extraordinary obstacles to the fluidity of eloquence. Rosenthal found his arguments less ready and his methods modifying themselves. The outlook narrowed itself. When he returned to his office and talked the situation over with his partner, he sat and bit his nails in restless irritation.

"Ridiculous as it seems," he said, "I 've more than an idea that we have to count with the girl."

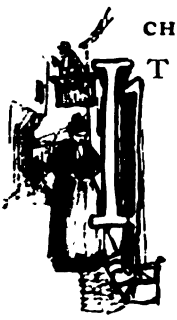
"Girl? What girl?"

"Daughter. Well-behaved, quiet bit of a thing, who sits in a corner and listens while she pretends to sew or read. I 'm

certain of it. She 's taken to making notes now, and Hutchinson 's turned stubborn. You need not laugh, Lewis. She 's in it. We 've got to count with that girl, little female mouse as she looks."

This view, which was first taken by Rosenthal and passed on to his partner, was in course of time passed on to others and gradually accepted, sometimes reluctantly and with much private protest, sometimes with amusement. The well-behaved daughter went with Hutchinson wheresoever his affairs called him.

"She 's my secretary," Hutchinson began to explain, with a touch of swagger. "I 've got to have a secretary, and I 'd rather trust my private business to my own daughter than to any one else. It 's safe with her."



CHAPTER XXXVIII

IT was in the course of the "lessons" that he realized that he had always argued that the best way to do business was to do it face to face with people. To stay in England, and let another chap make your bargains for you in France or Germany or some other outlandish place, where frog-eating foreigners ran loose, was a fool's trick. He 'd said it often enough. "Get your eye on 'em, and let them know you 've got it on them, and they 'd soon find out they were dealing with Lancashire, and not with foreign knaves and nincompoops." So, when it became necessary to deal with France, Little Ann packed him up neatly, so to speak, and in the rôle of obedient secretarial companion took him to that country, having for weeks beforehand mentally confronted the endless complications attending the step. She knew, in the first place, what the effect of the French language would be upon his temper: that it would present itself to him as a wall deliberately built by the entire nation as a means of concealing a deep duplicity the sole object of which was the baffling, thwarting, and undoing of Englishmen, from whom it wished to wrest their honest rights. Apoplexy becoming imminent, as a result of his impotent rage during their first few days in Paris, she paid a private visit to a traveler's agency, and after careful inquiry discovered that it was not impossible to secure the attendance and service of a well-mannered man who spoke most of the languages employed by most of the inhabitants of the globe. She even found that she might choose from a number of such persons, and she therefore selected with great care.

"One that 's got a good temper, and is n't easy irritated," she said to herself, in summing up the aspirants, "but not one that 's easy-tempered because he 's silly. He must have plenty of common sense as well as be willing to do what he 's told."

From the time of his advent, Joseph Hutchinson had become calmer and had ceased to be in peril of apoplectic seizure. Foreign nations became less iniquitous and dangerous, foreign languages were less of a barrier, easier to understand. A pleasing impression that through great facility he had gained a fair practical knowledge of French, German, and Italian, supported and exhilarated him immensely.

"It 's right-down wonderful how a chap gets to understand these fellows' lingo after he 's listened to it a bit," he announced to Ann. "I would n't have believed it of myself that I could see into it as quick as I have. I could n't say as I understand everything they say just when they 're saying it; but I understand it right enough when I 've had time to translate like. If foreigners did n't talk so fast and run their words one into another, and jabber as if their mouths was full of pudding', it 'd be easier for them as is English. Now, there 's 'wee' and 'nong.' I know 'em whenever I hear 'em, and that 's a good bit of help."

"Yes," answered Ann, "of course that 's the chief thing you want to know in business, whether a person is going to say 'yes' or 'no.' "

He began to say "wee" and "nong" at meals, and once broke forth "Passy mor le burr" in a tone so casually Parisian that Ann was frightened, because she did not understand immediately, and also because she saw looming up before her a future made perilous by the sudden interjection of unexpected foreign phrases it would be incumbent upon her to comprehend without an instant's hesitation.

"Don't you understand? Pass the but-

ple Barholm it was a foolish thing to do, taking all that trouble about him. Has he set fire to the house or has he knocked the poor lad on the head?"

"No, he has n't, Father. He 's disappeared, and Mr. Temple Barholm 's disappeared, too."

"Disappeared?" Hutchinson almost shouted. "What for, i' the Lord's name?"

"Nobody knows for certain, and people are talking wild. The village is all upset, and all sorts of silly things are being said."

"What sort o' things?"

"You know what servants at big houses are—how they hear bits of talk and make much of it," she explained. "They 've been curious and chattering among themselves about Mr. Strangeways from the first. It was Burrill that said he believed he was some relation that was being hid away for some good reason. One night Mr. Temple Barholm and Captain Palliser were having a long talk together, and Burrill was about—"

"Aye, he 'd be about if he thought there was a chance of him hearing summat as was none of his business," jerked out Hutchinson, irately.

"They were talking about Mr. Strangeways, and Burrill heard Captain Palliser getting angry; and as he stepped near the door he heard him say out loud that he could swear in any court of justice that the man he had seen at the west room window—it 's a startling thing, Father—was Mr. James Temple Barholm." For the moment her face was pale.

Hereupon Hutchinson sprang up.

"What!" His second shout was louder than his first. "The liar! The chap 's dead, an' he knows it. The dommed mischief-makin' liar!"

Her eyes were clear and speculatively thoughtful, notwithstanding her lack of color.

"There have been people that have been thought dead that have come back to their friends alive. It 's happened many a time," she said. "It would n't be so strange for a man that had no friends to be lost in a wild, far-off place where there was neither law nor order, and where every man was fighting for his own life and the gold he was mad after. Particularly a man that was shamed and desperate and wanted to hide himself. And, most of all, it would be easy, if he was like Mr. Strangeways, and could n't remember, and had lost himself."

As her father listened, the angry redness of his countenance moderated its hue. His eyes gradually began to question and his under jaw fell slightly.

"Si' thee, lass," he broke out huskily, "does tha mean to say tha *believes* it?"

"It 's not often you can believe what you don't know," she answered. "I don't *know* anything about it. There 's just one thing I believe, because I *know* it. I believe what grandmother does. Read that."

She handed him the final sheet of old Mrs. Hutchinson's letter. It was written with very black ink and in an astonishingly bold and clear hand. It was easy to read the sentences with which she ended.

There 's a lot said. There 's always more saying than doing. But it 's right-down funny to see how the lad has made hard and fast friends just going about in his queer way, and no one knowing how he did it. I like him myself. He 's one of those you need n't ask questions about. If there 's anything said that is n't to his credit, it 's *not* true. There 's no ifs, buts, or ands about that, Ann.

Little Ann herself read the words as her father read them.

"That 's the thing I believe, because I know it," was all she said.

"It 's the thing I 'd swear to mysel'," her father answered bluffly. "But, by Judd—"

She gave him a little push and spoke to him in homely Lancashire phrasing, and with some soft unsteadiness of voice.

"Sit thee down, Father love," she said, "and let me sit on tha knee."

He sat down with emotional readiness, and she sat on his stout knee like a child. It was a thing she did in tender or troubled moments as much in these days as she had done when she was six or seven. Her little lightness and soft young ways made it the most natural thing in the world, as well as the prettiest. She had always sat on his knee in the hours when he had been most discouraged over the invention. She had known it made him feel as though he were taking care of her,

This was true. Letters from her had followed them from one place to another. This was a thick one in an envelop of good size.

"Are n't tha going to read it?" he asked.

"Not till you 've had your dinner, Father. You 've had a long day of it with that channel at the end. I want to see you comfortable with your pipe."

The hotel was a good one, and the dinner was good. Joseph Hutchinson enjoyed it with the appetite of a robust man who has had time to get over a not too pleasant crossing. When he had settled down into a stout easy-chair with the pipe, he drew a long and comfortable breath as he looked about the room.

"Eh, Ann, lass," he said, "tha mother 'd be fine an' set up if she could see aw this. Us having the best that 's to be had, an' knowin' we can have it to the end of our lives, that 's what it 's come to, tha knows. No more third-class railway-carriages for you and me. No more 'commercial' an' 'temperance' hotels. The first cut 's what we can have—the upper cut. Eh, eh, but it 's a good day for a man when he 's begun to be appreciated as he should be."

"It 's a good day for those that love him," said Little Ann.

He had fallen into a contented and utterly comfortable doze in his chair when Ann sat down to read her grandmother's letter. The old woman always wrote at length, giving many details and recording village events with shrewd realistic touches. Throughout their journeyings, Ann had been followed by a record of the estate and neighborhood of Temple Barholm which had lacked nothing of atmosphere. She had known what the new lord of the manor did, what people said, what the attitude of the gentry had become; that the visit of the Countess of Mallowe and her daughter had extended itself. She had heard of Miss Alicia and her reincarnation, and knew much of the story of the Duke of Stone, whose reputation as a "dommed clever owd chap" had earned for him a sort of awed popularity. There had been many "ladies." The new Temple Barholm had boldly sought them out and faced them in their strongholds with the manner of one who would confront the worst and who revealed no tendency to flinch. The one at Stone Hover with the "pretty color" and the one with the dimples had appeared frequently upon the scene. Then there had been Lady Joan Fayre, who had lived at his elbow, sitting at his table, driving in his carriages with the air of cold aloofness which the cottagers "could na abide an' had no patience wi'." She had sometimes sat and wondered and wondered about things, and sometimes had flushed daisy-red instead of daisy-pink; and sometimes she had turned rather pale and closed her soft mouth firmly. But, though she had written twice a week to her grandmother, she had recorded principally the successes and complexities of the invention, and had asked very few questions. Old Mrs. Hutchinson would tell her all she must know, and her choice of revelation would be made with a far-sightedness which needed no stimulus of questioning. The letter she had found awaiting her had been long on its way, having missed her at point after point and followed her at last to London. It looked and felt thick and solid in its envelop. Little Ann opened it, stirred by the suggestion of quickened pulse-beats with which she had become familiar. As she bent over it she looked sweetly flushed and warmed.

JOSEPH HUTCHINSON'S doze had almost deepened into sleep when he was awakened by the touch of her hand on his shoulder. She was standing by him, holding some sheets of her grandmother's letter, and several other sheets were lying on the table. Something had occurred which had changed her quiet look.

"Has aught happened to your grandmother?" he asked.

"No, Father, but this letter that 's been following me from one place to another has got some queer news in it."

"What 's up, lass? Tha looks as if summat was up."

"The thing that 's happened has given me a great deal to think of," was her answer. "It 's about Mr. Temple Barholm and Mr. Strangeways."

He became wide-awake at once, sitting up and turning in his chair in testy anxiety.

"Now, now," he exclaimed, "I hope that cracked chap 's not gone out an' out mad an' done some mischief. I towd Tem-

taken away very late one night some time before the interview between Mr. Temple Barholm and Captain Palliser, of which Burrill knew so much because he had "happened to be about." Burrill, it was believed, knew much more than he deigned to make public. The entire truth was that Captain Palliser himself, in one of his hasty appearances in the neighborhood of Temple Barholm, had bestowed a few words of cold caution on him.

"Don't talk too much," he had said. "Proof is required before talk is safe. The American was sharp enough to say that to me himself. He was sharp enough, too, to keep his man hidden. I was the only person who, seeing him, could have recognized him, and I saw him by chance. Palford & Grimby require proof. We are in search of it. But if you don't want to run the risk of getting yourself into trouble, don't make absolute statements."

It was perhaps the moderate and precautionary attitude of Palford & Grimby, in their first somewhat startled, though reserved, interview with Captain Palliser, that had prevented the vaguely wild rumors from being regarded as more than villagers' exaggerated talk among themselves.

The manner of Mr. Palford and Mr. Grimby during the deliberately unmelodramatic and carefully connected relation of Captain Palliser's singular story was that of professional gentlemen who for reasons of good breeding were engaged in restraining outward expression of conviction that they were listening to utter nonsense. Palliser himself was aware of this, and upon the whole did not wonder at it in entirely unimaginative persons of extremely sober lives. In fact, he had begun by giving them some warning as to what they might expect in the way of unusualness.

"You will, no doubt, think what I am about to tell you absurd and incredible," he had prefaced his statements. "I thought the same myself when my first suspicions were aroused. I was, in fact, inclined to laugh at my own idea until one link connected itself with another."

Neither Mr. Grimby nor Mr. Palford was inclined to laugh. On the contrary, they were extremely grave, and continued to find it necessary to restrain their united tendency to indicate facially that the thing *must* be nonsense. It transcended all bounds, as it were. The delicacy with which they managed to convey this did them much credit. This delicacy was equaled by the moderation with which Captain Palliser drew their attention to the fact that it was not the thing likely to happen on which were founded the celebrated criminal cases of legal history. It was the incredible and almost impossible events, the ordinarily unbelievable duplicities, moral obliquities, and coincidences, which made them what they were and attracted the attention of the world.

"This is, of course, a matter suggesting too serious an accusation not to be approached in the most conservative manner," remarked Mr. Palford.

"Most serious consequences have resulted in cases implying libelous assertions which have been made rashly," added Mr. Grimby. "As Mr. Temple Barholm intimated to you, a man of almost unlimited means might not be easy to contend with if he had reason to feel himself injured."

The fact that Captain Palliser had in a bitterly frustrated moment allowed himself to be goaded into losing his temper and "giving away" to Tembarom the discovery on which he had felt that he could rely as a lever, did not argue that a like weakness would lead him into more dangerous indiscretion. He had always regarded himself as a careful man whose defenses were well built about him at such crises in his career as rendered intrenchment necessary. There would, of course, be some pleasure in following the matter up and getting more than even with a man who had been insolent to him; but a more practical feature of the case was that if, through his alert observation and shrewd aid, Jem Temple Barholm was restored to his much-to-be-envied place in the world, a far from unnatural result would be that he might feel suitable gratitude and indebtedness to the man who, not from actual personal liking, but from a mere sense of justice, had rescued him. As for the fears of Messrs. Palford & Grimby, he had put himself on record with Burrill by commanding him to hold his tongue and stating clearly that proof was both necessary and lacking. In the private room of Palford & Grimby, however, he could confidently express his opinions without risk.

"The recognition of a man lost sight of for years, and seen only for a moment through a window, is not substantial evidence," Mr. Grimby had proceeded. "The incident was startling, but not greatly to be relied upon."

"I knew him." Palliser was slightly grim in his air of finality. "He was a man most men either liked or hated. I did n't like him. I detested a trick he had of staring at you under his drooping lids. By the way, do you remember the portrait of Miles Hugo which was so like him?"

Mr. Palford remembered having heard that there was a certain portrait in the gallery which Mr. James Temple Barholm had been said to resemble, and Palliser continued:

"One day after I had been to look at a sunset through a particular window in the wing where Strangeways was kept, I passed the door of his sitting-room, and heard the American arguing with him. He was evidently telling him he was to be taken elsewhere, and the poor devil was terrified. I heard him beg him, for God's sake, not to send him away. There was panic in his voice. In connection with the fact that he *has* got him away secretly,—at midnight,—it 's an ugly thing to recall."

"It would seem to have significance," Grimby said uneasily.

"It set me thinking and looking into things," Palliser went on. "Pearson was secretive, but the head man, Burrill, made casual enlightening remarks. I gathered some curious details, which might or might not have meant a good deal. When Strangeways suddenly appeared at his window one evening, a number of things fitted themselves well together. My theory is that the American—Tembarom, as he used to call himself—may not have been certain of the identity at first; but he would n't have brought Strangeways with him if he had not had some reason to suspect who he was. He dare n't lose sight of him, and he wanted time to make sure and to lay his plans. The portrait of Miles Hugo was a clue which alarmed him, and no doubt he has been following it. If he found it led to nothing, he could easily turn Strangeways over to the public charge and let him be put into a lunatic asylum. If he found it led to a revelation which would make him a pauper again, it would be easy to dispose of him."

"Come, come, Captain Palliser, we must n't go too far!" ejaculated Mr. Grimby, alarmedly. It shocked him to think of the firm being dragged into a case dealing with capital crime and possible hangmen. That was not its line of the profession.

Captain Palliser's slight laugh contained no hint of being shocked by any possibilities whatever.

"There are extremely private asylums and so-called sanatoriums where the discipline is strict and no questions are asked. One sometimes reads in the papers of cases where mild-mannered keepers, in defending themselves against the attacks of violent patients, are obliged to use force, with disastrous results. It is in such places that our investigations should begin."

"Dear me! dear me!" Mr. Grimby broke out. "Is n't that going rather far? You surely don't think—"

"Mr. Tembarom's chief characteristic was that he was a practical and direct person. He would do what he had to do in exactly that businesslike manner. The inquiries I have been making have been as to the whereabouts of places in which a superfluous relative might be placed without attracting attention."

Palford & Grimby's view of the matter continued to be marked by extreme distaste for the whole situation and its disturbing and irritating possibilities. The coming of the American heir to the estate of Temple Barholm had been trying to the verge of extreme painfulness; but sufficient time having elapsed and their client having troubled them little, they had outlived the shock of his first appearance and had settled once more into the calm of their accustomed atmosphere and routine. That he should suddenly reappear upon their dignified horizon as a probable melodramatic criminal was a fault of taste and a lack of consideration beyond expression. To be dragged into vulgar detective work, to be referred to in newspapers in a connection which would lead to confusing the firm with the representatives of such branches of the profession as dealt with persons who had committed acts for which, in vulgar parlance, they might possibly "swing," if their legal defenders did

not "get them off," appeared intolerable to a firm whose sole affairs had been the dealing with noble and ancient estates, with advising and supporting personages of stately name, and with private and weighty family confidences. If the worst came to the worst, the affair would surely end in the most glaring and odious notoriety: in head-lines and daily reports even in London, in appalling pictures of every one concerned in every New York newspaper, even in baffled struggles to keep abominable woodcuts of themselves, Mr. Edward James Palford and Mr. James Matthew Grimby, from being published in sensational journalistic sheets. Professional duty demanded that the situation should be dealt with, that investigation should be entered into, that the most serious, even if conservative, steps should be taken at once. With regard to the accepted report of Mr. James Temple Barholm's tragic death, it could not be denied that Captain Palliser's view of the naturalness of the origin of the mistake that had been made had a logical air.

"In a region full of rioting derelicts crazed with the lawless excitement of their dash after gold," he had said, "identities and names are easily lost. Temple Barholm himself was a derelict and in a desperate state. He was in no mood to speak of himself or try to make friends. He no doubt came and went to such work as he did scarcely speaking to any one. A mass of earth and debris of all sorts suddenly gives way, burying half a dozen men. Two or three are dug out dead, the others are not reached. There was no time to spare to dig for dead men. Some one had seen Temple Barholm near the place; he was seen no more. Ergo, he was buried with the rest. At that time those who knew him in England felt it was the best thing that could have happened to him. It would have been if his valet had not confessed his trick and old Temple Barholm had not died. My theory is that he may have left the place days before the accident without being missed. His mental torment caused some mental illness, it does not matter what. He lost his memory and wandered about; the Lord knows how or where he lived; he probably never knew himself. The American picked him up and found he had money. For reasons of his own he professed to take care of him. He must have come on some clue just when he heard of his new fortune. He was naturally panic-stricken; it must have been a big blow at that particular moment. He was sharp enough to see what it might mean, and held on to the poor chap like grim death, and has been holding on ever since."

"We must begin to take steps," decided Palford & Grimby. "We must of course take steps at once, but we must begin with discretion."

Avenues and vistas were necessary—avenues through which the steps of Palford and Grimby might wander, vistas which they might explore with hesitating, investigating glances. So far, the scene remained unpromisingly blank. The American Temple Barholm had simply disappeared, as had his mysterious charge. Steps likely to lead to definite results can scarcely be taken hopefully in the case of a person who has seemed temporarily to cease to exist. You cannot interrogate him, you cannot demand information, whatsoever the foundations upon which rest your accusations, if such accusation can be launched only into thin air, and the fact that there is nobody to reply to—to acknowledge or indignantly refute them—is in itself a serious barrier to accomplishment. It was also true that only a few weeks had elapsed since the accused lad had, so to speak, dematerialized. It was also impossible to calculate upon what an American of his class and peculiarities would be likely to do in any circumstances whatever.

In private conference, Palford & Grimby frankly admitted to each other that they would almost have preferred that Captain Palliser should have kept his remarkable suspicions to himself, for the time being at least. Yet when they had admitted this they were confronted by the disturbing possibility, suggested by Palliser, that actual crime had been or might be committed. They had heard unpleasant stories of private lunatic asylums and their like. Things to shudder at might be going on at the very moment they spoke to each other. Under this possibility, no supineness would be excusable. Efforts to trace the missing men must at least be made. Efforts were made, but with no result.

"If a longer period of time had

certain of it. She 's taken to making notes now, and Hutchinson 's turned stubborn. You need not laugh, Lewis. She 's in it. We 've got to count with that girl, little female mouse as she looks."

This view, which was first taken by Rosenthal and passed on to his partner, was in course of time passed on to others and gradually accepted, sometimes reluctantly and with much private protest, sometimes with amusement. The well-behaved daughter went with Hutchinson wheresoever his affairs called him.

"She 's my secretary," Hutchinson began to explain, with a touch of swagger. "I 've got to have a secretary, and I 'd rather trust my private business to my own daughter than to any one else. It 's safe with her."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IT was in the course of the "lessons" that he realized that he had always argued that the best way to do business was to do it face to face with people. To stay in England, and let another chap make your bargains for you in France or Germany or some other outlandish place, where frog-eating foreigners ran loose, was a fool's trick. He 'd said it often enough. "Get your eye on 'em, and let them know you 've got it on them, and they 'd soon find out they were dealing with Lancashire, and not with foreign knaves and nincompoops." So, when it became necessary to deal with France, Little Ann packed him up neatly, so to speak, and in the rôle of obedient secretarial companion took him to that country, having for weeks beforehand mentally confronted the endless complications attending the step. She knew, in the first place, what the effect of the French language would be upon his temper: that it would present itself to him as a wall deliberately built by the entire nation as a means of concealing a deep duplicity the sole object of which was the baffling, thwarting, and undoing of Englishmen, from whom it wished to wrest their honest rights. Apoplexy becoming imminent, as a result of his impotent rage during their first few days in Paris, she paid a private visit to a traveler's agency, and after careful inquiry discovered that it was not impossible to secure the attendance and service of a well-mannered man who spoke most of the languages employed by most of the inhabitants of the globe. She even found that she might choose from a number of such persons, and she therefore selected with great care.

"One that 's got a good temper, and is n't easy irritated," she said to herself; in summing up the aspirants, "but not one that 's easy-tempered because he 's silly. He must have plenty of common sense as well as be willing to do what he 's told."

From the time of his advent, Joseph Hutchinson had become calmer and had ceased to be in peril of apoplectic seizure. Foreign nations became less iniquitous and dangerous, foreign languages were less of a barrier, easier to understand. A pleasing impression that through great facility he had gained a fair practical knowledge of French, German, and Italian, supported and exhilarated him immensely.

"It 's right-down wonderful how a chap gets to understand these fellows' lingo after he 's listened to it a bit," he announced to Ann. "I would n't have believed it of myself that I could see into it as quick as I have. I could n't say as I understand everything they say just when they 're saying it; but I understand it right enough when I 've had time to translate like. If foreigners did n't talk so fast and run their words one into another, and jabber as if their mouths was full of puddin', it 'd be easier for them as is English. Now, there 's 'wee' and 'nong.' I know 'em whenever I hear 'em, and that 's a good bit of help."

"Yes," answered Ann, "of course that 's the chief thing you want to know in business, whether a person is going to say 'yes' or 'no.' "

He began to say "wee" and "nong" at meals, and once broke forth "Passy mor le burr" in a tone so casually Parisian that Ann was frightened, because she did not understand immediately, and also because she saw looming up before her a future made perilous by the sudden interjection of unexpected foreign phrases it would be incumbent upon her to comprehend without an instant's hesitation.

"Don't you understand? Pass the but-

something I do not," she began. "I am most anxious and unhappy. I have not liked to ask questions, because that would have seemed to imply a doubt of Mr. Temple Barholm. I do not know what has been said. Pearson, in whom I have the greatest confidence, felt that Mr. Temple Barholm would prefer that I should wait until he returned."

"Do you think he *will* return?" said Mr. Grimby, amazedly.

"Oh," the gentle creature ejaculated, "can you possibly think he will not? Why? Why?"

Mr. Palford had shared his partner's amazement. It was obvious that she was as ignorant as a babe of the details of Palliser's extraordinary story. In her affectionate consideration for Temple Barholm she had actually shut herself up lest she should hear anything said against him which she could not refute. There was something delicately heroic in the little, slender old thing, with her troubled eyes and her cap and her quivering side-ringlets.

"You," she appealed, "are his legal advisers, and will be able to tell me if there is anything he would wish me to know. I could not allow myself to listen to villagers or servants, but I may ask you."

"We are far from knowing as much as we desire to know," Mr. Palford replied.

"We came here, in fact," added Grimby, "to ask questions of *you,* Miss Temple Barholm."

"The fact that Miss Temple Barholm has not allowed herself to be prejudiced by village gossip, which is invariably largely unreliable, will make her an excellent witness," Mr. Palford said to his partner, with a deliberation which held suggestive significance. Each man, in fact, had suddenly realized that her ignorance would leave her absolutely unbiased in her answers to any questions they might put, and that it was much better, in cross-examining an emotional elderly lady, that such should be the case.

"Witness!" Miss Alicia found the word alarming. Mr. Palford's bow was apologetically palliative, as he remarked:

"A mere figure of speech, madam."

"I really know so little every one else does n't know." Miss Alicia's protest had a touch of bewilderment in it. What *could* they wish to ask her?

"But, as we understand it, your relations with Mr. Temple Barholm were most affectionate and confidential."

"We were very fond of each other," she answered.

"For that reason he no doubt talked to you more freely than to other people," Mr. Grimby put it. "Perhaps, Palford, it would be as well to explain to Miss Temple Barholm that a curious feature of this matter is that it, in a way, involves certain points concerning the late Mr. Temple Barholm."

Miss Alicia uttered a pathetic exclamation.

"Poor Jem, who died so cruelly?"

Mr. Palford bent his head in acquiescence.

"Perhaps you can tell me what the present Mr. Temple Barholm knew of him—how much he knew."

"I told him the whole story the first time we took tea together," Miss Alicia replied; and between her recollection of that strangely happy afternoon and her wonder at its connection with the present moment she began to feel timid and uncertain.

"How did it seem to impress him?"

She remembered it all so well—his queer, dear New York way of expressing his warm-hearted indignation at the cruelty of what had happened.

"Oh, he was very much excited. He was so sorry for him. He wanted to know everything about him. He asked me what he looked like."

"Oh," said Palford, "he wanted to know that?"

"He was so full of sympathy," she replied, her explanation gaining warmth. "When I told him that the picture of Miles Hugo in the gallery was said to look like Jem as a boy, he wanted very much to see it. Afterward we went and saw it together. I shall always remember how he stood and looked at it. Most young men would not have cared. But he always had such a touching interest in poor Jem."

"You mean that he asked questions about him—about his death, and so forth?" was Mr. Palford's inquiry.

"About all that concerned him. He was interested especially in his looks and manner of speaking and personality, so to speak, and in the awful accident which

ended his life; though he would not let me talk about that after he had asked his first questions."

"What kind of questions?" suggested Grimby.

"Only about what was known of the time and place, and how the sad story reached England. It used to touch me to think that the only person who seemed to care was the one who—who might have been expected to be almost glad the tragic thing had happened. But he was *not.*"

Mr. Palford watched Mr. Grimby, and Mr. Grimby gave more than one dubious and distressed glance at Palford.

"His interest was evident," remarked Palford, thoughtfully, "and unusual under the circumstances." For a moment he hesitated, then put another question: "Did he ever seem—I should say, do you remember any occasion when he appeared to think that—there might be any reason to doubt that Mr. James Temple Barholm was one of the men who died in the Klondike?"

He felt that through this wild questioning they had at least reached a certain testimony supporting Captain Palliser's views, and his interest reluctantly increased. It was reluctant because there could be no shadow of a question that this innocent spinster lady told the absolute truth; and this being the case, one seemed to be dragged to the verge of depths which must inevitably be explored. Miss Alicia's expression was that of one who conscientiously searched memory.

"I do not remember that he really expressed doubt," she answered carefully. "Not exactly that, but—"

"But what?" prompted Palford as she hesitated. "Please try to recall exactly what he said. It is most important."

The fact that his manner was almost eager, and that eagerness was not his habit, made her catch her breath, and look more questioning and puzzled than before.

"One day he came to my sitting-room when he seemed rather excited," she explained. "He had been with Mr. Strangeways, who had been worse than usual. Perhaps he wanted to distract himself and forget about it. He asked me questions and talked about poor Jem for about an hour. And at last he said, 'Do you suppose there 's any sort of chance that it might n't be true—that story that came from the Klondike?' He said it so thoughtfully that I was startled and said, 'Do *you* think there could be such a chance—do you?' And he drew a long breath and answered, 'You want to be sure about things like that; you 've got to be *sure.*' I was a little excited, so he changed the subject very soon afterward, and I never felt quite certain of what he was really thinking. You see, what he said was not so much an expression of doubt as a sort of question."

A touch of the lofty condemnatory made Mr. Palford impressive.

"I am compelled to admit that I fear that it was a question of which he had already guessed the answer," he said.

At this point Miss Alicia clasped her hands quite tightly together upon her knees.

"If you please," she exclaimed, "I must ask you to make things a little clear to me. *What* dreadful thing has happened? I will regard *any* communication as a most sacred confidence."

"I think we may as well, Palford," Mr. Grimby suggested to his partner.

"Yes," Palford acquiesced. He felt the difficulty of a blank explanation. "We are involved in a most trying position," he said. "We feel that great discretion must be used until we have reached more definite certainty. An extraordinary, in fact a startling, thing has occurred. We are beginning, as a result of cumulative evidence, to feel that there was reason to believe that the Klondike story was to be doubted."

"That poor Jem—" cried Miss Alicia.

"One begins to be gravely uncertain as to whether he has not been in this house for months, whether he was not the mysterious Mr. Strangeways."

"Jem! Jem!" gasped poor little Miss Temple Barholm, quite white with shock.

"And if he was the mysterious Strangeways," Mr. Grimby assisted to shorten the matter, "the American Temple Barholm apparently knew the fact, brought him here for that reason, and for the same reason kept him secreted and under restraint."

"No, no!" cried Miss Alicia. "Never, never! I beg you not to say such a thing! Excuse me, I cannot listen! It would be wrong, ungrateful. Excuse me!" She got up from her seat, trembling with ac-

tual anger in her sense of outrage. It was a remarkable thing to see the small, elderly creature angry, but this remarkable thing had happened. It was as though she were a futile mother defending her young.

"I loved poor Jem, and I love Temple, and, though I am only a woman who never has been the least clever, I *know* them both. I know neither of them could lie or do a wicked, cunning thing. Temple is the soul of honor."

It was quite an inspirational outburst. She had never before in her life said so much at one time. Of course tears began to stream down her face, while Mr. Palford and Mr. Grimby gazed at her in great embarrassment.

"If Mr. Strangeways *was* poor Jem come back alive, Temple did not know—he never knew. All he did for him was done for kindness' sake. I—I—" It was inevitable that she should stammer before going to this length of violence, and that the words should burst from her—"I would *swear* it!"

It was really a shock to both Palford and Grimby. That a lady of Miss Temple Barholm's age and training should volunteer to *swear* to a thing was almost alarming. It was also in rather unpleasing taste.

"Captain Palliser obliged Mr. Temple Temple Barholm to confess that he had known for some time," Mr. Palford said as with cold regret. "He also informed him that he should communicate with us without delay."

"Captain Palliser is a bad man." Miss Alicia choked back a gasp to make the protest.

"It was after their interview that Mr. Temple Barholm almost immediately left the house."

"Without any explanation whatever," added Grimby.

"He left a few lines for me," defended Miss Alicia.

"We have not seen them." Mr. Palford was stiff as well as cold. Poor little Miss Alicia took them out of her pocket with an unsteady hand. They were always with her, and she could not on such a challenge seem afraid to allow them to be read. Mr. Palford took them from her with a slight bow of thanks. He adjusted his glasses and read aloud, with pauses between phrases which seemed somewhat to puzzle him.

"Dear Little Miss Alicia:

"I 've got to light out of here as quick as I can make it. I can't even stop to tell you why. There 's just one thing—don't get rattled, Miss Alicia. Whatever any one says or does, just don't let yourself get rattled.

"Yours affectionately,

"T. TEMBAROM."

There was a silence. Mr. Palford passed the paper to his partner, who gave it careful study. Afterward he refolded it and handed it back to Miss Alicia.

"In a court of law," was Mr. Palford's sole remark, "it would not be regarded as evidence *for* the defendant."

Miss Alicia's tears were still streaming, but she held her ringleted head well up.

"I *cannot* stay. I beg your pardon, I do indeed," she said, "but I *must* leave you. You see," she added with her fine little touch of dignity, "*as yet* this house is still Mr. Temple Barholm's home, and I am the grateful recipient of his bounty. Burrill will attend you and make you *quite* comfortable." With an obeisance like a slight curtsey, she turned and fled.

In less than an hour she walked up the neat bricked path, and old Mrs. Hutchinson, looking out, saw her through the tiers of flower-pots in the window. Hutchinson himself was in London, but Ann was reading at the other side of the room.

"Here 's poor little owd Miss Temple Barholm aw in a flutter," remarked her grandmother. "Tha 's got some work cut out for thee if tha 's goin' to quiet her. Oppen the door, lass."

Ann opened the door, and stood by it with calm though welcoming dimples.

"Miss Hutchinson—" Miss Alicia began all at once to realize that they did not know each other, and that she had flown to the refuge of her youth without being at all aware of what she was about to say. "O Little Ann," she exclaimed with frank tears, "my poor boy! My poor boy!"

Little Ann drew her inside and closed the door. "There, Miss Temple Barholm," she said, "there, now! Just come in and sit down. I 'll get you a good cup of tea. You need one."

(To be concluded)

Photograph, copyright, by Alvin Langdon Coburn. Color-tone made for THE CENTURY, by Henry Davidson

HENRY JAMES

TOPICS OF THE TIME

A GREAT NATIONAL PROBLEM

EVERY line of Professor Ross's paper in this number on the economic consequences of the kind of immigration America is now principally getting should be read by every thinking man and woman. The old arguments for unrestricted immigration are not longer applicable, for American conditions and the character of immigration have altogether changed. It is as wise to go on as we have been going as it would be to continue midsummer clothing through February. That for many years a new and developing country prospered nobly under a rising tide of sturdy, industrious, brainy immigration is no reason why that same country, now replete and slowing, should glut its industries and poison its rich life-blood with an overwhelming influx from the inert, unintelligent, and unassimilative peoples of Southern Europe and the west of Asia.

Here are a few striking paragraphs in a statement of great convincing power:

"When capital plays lord of the manor, the Old World furnishes the serfs."

"Just as the homestead policy overstimulated the growth of farms, the new immigration has overstimulated the growth of factories."

"The system which allows the manufacturer to buy at a semi-European wage much of the labor that he converts into goods to sell at an American price has been maintained as 'the protection of American labor.'"

"In certain centers, immigrant laborers form, as it were, visible living pools from which the employer can dip as he needs. Why should he smooth out his work evenly through the year in order to keep a labor force composed of family men with local roots when he can always take on 'ginnies' . . . and drop them without compunction?"

"The price of farm produce has risen much faster and farther than the price of other commodities. This is 'the high cost of living,' and it is immigration that has made this imp shoot up faster in the United States than anywhere else."

"With the insweep of the unintelligent bunk-house foreigner, there grows up a driving and a cursing of labor that no self-respecting American will endure. Nor can he bear to be despised as the foreigner is. It is not the work or the pay that he minds, but the stigma."

"But for the endless stream of transients, with their pigsty mode of life, their brawls and their animal pleasures, the stigma on the work would vanish, and the son of the immigrant would be willing to inherit his father's job."

"It is nearly a generation since the stress, registered in the labor-market, caused the British working-man to fight shy of America. It is twenty years since it reached the point at which the German working-man ceased to hope to better himself much by migrating to America. As the saturation of our labor-market by cheaper human beings raises the pressure-gage, we cease to attract as of yore such peoples as the North Italians and the Magyars. In 1898 few came to us from east of Hungary. Now we are receiving them from Asiatic Turkey, Circassia, Syria, and Arabia. An immigration has started up from Persia, and conditions are ripe for a heavy influx from western Asia."

There is no other so ably equipped to study this subject impartially and to present it in true perspective to American citizens. Professor Ross, during his seven years in the chair of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, has made a world-wide reputation. Before that he was connected with the University of Indiana, Cornell, Leland Stanford, and the University of Nebraska, and has been special lecturer at Harvard and the University of Chicago. He is the author of seven books on sociological subjects, several of which

are text-books in wide use. He has traveled in search of first-hand information. His analysis, in this and succeeding papers, of the voluminous and complicated reports of the Immigration Commission, place the results of this vast work within the grasp and the use of busy Americans.

There are few subjects so deserving immediate and careful attention.

THE TIDAL WAVE OF INDECENCY

THE tidal wave of indecency which has been swelling enormously these several years, and which now, let us sincerely hope, is at its crest, is not a freak of civilization, nor a sign of degeneracy, nor a triumph of evil-mindedness, nor the first swift steps of our plunge into the utter annihilation of wickedness, nor any other of the horrible phenomena suggested by short-sighted and frightened persons. Shocking though some of its latest manifestations are, it is really nothing to be seriously alarmed about—any more than seasickness or any other abnormal accompaniment of change. Civilization is crossing seas, just now, and the ship is rocking most unpleasantly between moorings. We have cast off most happily the grim and fettering old convention of unnatural silence about natural facts, and we have not yet laid firm hold upon the new and natural and decently frank and altogether livable convention which will be established when civilization determines the kind and extent of the reserves necessary to make living sensitive and high-minded and noble under the conditions of our new intellectual honesty, our increased knowledge, and our finer cultivation.

Meantime, without compass or steerage way, we roll a little in the trough. It is history for the thousandth time repeated.

Therefore let us not waste emotion bewailing a temporary condition. Let us take our dose as calmly as possible. Let us see in the license of some of our plays a feeling about for limits and let us enjoy the spectacle of the inevitable utter discomfiture of those who pass them. Let us recognize in the self-degradation of a few conspicuous periodicals an attempt to exploit for profit an assumed moral rottenness in a generation which, its curiosity once sated, is already beginning to prove itself sound; and let us, during the next several years, watch with amused comprehension their disorderly scuttling back into the safety of convention. As for the heralded eccentricity of modern dress, that carries its own cure. At worst it is a safety-valve; and one may trust in all conditions the collective taste of American women.

Again, let not our judgments be impaired by the prominence and large circulation of several of these periodicals. After all, they are as one to thousands of those which, like THE CENTURY, will realize in their pages only the restrained freedom and the soundest taste of our newer and honester and more enlightened times.

SCHEDULE K AGAIN

IN the July CENTURY the secretary of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers" commented on Mr. N. I. Stone's article on "Schedule K," published in the May issue. To this Mr. Stone rejoins:

"The census figures quoted by Mr. Marvin, do not give an adequate idea of the proportion of the industry controlled by the American Woolen Company.

"A comparison of the worsted machinery owned by the American Woolen Company and the rest of the industry shows that in 1909 the American Woolen Company owned 443 worsted combs out of a total of 1978, or about twenty-two and a half per cent. If the combs used in the manufacture of linings, knit goods, plush, and upholstery goods, in which the American Woolen Company is not engaged, be deducted from the total, Mr. Dale, editor of the 'Textile World Record,' estimates that the American Woolen Company would be found to control not far from thirty per cent. of the worsted goods competing with its own products.

"My statement to which Mr. Marvin objects did not imply that the American Woolen Company *owned* sixty per cent. of the capital of the industry, since control can just as effectively be attained by community of stock ownership in different concerns by the same persons. I based my statement on the figures given on page 236 of Mr. Moody's well-known work, 'The Truth about the Trusts.' The estimate of this authority is close to that of Mr. Dale, who estimates that half the worsted industry is represented by about a dozen allied corporations.

"I agree with Mr. Marvin that a duty from 132 to 260 per cent. is not always added to the price of the domestic cloth, a fact to which I alluded (p. 112 of the May CENTURY) in referring to the difference in price of cloths in this country and England."

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

PICTURES BY THELMA CUDLIPP

THE most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feeling, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones at his little mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insufferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainment, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he becomes so utterly bored that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

The moment I arrived at Jones's camp on Saturday afternoon I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show me my cot. It was a frail, anemic, canvas thing that screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping-porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was the open sky.

"Here," said Jones, expansively, "is where you 're to sleep. This region is the most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I get actually to look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten o'clock, and don't know another thing till morning."

"You never know very much," I meditated inwardly, picking a yellow caterpillar off my cot. "How about blankets and things?" It took a vast amount of imagination to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

"Oh, I 'll give you all you want, and lots of mosquito-netting, too," Jones said. "You can make your bed just as you like; that 's half the fun of the thing."

"Ah, yes."

Way down in my heart I had a foreboding that it would be rather *more* than half the fun. "Wonderful!" I simulated. "I have n't slept outdoors for years." [1]

"Good!" said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout heart and a cheery face; I even joked callously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity

[1] Strictly true, though I had spent several nights outdoors.

and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked very, very far away. Then I played three-handed auction with Jones and his wife. I was as merry as ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine-forty, Jones yawned.

"Why, it 's nearly ten," said Mrs. Jones. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I was just going to suggest turning in," Jones observed. "I 'll get your blankets and netting, if you like."

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my hostess good night. The time had come.

Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping-porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at large.

"Nothing," I said, with fortitude. "Good night."

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat, but gaudy, pair of pajamas. A lamp lighted my labors. The game was on; the mosquitos and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed-making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. If a single toe projects, the blankets will be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket into a pillow. Next came the *magnum opus*—hanging the mosquito-netting.

"YOU SUSPEND THE NETTING GRACEFULLY IN ELEGANT FESTOONS"

Here I confronted several alternatives. First, there is the Romanesque style, in which one hangs the netting on a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. This style is somewhat like sleeping with an inverted waste-basket on the face, and is based on the fallacious notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you—but never mind.

Then there is the Renaissance style. You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. This method adequately answers the question, "What shall we do with the wedding-present Aunt Alice gave us?"

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic style—four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung back to the Renaissance. Securing some string, after a short, dark, and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jackstraw-player. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to show that physics has a big future. I had distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder-blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless; I felt that I was being suffocated.

Is n't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and said to myself: "Oh, what wonderful air! How I shall sleep!" Yes, how?

I humped about a few times—creaking as I have never creaked before—till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches, so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitos awhile, moved up four inches, thought about pillows, and then suddenly, with a great start, realized that I was n't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge, staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE; YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. It was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

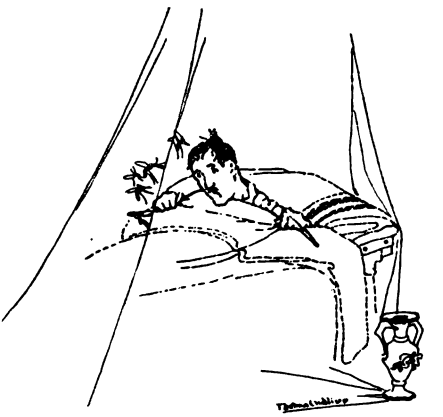
People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jumping over a fence until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred and seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering laws of physics.

I. When a man lies on his side on a cot, his weight is evenly distributed between his ear and his hip-bone.

II. For every dead mosquito in the hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

III. The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers an obstruction to mosquitos. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still—



"HE WAS PLAINLY A DEGENERATE GOING THE PACE THAT KILLS"

Well, to tell the truth, that 's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is the loser. I blame only myself.

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din above me in the trees. I found that four mosquitos were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face—great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for embarrassment. Presently a friend of theirs, bloated with drink, sailed down and sat beside them, singing a triumphant blood-lust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that kills.

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival,—I called him Macbeth because he murdered sleep,—but he was unabashed. I even spoke to him sternly, told him to go home and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place this was for a chap with a family; I appealed to his better self. Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insolently through a tear in the netting and come straight at me. His song of triumph rose in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was just reaching to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring myself for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave way completely and fell about my ears. Can you imagine a worse predicament than to be pinned under so much wreckage with a mosquito that you personally dislike?

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent (while Macbeth's friends got at my ankles), sneaked in under the edge again, lay down once more, and looked about warily for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery, and on the off chance slapped the back of my neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never

seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I almost wish now that I had n't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called Insides versus Outsides. At 4 A.M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitos, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy-long-legs, two mosquitos. A vigorous campaign then began, the Insides trying to get out, and the Outsides trying to get in.

At 4:30 A.M., owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat changed, the score standing: Insides, one mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitos, two unclassified. (Mind you, I 'm no etymologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

"I COULD SEE THE HOUSEMAID, INDOORS, SWEEPING THE DUST UNDER THE RUGS"

The list of dead and injured was simply appalling.

After awhile I tired of this game, but the mosquitos were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Only when a breeze sprang up did they begin to reel home in twos and threes to sleep off their jag. Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the "ravell'd sleave of care." It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. The sun at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones's; I hated the thought of his coming out with his wife at breakfast-time and finding me dead of a sunstroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people don't die of sunstroke. They only fainted and lost their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchen-pump going, and see the housemaid, indoors, hiding matches, and sweeping the dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately well.[1]

Presently Jones came out in his bath-robe, and asked me how I had slept. I told him that that was just what I 'd been wondering myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitos had been thick.

I said no, not too thick to get through the netting, and we both laughed and joked about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That 's the way in such crises, when the terrible strain is over.

I avoided another night's excitement by telegraphing myself to come home at once on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial, and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waiting for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned idea that night is the time for sleeping, and not for hunting and recreation.

[1] Law of physics: sunstrokes are not *necessarily* fatal.

"MACBETH"

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

INDIVIDUALISM—AND CAR CONDUCTORS

THE heavy passenger on the rear platform who looks deep into your eyes while you are running, and shouting to the conductor to stop the car, must often guess your meaning, but, though he stands within whispering range of the abstracted conductor he very seldom drops any hint to him about you. This is noticeable in suburban purlieus where cars are rare and swift as life's great joys. Of what use to hail or whistle or fling the arms about? It is not the business of that stout, contented person to intervene. No gleam of recognition lights up the leaden gaze. He is no mediator for man or woman but a strict partizan of *lais-sez-faire,* a fat survival of the fittest, made haughty by success. Hope nothing from his mercy. Wait for another fifteen minutes. Wait for a car with a motorman or a conductor who, perhaps, like Annie Laurie, may have a rolling eye; and study how to hold him. Dance on the crossing as the car heaves in sight. That sometimes interests him and unless you can interest the suburban conductor in you *personally,* all by yourself on the cross-ing go, and a stern chase only makes him regard you hope. He is blasé, as far as and he shows you what his as a competitor in speeding: all by yourself on the cross- car can do. But a little dance of a gay abandonment, may ing, a quiet dance, yet full the bell-rope to see more of attract him, and he will pull it; and *then* is your chance.

"A QUIET LITTLE DANCE ALL BY YOURSELF"

A LITERARY GRANDEUR THAT IS PASSING

WHERE be the spoken and printed sonorities of yester-year? Gone with the death-bed steel-engravings; gone with the haircloth and the Rogers groups. Yet here and there Kentucky colonels may still be found in print. I treasure all their priceless sayings.

"I am in receipt," said one of them during the last political campaign, "of Governor Wilson's *averment to the contrary.*"

In this day of clipped and jerked-out speech we do not say "averment to the contrary." Yet it is a style that is bound up with our country's history. Back in the eighteen fifties there were many colonels writing busily in this vein.

Such writers are rarely found at present. Something American has been lost. Once they were as natural as nasality; as indigenous as the rolling r's of the rolling prairie. And where is the bold free use of metaphor that could in a single sentence call up a dozen pictures to the eye? The writings of Colonel Henry Watterson are to-day almost the only source of catachrestic inspiration. Here are a few examples:

Suggested title: *"Anvil Cakes"*

"HE seized hackneyed truths, dressed them in fresh language, and dealt them out as though they were hot from his intellectual anvil."

Suggested title: *"A Strange Accident in a Fool's Paradise"*

"POLITICALLY at least, he was living in a fool's paradise, because that which he considered to be his duty brought the house down upon his head, and, of a sudden, he saw what seemed to him incredible, the working of a deal by which the very fabric was to be pulled up by the roots, and this at the hands of those he had served and whom he thought his friends."

Suggested title: *"A Senator as an Earthquake on Horseback that Lives in a Tent"*

"IT is scarcely probable, however, that the Senator, having pitched his canvas for the Republican nomination for reëlection to the Senate, or for riding into the Presidency, if he can create a tidal wave of sufficient volume to secure that end, etc."

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS"...

(TRANSLATION OF AN ODE BY HORACE; BOOK III. ODE 7)

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

I

WHY are you weeping for Gyges?
Your lover, though absent, is true.
As soon as warm weather obliges
He 'll come back to you.

II

At Oricus, snow-bound and grieving,
He yearns for domestic delights;
He longs for the moment of leaving—
He lies awake nights.

III

His hostess, a lady of fashion,
Is trying to fan up a few
Stray flames of his fiery passion,
Lit only for you.

IV

With smiles and suggestive romances,
She does *all* a fair sorceress can.
But Gyges—he scorns her advances.
The noble young man. . . .

"Does he please your still lachrymose eye?"

V

But you—how about your bold neighbor?
Does he please your still lachrymose eye?
When he gallops past flashing his sabre,
Do you watch him go by?

VI

When he swims, like a god, down the river,
Do you dry the perpetual tear?
Does your heart give the least little quiver?
Be careful, my dear.

VII

Be warned and be deaf to his pleadings;
To all of his questions be mute.
Do not heed any soft intercedings
That fall from his flute.

VIII

Lock up, when the day has departed;
When the music grows plaintive or shrill.
And though he may call you hard-hearted,
Be obdurate still!

"Lock up, when the day has departed;
* * * * * * *
Be obdurate still!"

"KISSING IN NURSERIES IS MOST UNHYGIENIC"

THE BEAUTY OF UPLIFT

AND THE DECALOGUE OF THE UPLIFTER

EVERYTHING in the world being amiss and awry, I think it time for uplifters to change it. The aims of an uplifter are as the digits on two hands, ten:

I. I declare absurd the notion that men who earn wages by mere work know what to do with them in maintaining themselves, their families, and their homes. They should follow the advice of those who receive salaries for giving it, and have no other source of revenue. I am one of these.

II. I brand as entirely indefensible the notion that evil is promoted rather than diminished by the pitiless publicity given to haunts and dives and to the hideous particulars of evil. It is by calling attention to these that the uplift movement receives larger contributions, employs more uplifters, and pays them better salaries.

III. I reject the threadbare idea that poverty may be aided, want succored, suffering mitigated, and illness relieved or made more bearable by help with money. By comprehensive constructive reports and bulletins, in red and blue columns, the real root of these troubles may be discovered, and the needy either forced to become self-supporting or permitted to die.

IV. I reject the notion that evil is only to be found and combated where it flaunts itself. It is often, in reality, in the humble ice-cream parlor, the department store, the candy shop, and in the rooms of the literary debating-society that danger lurks, hiding from other than uplifters and brilliant young novelists and playwrights.

V. I denounce the notion that the miseries of our own neighbors should receive any help from Americans as long as there are Chinamen to be upraised, Syrians to be regenerated, or Indians to be converted.

VI. The besetting popular delusion that liberty is the ordinary state of man and happiness what he is in pursuit of, is fatal to the success of uplift. The unsparing prosecution of everybody, which, by the unsympathetic is called muckraking, helps humanity most. Every man, still out of jail or the workhouse, is another count in the indictment of our so-called civilization.

VII. That mothers can care properly for their own children is a proposition which all uplift experience disproves. Spinster uplift volunteers understand such matters better, and should be permitted—I insist that they *must* be permitted—to supervise and control our nurseries. Kissing in nurseries is most unhygienic.

VIII. There is scriptural warrant to prove that evil communications corrupt good manners, but uplift teaches the folly of this belief. Chinatown rubber-neck wagons, examinations into vice, or pedestrian slumming-tours are, in reality, conducive to better standards and nobler ideals.

IX. I deny that there is any force in the idea that uplifters should be denied the emoluments and perquisites of public office. The feeling which all uplifters entertain that they can redress *any* evil and their more than readiness to give advice, justify them in accepting any office—with a fair salary attached to it.

X. The age-old saying that a cheerful giver is a delight in the land is one of the few which I find it impossible to dispute; for above and beyond all else the uplift, to be successful, must be financially sustained, with great liberality, and no questions asked.

The Uplifter.

THE DEVINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

"A SCRIVENER, SCRATCHING WITH BUSY REED, WAS WRITING A SONG FOR A LOVER'S NEED"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY FRANK VINCENT DU MOND

(*See "The Shoes of Happiness," by Edwin Markham—page 222*)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXVII. DECEMBER, 1913. No. 2.

THE CARPENTER'S SON

BY SARA TEASDALE

THE summer dawn came oversoon;
The earth was like hot iron at noon
In Nazareth;
There fell no rain to ease the heat,
And dusk drew on with tired feet
And stifled breath.

The shop was low and hot and square,
And fresh-cut wood made sharp the air,
While all day long
The saw went tearing through the oak,
That moaned as though the tree's heart broke
Beneath its wrong.

The narrow street was full of cries,
Of bickering and snarling lies
In many keys—
The tongues of Egypt and of Rome
And shores beyond the shifting foam
Of windy seas.

Sometimes a rich man, riding fast,
Scattered the dark crowds as he passed,
And drove them close
In doorways, drawing broken breath
Lest they be trampled to their death
Where the dust rose.

R. WEIR CROUCH

Copyright, 1913, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

There in the gathering night and noise
A group of Galilean boys,
Crowding to see
Gray Joseph toiling with his son,
Saw Jesus, when the task was done,
Turn wearily.

He passed them by with hurried tread,
Silently, nor raised his head—
He who looked up,
Drinking all beauty from his birth
Out of the heaven and the earth
As from a cup.

And Mary, who was growing old,
Knew that the pottage would be cold
When he returned.
He hungered only for the night;
And westward, bending sharp and bright,
The thin moon burned.

He reached the open western gate,
Where whining halt and leper wait,
And came at last
To the blue desert, where the deep
Great seas of twilight lay asleep,
Windless and vast.

With shining eyes the stars awoke,
The dew lay heavy on his cloak,
The world was dim;
And in the stillness he could hear
His secret thoughts draw very near
And call to him.

R. WEIR CROUCH.

Faint voices lifted, shrill with pain
And multitudinous as rain,
From all the lands
And all the villages thereof,
Men crying for the gift of love
With outstretched hands.

Voices that called with ceaseless crying,
The broken and the blind, the dying
And those grown dumb
Beneath oppression; and he heard
Upon their lips a single word,
"Come!"

Their cries engulfed him like the night,
The moon put out her placid light,
And black and low
Nearer the heavy thunder drew,
Hushing the voices; yet he knew
That he would go.

. . . . . .

A quick-spun thread of lightning burns,
And for a flash the day returns;
He only sees
How Mary will stretch out her hands,
Sobbing, who never understands
Voices like these.

Swift clouds make all the heavens blind,
A storm is running on the wind;
He only hears
Joseph, an old man bent and white,
Toiling alone from morn till night
Through all the years.

R. WEIR CROUCH.

DOROTHY AND HER SISTER

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

FROM THE PAINTING RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE LUXEMBOURG

MR. BAMBOO AND THE HONORABLE LITTLE GOD

AS TOLD BY O. MITSU

BY FRANCES LITTLE

Author of "The Lady of the Decoration," "The Lady and Sada San," etc.

PICTURE, IN COLOR, BY WAKANA UTAGAWA

DURING sundry long and lonely evenings in a Japanese mission school, a young native teacher sought to while away the hours for a homesick exile. She was girlish and fair, with the soft voice and gentle, indescribable charm characteristic of the women of her race. Her tales were of the kindergarten, happenings in her life and the lives of others, and I have sought to set them down as she told them to me in her quaint, broken English. But they miss the earnest eyes and dramatic gestures of the little story-teller as she sat in the glow of the hibachi fire, with a background of paper doors, with shadow pictures of pine-trees and bamboo etched by the moonlight, the far-off song of a nightingale, and the air sweet with incense from near-by shrines.

He wear name of Tahke Nishimura, which in English say' Mr. Bamboo of the West Village. He most funny little boy in my kindergarten class. But he have such sweet heart. It all time speaking out nice thoughtfuls through his big round eyes, which no seem like Japanese eyes of long and narrow.

His so much slim of body make him look like baby. But his mama say' he been here four years. She nice lady and loving mother. One more thing why that child's most funny small enfant. He have papa who is great general of war, with big spirit. Tahke Chan fixed idea in his head he 's just same kind big warrior man. He use same walk and the same command of speak.

This time I relate you about was most Christmas-time. I tell story to children

of long time ago, when big star say to all worlds Christ baby lay in manger, and I say soon we celebrate joyful day in kindergarten. That little Tahke Chan never hear 'bout it before, and he get look in his face same as John boy in picture what always have crooked stick in his hand, and he speak this word: "A new god? Will He be our guest on feast-day?"

We learn song 'bout star and cradle, and 'gain he speak his thought. He say: "What is cradle Sensei? I know 'bout star. Every night at my honorable home I open shoji to see old priest strike bell and make him sing. Then I see big star hang out light over topmost of mountain." One more time he say, like thinking to himself: "Cradle. Maybe him shrine for new god of foreign country."

I know English for long time, but Japanese childs never know cradle. It have not come to this land.

Christmas-story was telled many times, for children like to hear about it. When I say this time, on that day we get pine-tree and dress him up with many gifts, Tahke Chan clap his hands and say: "Banzai! We make offering of tree to new god."

Sometimes many troubles press my mind how I make childs know much difference of real God, which he never see, and those wooden stone ones we see all time with burning of lights before them and leaves of bamboo and pine.

We work very hard all days before morning of Christmas-tree, but not one child in whole class could make things such fast as Tahke Chan. His hands so small they look 'most like bird-foots hopping round quick in flower garden when he construct ornaments of bright color. Sometimes he have look of tired in his face, and bad coughs take his throat. For which, if I did not know 'bout Christmas-story and all other many things like that, I would have a thought that fox spirit was industrious to enter his body.

Then I mention, "Go play in garden," for I know well how he have like of play in lovely garden of his home, where, with body of bare, he race big dragon-flies what paint the summer air all gold and blue. But Tahke Chan makes the laughs for me when he looks so firmly and say: "No. I have the busy to make ready for honorable guest coming on feast-day of Christmas." All time he not singing he talk 'bout what big welcome we give to new god.

Ah, that little boy! I can no' make him have the right understand'; but he walk right into my heart, and give me the joyful of love and much sad.

No, I never forget that Christmas day. It make of my mind a canvas and paints pictures on it what will never wash away nor burn.

In morning, sun 'most so slow climbing over mountain as snail creeping up Fuji. He get big surprise when his eye come into kindergarten window and find me very busy for long time.

All teachers have many works, and very soon they turn their playroom into lovely feast-place. Paper flowers and ornaments which childrens build with hands, and red berries they bring from forest, have expression same as growing from walls and windows. Same thought as all teachers to give the happy to glad Christmas day. Many Japanese childs is just getting news of this birthday.

Quick we put piano where it can sing best, chairs all in circle. Big spot in middle for tree, which comes at very last from that other room.

While I work, postman bring long box from foreign country, which one teacher open. It had gift for kindergarten. It was such beautiful thing. Many childrens never see same as this before. All teachers give quick decide to make secret of present, and put on Christmas-tree as big surprise.

In very middle of most happy time by opening box, idea arrive in my mind. Wonder if those coughs permission Tahke Chan to come kindergarten that day? One desire knock very loud at my heart for that little Bamboo boy to know rightly 'bout Christ-child. I know for surely. Once I go to foreign country, and my life have experience of seventeen. But Japanese childs of now must *see* god and everything. Then glad thought come. If

"THAT LITTLE CHILD REACH OUT AND FIND HAND OF FOREIGN DOLL. HE

Tahke Chan do not make absence this day, his own eye will tell him trulier than stiff speech of tongue that cradle is not shrine, and Christ-child not blazon image of wooden stone, but great spirit of invisible which have much love for childrens. I learn those words out of book, but meaning come out my own heart, which I have the difficult to give childs.

Beginning time for morning march grow very near. Him not come, and the anxious so restless my body I run to big gate and view round and up.

Narrow street which walk by kindergarten house most lovely picture than all other countries of universe. It have many trimmings of flags and banners for greeting soon coming of New-Year. Even old plum-trees have happy to break pink flowers out full, and lay on gray roof to look at bright sun. The big love of my heart for this Japanese country make me so delightful I have little forget 'bout late of Tahke Chan till I hear spank of many feet on hard earth. I look, and see one of those pictures which never melt off my mind. That sound of feet belong' to soldiers company, and so quick they stop in long line and hold all hands to hat for salute, I think maybe Oyama San coming. I give piercing look, and my eyes see marching straight by those big mens a speck of blue all trimmed with gold braid. It was Tahke Chan. Same war clothes as his papa, even same number stripes on his sleeve, and twelve inch' of sword on his side, which make song on heel of shoe when they walk. Father's two soldiers servants walk close behind Tahke Chan, and flags and banners wave him much happy. War mens pass on in smiles. Everybody know that little boy, and everybody love his earnest. I have several feelings when he walk up to me and say: "New guest, have he come? I make ready to welcome with new clothes."

Ah, me! I have the yearn to convey the right understand'; but he look so glad to give the welcome, and his war clothes so grand, the feeble fell on my heart. I not give correction.

One servant say: "Last night Tahke Chan very sick with evil spirit of cough. Mama say rest at home, but he say this great feast-day for new god. He must for certain come and offer pine-tree and have song with march." I hurry away with Tahke Chan, and take seat on circle of kindergarten room. A feel of anxious press' hard. First we have grand parade, and that little soldier boy in blue in front of all children have atmosphere same he was marching before emperor. My keen of eye see all time he have fight with swallow in his throat. After march come song 'bout cradle and star, but big cough catch Tahke Chan in middle, and when the strangle had left and tears of hot had wipe way, he heard childrens saying amen to prayer. His red lip have little shake, for he have great pride to say that prayer faster than any childs. He have hospitable of soul, too. But Tahke Chan son of great general of war, and he never cry, even though much disappoint' come to his mind. I was hunting speech to give him the comfort of heart when children give sound with mouth like storm breeze hurrying through leaves. I look. Where door of other room always lived was most beautiful Christmas-tree of any world, all light with flaming candles and gold and silver balls. On very tipmost top the lovely big surprise from foreign country. It wore dress of spangly stars and white. Big brown eyes and hair like rice-straw when sun shines through it. It held out welcome arms. Every move of tree give sway to body. I know trulier, but surely, it have look of real life. Teacher rolled tree to middle of room in bare spot, which made glad to have it. Children laughed and clapped hands and call' many funny sayings. I forget the anxious in my happy of that day, and turn with glad eye on Tahke Chan. Then I forget all worlds and everybody 'cept that little Bamboo boy. Never I see such wonderful thing as the glory which arrive on his face when he gaze for first time on Christmas-tree with glad surprise at top. First he see only it, and give low tight whisper, "The offering." His eye fly to tip of top. He lean' way over like his body break with eager. Joyful speech come with long sigh, "Ah—the guest he is come!" For

There in the gathering night and noise
A group of Galilean boys,
Crowding to see
Gray Joseph toiling with his son,
Saw Jesus, when the task was done,
Turn wearily.

He passed them by with hurried tread,
Silently, nor raised his head—
He who looked up,
Drinking all beauty from his birth
Out of the heaven and the earth
As from a cup.

And Mary, who was growing old,
Knew that the pottage would be cold
When he returned.
He hungered only for the night;
And westward, bending sharp and bright,
The thin moon burned.

He reached the open western gate,
Where whining halt and leper wait,
And came at last
To the blue desert, where the deep
Great seas of twilight lay asleep,
Windless and vast.

With shining eyes the stars awoke,
The dew lay heavy on his cloak,
The world was dim;
And in the stillness he could hear
His secret thoughts draw very near
And call to him.

R. WEIR CROUCH.

Faint voices lifted, shrill with pain
And multitudinous as rain,
From all the lands
And all the villages thereof,
Men crying for the gift of love
With outstretched hands.

Voices that called with ceaseless crying,
The broken and the blind, the dying
And those grown dumb
Beneath oppression; and he heard
Upon their lips a single word,
"Come!"

Their cries engulfed him like the night,
The moon put out her placid light,
And black and low
Nearer the heavy thunder drew,
Hushing the voices; yet he knew
That he would go.

. . . . . .

A quick-spun thread of lightning burns,
And for a flash the day returns;
He only sees
How Mary will stretch out her hands,
Sobbing, who never understands
Voices like these.

Swift clouds make all the heavens blind,
A storm is running on the wind;
He only hears
Joseph, an old man bent and white,
Toiling alone from morn till night
Through all the years.

R. WEIR CROUCH.

DOROTHY AND HER SISTER

BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

FROM THE PAINTING RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE LUXEMBOURG

MR. BAMBOO AND THE HONORABLE LITTLE GOD

AS TOLD BY O. MITSU

BY FRANCES LITTLE

Author of "The Lady of the Decoration," "The Lady and Sada San," etc.

PICTURE, IN COLOR, BY WAKANA UTAGAWA

DURING sundry long and lonely evenings in a Japanese mission school, a young native teacher sought to while away the hours for a homesick exile. She was girlish and fair, with the soft voice and gentle, indescribable charm characteristic of the women of her race. Her tales were of the kindergarten, happenings in her life and the lives of others, and I have sought to set them down as she told them to me in her quaint, broken English. But they miss the earnest eyes and dramatic gestures of the little story-teller as she sat in the glow of the hibachi fire, with a background of paper doors, with shadow pictures of pine-trees and bamboo etched by the moonlight, the far-off song of a nightingale, and the air sweet with incense from near-by shrines.

He wear name of Tahke Nishimura, which in English say' Mr. Bamboo of the West Village. He most funny little boy in my kindergarten class. But he have such sweet heart. It all time speaking out nice thoughtfuls through his big round eyes, which no seem like Japanese eyes of long and narrow.

His so much slim of body make him look like baby. But his mama say' he been here four years. She nice lady and loving mother. One more thing why that child's most funny small enfant. He have papa who is great general of war, with big spirit. Tahke Chan fixed idea in his head he 's just same kind big warrior man. He use same walk and the same command of speak.

This time I relate you about was most Christmas-time. I tell story to children

of long time ago, when big star say to all worlds Christ baby lay in manger, and I say soon we celebrate joyful day in kindergarten. That little Tahke Chan never hear 'bout it before, and he get look in his face same as John boy in picture what always have crooked stick in his hand, and he speak this word: "A new god? Will He be our guest on feast-day?"

We learn song 'bout star and cradle, and 'gain he speak his thought. He say: "What is cradle Sensei? I know 'bout star. Every night at my honorable home I open shoji to see old priest strike bell and make him sing. Then I see big star hang out light over topmost of mountain." One more time he say, like thinking to himself: "Cradle. Maybe him shrine for new god of foreign country."

I know English for long time, but Japanese childs never know cradle. It have not come to this land.

Christmas-story was telled many times, for children like to hear about it. When I say this time, on that day we get pine-tree and dress him up with many gifts, Tahke Chan clap his hands and say: "Banzai! We make offering of tree to new god."

Sometimes many troubles press my mind how I make childs know much difference of real God, which he never see, and those wooden stone ones we see all time with burning of lights before them and leaves of bamboo and pine.

We work very hard all days before morning of Christmas-tree, but not one child in whole class could make things such fast as Tahke Chan. His hands so small they look 'most like bird-foots hopping round quick in flower garden when he construct ornaments of bright color. Sometimes he have look of tired in his face, and bad coughs take his throat. For which, if I did not know 'bout Christmas-story and all other many things like that, I would have a thought that fox spirit was industrious to enter his body.

Then I mention, "Go play in garden," for I know well how he have like of play in lovely garden of his home, where, with body of bare, he race big dragon-flies what paint the summer air all gold and blue. But Tahke Chan makes the laughs for me when he looks so firmly and say: "No. I have the busy to make ready for honorable guest coming on feast-day of Christmas." All time he not singing he talk 'bout what big welcome we give to new god.

Ah, that little boy! I can no' make him have the right understand'; but he walk right into my heart, and give me the joyful of love and much sad.

No, I never forget that Christmas day. It make of my mind a canvas and paints pictures on it what will never wash away nor burn.

In morning, sun 'most so slow climbing over mountain as snail creeping up Fuji. He get big surprise when his eye come into kindergarten window and find me very busy for long time.

All teachers have many works, and very soon they turn their playroom into lovely feast-place. Paper flowers and ornaments which childrens build with hands, and red berries they bring from forest, have expression same as growing from walls and windows. Same thought as all teachers to give the happy to glad Christmas day. Many Japanese childs is just getting news of this birthday.

Quick we put piano where it can sing best, chairs all in circle. Big spot in middle for tree, which comes at very last from that other room.

While I work, postman bring long box from foreign country, which one teacher open. It had gift for kindergarten. It was such beautiful thing. Many childrens never see same as this before. All teachers give quick decide to make secret of present, and put on Christmas-tree as big surprise.

In very middle of most happy time by opening box, idea arrive in my mind. Wonder if those coughs permission Tahke Chan to come kindergarten that day? One desire knock very loud at my heart for that little Bamboo boy to know rightly 'bout Christ-child. I know for surely. Once I go to foreign country, and my life have experience of seventeen. But Japanese childs of now must *see* god and everything. Then glad thought come. If

"THAT LITTLE CHILD REACH OUT AND FIND HAND OF FOREIGN DOLL. HE

Tahke Chan do not make absence this day, his own eye will tell him trulier than stiff speech of tongue that cradle is not shrine, and Christ-child not blazon image of wooden stone, but great spirit of invisible which have much love for childrens. I learn those words out of book, but meaning come out my own heart, which I have the difficult to give childs.

Beginning time for morning march grow very near. Him not come, and the anxious so restless my body I run to big gate and view round and up.

Narrow street which walk by kindergarten house most lovely picture than all other countries of universe. It have many trimmings of flags and banners for greeting soon coming of New-Year. Even old plum-trees have happy to break pink flowers out full, and lay on gray roof to look at bright sun. The big love of my heart for this Japanese country make me so delightful I have little forget 'bout late of Tahke Chan till I hear spank of many feet on hard earth. I look, and see one of those pictures which never melt off my mind. That sound of feet belong' to soldiers company, and so quick they stop in long line and hold all hands to hat for salute. I think maybe Oyama San coming. I give piercing look, and my eyes see marching straight by those big mens a speck of blue all trimmed with gold braid. It was Tahke Chan. Same war clothes as his papa, even same number stripes on his sleeve, and twelve inch' of sword on his side, which make song on heel of shoe when they walk. Father's two soldiers servants walk close behind Tahke Chan, and flags and banners wave him much happy. War mens pass on in smiles. Everybody know that little boy, and everybody love his earnest. I have several feelings when he walk up to me and say: "New guest, have he come? I make ready to welcome with new clothes."

Ah, me! I have the yearn to convey the right understand'; but he look so glad to give the welcome, and his war clothes so grand, the feeble fell on my heart. I not give correction.

One servant say: "Last night Tahke Chan very sick with evil spirit of cough. Mama say rest at home, but he say this great feast-day for new god. He must for certain come and offer pine-tree and have song with march." I hurry away with Tahke Chan, and take seat on circle of kindergarten room. A feel of anxious press' hard. First we have grand parade, and that little soldier boy in blue in front of all children have atmosphere same he was marching before emperor. My keen of eye see all time he have fight with swallow in his throat. After march come song 'bout cradle and star, but big cough catch Tahke Chan in middle, and when the strangle had left and tears of hot had wipe way, he heard childrens saying amen to prayer. His red lip have little shake, for he have great pride to say that prayer faster than any childs. He have hospitable of soul, too. But Tahke Chan son of great general of war, and he never cry, even though much disappoint' come to his mind. I was hunting speech to give him the comfort of heart when children give sound with mouth like storm breeze hurrying through leaves. I look. Where door of other room always lived was most beautiful Christmas-tree of any world, all light with flaming candles and gold and silver balls. On very tipmost top the lovely big surprise from foreign country. It wore dress of spangly stars and white. Big brown eyes and hair like rice-straw when sun shines through it. It held out welcome arms. Every move of tree give sway to body. I know trulier, but surely, it have look of real life. Teacher rolled tree to middle of room in bare spot, which made glad to have it. Children laughed and clapped hands and call' many funny sayings. I forget the anxious in my happy of that day, and turn with glad eye on Tahke Chan. Then I forget all worlds and everybody 'cept that little Bamboo boy. Never I see such wonderful thing as the glory which arrive on his face when he gaze for first time on Christmas-tree with glad surprise at top. First he see only it, and give low tight whisper, "The offering." His eye fly to tip of top. He lean' way over like his body break with eager. Joyful speech come with long sigh, "Ah—the guest he is come!" For

one minute room very still, and just same as fairy give him enchantment Tahke Chan rose from chair and seem not to touch floor till he come right under tree. Other childrens make such merries. They have thought it play. But all sounds and peoples passes way from my vision. Nothing left but picture of one small blue soldier looking up through blazon flames of Christmas-tree to shining thing above. His cheeks so full of red with fighting cough, eyes so bright with wet of tears, he fold his hands for prayer, and soft like pigeon talking with mate he speak: "O most Honorable Little God! How splendid! You are real; come live with me. In my garden I 'm a soldier; I 'll show you the dragon-flies and the river. Please will you come?" My heart have pause of beat. I think fever give Tahke Chan's mind delirious. Quick I uncement my feet from floor to go to him. "Tahke Chan," I say with lovely voice, "that is not a god nor even an image. Listen: it 's only a big foreign doll which postman bring this morning as great surprise from America. Teacher put it up high so all childs could see it. Look what kindergarten give you—most beautiful kite, like dragon-fly you love more better. Come rest in your chair. We sing."

Ah, that little play soldier! Door of his ear all shut to my every speak of love. He just stand with eyes uplift' and plead: "Please come play with me. I know your song 'bout cradle and star. And I can march. See." But his body rock from each side to other. Then I press my arms round and whisper with much tender: "I bring doll home with you." He look 'way up high on Christmas-tree, then he leave his conscious in kindergarten room.

Me and two soldier servants convey Tahke Chan and foreign doll to his home. I stay in honorable house with them. One day go by, and 'nother night come. Sick boy's mama have look of ivory lady as she rest her tired, and maid girl make tea. I watch by side of bed on floor. Big ache in heart clutch' me when I look round room and see blue soldier's suit hang' near. It have look of empty and lonely, dragon-fly kite in corner have broken wing. But when I bring gaze back to Tahke Chan, loveliest sight of all visit me. That little child reach out and find hand of foreign doll. He hold very tight, and give it look of love. Such heaven light come on his face! I suspend my breath and listen his low speech which come in broken pieces: "You are my Tomidachi. Do not go; I soon be well. I come play in your garden. Dragon-flies—cradle—star— Ah, Little God—you grow so big!"

Something made me open shoji quick. Old priest make big bell sing. Lovely star hang its light over mountain. All things have great stillness. Not even leaf tremble in white moonlight. Strange feel hold me. Then I know. Tahke Chan have gone to play in Christ-child's garden.

Ah, me! Tears of my heart are many for that little Bamboo. But I have the joyful, too. Now he have the right understand'.

THE MODERN QUEST FOR A RELIGION

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

WITH A PORTRAIT

THIS thoughtful and suggestive paper by the author of "The Inside of the Cup" is based upon his address in one of the most conservative Protestant Episcopal churches of the Pacific coast, where it instantly attracted wide-spread attention. Mr. Churchill subsequently read it before the University of California. In response to many requests from clergymen, as well as from laymen, for its publication, Mr. Churchill has consented to its appearance in THE CENTURY.—THE EDITOR.

FOR those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, I think there can be no question that the world is not as skeptical about spiritual things as formerly,—as it was ten years ago, for instance, or even five years ago. I have among my acquaintance, indeed, many who used to be skeptics. These are now willing to admit that there is an aspect of this extraordinary age which cannot be accounted for in their philosophies,—an essence which transcends figures and mechanics and sense impressions. And it is just this essence which the foremost minds are finding interesting and vital.

Judging this essence by its many manifestations (and we may judge it in no other way), by its concrete achievements in science and politics, philosophy, literature, and art, it must be described as power,—a power as real, in its own realm, as the physical energy radiated by the sun. If we needed an authority, other than that of our common sense, we might turn to the works of the most serious contributors to the philosophy of our time, to find that there are two kinds of power. The physical power that raises, stone by stone, a great cathedral to its completion is one variety. But there is another power, and a greater power, behind the physical; a power which springs from the inarticulate longings of the masses of the people, and which finds its expression through their statesmen and their artists, and through their architects, who embody these aspirations in lace-like stone, in pinnacles and spires pointing to the skies.

One interpretation of history is that this spiritual power rises and falls like the waves of the sea, and that, paradoxically, both the crests and the troughs of it have their values for mankind. I spoke of skeptics; I hope not slightingly, for we have learned to respect honest doubts, to realize that the truth is not won by a lazy credulity, but by earnest and painful search. Agnosticism and pessimism have their uses in checking extravagant optimism; and who shall declare that Darwin and Spencer have not brought us nearer to God? Were it not for the loathing brought about by sheer materialism, by the making of money and by thinking in terms of money, by the mad pursuit of material pleasures alone, how should we be able to arrive at length at the lasting worth of the spiritual?

A characteristic sign of the rise of one of these spiritual waves in history is an extreme restlessness. It may be called a "divine discontent." And are there, I wonder, many who read these words to-day so spiritually numb as not to feel within them something of the driving power of that mysterious energy which is abroad? That same driving power produced the Renaissance, produced Shakspere, produced the Reformation, since which the world has gone steadily forward. And it

is now preparing to produce a greater age than history has ever witnessed.

Some of you, perhaps, have had the experience of looking at a great work of art which at the time you did not quite comprehend, and the meaning of which came to you later with an overwhelming significance. Many years have passed since I first beheld Michelangelo's picture, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, of the creation of man. It made an impression on me for the moment, and then sank—to lie dormant for years—into that part of my being which some philosophers have called the subconscious, and others the "greater self." In the meantime, as my life unfolded, I was drawn by a series of apparent accidents into the vortex of a national movement which had for its conscious object the purification of our politics. One hot night, as I was seated on the platform waiting to address an audience which filled a large hall in a town of the Middle West, that picture of Michelangelo's vividly rose before me, and suddenly I grasped the meaning of it. The artist, I saw then, had not depicted a physical creation but a spiritual awakening. You recall the picture; the finger of God pointing to Adam, and the expression of bewilderment, of yearning, of the pain of nascent conflict on his face.

Well, as I looked at that audience, at the thousand or more people of all kinds who sat there in the heat, listening to the speaker, who was expounding a serious subject; as I looked at the working-men, at the tired women and mothers with children in their laps, it seemed to me that if the composite expression on all those upturned faces could somehow have been caught, it would have resembled very closely that on the face of the awakening man in Michelangelo's picture.

So, then, there is in us all a force driving us on to struggle. And some, the most fortunate, I think are shoved by apparent accidents into the conflict raging about us, and find relief in action; discover the amazing fact that in working for a cause we are at once raised to higher levels of existence. But most of us are like boys with cold hands looking on at a game. We are sick of eating candy, but we don't understand the game. Perhaps it appears ridiculous to some of us. Yet we have the feeling of being at cross-purposes with life, of being at the mercy of any misfortune which may strike us and bowl us over. Of having no anchorage of love in anything permanent and abiding.

We want a religion. Perhaps we are waiting for a new one. We 'd plunge into life, into usefulness, if only we knew what life were; but we don't know. It may be, as is often the case to-day, that the conception of Christianity given us in our youth has failed to satisfy us, to give us an effective sanction. We are unable to say, with the conviction of our fathers, "This is the absolute truth." For one thing, it may seem to us that the science and the agnostic critics of the age just past have riddled that religion.

We desire to know. These words express the dominant yearning of the age. Whither shall we turn for a religion, a sanction, a guide to life? And thus we start off on our modern Pilgrim's Progress, to seek after God, if haply we may find Him.

It is a curious fact that there are some who look with longing eyes at the church which still stands for external, or what may be called supernatural, authority. "What a comfort," such weary souls exclaim, "to be able to have life solved for one in this simple fashion, to accept the teachings of a church which still claims in a special sense to be the guardian of the keys of heaven itself, to stop this buzzing in our heads, this attempting to think for ourselves!" But we find we can't enter such a church. Perhaps we do not grasp at once the significance of this fact. It is only after a little that the reason becomes plain. We look around us, and we perceive at length that every institution in our modern government, every discovery in our modern science from the telegraph which encircles the globe to the cure and prevention of disease, has been accomplished against the principle for which that church still stands, the principle of having our thinking done for us.

It is of no avail to say that the world is no better for these discoveries. That would be to deny God's revelation. We see that this imposed authority would forbid us, in the most sacred department of life, to think for ourselves, while we are at the same time citizens of a government whose very existence depends on our thinking for ourselves. Behind every form

of government ever devised under the sun there is a form of religion which fits it and inspires it. Despotism had its religion of superstition and fear; democracy has its religion of universal education and of individual responsibility, which means that there must be no organization or intermediary between ourselves and our God. If we don't believe in democracy, we shall have difficulty in finding for ourselves a country in God's world as He is shaping it to-day.

We turn, therefore, reluctantly from this ancient church of an imposed authority, and continue our quest. And when we behold the multitude of modern cure-alls offered, as many as there are advertisements in the backs of magazines, we are bewildered indeed. "There are no such things in the world," cry the advocates of one of these, "as evil and pain. Deny them, and they disappear." You may have the presence of mind to test the logic, the capacity for hard and sound thinking, of these advocates. "In denying evil and pain," you ask, "did you not really acknowledge their existences, and fight them?" And suddenly, perhaps, there comes into our mind the sorrowful and sublime figure of Abraham Lincoln, and we exclaim: "Why, evil gave us Lincoln! In fighting evil he became what he is to us, and ever shall be. Evil and pain must have their uses in the scheme of Reality."

Should we have the time and the patience and the courage to read what is best in modern philosophy, we should learn indeed something of the use of evil in the world, as a part of reality's logical construction. And how, paradoxically, out of evil comes good. We should learn the value of the hard kind of thinking as distinguished from the soft kind. And we should discover something else which is of vital importance to us in our search, that from Plato onward philosophers have lived and toiled, and what was false in the teachings of each has died, and what was true has been added to the slowly accumulating treasure, which has grown like a coral reef. And this body of truth all the more reputable schools of modern philosophy hold in common. Hence the very process which has made philosophy valuable has been a democratic process, a process of free minds working against each other. In our century, as freedom and education have spread, this process has become extraordinarily magnified in extent, until we shall soon arrive at a time when thousands will be thinking clearly where one thought before.

It is of this process we must take account in the working out of our own solution.

If we turn back, now, for a glance at the presentation of Christianity given some of us in our youth, I think we shall be struck by the fact that the righteousness which it contained seemed to us a negative righteousness; that is, one which did not appear to enter vitally into life. Dogmas and doctrines are nothing whatever unless they are formulas of experience, unless we are able to try them out under practical conditions and see how they work. Now the age in which we live is a positive, dynamic age. There are conflicts going on all about us against greed and selfishness, for the benefit (on a national scale, mind you) of ignorant and suffering humanity.

There are some good people who decry this struggle. An eminent minister of the gospel is quoted recently as saying that fighting is the wrong way to go about the bettering of conditions. Let our reformers, he said in effect, like precious lumps of radium, sit still and emanate virtue-particles. Now I am very far from denying that the very essence of righteousness is that it can be radiated, is radiated; but how, it may be asked, is righteousness acquired. Is it acquired by one's sitting still and absorbing it? Is it to be achieved by practising a long list of "thou shalt nots"?

Righteousness, I believe we must all agree, is potential energy, to be won, and to be won only, by buffeting one's way up a toilsome slope against enemies, against that terrible power, incarnate in mankind, which is called, for lack of a better name, evil. Righteousness is growth. The moment fighting stops, growth stops, and righteousness has ceased to radiate because it is dead.

Which are the men who, like powerful electric generators, have radiated it so that all mankind is stirred and energized? Are they not those who were most hated and vilified in their day by the evil-minded and the closed minded, because they set their faces resolutely against complacent customs which wronged humanity and against

complacent selfishness which sought to destroy it? We need go no farther for an example of this than Jesus Christ. Perhaps this is a quality of Christ's character which was not sufficiently emphasized in the old teaching.

The religion we choose, therefore, in order to satisfy us, must contain a positive, militant righteousness. And it must not be a righteousness which has to do only with our own souls; it must also have a social meaning. In other words, it must have, in a democracy, something to do with the State. If this be so, let us call this positive righteousness the New Patriotism. Patriotism and religion have come hand in hand down the ages. If we believe in the New Patriotism, and if whatever religion we adopt be not in harmony with it, then we shall be doing violence to our deepest instincts.

Let us see of what the New Patriotism consists.

First, it involves, for the man or woman who has adopted it heart and soul, a change in the motive of life. The old motive in government lay in the acquisition of property; the new lies in service. This is not to say that, in an imperfect world, we should not acquire and hold property, but that we must subordinate this motive to the new and higher one. And when we look at the types which are the extreme expressions of each motive, we see that the first tends to make a man of ability into a Tweed, while the second produces a personality like Miss Jane Addams of Chicago. This change of motive is called by psychologists "rebirth." "Except a man be born again, he shall in no wise see the kingdom of God."

Second, the New Patriotism proclaims a positive and militant righteousness. It is by no means a gentle optimism, because it acknowledges the problem of evil and grapples with it. It seeks to put into government the maxim, "I am my brother's keeper."

Third, a striking note of the New Patriotism is open-mindedness, teachableness, and hence capacity for growth. Its greatest enemies are those with closed minds, the Pharisees of the modern world, who maintain that things are best as they are, "who neither go in themselves, neither suffer those who are entering to go in."

Fourth in the New Patriotism may be mentioned the principle of individual worth, and this leads logically, through universal suffrage, to individual responsibility and democracy. We must, in government, trust those whom God trusts in His divine scheme. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

And fifth, in the New Patriotism we are beginning to recognize at last that "man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." We realize that it would not be sufficient to give, by legal decree, food and warmth and certain material luxuries, to our cold and starving brothers; that discontent and selfish greed are not to be overcome by distribution. Of what significance, otherwise, were the yearning which pervades all elements of the nation to-day? Art, literature, science, music, and philosophy have their place,—yes, and religion. Are we not seeking for a religion?

Now, in whatever religion we adopt, are we going to throw these constituents of the New Patriotism away? That would be to deny the very process by which truth accumulates, to set our faces against the evolution of the centuries, to refuse to use the science and the modern economic knowledge which makes to-day, for the first time in history, the relief of human suffering on a national scale possible. But, if these constituents are to be embodied in our acts, they must perforce form part of our religion.

We shall have to admit, however, that they are taken bodily out of the gospels of a religion many of us thought we had discarded! Some persons will make the objection immediately that these constituents of the New Patriotism are not religion, but a system of ethics; that they are covered by the golden rule. Ethics is not religion. Religion is motive power. Let us admit it frankly. And these same persons, perhaps, will call this "boiled-down" Christianity, with all that is repugnant to modern enlightenment eliminated.

Can we dismiss Christianity so summarily? If we are really open-minded, ought we not to give the evolution of nineteen centuries a chance to be heard?

"But," there are those who answer, "where shall we begin? There are many books, as you have said. There are many

From a photograph taken for THE CENTURY in October, 1913, by F. J. McCullagh. Color-Tone by H. Davidson

WINSTON CHURCHILL

opinions. And the Bible itself has been torn in pieces by what is called historical criticism."

My purpose in writing this article is to suggest a manner of going about the task. In the first chapter of John it is written:

> In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. . . . In him was life; and the life was the light of men. . . . And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

We are all familiar with these wonderfully beautiful verses, beautiful and mysterious. They are, we know, philosophy, the prevailing philosophy of the Roman Empire at the time this gospel was written, the neo-Platonic. It is the province of philosophy to explain spiritual phenomena, just as it is the province of physical science to explain physical phenomena. There had appeared, in obscure Palestine, a religious phenomenon of extraordinary magnitude, an individual so great that he had stirred all who heard and saw him; and who, after he had suffered death on the cross, had kindled, through his apostles, tens of thousands throughout the length and breadth of the empire. Here was a man incandescent with the Spirit of God as no man had ever been known to be before.

Therefore John, the unknown author of the fourth gospel, often called the spiritual gospel, accounted for this Event in terms of the neo-Platonic philosophy which he knew. The "Word" which he mentions, the Greek Logos, the "inner spirit of rationality, which constitutes the very soul of the universe," may be freely translated, I think, as the decree of the Spirit of the universe as to the meaning of our finite life, as to how life should be lived in this world in order to develop ourselves and do God's will. It is plain that this message could be brought home most effectively to groping humanity if it were actually lived in its completeness by a human being who incarnated it.

One of the comforts of the most modern, and I think most dependable, of our schools of philosophy I have delayed mentioning until now. This is that, after nineteen centuries, it is corroborative rather than critical of this principle of the Incarnation as set forth by John. So far as true Christianity goes, this philosophy is constructive and not destructive. And in the latest work of one of the most profound of English idealistic thinkers we may find the principle laid down that "self-sacrifice is the logical structure of Reality," and much more that I have not time to enter into.

I am going to take, in conclusion, the vital principle in this modern philosophy and apply it to Christianity, and that is the principle of Individuality, or Personality. When we read the gospels, we must bear in mind that they were written by zealous authors primarily to convert their readers to Christ, at a time when there was no science in the modern meaning of the word; when there were no critical biographical standards, no publications in the modern sense, no swift means of communication. Through tradition much extraneous matter has crept into these records. How are we to tell what is true and what is false concerning Christ?

Let us see, now, what happens when we apply to the gospels this principle of an enlightened philosophy—Personality. Let us take up our four gospels and begin to read them as though it were for the first time. Gradually, as we read on, keeping our minds free, a Personality begins to emerge from the pages; dimly, at first, but little by little becoming clearer until it stands out before us as a definite unity. It is a Personality whose utterances are not literal or dogmatic, yet are filled with hidden truths that keep dawning on us; a Personality capable of lightning-like wrath and incredible tenderness; of humor, of patience, of inflexible will; of a positive, militant righteousness which fights the battles of humanity. He understands evil and its power, and knows all the longings, all the discouragements of the human heart.

And it may befall, with this wonderful figure rising before us, that we find ourselves exclaiming: "This is in harmony with that Personality! That is not. He could n't have said this, or done that! It is n't in character! It is n't his expression!" Thus we practise our own criticism.

Scholars of the agnostic age through

which we have just passed declared that the teaching of this Personality failed to deal, for instance, with art, as contrasted with the religion of the Greeks. But what is it in Millet's reapers, in Rodin's toilers, that appeals to us so strongly? By the power of the personality of these artists the humble figures are transformed, are given a meaning. That is what art does, whether it is painting or writing or living, it gives a meaning, through personality, to the every-day things we see around us. So, gathered up into the Personality of the Christ, illuminated by its dazzling light, we behold picture after picture of homely, every-day existence: the publican at his table, the harlot in tears, the children at their joyous games in the market-place, the sower, the reaper, the peasants on the threshing floor, fan in hand, to purge the grain of chaff. All of these are his figures, even that of the smug, self-righteous Pharisee in his phylacteries!

But again the critic interposes. Christ's teaching, he declares, is not original. Buddha also taught some of the things Christ taught, and Epictetus others, and the ancient Indians had the conception of rebirth. Socrates, too, died for mankind. Let us admit it all, acknowledge the debt the world owes to these personalities; but still the mystery is not solved. Socrates, in dying for the truth, did indeed die for mankind. But let us question ourselves. While Socrates' death was valuable, was it as valuable for us? While Socrates' personality was great, was it as great, as significant, as that of Jesus Christ?

The point does not lie in what Christ taught, or in what Socrates or Buddha taught. If these ideas could be spoken in a colorless voice by a phonograph, or written in a book without giving some expression of a life, of a personality behind them, they would not appeal very strongly to us. No, it is these ideas incorporated by experience into the life of a man that move us. What we actually, if unconsciously, do is to judge ideas by the personalities they make, just as we judge the quality of a food by its results in the body. We look at the man and see what these ideas, incorporated into his character, have made him.

And the only way we can measure personality is by the standard of Personality. Hence it may be that we shall arrive, through the open-minded contemplation of the Personality in the gospels, at the conclusion that it exceeds in dignity and greatness and power all other personalities which have come within our ken. We may see at length that an all-inclusive Personality, incarnate of the word of life, must gather within itself every content, every word of truth, every act of self-sacrifice of those other personalities which have gone before or succeeded it.

It will be strange indeed if we do not arrive at the further conviction that the world has still, in Jesus Christ, something to grow into instead of out of, and that when we shall have reached the boundaries He has set it will be time enough to think of a new prophet and of a new religion. But until then, until our spiritual evolution shall have filled the frame He made He must remain for us the "Word" of John, the Logos, life's secret and solution. As the ages roll on, stars glow for us anew out of the sky, stars which the astronomers tell us have been there all the time, whose light has been so long in reaching us. And thus, out of that Personality, new and shining truths are still appearing to our spiritual vision.

What is it we have lacked? What is it that made us lukewarm and unhappy? Is it not that, somehow, Jesus had lost His incandescence as the one all-inclusive Personality, as the only begotten Son of God, who suffered and died for our sakes, that we might have life, and have it more abundantly? And does not something deep within us, deeper than ourselves, tell us that if the Spirit of God were to come to us, were to take on our finiteness, He must come in just that way,—subject Himself to all, and rise again conquering the conditions created by our moral evils and sins, into His sublimer essence by self-sacrifice, "the logical structure of all Reality"? Would He not through personality, and personality alone, have given us just that message, inspired us with just that love, just that conviction of His patience, of His forgiveness, of His support and consolation? How otherwise, indeed, could He have made Himself manifest save by incarnate Personality?

And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.

THE MISSION PLAY OF CALIFORNIA

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Author of "Little Rivers," "The First Christmas Tree," etc.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY BUSHNELL, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

CLOSE beside the king's highway, where it crosses the vast fruit-bearing plain between the green *serranos* of the Temescals and the blue Sierra Madre, winter-capped with snow, stands the ancient church of San Gabriel Arcangel and what is left of the Spanish mission founded by the Little Brothers of Saint Francis in the eighteenth century. The church is long and narrow, built of stone covered with pale yellow plaster. Ten square buttresses rise at equal intervals along the massive wall, topping the eaves with pyramidal copings. At the sacristy end is a unique belfry, a wing-wall pierced with five arches, where the bells hang at different heights, clear-outlined in the open spaces. At the other end a stairway climbs halfway up the side to the entrance of the choir.

There is no beauty of façade or portal to relieve the severity of the building; no spire or tower to lift it up. Yet there is so much of strength and patience in its look, the summer sun and winter rain have weathered it to such mellow tints of old ivory, the high-arched bell-wall is so quaint and lovely, that San Gabriel has a charm for the eyes and a picture for the memory. It lifts its long buttressed side behind the dusty row of trees where the trolley-car clangs along the dusty street, among the modern cottages of wood and stucco which have sprung up in the old Spanish village, like a relic of another age. It seems a border citadel of the ancient faith, an outpost of the adventurous cross, something between a shrine and a fortress.

And so, in fact, it was, a hundred years ago. For here, in 1771, the Spanish followers of Saint Francis of Assisi established the fourth of a chain of mission-stations reaching from San Diego in the south to San Francisco de Solano in the north. These were the frontier stations of the conversion and civilizing of the Indians.

This strange and daring enterprise of the cross was in truth the opening of the wonderland of California.

Juan Cabrillo, a Portuguese captain, had discovered the coast as far north as Monterey in 1542, and died on one of the lonely channel islands off Santa Barbara, leaving his ships to sail back to Mexico without him. Sir Francis Drake, the English explorer and sea-fighter, had landed in a little bay north of San Francisco in 1579, and spent a month in refitting his ships after the rough buffeting of a treasure-chase in the Spanish Main. Sebastian Vizcaino had made a voyage of exploration in 1602, touching here and there, probably as far north as Oregon. Doubtless many other captains and adventurers had seen the long Pacific coast, with its rare and shallow harbors and its hilly islands, or crossed some southern pass of the Californian mountains in search of the fabled Cibola and its gold and precious stones.

But none of these birds of passage ever lighted upon the bay of San Francisco, the greatest of the world's harbors, or even dreamed of its existence. There was no settlement of white men in California, nor any real knowledge of its marvelous beauty and rich resources for seven generations after Juan Cabrillo made his momentous and fatal voyage.

Then came the brown-cowled, rope-girdled Little Brothers of Saint Francis in 1769, pushing north from Mexico with pilgrim's staff and pastor's cross, to bring the gospel to the wild and ignorant "gentiles" who roamed and fought and starved between the mountains and the sea. That was the real beginning of California. Mission after mission sprang up by the magic of hard work,—San Diego de Alcala, San Carlos Borromeo, San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel Arcangel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco de Asis,—for now the great

bay was discovered, and named after the dear little poor man of Assisi,—San Juan Capistrano, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara, San José de Guadalupe, and so on, until there were twenty-one of these great establishments linked together by the long trace of the king's highway,—*El Camino Real*, —which ran for seven hundred miles from its starting-point in Sonoma.

Around these missions some thirty thousand Indians were gathered, and taught how to live in this world as well as how to prepare for the next. The broad acres were brought under the plow, and yielded abundant harvests. Grape-vines and fruit-trees were planted. The green *serranos* were covered with flocks and herds. The rude native crafts of pottery, basketry, skin-dressing, and boat-building were developed and improved. The work-shops and mills were full of busy laborers. Weaving and carpentry and stone-cutting and brick- and tile-making were taught.

The California Indians were a roving, quarreling race of ignorant tribes, lazy and shiftless and miserable, many of them filthy and degraded, all of them exposed to starvation, if the hunting and fishing were not good and the acorn-crop, which was their main reliance, failed. Out of this low estate they were drawn together and lifted up into something like a people, with a common knowledge not only of the hopes and restraints of religion, but also of the arts of decent living.

I know it is the fad nowadays to condemn work like this if it is done by a missionary, and to exalt the virtues and the joys of the savage, the "primitive man." Writers who go out to visit him (with an extremely civilized traveling-equipment), and spend a few weeks or months in camp near him, speak as if it were a crime to bring him out of his blissful ignorance and his unbreeched, bathless felicity. And doubtless it is true that there is a certain kind of so-called civilization, cruel beneath its smooth manners, vicious beneath its fashionable customs, and incurably silly beneath its mask of sapient elegance, which is less desirable than some kinds of barbarism.

But this was not the kind of civilization that the mission fathers brought to California. Nor were the people to whom they came so happy in their pristine, lazy, dirty lot that they lost by changing it. I suppose that the descriptions of the "Digger" Indians of the Pacific coast which were in our geography-books fifty years ago were, so to speak, embroidered with horrors. But even according to the more judicious account of their condition which is given by one of their closest students and best friends, Mr. George Wharton James, they were in a state which was far from blissful when the "padres" came to them. And of the mission-training, at once spiritual and practical, Mr. James writes:

> Under this régime it is unquestionably true that the lot of the Indians was immeasurably improved from that of their aboriginal condition. They were kept in a state of reasonable cleanliness, were well clothed, were taught and required to do useful work, learned many new and helpful arts, and were instructed in the elemental matters of the Catholic faith. All these things were a direct advance.

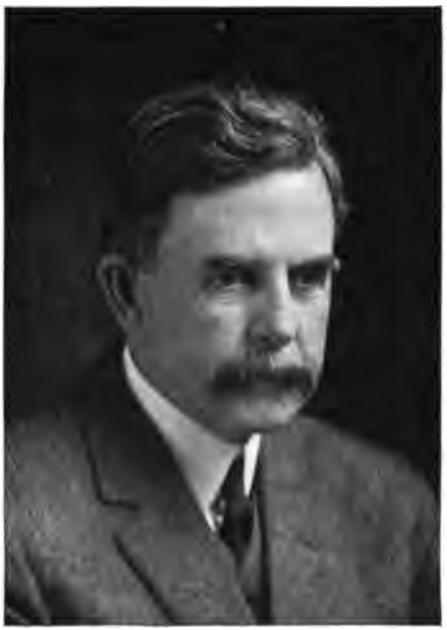
San Gabriel, owing to its fortunate situation in the fertile plain, near to the mother-mountains which gave a shelter from the north winds and sent unfailing streams of water from their forest-clad slope and cañons, prospered abundantly, and was named "the Queen of the Missions." The numerous Indians of the region were of several tribes, hostile to one another, and at first inclined to make war upon the mission. There were depredations and forays and night attacks, usually, it must be confessed, in revenge for outrages committed by the Spanish soldiers of the guard. There were incursions of the fierce Yuma and Mohave tribes from the Colorado River, and the house of peace was often in a state of siege. But the good work of the Little Brothers flourished through all trials and perturbations.

Within less than twenty years more than a thousand dark-skinned neophytes gathered about the altar; four thousand head of cattle fed in the green pastures; six thousand sheep were herded upon the hills; vineyard and garden and orchard yielded their fruits; the broad grain-fields were golden with a harvest of many thousands of bushels; and the dusky reapers reaped in the sunshine, and the herdsmen tended their flocks on the hillside, and the horsemen rode among the broad-boughed

oaks in the meadows or loped along the rough cañon-trails, seeking their cattle.

Year by year the work grew, and the prosperity increased. The shops were full of busy artisans. Boys and girls in the school learned to read and write after a fashion. The looms clacked, and the anvils clanged with the making of plowshares and pruning-hooks.

An *asistencia*, with a new chapel, was established at the lately founded town of Los Angeles, eight miles toward the sea; another was built at San Bernardino, fifty miles toward the mountains and the dangerous land of the Mohaves and Yumas. Intercourse was opened with the naked Indians on the island of Santa Catalina, and the woolen cloth of the mission was traded for their well-made mortars and bowls of soapstone. A great grist-mill, with walls five feet thick, was built on a waterway coming down from Los Robles Cañon; and a sawmill was put up below it. In 1812 an earthquake partly destroyed the church, but it was promptly rebuilt by the indefatigable Padre Zalvidea as it stands to-day.



JOHN STEVEN McGROARTY
Author of the Mission Play.

So for more than sixty years San Gabriel, flower of missions, spread abroad her branches and brought forth fruit. Then ruin came upon her and all her sisters.

They were too successful, too rich, perhaps too dictatorial in the stewardship of their increased goods. The eye of envy fell upon them. The covetous heart, which is the canker of politics, hungered for their possessions without their work. Mexico, broken away from Spain and passing through a carnival of revolutions, resolved to do what the Spanish Cortes had proposed in 1813—to "secularize"—that is, in plainer words—to *take* the property of the missions.

The kaleidoscopic government of that time carried out its plan with a high and clumsy hand, destroying far more than it acquired. In 1833 the process of breaking up the system under which so much spiritual and temporal good had been accomplished, was begun. By 1846 it was finished, and Pio Pico, the last Mexican Governor of Alta California, turned over the remnant of the San Gabriel property to speculators, "in payment for past services to the Government."

The Indians were dispersed, landless and leaderless, to starve among the hills or become the dissolute riffraff of the towns; the cattle and sheep were slaughtered; the great farms and pasture-lands were transferred at ruin-prices to political favorites and land-grabbers; the very cloisters and churches were sold for a song; and through the length of California the inexorable hand of time began the swift rending and crumbling of those long corridors and broken arches, those thick-timbered roofs and deep-windowed walls, those square, low-domed bell-towers and flattened gables and curved pediments and corniced doorways, which are the monuments of the mission fathers and their converts, the most picturesque and pathetic ruins of the New World.

San Gabriel was restored to its true owners, with at least a part of its garden, when the United States took possession of California in 1846, and ever since it has been a parish church. But its revenues had vanished; its neophytes were scattered far and wide; its glory departed, never to return.

Of all this I was thinking sadly some ten years ago as I sat on the steps that climb the long, yellow, buttressed wall

beside the street that was the king's highway, and watched a few casual Gabrieleños sauntering by to the little osteria with the giant grape-vine. What did they know of the story of their village? Who could tell it to them, and to the rest of the world, as it ought to be told, with color and movement and that vivid light without which there is neither truth nor romance?

ANITA
The half-blood Indian girl in the Mission Play.

Since then I have journeyed through California from Coronado to Shasta and heard some of the other stories with which that land is filled, stirring and marvelous tales of the first explorers, of the troubled Mexican era, of the Bear Republic and the American Conquest, of the "Argonauts" and the "Hounds" and the "Vigilantes." But none of them all is comparable for sheer courage and large humanity, for unselfish motive and picturesque achievement and long results, with the sixty-year adventure of the little serge-clad, sandal-shod Brothers of Saint Francis who came to Christianize the "gentiles." That is the best chapter in California's *Heldenbuch*. Who will tell that wonderful story simply, briefly, clearly, so that men can see it and feel it and remember it?

This year I went back to San Gabriel, and my question was answered. On the other side of the street, facing the ancient church, I saw a broad, low building in an inclosed yard, and over the gateway an inscription, "The Mission Play." I had heard of it before, and understood that it was one of the "things that everybody ought to see." But there are a good many of those things in California, and not all of them are equally rewarding. Popular pageants are often trying to the patience. Religious dramas sometimes shock the sense of reverence more deeply than they impress the conscience. It was not without some misgiving that I went with a pleasant company of friends into that plain inclosure to see what fortune had in store behind the fence.

The first thing was an ambulatory surrounding the playhouse, containing models of all the missions in the order of their founding, set in a mimic landscape of green hill and dale, and so arranged that when the broad side windows of the theater were open, you could look out and catch glimpses, as if far away, of the old churches and long colonnades.

The next thing was the playhouse itself, a complete and delightful surprise. It was not like a theater at all. It seemed as if some old monastic refectory, with its dark beams and high rafters, had been enlarged and fitted with benches for a thousand or fifteen hundred people. There were no galleries, no stage-boxes. The decoration was so simple that you forgot

it. The tone of color, the form and outline of the big room, had nothing crude or mean about them. They were of a simple dignity that made you feel at ease. The wide, low stage was framed in a broad band of dusky gold, with a dark-blue curtain hanging before it, as if some ancient picture were there waiting to be unveiled.

And now before the curtain rises, let us hear how the play came to be. It was Frank Miller, the master of the inn at Riverside, who first perceived that the story of the California missions should be told in a pageant—shown to the eye as well as told to the ear. He found the man to write it: John Steven McGroarty, a Celt and a Californian, a poet and a journalist, a man of sincere faith and fertile fancy, unspoiled by literary fads and fashions, capable of feeling the beauty and pathos of the mission-story, and willing to tell it on the stage so simply that a child could see its meaning.

When the "book" was written, a company was formed, the playhouse was built, and the first performance given. Ever since then, except in the summer, it has been repeated several times a week, with growing audiences from month to month. The actors and the employees of the theater live in the little cottages of San Gabriel and the near-by towns. The whole enterprise is unique and characteristic. It is like one of the traveling companies of players in the time of Hamlet, only in this case the players stay at home and the travelers come to them.

But now the mission-bell hanging over the pulpit-stairway at the side of the theater announces that the play is to begin. Three figures pass slowly before the curtain in dumb-show: an Indian crouching and listening, as if he feared the coming of the white men; a soldier richly dressed and armed, representing the Spanish conquerors; a brown-robed missionary, holding up the cross in sign of his peaceful errand. This is frankly symbolical, as in an old allegorical morality-play. One wonders if all is to follow in this fashion.

The curtain rises on the first act, and we see that the miracle-play, with its method historical rather than allegorical, is to be the model of this drama. But it is the miracle-play in a very modern form, with plenty of realistic detail and local color.

SEÑORA YORBA, IN THE MISSION PLAY

The scene is the False Bay of San Diego in 1770: a little company of soldiers and priests camped in the foreground, discouraged and demoralized by the eight months' absence of their military leader Portolá, who has led the larger part of the expedition northward on foot to seek the port of Monterey; in the background, the dark bulk of Point Loma and the broad Pacific; in the lonely harbor, the little lame ship *San Carlos,* like a perilous invitation to give up the enterprise and go home to La Paz. Sickness, hunger, and quarrels

infect the camp; the Indians are unfriendly and mistrustful; not a single convert has been made. Why go on with a fool's errand?

Now enters the chief character of the play, Fra Junipero Serra, and you know at once that it is not a fool's errand, but a hero's adventure.

"LA JOTA," A DANCE IN THE MISSION PLAY, AS DANCED IN THE FIESTA SCENE

Here lies the strength of the drama. Its hero is an idea, and that idea is incarnate in a man.

Fra Junipero is a scholar, a dreamer, an idealist possessed by a single passion—to plant the standard of the cross in California and bring the "gentiles" to the true God.

This dominates him, makes him triumphant over sickness and lameness, strengthens him to travel thousands of miles on foot, enables him to overcome difficulties and organize victory.

This one idea is the man, and through him it rules the play. The author holds fast to this, outlines it with a broad line like a child's picture, underscores it with a dozen simple artifices, naïve and inevitable. The actor who plays the part, Mr. Benjamin Horning, enters absolutely and admirably into its spirit.

In look, in gesture, in voice, he is the passionate missionary, the soldier of the cross, the happy warrior. He enters the scene of dissension at San Diego to bring peace and hope and new courage.

He speaks like a prophet, a captain of the spirit.

In the midst of the scene Portolá returns with his band, bedraggled, footsore,

THE COMING OF THE RELIEF SHIP TO SAN DIEGO

wounded. Failure! No port of Monterey can be found. Better turn home again, since the mission is doomed to despair.

"No," cries Fra Junipero, "the first ray of light is dawning; to-day I am crowned with success, for I am going to baptize a child of the gentiles."

An Indian family is brought in, trembling and fearful, to lay their baby in the priest's arms. But before the sacrament is completed, the Indians are seized with terror, snatch the child from the priest, and run to the mountains. Serra is overcome with contrition for his boasting, and falls on his knees, praying that his sin of pride may be forgiven, or visited on him and not on the mission. Portolá insists that this ends it all; that they must go home at once in the *San Carlos,* since her sister-ship, the *San Antonio,* which was sent months ago for provisions and relief, does not return. Where is she? Lost, or perhaps never sent to find them. The mission is abandoned. They are starving. Back to La Paz!

Serra lifts his hands to God in agonized prayer for one more day of grace, a miracle to rescue the cross from defeat. While he pleads, cries of wonder and joy are heard from the hilltop; the soldiers come running with good news. A light is seen at sea slowly rounding the bluffs of Point Loma; the good ship *San Antonio* has come, and the mission is saved for its glorious future!

The second act is in the court of the Mission San Carlos in Carmelo, six miles from Monterey. Fourteen years have passed since the scene at San Diego, and the mission enterprise is in the rising tide

THE FIESTA SCENE

of usefulness and prosperity. The mission fathers have come to make report of the work at the nine stations already founded, and to receive the counsel of their president, the aged Fra Junipero. Danger and wounds and hardship have

TWO OF THE SINGING SPANISH GIRLS

worn and wasted him, but he still dominates the scene by the clear flame of his inspired stubbornness and powerful love. The strong young missionaries look up to him as their leader; the little brown children cling to his robe and bring him flowers; the arrogant captain of the *presidio* at Monterey, about to carry off an Indian half-breed girl, hesitates and retreats before Serra's unflinching courage and flaming scorn. He moves through the crowd as a father in God.

It is in this scene that most of the pageantry of the play is rightly placed. There is a church procession; there is an exhibition of arts and crafts by the pupils of San Carlos; there is a *fiesta,* with dancing, both Indian and Spanish. Perhaps some of the latter is a bit more hilarious and high-stepping than was ever seen in a mission courtyard; but that is a minor detail. The second act is meant to show a busy, peaceful, joyous life, a scene crowded with happy and friendly people, and, in the center of it all, the man who embodies the mission idea, which is the real hero of the play.

The crowd melts away. The night descends. With a grateful sigh Junipero Serra falls asleep at the foot of the cross in the courtyard of San Carlos in Carmelo.

The last scene is in the ruined chapel of San Juan Capistrano, seventy years later. The great catastrophe has fallen upon the missions, and the wrecks of them lie scattered through the Californian land. The old Indian goatherd who is the guardian of San Juan is the child who was brought for the first baptism in San Diego.

A lovely, devout, romantic Spanish lady, Señora Yorba, comes to pray and dream beside the broken altar, according to her custom. The young actress who takes this rôle, Miss Lucretia del Valle, enters into the spirit of it as truly as Mr. Horning enters into his. She looks the part to perfection, and her voice is like a bell. She rings the requiem of the missions, and the immortality of the idea which made them live.

A band of half-starved Indians come in, bearing the body of their "padre," who has ministered to them in their exile among the mountains. They wish to bury him in consecrated earth. His death was a veritable martyrdom of privation, endured for the sake of faithful service to his charge. The señora mourns with the Indians over his bier, and, helping them to lay him in

FRA JUNIPERO, YOUNG UBALDO, AND FATHER PALON

the grave, she discovers in the folds of his brown robe the golden, jeweled chalice which he had saved from the wreck of his old mission church, and which his poor disciples, though they knew it was worth a royal ransom, would have buried with their father. The señora lifts it to heaven, and in words of simple, passionate faith promises to lay it on the still unforsaken shrine of the church at Santa Barbara as a relic and a memorial of the sacred heroism of the mission idea.

So the play closes, with that beautiful figure of youth standing before the broken altar, with that crystal voice sounding the notes of tender memory and unfaltering trust. It is not the conventional "happy ending." It is not the conventional "tragic dénouement" of honor and bloodshed. Yet it fulfils the Aristotelian law,

LISTENING TO THE STORY OF THE MISSIONS

in that it "purifies the heart by pity and awe." And it leaves in the mind the picture of Fra Junipero Serra as one who kept the faith, and fought a good fight, and finished his course, and won a crown.

The play moved me very deeply. I do not think any plain human person can see it without thinking more reverently of Christianity and perceiving more clearly that there is a great adventure in the heart of true religion. The success of the drama is due in part to the temperament of the author, who has not been afraid to give reality to sacred motives in the simplest form; and in part to the excellent gifts of the two leading players and the united enthusiasm and good work of the whole company. Much is due also to the local setting and the atmosphere. I should not like to see the mission-play outside of California, nor far from one of the old missions. But the real secret of its power lies in the inherent nobility and romance of the missionary idea, incarnate in the person of Fra Junipero.

So strongly did this impress me that two weeks after the last time I saw the play I went on pilgrimage to his grave at San Carlos in Carmelo.

Behind the promontory of Monterey, foam-fringed, wind-swept, cypress-shaded, thrusting its sand-dunes and jagged rocks far out into the blue Pacific, lies the valley of Carmel, bathed in sunny peace. Here are bright green fields rolling from the dark edges of the forest, and lying level in the lowlands, where the silver river runs. Here are wide-armed oaks and sycamores on the rounded slopes, and glistening laurels in the cañons; purple and blue of long lupines and pale gold of wild mustard in the fields; vivid orange of poppies on the hillsides, and clear azure of wild lilac among the low thickets. Southward, the sapphire crescent of Carmel Bay and the black fangs of the Point of Wolves with the surf flashing round them; eastward, the Coast Range, rough with chaparral, crested with storm-battered pines; northward, the tranquil vale, winding far among the hills, with pear-orchards in snowy bloom.

The mission lies in the landscape as a pearl in its shell. Nothing is left of the monastery and the cloisters but a line of brown ruins. The church alone is standing; its stone walls are covered with plaster which has weathered to pale pink like a mallow flower that has stood long in the sun. The domed belfry, with old bells in the arches and an iron cross on the lantern, has turned to a yellow as rich and soft as an ancient crucifix of ivory.

It is a jewel on the breast of Nature—a jewel of remembrance, the memorial of Junipero Serra, Little Brother of Saint Francis of Assisi, servant of God, lover of men, founder of the California missions. He lived and died for an immortal idea, and he rests in peace beside this lonely high altar.

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. C. Merrill

"'YOU CAN WALK, DARLING, AND I WILL TAKE THE BABY HERE BETWEEN ME AND MY MUFF WHILE YOU STAY WRAPPED UP IN THAT BLANKET'"

DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

THE CROWDED HEART

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

Author of "Love by Lightning," "The Tinder Box," and "The Melting of Molly," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. R. GRUGER

A NICE, comfortably developed heart may suddenly get so empty that the few interests it does possess rattle around in it in a painful manner, especially if it be a feminine organ. Mine is; and for nearly a year it has ached most of the time, though I have tried hard to ignore it sternly and fill it up with all the odds and ends I could find. This diary has been a help, and I should call it an "odd." Also, it will have to be an "end," for I 'll not have more time than to round it off tonight. That 's a pun, but I 'm so excited I can't help it.

For a time after Jerry left me, Judge Blair, his slightly peeved mother, and forlornly romantic, lost-lover sister, seemed about the greatest bulk I could find to throw into the yawning emptiness, and I feel yet that I ought to make up my mind to adopt the three of them matrimonially.

Then, during the latter part of August, Dickerson Grant presented himself to me for reformation. At many different periods of time many women have tried to reconstruct Dick, and he is extremely obliging about letting them do it to him; but at thirty-eight, with a fascinating and increasing frost on his temples, he remains an object for further exertions of that sort. I put my experience with him down as wreakage, and for several weeks it filled up some little space in my life.

After that crash I turned my attentions with daughterly fervor to father. As a filler of heart acreage, daddy was not a success; for he spends all his waking hours in the library, writing a correct hourly history of the Civil War as he saw it, and to be looked after annoyed him.

"Get married, Jessica," he exploded as he slammed the door of his life in my face. "Marriage is the only anesthetic to a militant woman like you. I 'm in the fourth hour of Gettysburg, and don't let me be disturbed further."

"I will; and I won't disturb you again while on this earth," I said with spirit.

And thus it was I was turned out into the world in quest of life interests. Is it any wonder I ran into things, and made debris of some of them? I am a great, tall, husky woman, with dancing red blood in my veins, friendly provocation in my eyes, and many generous propensities. To be safe from the clutches of the devil, I must be kept busy, and from my infancy Jerry has been my profession. My earliest recollections are of tying him up, putting something on him, remembering something for him, and bringing a slice of bread and jam in case he should get hungry.

Jerry was my career; and then I had few enough brains to send him away from my fostering to seek another one for himself.

"Just wait, Jess, until I get a little more pressure on this angle, and I 'll have the greatest drilling-machine in the world," he begged of me after one of my prods. Jerry has spent most of his income from his depleted family fortunes on bolts and bars and saws and screws that never came to any good end, and has lived on the remnant very shabbily and happily. The Hales have all been lawyers and politicians, and I never shall understand this mechanical twist of Jerry's nature.

"Are you to remain an infant with toys forever?" I asked him, with cold eyes that I could see fairly slashed his.

He did n't answer me, but turned to his work with a shudder I can never forget.

It was the next morning that the Hale house was closed and he was gone. I am the only family that Jerry has had since his mother's death, and he left no word for me.

I shudder when I even mention in ink those weeks that followed. I went limp, and moaned in my solar plexus until my ribs ached.

Then one day when things were at their worst, and I felt that I *must* have even

foolish little Miss Bessie Blair to love savagely, along came dear old Mrs. Buchannan and stiffened my life up for me. She had thought out a plan for diplomatically drawing the different church societies into one competent organization in order to take better and more systematic care of the town's poor, and needed my immediate help. She talked to me about it all the afternoon, and somehow the question of flannels for indigent kiddies and coal to warm old black Mose's rheumatism made me come thrillingly and executively alive again. Once Mrs. Buchannan had seen Jerry kiss me as he swung me over the fence to her back wood-lot when we were blackberry-hunting last June. She has always helped me love him, and kept tea-cakes for him by his mother's receipt ever since she died. When she was young she lost three tiny babies, and the light in her dear old eyes as she asked me for my help made a warm spot in my breast which still glowed in the fragrant, rose-scented early-fall night that drifted in my wide windows. And instead of snubbing ineffective tears of lonely longing into my pillow, I found them dried as my practical self began asking me for advice as to just which ones of my friends with youngsters I had best go to beg last year's flannels for these seventeen small needies who would have to be incased in the few weeks before the snow began to fly.

After half an hour of most executive thinking I began to lose some of my inward hunger and to feel more comfortable as I fed myself all the half-worn children clothes in town. I found myself remembering every garment that my friends' nurseryites had worn last winter, and figuring just how I should wheedle each separate coat, blouse, or pair of small trousers out of their tight-fisted mothers. At last my campaign was entirely constructed, and I felt that I could go to sleep.

"Please, God, find all the kiddies that need stockings for me, and I 'll get them. Give me all the odd babies you can to look after. And take care of Jerry as usual. I 'll darn all the stockings I can get, and there can't be too many legs for them. I 'll get more. There can't be too many kiddies and legs and—"

And then I drifted off into a deliciously funny dream of Jerry and the mocking-bird that, while I planned, had been singing a love-song from the tree by my window into my unappreciative ears, both sitting on a limb, trilling away at a parody that ran:

"Mits on his fingers,
Socks on his toes,
He shall have trousers,
Wherever he goes."

I truly don't know what I should have done this long Indian summer, which has brooded over Harpeth Valley with a mysterious haze like that of dim cathedral aisles, with never a word from poor Jerry, whom I had sent away in his helplessness from my executive love, if I had n't been too busy blanketing Mapleridge, Tennessee, for the winter to suffer longer than a few hours at a time.

The frosty twilights, with their snap of cool winds and veiled moonlight, have been the worst, and I have sat on the rug before the smoldering logs in the living-room, where my fingers could insert themselves in a tiny hole that a coal from his pipe had burned in some other of all the autumns when he had been here to crouch beside me, and ached dumbly. In my wretched and mistaken zeal for his arousing I had discredited him to himself, and I knew him well enough to know that the huge man whom all the time I have frantically known sleeps within him would never let him come back to me until somewhere he had made good. And my keen, unwomanly brain told me relentlessly that Jerry's case versus the world would be hopeless, while my very vigorous feminine heart ached again to cradle his helplessness. I don't see how I have endured it at all, and it must have put beacon-prayer lights, like Mrs. Buchannan's, in my eyes that I can never lose.

But lately the days have gone better. The suffering has been less. I have led what I call the life vigorous, and the close of this Christmas eve's day in Mapleridge shows my results. Suppressed love is a dynamo that will turn wheels if properly connected up with faith in God, and when I came home at seven o'clock to-night there was not a missing cheer in a single heart or home in the town. Mrs. Buchannan gave me an exhausted, though hearty, hug as she whispered:

"God bless you, child, and fill your own big heart as full as little Minnie Todd's

stocking or old Mose's tobacco-gourd! Not a cold or hungry soul in Mapleridge this blessed Christmas, and your young energy has done it."

I could n't answer her, but I left her at her door, and came on into my own big, cold, empty home. Daddy has been shut up for three days, wrestling with some dim data about Perryville, and has had his meals and slept in his study. Up to an hour ago he did n't know there was such a thing as peace and good-will on earth, and I did n't dare interrupt him to tell him. The servants have all gone to a meeting over at Crowtown, and I stood at bay with life on my Christmas eve, alone.

With my head held high and my eyes defying tears, I coaxed a glow out of the gray ashes with some oak chips piled under the logs, and crouched on the rug to try to dry and warm my wet boots and skirts. A sleet turned to snow at four o'clock this afternoon, and I have tramped on regardless of it, to be sure that every kiddie's stocking would be full to the rim and running over upon a hearth that had a good fire burning on it. The sleet had covered the whole earth with ice, and by the time I safely landed Mrs. Buchannan at her door, a silent, white blanket was being spread over its glistening treacherousness. As I came up the walk, the wind was groaning and gnashing the branches of the maples together, and angrily ripping apart the low snow-clouds to let gleams of spectral moonlight cast gaunt shadows across the white lawn and about the tall, white pillars that sentinel the front of the porch. I felt that it was an awful night for a woman to be alone even in her own home, and my fingers slipped trembling into the hole in the rug while an answering storm began to mutter in my breast. All day I had been going into poor homes where bread and coal anxieties haunted both doors and windows; but I had left little Mrs. Todd, with the tiny new Todd at her breast, hovering over the good fire Todd had made up just before I came in with Mamie's doll, and the expression in her eyes as she looked up at his rough, incompetent body, which could earn only pittances by long, hard hours out at the lumber mill, was a knife that cut through the sophisticated surface to liberate a vital me, which rose in its wrath with primitive demand. My head fell forward on my knees.

"Take the pain away, please, God!" I prayed. "Let daddy at least come out of his study for Christmas dinner. Keep care of Jerry as usual, and some day give me—"

But just here my prayer was interrupted by a whir at the telephone, which is an institution less than a month old in Mapleridge, held in great awe, and very much feared by all the natives.

"Say, Miss Jess, you better come quick to the station for this live stock of yourn by express," came in the voice of old Bill Hankins, the station-master. "It is liable to freeze to death, 'cause this stove is bust."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hankins?" I demanded in astonishment. "I 'm not expecting anything by express. What is it? Tie it up till morning."

"Can't hear you what you say; but come quick, or I 'll be liable fer damages that 'll lose me my job. This stove is bust, and I can't hold—say, ketch him—"

Then the wire buzzed as he dropped the receiver.

For about two and a half seconds I stood perfectly paralyzed by the situation. Somebody from somewhere had sent me a dog or a cat by express for Christmas, and Bill had been inadequate to handle the situation. The wire was killed by the dropped receiver, so I could n't tell him to take the creature home with him over night. The poor, stupid old man really has held his position for years because everybody in Mapleridge looks after his business for him, and I had just left a turkey beside the bed of his invalid wife. No, I could n't risk having the express company in some way find out that old Bill had let some of their goods get damaged. I did have to stand by him and sign that receipt for my gift to-night. It was well I felt such a responsibility for that animal and Bill.

Calming my perturbation over the unexpected gift, I reviewed the situation. I asked myself what sort of beast a girl would be likely to get for Christmas.

A Persian kitten! I thought first of what I wanted most, and if one of the darlings awaited me at the station, I could carry it in my arms for the half-mile. But the kitten might be a dog. Then, if it happened to be a soft, wiggly puppy, I could carry it; and if it turned out a mastiff, it could walk. I decided to take a rope.

"I 'll never let all the servants go off the place at the same time again," I muttered to myself as I got into my heavy coat and fur cap. "I really ought to have old Gray and the spring-wagon in case it should be a white elephant. Anyway, it will be something alive that belongs to me, even if it does n't wear stockings, and I 'm willing to brave the storm for it."

I did n't even tell daddy that I was going, for it would have been such a strain on him to forbid me uselessly, and probably waste ten minutes in which old Bill might do anything in his desperation.

I quietly let myself out of the door into the storm, which had blustered into a comparative calm by that time. I found the clouds all gone, and the moon shining on the snow made a queer white daylight.

It was eight o'clock, and all Mapleridge was under cover of roofs, and preparing to seek that of their beds. Lights glowed dimly behind shuttered windows, and clouds of gray smoke rolled out of the chimneys as logs were being bedded in ashes. I could see in my heart's eye, as I passed the different homes, the kiddies that I knew belonged in each of them standing white-gowned before the tall mantels, from which hung limp stockings, speculating on just how the old gentleman of the reindeers would get across the smoldering logs without a scorching. And *I* was out in the cold, going to bring home —a Persian kitten!

"Still, it 's alive, and it 's mine," I muttered as I picked myself up out of a snowdrift that the irascible old north wind had hurled me into just as I rounded the corner by the station.

And as I came from behind the shed to the platform, I ran into the deep drift of that "Please, God, there can't be too many kiddies" prayer I had sent out the summer night on which I had dedicated myself to the full-stocking mission that I have been pursuing all the months past.

The dear little Persian kitten was four of the forlornest children I have ever seen, with old Bill muttering sky-rockets of profanity while he tried to pack them into a split basket tied on an old hand-truck which he used to move light baggage.

"Thundering Jehoshaphat! Miss Jess, what do this litter mean?" he demanded, with the deepest neighborly concern mixed with rage in his voice. "They is each one tagged plain and square for you. Here, git under that blanket!" He poked a tousled red head back into place as he picked up a queer little hopping bale which was wrapped and tied tight with heavy twine in a man's gray serge coat, and put it in beside the inquisitive Tousles.

A small person stood on the platform beside the truck, and a short skirt that fluttered around thin legs proclaimed her sex. She had a steamer rug wrapped and pinned around herself and a limp form about two feet long that she hugged against her shoulder. She was taller than a chubby bunch, wrapped in a man's blue flannel hunting-shirt, which huddled up against her, and by her extra five inches I judged her the person in charge of the party.

"Where did you come from, dear?" I asked as I bent over to look reassuringly into her eyes, which shone violet in the clear light.

"H-h-h-h—p-p-p-p-p—and—u-u—put —s-s-sh-sk-J-Jess?" The pitiful little effort at an explanation of the situation that ended with my name was an agonized question that went right to my heart. The appeal in the eyes of a hopeless stutterer laboring under anxiety and excitement is one of agony, and I let all thought of further question or remonstrance go by.

"Yes, darling, this is Jess, and I 'll take all of you right home with me to supper and fire. Then you can tell me." And I gave her, the Bundle, and the Huddler a reassuring squeeze all together.

"If you can manage to help guide the shebang, I can wheel 'em up to the Maples fer you, with frequent rests," old Bill said as he lifted up the Huddler and tucked her under the blanket with the Tousles.

"I 'll tie to the front of the truck this strap I brought in case it were a dog I had to take home, and both pull and guide," I answered him.

"You can walk, darling, and I will take the baby here between me and my muff while you stay wrapped up in that blanket. Do you think you can get through the snow?" I demanded of the small-skirted person.

"Y-y-y-e-sk, i-s-ca—" The tone of voice was joyfully acquiescent, and with a relieved breath she immediately handed over Bundle, who was wrapped in soft blue wool, strapped into place with a man's leather belt instead of the conven-

tional red ribbon that usually decorates Christmas mementos.

"Could n't no horse stand up on this sleet no way, so it 's fer the best to cart 'em up like this. Hope you 'll let that express company what sarved you this trick know that I done my duty by you, and am all right, even if I did let that crate of tomatoes get rotted last summer."

"Oh, I will, indeed, Mr. Hankins," I called across my shoulder as I strained at the strap, hugged Bundle tight, and started the procession moving down Main Street toward the Maples.

Of course if I had foreseen the results I might have prayed more moderately last September. No, I wanted them all, dear Lord, thank you.

"Thar they be, every head of 'em," said Mr. Hankins as he set the Huddler down in front of the fire, on the edge of which were already hovering the other two of my human Persian kittens and mastiffs. " 'T ain't likely you 'll have a merry Christmas with such a visitation as this; but I hope you 'll live through it. Sign here. Good night."

As he banged the door against the wind and stamped down the front steps, I turned and faced the "visitation," and took it to my breast, partly literally and partly figuratively. I hugged the baby closer, and gathered in the flannel-shirt-wrapped parcel as I sank down on the rug in the midst of them.

"Let 's unwrap everybody the first thing, sweetie," I said to the shy and embarrassed Herder of the flock, who was holding red Tousles out of the very fire itself.

"Y-t-e-e-tsk-s," she assented joyfully, and began forthwith on the package nearest her hand, which was tied with twine instead of a gold cord.

While she extracted from the gray serge coat what turned out to be a very chubby and Irish small male, I tucked the blue Bundle down in my lap and began to unknot the flannel shirt from about Huddler, whose appealing blue eyes and bobbing front curl set a decided feminine stamp on her. Her grimy hands clung and clutched at my fingers and wrists, and a very delightful, but uncoördinated, flow of conversation bubbled from her flower-bud mouth.

"Milk and bread—lady—baby cold—man—daddy—mama—choo-choo—"

"She 's hungry, and my inside is, too," said red Tousles as he escaped from Herder and came to stand at my knee. "Thank you, ma'am, a little to eat." His small freckled nose wrinkled up anxiously at me as he made his mannerly little request.

"St-kt-sh!" reproved Herder, formally, with stoic disregard of the hunger gnawing at her own small vitals.

"Can you hold the baby and keep the others out of the fire while I go and get something for you to eat, darling?" I asked anxiously, for Huddler was again edging dangerously near the andirons.

Her assent was both eager and executive, so I hurried out to the kitchen, hoping that I should be guided by instinct as to the right thing to feed my Christmas gifts, and find plenty of it at hand. I found a full larder, and my hope was fulfilled, for the four little insides, though slightly distended, are at rest even to this minute.

I 'm only twenty-four and a half years old, and of course many interesting and lovely things are going to happen to me as the film of my life unrolls itself; but nothing will ever give me the deep pleasure that feeding that flock of hungry babies gave me this blessed white night of the little Christ-boy. I sat on a low chair in the corner and gave hot milk out of a cup with a spoon to Bundle, who wilted to my breast in a way that fed me as much as the milk fed her. Herder and Tousles both had huge bowls of milk, of which I had heated a gallon pan, and into them I broke half a dozen crisp beaten biscuits. I had buttered three large slices of bread, and Huddler held hers carefully while she opened wide a pink mouth for first a spoonful of Herder's milk and then one from Tousles, who aimed the dose with a masculine precision that was in instituted contrast to Herder's more wobbly administration. I had ample opportunity to look my gift horses in the mouth, but I did n't. And who could have questioned those tired, dirty, hungry babies? Not I. I was just thankful for them.

And as great an experience as the feeding of them had been, I think perhaps the tubbing and bedding of them was more wonderful still. My "odd babies" had come alive very suddenly, and I found myself filling up the vacancies in my heart

with small legs and arms and backs and toes and curls, round, dimpled elbows, and one thin, freckled, barked little knee that had to have witch-hazel and a linen handkerchief applied. Prospecting with my lips, I discovered a fragrant heaven-place under Bundle's chin, and I succeeded in making the Herder giggle in stutters by a quick hug given across her thin little shoulders. They were all very daintily dressed, but as soiled as small piccaninnies, and their grooming took time.

My room and the living-room are the only warm places in this barn of an old house, so I tucked in the Herder with Tousles and Huddler on each side of her, and made a nest for Bundle and myself out of pillows and blankets on the old mahogany sofa in the chimney-corner.

And as long as it has taken to make this record in this diary, it was just two and a half hours from the time I sat disconsolate on the rug, with my fingers in the burned place, until the blessed minute I sank exhausted before the hot logs with sleeping baby in my arms.

"This," I remarked to myself from over Bundle's head, "has been what I call a full day. Anything else would be too much."

And then it happened. Suddenly the hall door burst open, letting in a gust of cold wind, and a huge, white, snow-covered Bear hurled itself into the room, paused, gave a great roar, and picked the Bundle and me up in fierce arms.

"God, Jess, did you get those kids safe and sound?" the animal exploded in human tongue.

"I did, Jerry Hale, and I might have known that they were the result of some of your wild-goose chasing," I answered as I dusted the snow off the Bundle and defended it from a further drift until the Bear divested himself of his incrusted coat, and threw it to melt in a puddle across the hearth.

"My partner in the Cumberland Bluff Oil Wells was bringing them and their mother home to Washington for Christmas when she was taken so ill at Louisville that they had to stop over for a serious operation. He 's wild, and left the kids to me. The nurse broke her ankle. I had a telegram to come to Cincinnati to adjust a complication on my drill patent for the Standard Oil Company, so I just fixed them up good and warm in some of my things and expressed 'em to you. I motored down from Nashville, hoping I 'd get here first. But I could n't make a Christmas for a bunch like that, now, could I?"

"You could n't; nor for yourself, either. *I* just got what was coming to me," I said, with a threat of a sob in my throat.

"Of course there 's only you in the world anywhere, for anybody, any time, and—and—" That was the only thing in the world for me to do, because suddenly his lovely dawn-gray eyes grew young and anxious,—very much like Tousles had been when I had come in with his bowl of bread and milk,—and his arms stretched themselves out to me in pleading: "I 've put myself and the 'toy' across, Jess. Don't you want me?"

"How could you have treated me like this, Jerry Hale?" I stormed at him with indignant eyes, while I held myself away from the strong hands that were sliding across my shoulders. "You knew how empty it would be without you, and you did n't care."

"Jess!"

Then I yielded, and let myself be taken into a deep breast which hollowed itself for mine, while a cheek that was still frosty pressed close down against my eyes. I then discovered that to breathe life the right way my lungs have to pump against Jerry's, and always will.

Finally the Bundle stirred on my arm.

"Anyway, I 've filled your hands full for the present," said Jerry, ruthfully, as I extricated Bundle and me from the embrace to which it had not assented. "The mother 's going to live, and it won't be for long you 'll have to keep them. You see, I just knew and counted on your big heart, dear."

"Yes, and you are about—about to—to crowd it," I answered, with a happy sob as he held out his arms again.

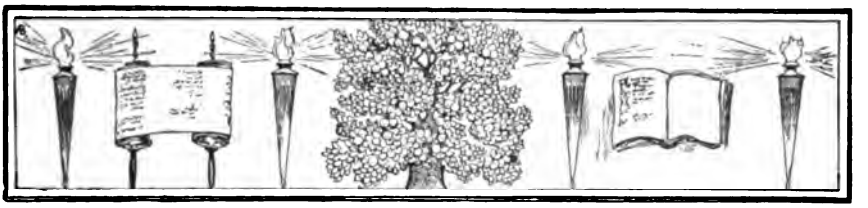
Just then daddy stood in his study door.

"Jerry," he said, without even a word of greeting, "do you remember whether it was in the afternoon or morning that your father got his wound at Perryville? Or did I get mine in the morning?"

"A happy Christmas and peace on earth, Daddy!" I answered.

"The Crowded Heart." Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by R. Varley

"'HOW COULD YOU HAVE TREATED ME LIKE THIS, JERRY HALE?' I STORMED AT HIM WITH INDIGNANT EYES, WHILE I HELD MYSELF AWAY"



SARVACHRADDÊN

"Sarvachraddên doubted concerning great and small."
— Vedic Fragment.

BY LEONARD BACON

ABOUT the breaking of the day,
When all the avenues were dim,
Sarvachraddên rose up to pray.
The gods a riddle set for him.

A riddle crooked in the grain,
Hard to be read, in cunning words:
"What hast thou thought, Sarvachraddên,
Concerning the many-handed lords?"

"Whether the gods be thoughts or things,
Whether they one or many be,
The theologian's reasonings
Are vanity and vaunt to me.

"The Brahmin babbles of the truth,
The Jain must preach in his despite,
Nor one nor other speaketh sooth;
And yet one road must lead us right.

"Where they go on, I turn aside;
My feet go forward, where they halt;
I am not sure, where they decide;
Where they see none, I pick the fault.

"No one of all the paths they tread,
But leads my baffled soul astray.
Yet something pregnant in my head
Drives me along to try the way.

"At the harsh moment when I fail,
And dread and death the path preëmpt
And doubt turns down the dubious scale,
My soul is rich in that attempt;

"Because one way of ways there is,
Because one path there is to find,
That leads beyond their liturgies,
And leaves their farthest faith behind.

"And yet to come on it is hard;
That port is difficult to make;
Against myself, myself I guard
The ramparts I desire to take.

"Yea! All that wit has yet descried,
Or man has fancied that he found,
Till proven I dare set aside,
For I am human of the ground.

"Though heaven fall by my decree,
And the world fail before my test,
Their utmost truth shall come to me,
Whatever hell consume the rest.

"I shall not find the gods. I know
Unfaith more comforting than Faith.
For Faith goes idly to and fro,
The go-between of Life and Death.

"Where lies my search, there lies my goal.
Were the goal found, the search were gone.
And the search is dear unto my soul,
For, like a god, it still goes on.

"O, gods, draw back behind the veil!
I close mine eyes, I will not see.
To find you out would be to fail,
And failure shall not come to me."

Though he thereby know death and pain,
And the edges of ten thousand swords,
This answer gives Sarvachraddên
Unto the many-handed lords.

SON & FERGUSON

BY HOLWORTHY HALL

A FEW days ago I was reading the society column of the "Budget," and I came across an item saying that Billy Proctor's boy in Yale was on the foot-ball squad. Naturally I went over to Billy's office to see whether he needed any congratulations.

"When I saw the morning paper," said Billy, "I thought of getting an injunction. The boy went down to New Haven to pass his examinations, and, according to the catalogue, to go forth to serve better his country and his kind; but he seems to think he 's there to play left-behind, or some other vulgarly synonymous position, on the foot-ball team. It was n't like that in *my* day," said Billy, reminiscently. "Colleges are n't what they used to be."

"From the editorials in the 'Budget,' " I said, "I doubt whether they ever were."

"You must n't misunderstand me," warned Billy. "You must n't think I 'm completely disgusted with the boy simply because he 's on the foot-ball squad. Of course I might rather have had him lose his front hair in some other way, and wear one of these gold I-Am-Smart scholarship bangles on his watch-chain; but if he 's set his heart on having a Y on his sweater and water on his knee, I hope he makes a big, smashing success of it. Success is the main object in life, after all. Some men are born to it, some achieve it, and there is n't any third term. The boy can make his success in any line he pleases, and I can't blame him if his ideals are n't what mine were at his age. If he wants to get on the team, I hope he does it, and I 'll go out and cheer for him in the big games. I certainly don't want to grow up into a second Henry Ferguson. Do you remember the firm of Son & Ferguson? That was a long time ago."

"It sounds interesting," said I, "but your phrasing is too indefinite. Time is comparative. On one extreme, it 's a long time since Napoleon; on the other, as the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina—"

"If I 'm to construe that as an invitation," interrupted Billy, looking at his watch, "it 's pretty late; but never mind. I can eat a clove."

We adjourned to the rathskeller downstairs, and induced a bilious cynic in a waiter's suit to take our orders.

"What I don't want to be," continued Billy, after the sound of the siphon was hushed, "is a father like Henry Ferguson. He was unquestionably a self-made man, which may or may not imply a reflection on the handiwork, although some people did say that he would have done better to advertise for bids. At any rate, Henry was self-made; and because he came to town a barefoot boy, he harbored a singular contempt for the more fortunate youth who arrived in a Pullman, or even for a farmer lad who limped in from Salem with shoes on more than one foot. He thought every one with any backbone should have begun the way he began.

"Henry was naturally the kind of man who knows everything, and, what is worse, acknowledges the fact. He knew so much that a large proportion of the information was incorrect. He knew all about human nature, the law, farming, finance, politics, weather, and religion, and it hurt him to be in any gathering of men and not be the one who was talking. And as time went on, and Henry built up a big business in reed-organs, he began to believe that his theories and his methods were the only original vouchers for success, and that with his advice and assistance Marshall Field might in time have amassed a modest competence. You can imagine how Reginald—that was the son—looked up to him."

"I can imagine," said I.

"Henry spanked him for it," said Billy, "and he spanked him figuratively through school and college, as though he were afraid that the fount of knowledge would run dry before the degrees were given out. While he was in school, Reginald never dared to ask Henry about his lessons because Henry knew more than the teacher and wanted him to work the problem out

some other way; and when he was in college he never dared to talk about his courses for fear Henry would think he was either studying too much or not enough. Henry was very fond of Reginald, too, but he liked to think that he was the only human bureau of information within easy reach of the masses. He gave Reginald twenty dollars a month allowance, and hoped he 'd learn sound business judgment; kept him out of a fraternity because it was n't as democratic as the Y. M. C. A.; and announced that the boy could n't get into a reform school without a political pull because he was graduated a tenth of one per cent. behind the valedictorian. If Reginald had been valedictorian, Henry would have said that the course was too easy, and something ought to be done about it. Then he took Reginald into the plant, and gave him the job of doing nothing in particular at a commensurate salary, with special attention to keeping the time-cards and staying out of the way of the order-clerks. Reginald stood it for two years, and then one day he walked into the private office hand in hand with the head bookkeeper, and announced that they proposed to hunt up a justice of the peace as soon as the noon whistle blew.

"Henry was n't angry; he was n't astonished; he was n't human. He merely leaned back in his swivel-chair and grinned sarcastically. He was persuading himself that he had known it all the time.

" 'Well,' he said to the bookkeeper, 'I 'm sorry for your sake. You 're too good a bookkeeper to make a good wife; and you,' turning to Reginald—'you 're not enough of a business man to make a good husband.'

" 'It 's understood that I resign,' said the girl, tremulously.

" 'Perfectly,' said Henry. 'I understood it even before you mentioned it. Why don't you speak for yourself, Reginald?'

" 'I had n't thought of resigning,' said Reginald.

" 'Then I 'll save you the trouble,' promised Henry. 'You have n't shown enough intelligence to conduct your own life, so you naturally undertake to conduct hers, too. That 's the trouble with young men—they 're too impetuous. And when you marry without my consent, you automatically win my consent to go out and earn your living somewhere else. And as long as you 've taken this method of informing me of your plans, I 'll tell you both that I 'll never consent to my son's marriage with a working-woman.'

"A few minutes later the people in the outside office heard the door open and saw the three come out. Reginald and the girl had their hats on, and started for the little gate in the railing; the old man talked at them from the place where he stood, so that there would n't be any lack of witnesses when he said, 'I told you so.'

" 'And as for you,' he was saying to his son in the tone he usually reserved for election year, 'you could n't take over the Bank of England and make a success of it. Your angles are all wrong. You could n't learn to sell organs in twenty years. You 'll turn out a failure because you would n't be told. You 'll never get anywhere, and if you 'd listened to me—'

"The couple were half-way down-stairs by this time, so Henry went back into his room, sent his clerk to get his will out of the safe, and ran a perfectly straight line through the second clause; after which he sniffed reflectively, bullied the clerk a little, and returned to the daily routine which his son and the head bookkeeper had carelessly interrupted.

"Now, the quality of man's success is due to two principal causes, ambition and woman, and in some cases it is n't impossible that the woman should be married. In addition to his wife, Reginald had all the advantages of youth, including poverty and a conceited parent, so that he knew he did n't dare to emend the bright lexicon of youth by the addition of the word 'fail.' His father was perfectly correct when he said that Reginald could n't learn to sell reed-organs in twenty years, but he made the mistake of thinking that he would try to sell them. Reginald did n't intend to try to sell them, but he had an idea that he could loan them to pecuniary advantage.

"The old-fashioned way of disposing of musical instruments was to bait a showroom with a few samples and wait for a customer to come in; and when Reginald left the Ferguson Company he was just learning that the best place to set a trap is in the woods. As soon as the justice of the peace had finished the ceremony and

counted the receipts, Reginald went straight to a struggling manufacturer of low-priced organs with his proposition, and the manufacturer was so weary of the struggle that he cheerfully exchanged a half-interest in his workshop, good-will, and debts for a thousand dollars, which was all Reginald had in the world besides a permanent drawing on his fertile imagination.

"His scheme was as ingenuous as you would expect from a man named Reginald. He simply loaded an organ on an express-wagon, and went out to the suburbs. When he came to a likely looking house with a barn attached he went up to the door and introduced himself. He said that he was trying to deliver that organ to a purchaser whose address appeared to be a mistake, and to save carting it back to town, he wanted to store it somewhere for a week or two. The very handsome barn looked like a comfortable place, and of course he would be willing to pay a reasonable amount for storage.

"Even a woman could n't think of more than three answers to the question: yes, no, and perhaps. Usually she glanced over Reginald's shoulder at the bright, new upright, and thought how grand it would look in the corner of the parlor where the haircloth sofa was then, and she could move the sofa across the windows and put the marble-top table in front of the fireplace. Sometimes she suggested it, sometimes Reginald did, and once or twice he had to back up to the barn and lean the organ against the haymow; but in that case he called for it the following morning with an easy payment plan that sounded attractive. Sometimes he found that there was already an organ in the house, and about that time he remembered the address he was looking for, which usually proved to be the main thoroughfare of Arlington or Hyde Park, six or eight miles away.

"Four times out of five Reginald was allowed to install his Model A-5 in the parlor, and in four cases out of four his express-wagon had n't turned the corner before there was enough music in the air to demonstrate that mother or the girls had lost very little time in trying the footwork and experimenting with the flute, oboe, *vox humana,* and tremolo stops.

"When Henry heard of Reginald's system, he said it could n't be done. The answer that Reginald was doing it was flippant and beside the point. He said it could n't be done; that he had been in the organ business thirty years, and it never had been done; and he proved by statistics that it was impossible. In the meantime Reginald continued his peripatetic philosophy until his entire stock was sojourning in the suburbs, and he was demanding more organs so forcibly that his partner, who looked after the manufacturing end, was trying to remember how to hold a saw to keep the blade from wabbling.

"In the course of the month Reginald and his wife ate their hygienic breakfast of bread and milk one sunny morning, got on the front seat of the wagon, and set out to the harvest-fields. Whenever there was a good opportunity, Mrs. Reginald sat down at the organ and played hymns, secular music, and as much of her repertoire as she thought fitting, winding up with the contemporary classic, 'The Battle of Prague,' with all the stops open, and the bellows carrying the maximum overload.

"Now, an old-fashioned reed-organ had a character all its own. It had a vivid personality. When it sat comfortably in the parlor with a lambrequin on it, and the photographs of Uncle Silas and Aunt Martha from Wiscasset, and the painted sea-shells from Old Orchard Beach, it belonged to the family, and looked it. In three instances Reginald did n't have to sell the organ, for it had already sold itself. In two others the enemy was met and defeated on the battle-field of Prague. Two elderly ladies were affected to sympathy and a first payment by Reginald's evident desire to rid himself of the instrument at a bargain price, and a wholesale grocer in Melrose offered to pay half in cash, half in trade. Reginald was willing, and enjoyed better breakfasts than bread and milk for an extended period of time. He disposed of seven organs during his first campaign, which was an increase of six over the sales of the previous month.

"Then he met Henry on the street.

" 'What 's this bunco-game of yours I hear about?' snapped Henry. 'What kind of business man are you, anyway?'

" 'That 's what I 'm trying to find out,' said Reginald.

" 'I can tell you,' volunteered his fa-

ther: 'you 're a radical. Do you hear? A radical. You can't succeed that way. Your angles are all wrong; it is n't good business. When people want to buy organs they go and buy 'em. It 's always been that way, and it always will be that way. You 're not a business man at all; you 're a peddler.'

" 'Well,' suggested Reginald, 'at least I 'm a pretty fair peddler, am I not?'

"The old man did n't hesitate a moment.

" 'No,' he replied; 'you 're too radical. You 're not even a good peddler.'

"It took Reginald something less than half a year to adjust his income to his living expenses and his selling price to his cost of production; but by the time cold weather came along, his wife had learned how to take a lot of apparently useless ingredients and concoct a marvelous Irish stew, and his partner had found out that ten specialized workmen can build more and better organs in a few days than thirty or forty journeymen, all getting in one another's way, can turn out in a fortnight. They added to the factory with a little borrowed capital, hired some new hands, and sent out half a dozen bright young fellows to see America first and forget the address of the mythical customer whose organ would be perfectly safe in any one's barn, or in the house, if you prefer. Reginald sat in the office and thought up new schemes to compromise his father's opinion of him.

"Before long they could afford to be more dignified. Instead of introducing the Royal organ by means of a subterfuge, they came out into the open. Their young men stopped in the suburbs just the same; but when the lady came to the door, she got an offer to loan her the organ for a month without charge. If she liked it, she could buy it; if she did n't, there was no harm done. Reginald even furnished sheet-music and hymn-books, and had a list of teachers he could recommend for the little girl in pigtails who was peeping around the corner. After she had received three or four pupils, the teacher naturally felt it a matter of duty to buy a Royal organ herself.

"The new plan did very well, but Reginald was n't satisfied. He wanted to progress faster; but his next innovation was so startling that some of the neighbors thought it was immoral, and the dominie caught Mrs. Reginald hanging out the clothes one Monday morning and made her promise to bring her husband to church regularly, including prayer-meetings, vestry suppers, and socials. Reginald had decided to advertise; and when Henry heard of it, he sent a boy with a message to make an appointment where no one would hear them talking together.

" 'What 's this latest folderol I hear?' he demanded. 'What do you mean by disgracing an honest business? Was n't it enough for you to reduce parlor organs to the level of tinware and crockery in a peddler's cart without putting them before the public in any such fashion as this? Advertise! Rubbish!'

" 'But I 'm not going to advertise rubbish,' said Reginald, sweetly; 'and, moreover, you are not consistent. You told me you expected me to fail, you know, and now you won't let me fail peaceably.'

" 'Because,' explained his father, 'you 're involving all the rest of us manufacturers with yourself. It 's all well enough to advertise cough-drops and medicines and stuff like that, but when you implicate big, first-class, reputable musical houses in the manner you speak of doing, why, you 're no better than a faker.'

" 'What 's that? Do you mean it 's dishonest?'

" 'No—not that.'

" 'And why should n't a big, first-class musical house advertise?'

"Henry delivered himself of an axiom of the period.

" 'If a conservative, reputable house begins to advertise, it ceases to be conservative and reputable.'

"Reginald anticipated his century by about one decad.

" 'Whether you know it or not,' he said, 'you can't help advertising any more than you can help breathing. Your instruments advertise you; your store advertises you; your clerks, and your music-books, and your own personality advertise you; you advertise yourself in the street, in the factory, in your bank, in church. Why? Because advertising is merely calling attention to yourself and your product.'

" 'Rot!' said the old man, impatiently. 'The business won't stand it. You can peddle your organs if you choose, but you can't sell 'em through the papers.'

" 'Why not?'

" 'It 's never been done,' said Henry. 'Don't I know? I 've been in this game for thirty years. I was making and selling organs when you were only an idle dream. I was the leader in this field when you were counting your toes and saying goo-goo. If you advertise, you 'll antagonize all the rest of us, and we 're more than likely to get together and put you out of business.'

" 'Do you think you can?'

" 'Reginald, the trouble with you is that you think you know too much. You act as though you think you know more than I do. You don't. You don't think along the right lines.'

" 'And the right lines are what? Yours?'

" 'Yes, mine,' admitted Henry. 'And, apart from other considerations, I can't afford to have you stand before the world as a faker while you bear my name.'

" 'Faker!' said Reginald. 'There you go again!'

" 'A faker is a mesmerist, a hypnotist, a man who perverts people to his way of thinking. People who want organs go and buy 'em. They can't be persuaded by printers' ink. When you try to persuade 'em by printers' ink, you 're a faker, a dreamer,—an unpractical dreamer,—and an enemy to the rest of us.'

" 'All right,' said Reginald, cheerfully; 'at least I 'm an honest faker. Is that all?'

" 'That 's all, Reginald. If you 're forced out of business as a consequence to your foolishness, don't blame me. I warned you. And I may have to take a hand myself. I wasted four years on your education, and—'

" 'And I 'm beginning to think I 've wasted half an hour this morning,' retorted Reginald, and he went over to Washington Street and laid out an advertising plan that covered the State of Massachusetts like a porous plaster.

"Now, old man Ferguson was born in Massachusetts, lived there, worked there, and hoped to die there with a copy of 'The Boston Journal' by his bedside and a pot of baked beans in the oven. He made organs to sell in Massachusetts, and if a Rhode Islander asked for prices, Henry thought it almost disloyal to his Puritan ancestors to allow the instrument to leave the State. When Reginald covered all fourteen counties at one time with his silent salesmen, he earned a few reams of heated correspondence, a good many black looks, cut slightly into the Ferguson Company's business, and found it necessary to get out a catalogue and invest rather more plentifully in postage-stamps and printed forms. It was n't long before he saw that all New England wanted, and might as well have, the benefit of high-class goods at reasonable prices; and shortly after that decision his returns brought him to the belief that his territory was bounded only by the Overland Trail and the Monroe Doctrine.

"Henry was, after all, a pretty fair merchandiser of the old school, and he realized very suddenly that he had always secretly believed in the ultimate certainty of advertising, and went to it. Other manufacturers followed suit, men whose financial resources made Reginald's appropriation look about as impressive as a ten-cent piece in a Broadway restaurant. Reginald's inquiries decreased; even the young men on the express-wagons had difficulty in engaging room and board in suburban parlors.

" 'Well,' said Reginald's partner in the Royal Organ Company, 'what are we going to do now? Make organs to sell at a loss?'

" 'No,' said Reginald, 'we 're going to make pianos to sell at a profit.'

" 'Pianos! But we 've never made pianos.'

" 'No,' admitted Reginald; 'but, then, we 've never tried.'

" 'Do you think we can sell them?'

" 'I don't know.'

" 'Do you think we can loan them?'

" 'I doubt it.'

" 'Well—'

" 'I 'm thinking of giving them away,' explained Reginald. 'Not many, of course, but a few. We 'll see how it works, and to-morrow morning we 'll begin to make pianos.'

"You probably remember that the piano is a comparatively modern machine. When Reginald determined to go into that phase of the business, pianos were a distinct extravagance in most homes. Any one was justified in owning an organ; but when a man bought a piano, it was an indication either of great wealth or of a tendency to living fast. When Henry heard of the

new scheme, he shook his head and groaned.

" 'It can't be done,' he said bitterly. 'I told him he could n't sell organs, and he could n't; and now I tell him he can't sell pianos, and he can't.'

"And Reginald did n't sell them; that is, he did n't do what Henry called selling them. Instead of sending samples out on express-wagons, he shipped pianos anywhere on one or two months' free trial, and, in the contingency of a sale, offered to take the old family organ in exchange. He made a present of a piano to every conservatory in the State—there were n't many—and to the opera-house in every town large enough to hold public concerts. The little credit notice, 'Royal Piano Used,' was one of his ideas, and he was willing to give or loan an instrument to whomever would use the notice. He furnished them free for high-school and college concerts, for lodge entertainments and small theaters, and he got his money back because the school-girls and college men and lodge brothers knew the Royal piano by name when they did n't know any other, and recommended it to their friends, and now and then persuaded father to invest in one himself. Incidentally, it was as good a piano as there was on the market.

"Reginald had altered his policy at the right moment—just when the public was beginning to see that the reed-organ was a pretty poor substitute for real music. The orders came in so generously that he could n't enlarge the factory fast enough; and, just as before, he thought he could afford to be dignified only after the checks and money-orders were coming in. Again he met Henry.

" 'Well,' said the old man, gruffly, 'are you ready to quit?'

" 'Not exactly.'

" 'I hear you 're making a success,' said Henry, conservatively, 'but I know you too well. I don't believe it.'

" 'By the way, you sell organs, don't you?'

" 'Huh?'

" 'Do you want to buy any?'

" 'What 's that?'

" 'In our warehouse we 've got sixty-two Ferguson organs that we took in trade,' said Reginald. 'I thought you might like to buy them back from us. Otherwise I 'll put them on sale—at ten dollars apiece.'

" 'You can't do that!' cried Henry. 'Why, the cheapest we ever sold a Ferguson organ second-hand was forty dollars!'

"Reginald shrugged his shoulders.

" 'What do you want for them?' asked Henry, suddenly realizing that if Reginald could sell Ferguson organs for a quarter of the Ferguson price, the Ferguson business was scheduled for a sudden slump.

" 'Two thousand for the lot.'

" 'I 'll take them,' promised Henry.

" 'Will you give me an order?'

"Henry scribbled on a slip of paper, and passed it to his son.

" 'Thanks,' said Reginald. 'All I wanted was the order; you can have the organs as a gift.'

" 'What?'

"Reginald nodded.

" 'Our policy would n't allow us to take real money for them. You see, Father, times have changed. Your organs are all right; but they are n't up to our quality, and we can't *sell* them even to you. I thought I might like to use this memorandum in some of our advertising, that 's all. It would look pretty good as an indication of what we respectively think of Ferguson goods, would n't it?'

" 'Reginald!'

" 'Unless,' said his son, 'you care to stop some of your more militant methods.'

" 'That is blackmail!' gasped the old man.

"Reginald tore up the memorandum, and threw it in the gutter.

" 'There 's no blackmail about it,' he insisted. 'You 've been hurting my business a good deal by some of your copy, and I don't like it. The sale is called off; I 'll tell you what I 'll do instead. In tomorrow's papers I 'm going to advertise that we purpose to give away sixty-two Ferguson organs to the first people who call for them. How 's that? If you call in time you can have one for nothing.'

"Henry frothed at the mouth.

" 'You would n't do that, Reginald? You would n't!'

" 'No,' said the son, smiling; 'you 're right. I would n't. But, remember this, Father,—remember it when you think of me,—I could afford to do it if I wanted to. Could you? Send around for the organs any time you like, and take 'em away

as a present from me.' He walked away, and left Henry standing on the sidewalk with his mouth wide open.

"'Humph!' said Henry. 'That 's a mighty poor way to do business!'

"All this time, you understand, Reginald had been building up a business from the inside out instead of from the outside in. He had a factory that was about two jumps ahead of the next best in town, and his office was a marvel of efficiency. His sales' force knew mighty little about the theory of salesmanship, but every man could go out and teach a deaf-and-dumb man to yearn for a Royal piano with such a tremendous yearn that it was a question only of the style he preferred. Reginald had made friends with a bank-account, and passed the point where he had to get out his pencil and figure frantically every time he drew a check for the rent. He was living in a much better house than his father was, spent twice as much money, and saved a great deal more. All his interest was in the business and in Mrs. Reginald and the children; and after a few years he was so busy being interested in them and making so much money that he almost forgot that his father was still turning out organs for the country trade.

"Modern conceptions of advertising, selling, office organization came along, and found the old gentleman clinging desperately to the pure thoughts of childhood. Instead of conducting his business according to the revolutionized methods, he found himself struggling against a dozen competitors who could sell instruments at less than his manufacturing cost, and then overnight a crop of mail-order men sprang up who slashed the vitals out of his whole system, and let the roof fall in.

"You misjudge Henry if you think he was burdened by a molting conscience and temporary insomnia. When his orders fell to something less than a living wage, he sank back in the same old office-chair he had bought in 1862 and told whomever happened to be in the office how the United States post-office should be managed to yield a profit. When the balance-sheet for the year showed a dead loss, Henry put all his own money into the factory, and was still willing to advise banker, broker, or bootblack how to get rich quick; and when the receiver put his umbrella in the corner and knocked on the frosted glass door, he found Henry explaining to an old enemy how Reginald had grossly neglected the sound principles of commercial life, and how much better he would have done if he 'd been willing to listen to sage advice from a man who understood all about it.

"The difference between the assets and liabilities was fifty thousand dollars; so that, after a vigorous lifetime of minding the nation's business and acting as 'Constant Reader' and 'E. Pluribus Unum' for all the dailies in the county, Henry stood at last on the brink of the abyss, and waited doggedly for the referee to come and push him over.

"For some time Reginald had known how matters were tending, but he had no idea how critical the situation was until the crash came, and then he simply got out his check-book and wrote the only kind of advice that is relished by a bankrupt. He took an additional pleasure in it because no one had ever been willing to certify any of Henry's advice in the past. In other words, Reginald was ready and desirous to play the part of the prodigal son, and furnish the fatted calf himself.

"The interview was characteristic on both sides. Henry accepted Reginald's assistance because he could prove conclusively that he had been largely responsible for Reginald's success, and had a deferred claim to the unearned increment.

"'And, now,' said Reginald, in some embarrassment, 'what are you planning to do?'

"'Do!' Henry never had thought of the possibility of a change. 'Do?'

"'Why, yes. The Ferguson Company can liquidate, but it can't continue, can it?'

"'I suppose not,' said Henry, dazedly. 'Why, I 'm through.'

"'Not quite,' said Reginald. 'Your experience is worth something.'

"'Something!' The old man's pride broke the speed limit in coming to his rescue. 'Something! Why, my boy, I 'm worth a hundred thousand dollars a year to some one. Experience!'

"'Is there anything in sight?'

"'Not yet,' admitted Henry; but he added stoutly, 'there will be, sir, there will be.'

"'There is,' agreed Reginald. 'Come in with me.'

" 'What?'

" 'I mean it. You have a reputation as a sound, conservative manufacturer of high-grade instruments, which you did n't know how to sell. I know more about merchandizing than you ever will. With what we both know, and the Ferguson name, we can make a great deal of money.'

" 'In organs?'

" 'Never again,' said Reginald, prophetically. 'In pianos. There 's a great opportunity for an automatic machine that will play a piano on the style of the old roller music-box, and I mean to try it.'

" 'It can't be done,' declared Henry with great emphasis.

" 'Do you want to try?'

" 'And lose the Ferguson name?'

" 'Not a bit of it. We 'll call the highest grade the Ferguson, and the medium grade the Royal. The company will be Ferguson & Son, a corporation. I own fifty per cent. of the stock, and you and my partner each twenty-five per cent. You can pay for your stock out of your dividends.'

" 'Humph!' Henry caught sight of the certified check and hastily shoved it under a blotter. 'I guess I know enough about business to run a corporation,' he said modestly. 'What am I to be—president?'

" 'If you like. All I want is the control.'

" 'It 's a bargain,' cried Henry. 'It 's a bargain. Ferguson & Son it is—Henry Ferguson president and—er—general manager. Where shall we have the stationery engraved?'

"The sign on the door read 'Ferguson & Son,' but every one called them Son & Ferguson until one spring morning, ten years afterward, Henry lay in bed and advised the surgeon how to administer an anesthetic to secure the best results. When he came out of the stupor, he knew that it was all over.

" 'If I 'd wanted to,' he whispered, 'I could have been a doctor myself. Know more about it than this little fool, anyway. Why, I 'm old enough to be his grandfather!'

" 'Is there anything I can do, Father?' begged Reginald.

" 'No; only I 'm sorry you 're so radical, my son. You 'll have to run the business alone, and I 'm afraid you can't make a success of it. You 're too radical, and your angles are all wrong. You can't make a success that way.'

"The doctor led Reginald out of the room, and the lawyers found that Henry had left the half-million that Reginald had made for him to a school of business in a university where all the faculty held D.D. degrees, so that conservatism was assured for the young men who went there. He did n't realize that he had never earned the salary Reginald paid him; and he died complaining that they were using a newfangled tank of oxygen on him instead of holding ammonia under his nose, as they had when he was a boy.

"And that," said Billy Proctor, "is the kind of father that I don't want to be. My son can make his success in his own way, in college and afterward, and I won't make him peevish by trying to advise him on a subject he 's specializing in. We 're of a different generation, and unless I catch the five-eighteen train, Mrs. Proctor will remind me of several very important and disquieting facts."

"Not to harp on the same subject," I said, as we went into the stream of clock-watching commuters, "I still congratulate you on Bill Junior's getting on the football squad."

"As a matter of fact," Billy confided, halting at the corner where we parted, "I doubt whether he ever makes the team. He won't be told how to do anything, and I don't believe he 'll please the coaches. He 's very headstrong. Why, when he was only a little shaver in knickerbockers, he would n't let me tell him how to carry the ball!"

"They 've changed the rules since your day, Billy, have n't they?"

He stared incredulously.

"Why, certainly," he conceded; "but the principles, man—the principles are always the same."

THE ETHIOPIAN DIP

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "Pigs is Pigs," "The Man Who Did Not Go to Heaven on Tuesday," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

JUDGE ANTHONY DEAKIN stepped from his low-power, inexpensive automobile at the gate of the grounds of the Third Annual Amateur Carnival and Circus for the Benefit of the Riverbank Free Hospital, and turned to Mike, his man of all work.

"Mike," he said, "just you turn the car around and stay in it. You keep the motor going, you understand? Maybe this is going to be all right, but if I come out on the run, you speed up the minute I get aboard. Got plenty of gas in the tank?"

"She 's full," said Mike. "Suppose I have the car over yonder under that lamp-post?"

"No you don't!" said the judge. "I 'm not going to run unless I have to; but if I do, I want to get a quick start."

The judge was an honest man. When he sat on the bench, to which he had been elected on the non-partizan ticket, he saw neither lawyer nor client, friend nor foe. Once he had had friends, but of late they had suddenly diminished in number until only his old cronies would admit their friendship. He was, as he entered the carnival grounds, the most hated and objurgated man in Riverbank. Again and again, in deciding a suit, he had "thrown" his friends, as they called it, and had given a decision favoring a political enemy or a stranger; but in the case of the R. & N. bonds he had had a chance to make every citizen of Riverbank his enthusiastic admirer, and he had deliberately made them his bitter enemies. The time when he would be renominated or dropped was at hand.

The R. & N. bond case had been a sore matter with Riverbank for years. In the enthusiasm of the old railroad boom days, Riverbank had voted fifty thousand dollars in city bonds to aid the Riverbank & Northern Railway, and had sold the entire lot of bonds to some creature in New York. At the moment the creature was considered a benefactor. The interest on the bonds had been cheerfully paid for a few years, then reluctantly paid, and now the bonds were due. Some of the wise men about town had decided that the bonds had been born in iniquity, that the railroad would have been built anyway, that it was a criminal waste of money, and that the bonds were illegal and ought to be repudiated.

On this platform they got themselves elected city officials. They refused to pay the interest when it next fell due, on the theory that the bonds were worth no more than waste paper, and the creature in New York, or his heirs, brought suit against the city.

It would have been the easiest matter in the world for Judge Deakin to have decided in favor of the city. It was a certainty that, whichever side won in his court, the case would be carried to a higher court. What Judge Deakin decided was apt to be rather immaterial in the final outcome of the case. But he promptly decided for the creature in New York; and he added insult to injury by stating from the bench that in all his life and in all his long study of such cases he had never seen or heard of such an unwarranted and wicked attempt to defraud an innocent purchaser out of his property.

Judge Deakin became immediately the most unpopular man in Riverbank; yet, in the face of all this, he was entering the carnival grounds. It was characteristic that, because the carnival was being given for a worthy cause, Judge Deakin meant to be present and spend as much money as he could afford.

At the gate he handed the ticket-seller a dime. For an instant the ticket-seller hesitated; but he realized he had no authority to refuse any one admission, and

he reluctantly pushed a ticket toward the judge, who took it and went in.

Just inside the gate a dozen children, boys and girls, crowded about the judge, offering pop-corn and peanuts from their gaily decorated baskets; and the judge laughed at the manner in which they mobbed him, pleading, "Oh, Mister, buy one from me!" and "Oh, Mister, buy some peanuts from me, won't you?" He bought from all of them, chuckling at their eagerness, and then handed his purchases back. He seldom smiled except at children.

"HE BOUGHT FROM ALL OF THEM, CHUCKLING AT THEIR EAGERNESS"

"Look at the old reprobate trying to square himself," said one of the carnival managers, seeing the transaction. "I wish we had some way to keep him out of the grounds."

"Good evening," said the judge to the manager, but the manager turned away without replying. The judge walked on stolidly. He carried a cane, as always, but this evening he had chosen his lightest and thinnest. A heavier cane might have been construed as a protection.

The grounds were brilliantly lighted and decorated, and half the women of Riverbank seemed crowded in the various booths, tempting the crowd to buy. Two bands and a drum-corps added to the musical din of which the hurdy-gurdy on the merry-go-round had been for three days the prime leader. Half a hundred amateur "barkers," with long megaphones, shouted at the crowds, and every one was buying and throwing confetti, laughing, and chaffing one another good naturedly.

In this one booth the committee in charge sat dolefully. The last night and the big night of the carnival had come, and this booth was not taking in a penny. In the final report, to be published in the "Riverbank Eagle," with the individual results of each booth, "Income, Expense, Net Result," the booth of the Fourth Ward Republican Club seemed doomed to show a loss, and to be the only booth so unfortunate.

Mr. Almon, the chairman of the committee from the Fourth Ward Republican Club, sat on a camp-chair and smoked his pipe sadly.

"Well this is going to be a hard knock for us, boys," he said. "They 'll rub this into us good and hard. Look at them Democrats over there, with that Hit the Coon booth. They 're taking in money by the fistful."

"They 've got to make allowances for us," said Mr. Briggs. "We tried, did n't we?"

"Oh, now, there 's no use trying to make ourselves think anybody is going to make any allowances for us, either," said Almon. "They 'll say, 'That Republican crowd are dead ones.' That 's what they 'll say. Look at that crowd around the Knock the Babies! And who is running that? The Morning Star Literary Society of South Riverbank. Say, the Morn-

ing Star Literary Society! And look at us! What have we took in? Three dollars and fifteen cents. How will that look? 'Second Ward Democratic Club, Hit the Coon, two hundred dollars profit. Morning Star Literary Society, Knock the Babies, one hundred and fifty dollars profit. Fourth Ward Republican Club, that thinks it is the livest little political bunch in town, Ethiopian Dip, forty-seven dollars loss.' And after they gave us our choice, and we picked out the best proposition, and the only new one! Gee! I feel like leaving town and never showing myself here again."

"Well, how could we help—"

"Yah!" said Mr. Almon, disgustedly. "Wait until you hear those Democrats say, 'Yes, we made two hundred dollars; but if we had had that Ethiopian Dip, we 'd have made four hundred.' "

"That 's all right. But even a Democrat can't make a Riverbank negro like water, can he?"

"They run this dip other places," said Mr. Almon.

"Now, don't be trying to say it was my fault," said Mr. Briggs. "I hired the negroes, did n't I? I did all I could."

"I 'm not saying it was your fault," said Mr. Almon. "I only say we 'll look nice, we will, in the papers. That 's all."

"All right. What are you going to do about it?" asked Mr. Pierson.

"Do? What can I do? We can't do anything. Gimme a match."

The Ethiopian Dip was a canvas tub slung between four posts and filled with water. Over the tub was a suspended seat on which the negro sat, as in a swing. In front of the negro was a net protecting him from the base-balls, but protruding through the net was a small target, and when a ball hit the target, a catch slipped, the seat parted, and the negro dropped into the canvas tub with a loud splash. Whoever dipped the Ethiopian received one of the worst cigars that ever left the Nutmeg State; but the cigar was a minor reward. The joy was in the splash.

"HE UTTERED ONE LONG, WILD, TERRORIZED YELL, . . . AND DARTED OFF"

Mr. Briggs, having been delegated by the committee of the Fourth Ward Republican Club to hire a supply of negroes to be dipped, had done his work well. He had hired three, and he had provided bathing-suits for them, and he had seen them arrive behind the booth the first afternoon of the carnival. It had been no easy task. There were few negroes in Riverbank, and the Democrats had hired most of them to relay in the Hit the Coon. The remaining supply numbered exactly three, and Mr. Briggs's verbal description of the Ethiopian Dip aroused no enthusiasm in the three. Mr. Briggs, having had only a verbal description from a manager who had never seen the Ethiopian Dip, but had only heard of it, was rather vague. To sit on something like a trapeze and have the general public throw balls at one until knocked off the trapeze into a tub of water hardly impressed a non-bathing gentleman as a desirable job.

But Mr. Briggs used all the persuasiveness of his tongue and the money he was authorized to offer, and he prevailed. At noon of the first day he went to the carnival grounds to look things over, and remembered that the canvas tub must be filled with water. He paid two small boys a quarter each to fill the tub, and went to his dinner, content that he had done everything necessary. He did not

know that the ice-cream booth adjoining had used the canvas tub as a temporary receptacle for ice, and that the small boys would pour upon the ice the water they were paid to carry. When the grounds opened to the public at two o'clock, the water in the canvas tub was cooler than even the most ardent devotee of cold baths would wish. The Arctic Ocean is no colder than that water was. No Gulf Stream emptied its warm waters into the canvas tub. It was pure, unheated ice-water.

The three negroes were very comfortable in their bathing-suits in the shade behind the ice-cream booth, for the day was hot. When Mr. Almon and Mr. Briggs arrived, they had already shaken their crap dice to see which of the three should take the first turn, and Silas had lost. He was a tall, loose-jointed negro with a face normally expressing fear, and he climbed to the seat over the canvas tub with the expression of one going to execution.

"Now, then," said Mr. Almon, "we will just try it to see that everything is working all right. Come on, Briggs."

They went outside the counter and picked up two handfuls of base-balls. Silas gripped the sides of the seat with a death-grip.

"Here," said Mr. Almon, "you must not do that! Fold your arms. We don't want you to hang up there by the hands if we hit the target. We want you to drop. That 's it. Keep 'em folded."

He threw a ball. It missed the target by about a foot and a half, and went straight toward Silas's face. The net intervened, but instinct made Silas dodge. He swayed, toppled, grasped for the seat too late, and, instead of falling with his feet outspread, in a sitting position, turned over and dropped into the tub head first. His legs kicked wildly in the air, his hands splashed in the water, and when his head came above the surface he uttered one long, wild, terrorized yell, threw his leg over the edge of the canvas tub, and, the instant he touched the earth, darted off in the direction of Derlingport, thirty miles away. Only once did he glance back, and then he saw his two companions running after him at the same speed. He thought they were trying to catch him. They were not. They, too, were running away.

After that short, but exciting, moment the Ethiopian Dip discontinued operations. There were no more available Ethiopians. When the managers came to see why the dip was not gathering in bags of money, and reproached Mr. Almon, Mr. Almon said:

"All right; get us the Ethiopians. That 's all I 've got to say. Get us the Ethiopians, and we 'll dip 'em."

The manager hastened away, sure that he could get more Ethiopians; but after a few hurried attempts he gave it up. He kept far from the Ethiopian Dip after that.

Mr. Almon, looking across the grounds, saw Judge Deakin enter. He saw a pretty girl lean across the counter of a candy booth, smiling enticingly at the judge as she offered him a box of candy, and then he saw the lady chairman of the booth drag the girl back by the arm. As surely as if he had heard the words he knew what the lady chairman was saying. She was saying:

"Isabel, stop! Don't you know who that is?"

"No. Who?"

"That 's Judge Deakin."

At the next booth the judge raised his hat, but the lady chairman and her three committee-ladies turned their backs.

"Look over there," said Mr. Almon. "There 's old Judge Deakin come to the carnival. He has the nerve! If this was like any other town, he 'd keep away from a crowd. They 'd tar and feather him."

"It ought to be done to him, anyway," said Mr. Briggs.

"I 'd like to give him the first coat of tar," agreed Mr. Almon. "By Joe! I wish I could! I wish I had that canvas tub there full of tar, and him on the seat up there, and I had half a dozen good, big croquet-balls to slam at that target. I 'd tar him! And once I dropped him in the tub, I 'd ram his head under."

"Don't blame you," said Mr. Briggs. "I 'd feel the same if he 'd acted the way he has after I 'd pushed him for his job. It has hurt your prestige a lot, Almon, having him act that way after you got him nominated."

"Hurt it?" said Mr. Almon. "Killed it, you mean. All I 'll have to do now will be to mention a man's name and he 'll be knifed at the convention. 'What are

"'SALLY,' HE SAID, . . . 'I THOUGHT YOU WERE A GOOD SPORT'"

you handing us?' they 'll say. 'Another Judge Deakin?' "

"That 's right," said Mr. Briggs. Mr. Almon looked across at the judge.

"Yes," he said, "and that ain't all the reason I have for not loving him. You know what he did to Tom Rollins."

"Gave him seven years in the pen?"

"You bet. And after I had spoken to the judge on the quiet that I wanted Tom let off. After I had proposed Deakin, and got him nominated, and worked my head off to get him elected, and then asked just one favor,—to let Tom off free,—he goes and sends him to the pen for seven years. And just because Tom got free with the back-door lock of somebody's house! He did n't steal anything worth much, anyway. Say!"

"What?"

"Why, that old ingrate of a judge is responsible for this booth being a fizzle. Do you know that?"

"How do you mean?"

"Why, if he had let that Tom Rollins darky off, don't you think I 'd have been able to make Tom let us dip him? Of course I would. He 'd have had to do anything I said. I ought to love Judge Deakin, ought n't I?"

The judge moved out of sight behind the flower pagoda. He still held his head erect on his bull-neck, but his little eyes seemed closer together than ever. He was not angry. He knew human nature well. He had expected to be unpopular after his bond-case decision, but it hurt him. He did not meet a friendly face except those of the little children who were peddling, and he even stopped buying from them, lest it be thought that he was taking a mean advantage of their ignorance. As he passed the flower pagoda, Mrs. Binton pointed him out to her helpers and laughed scornfully.

Mrs. Binton and the judge had been old friends. They had been friends when they were children, and there had been a time when they were engaged to be married. Mrs. Binton had, instead, become Mrs. Binton, principally because Harry Binton had six good horses and stylish rigs. She drove admirably and loved horses. For years she had taken the Ladies' Driv-

ing Event at the Riverbank Fair. Those who did not know her well were apt to call her "that sporty Mrs. Binton," but the truth was that she was merely full of life and "go," and unconventional enough to enjoy the things she liked best. Harry was always with her when she was doing the things that seemed unconventional. It was always Harry who led her to the shooting-gallery at the carnival, and Harry who paid for the balls she threw at the negro in the Hit the Coon booth, and Harry in his pink coat who rode at her side in the circus parade the first night of the carnival.

Mrs. Binton's friendship for the judge had ended when the judge decided the Merriwell will case against Harry, dissolving a charming vision of an automobile that had floated before Mrs. Binton's eyes. The Merriwell money had gone to the Merriwells, who did not need it, and Mrs. Binton felt that Judge Deakin had been unfaithful to a long friendship, and her friendship changed to bitter hatred. She had written him a letter that contained all the bitterness she could put in it. The judge had never replied.

The judge turned red when Mrs. Binton pointed him out and laughed. He was about to move on, but he turned back and leaned on the counter.

"I got your letter, Sally," he said. "I did n't answer it."

"I know you did n't," said Mrs. Binton. "There was n't any answer you could make. And it is too late now to try to make any."

"I don't mean to make any. I only want to tell you I received it. It was impolite not to acknowledge it."

"Exceedingly," said Mrs. Binton. "But will you please move on? I don't want my booth to be unpopular."

Harry Binton, who had been chaffing with two girls over the far counter of the pagoda, came and stood beside his wife.

"I want to buy some flowers," said the judge.

"You can't buy any here," said Mrs. Binton. "If we thought we had any of your money, we would throw it out."

The judge rested one arm on the counter. He looked full in the eyes of Mrs. Binton.

"Sally," he said, holding her eyes with his, "I thought you were a good sport."

Mrs. Binton blushed. It would be more exact, perhaps, to say she flushed. He had attacked her where she held her pride the highest. She *was* a good sport, and she knew it; but she knew, too, that she had failed in so far as she had allowed herself to bear this grudge against Judge Deakin.

"Of these," said the judge, waving his hand toward the thousands of merry-makers that crowded the grounds, "I don't expect it. But I did think you were a good sport, Sally."

Harry looked at his wife. If she had made the sign, he would have leaped the counter and probably have been unmercifully thrashed in an attempt to thrash the judge; but she put her hand on his arm.

"This is my affair, Harry," she said. "Let me play my own hand."

"I always thought you were the finest sport I had ever known," said the judge. "I thought you were a thoroughbred. But I am a better sport than you are. I can take what is coming to me, just or unjust. I came here to-night. I knew I did not have a friend in the place. I expected to be insulted."

"If you had not—" Mrs. Binton began, but the judge silenced her.

"I expected to be insulted by all the people except the true sports," he said. "But I did think there were still a few who could play the game without getting cold feet. I was wrong."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Binton.

"Sally," said the judge, "I don't mean that. I 'll take that back. But if you have a grudge, take it out of me in the open. Why, you—you 're acting like a woman! If you want to beat me up, beat me up, but be fair about it. If you want to duck me, duck me until I gasp, but shake hands afterward. Now will you sell me a flower?"

She took a rosebud from a vase and pinned it on his coat. He laid a five-dollar bill on the counter, and she was sport enough to accept it and drop it in the cash-box. The judge lifted his hat and walked on.

"He had you there," said Harry Binton, and Mrs. Binton nodded.

The judge moved on around the line of booths with the rosebud in his buttonhole. At a few booths, where he was not known, he was greeted eagerly, and he made up

for the reluctance to take his money at the booths where he was known by spending freely. When he reached the Ethiopian Dip he paused and spoke to Mr. Almon.

"Quit business?" he asked.

Mr. Almon scowled.

"Oh, move on and don't let folks see you talking to me!" he said. "You 've done enough harm around here."

"Almon," said the judge, "I 'm sorry if I 've made myself unpopular. I had to do what I thought was right. In a year—"

"You 've put me out of politics for a hundred years," said Mr. Almon, bitterly. "And you 've put the finishing touch on the good work right here. If it had n't been for you, this booth would be coining money; but just because it looked good for a Republican club to push an honest Democrat for the nonpartizan judicial ticket, and I proposed you, my club and I are going to be laughed out of town. Look at those Democrats coining money for the hospital, and look at us!"

"HE BALANCED HIMSELF AS BEST HE COULD"

The judge was absolutely astonished. He had expected to be blamed for much, but that the failure of any booth in the carnival should be laid at his door was a surprise.

"Explain," he said shortly, and Mr. Almon explained. He dwelt on the willingness of Tom Rollins to do the bidding of the managers of the Republican Club.

"And if you were half a sport," he ended, "you 'd get up there and take Tom Rollins's place, that 's what you 'd do!"

The judge bent down. Mr. Almon dodged, thinking the judge was picking up a weapon of assault; but the judge was nding to creep under the counter. When he rose he was inside. He laid his cane on the counter and took off his coat.

"Here," said Mr. Almon, "what are you doing? We don't want a fight here."

"I 'm not going to fight," said the judge, removing his waistcoat. "I 'm going to take Tom Rollins's place. I 'm going to show these infernal quitters and tin horns that there is one real sport left in Riverbank. How do you get up on that seat?"

"Look here," said Mr. Almon, "you don't want to do—"

"Yes, I do," said the judge.

"But, look here," said Mr. Almon, "a judge can't do that. If you want to help us out, and are fool enough to want to be dipped, let me get some black from the minstrel booth, and nobody 'll know you."

"I want 'em to know me," said Judge Deakin. "I want to square myself with this booth. I want you to get a crowd and have 'em give me just what they think they want to give me. How do you get up to that seat?"

"You climb up," said Mr. Almon, and took three of the base-balls in his hand.

"Three for a quarter," whispered Mr. Briggs. "You can get it easy!"

The judge was stout, and it was not easy for him to climb to the suspended seat, but he managed to get there. He balanced himself as best he could. The electric light glared full on him. He leaned forward and folded his arms across his chest.

"Now wait a minute," he said as Mr. Almon opened his mouth to utter the invitation to the crowd. "I want Sally Binton to have the first chance. Send over for her. Tell her I want her."

Mr. Briggs went. The crowd, seeing the Ethiopian Dip preparing for business, began to gather. Many recognized Judge Deakin, and the word began to spread. Mrs. Binton and Harry had to force a way through the crowd in front of the booth.

"Hah!" shouted Judge Deakin. "Here she is! Here she comes! Work off your spite. Watch the lady! Watch the lady!"

There is nothing attracts a crowd quicker than the sight of a woman throwing a ball. Mr. Briggs had to push back the crowd to make room for Mrs. Binton to swing her arm. She picked up three of the balls.

"Three for a quarter," said Mr. Almon.

"O you robber!" said Mrs. Binton. "Harry, give him a quarter. Now, Judge!"

She threw. The ball struck the net harmlessly.

"And she thinks she can throw a ball!" shouted the judge. "She thinks she can throw! She thinks she can throw. Yah!"

The second ball was so low Mr. Almon dodged involuntarily.

"Oh!" shouted the judge. "Almost, but not quite by a mile! She can't do it! She can't do it!"

The third ball struck the net and rolled down.

"A miss!" shouted the judge. "A miss by the missus! The lady has a glass arm. The only safe place is the spot she tries to hit."

"Harry, give him another quarter," said Mrs. Binton. "I 'm going to duck that man if it takes all night."

"Oh, dear!" she said after she had thrown twenty-one times. "Can't I do it?"

"I 'm out of change," said Harry.

"Get my purse—back of the red pot with the palm in it," said Mrs. Binton. "Hurry! Give me three more. I 'll pay when Harry comes."

"Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three," counted the judge as the balls continued to patter harmlessly against the net. "She can't do it. She 'll quit. She 's no sport."

"Yes, I am, Judge!" she cried, and took up the forty-fourth ball. It traveled straight and true for the target. It struck the iron disk clean and true. The seat divided. Judge Deakin stopped in the middle of a word and fell, with arms and legs outspread, flat into the canvas tub. There was a mighty splash, and from the crowd a mighty laugh, and the small eyes and enormous nose of Judge Deakin appeared over the top of the canvas tub. Water dripped from the end of his nose and from every hair of his head. He was gasping, but he managed to speak.

"Here, somebody help me out of this! I 'm so heavy-set I can't get out."

Mr. Almon and Mr. Briggs rushed to help him. They helped him to the suspended seat, and when the judge had wiped the water from his eyes and had shaken it from his ears, he saw Mrs. Binton, with her back to the counter, clapping her hands and heard her shouting.

"Come on now! Come on now!" she was shrilling to the crowd. "Here 's your chance to duck the most unpopular man in Riverbank, three chances for twenty-five cents. Come on and duck the unpopular judge!"

"They can't do it. They won't spend the money. I dare 'em," shouted the judge from his perch. "Oh, he missed a mile! His eye is as bad as his judgment."

"Come on! Come on!" cried Mrs. Binton. "Duck the unpopular judge!"

She was right in her adjective then, but wrong in using it when, at one o'clock in the morning, the carnival ended, for he was no longer the unpopular judge. The Fourth Ward Republican Club, counting its receipts, found them greater than those of any other booth. The crowd, going homeward, spoke of Judge Deakin with affectionate laughter.

"He may be wrong sometimes," they said, "but he 's a mighty good sport just the same."

And Mrs. Harry Binton, having turned in the receipts of her booth and seen that everything was safe to leave for the night, came over to the Ethiopian Dip, where the judge and Mr. Almon were putting on their coats.

"Say, Deaky," said Mrs. Binton, "Harry and I want you to stop at the house on your way home. We 're going to have something to eat and drink before we turn in."

"I 'd love to, Sally," said the judge, "but I 'm so infernal wet. I 'm waterlogged. I 've been ducked a million times. I 'd love to, but I 'm soaked."

"'I 'D LOVE TO, SALLY,' SAID THE JUDGE, 'BUT I 'M SO INFERNAL WET'"

And that was when Mr. Almon spoke up.

"Look here," he said, laying his hand affectionately on the judge's arm, "I 'm going right home. Come around to the circus dressing-tent and we 'll change clothes. It won't hurt me to wear wet clothes that long."

"It 's my shoes that are the wettest," said the judge.

"Well, after to-night," said Mr. Almon, "I 'd rather be in your shoes than in any other pair I know of. Hope you feel all right."

"I feel fine," said Judge Deakin. And he did.

SILENCE AND NIGHT

(HAWAII)

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE

SILENCE and night—a night of stars and fire.
Above the hushed lagoon the white mist, rifting,
Lets down the stars into the slow tide's drifting.
What is life's striving? Winds that pass and tire.
Silence and night, but earth and love conspire.
The old gods in the cloven hill are lifting
Earth's flower of flame, in petaled splendor sifting
Adown the dark, for us, O heart's desire.
Silence and night. What counts life's gain or failing?
To-night, with earth and love, we vigil keep.
Silence and night. Stars through the mist unveiling
Above, below, a heaven, so deep, so deep.
Silence and night, and, trembling, pulsing, paling,
That rose of fire above the hills of sleep.

MY STARRY SOLITUDES

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN

WITH A DECORATION BY W. T. BENDA

WE all have our reasons for wishing that we might have known Robert Louis Stevenson—known him, as children say, "by sight, and to speak to." The seventh poem of "The Child Alone," in his "Child's Garden of Verses," makes up my reason:

"At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

"Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

"There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

"These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

"I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

"So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books."

"What books had you read? Which parts in them did you play? How long did these severally last? Who had the other parts?" If only I might have sailed out to Samoa, and, guided by any islander I might have met upon landing,—for did not every islander know that road?—made my way to Tusitala's house, and thus interrogated him! There are, to be sure, more or less full accounts of his playing at the dear game with other children,—"Minnie," indeed, and "Willie and Henrietta,"—but that is quite another thing. "How did you play at it alone?" Oh, that I might have asked him this; that I might have said to him, "I know all about your starry gregariousnesses; tell me about your starry solitudes!" Why? Because of mine.

Had Robert Louis Stevenson, I wonder, a tiny heap of star-dust, as it were, composed of a few trifles belonging to that golden age when he "saw the others far away"? I have; and the other day it came to light again. In the bottom of a left-over doll's trunk, I discovered a rusty key, a worn crimson-covered psalter, and a shiny photograph of a solemn-eyed, blond-haired, plump, little girl (freckled, too, she was in life, though not in her picture), attired in the beruffled dress and the wide sash which once constituted a little girl's "Sunday clothes." Scratched unevenly on the key were the words "Castle of the Maidens"; on the fly-leaf of the book was the name "David," crudely illuminated; and on the back of the photograph, written in an unformed hand, was the inscription, "With Helen's love."

"It was a mystery to the rest of us," one of my family said, looking at the picture, "the interest you took in that child."

The heart of that mystery was a very simple one. One Christmas I found "The Age of Fable" in my stocking. At a party, a week later, I saw for the first time the small girl of the shiny photograph.

"What is your name?" I inquired during the pauses of a Virginia reel in which her place was next mine.

"Helen," she said.

It was not a common name in the South; no one of my acquaintance had it. And that day I had read in my new book about the Trojan War. "Really?" I exclaimed incredulously. "Truly?"

"Yes, of course," she returned, dimpling (she had the amiability so often attendant upon plumpness); "why is it so

s'prising? It 's my godmother up North's name."

A listening grown-up, standing near, smiled and murmured:

"'"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships?"'

"Oh," I cried, as Helen danced away, "say it again!"

The grown-up said it again.

"Don't say it to Helen," he remarked; "say it to yourself, about her. More fun, I assure you."

I shall remember while life lasts the magic of that instant. A door into a new heaven and a new earth opened wide. Society, I had learned, was sweet; in that moment I got a glimpse of solitude, and knew that it was sweeter. Hitherto I had played with other children; suddenly I began to play alone.

The day after the party I set to work to build the ships—of folded paper.

"I am going to sail them on the lake when I 'm there again," I explained to my mother.

I had previously thought seldom of the lake during the winter, but that winter I thought of it continually. The number of my paper ships increased every day. I was not Menelaus; I was the whole band of Greek heroes, preparing to overturn Troy and bring Helen home.

I played this game all winter; but not only this or all the time. Helen prevented that. Many a day did she spend with me; many a day did I spend with her. She told me all her secrets, and I told her all mine except the one secret of which she was the bright center. I never told her that, not even when summer came, when, accompanied by her, I knelt on the edge of the lake and, gazing at her freckled little face, launched a thousand paper ships.

So, after more than six delectable months, ended that sojourn, that first solitary sojourn, in the dear land of Storybooks. As the last ship sailed away, a dismay, a disillusionment, crept over me, and I sighed dolefully.

"What is the matter?" Helen questioned.

"I—I feel lonesome," I faltered.

My next and dearest pagan part came to me by a more circling way. I belonged to a sewing-school which met every Saturday morning. One Saturday a new pupil was brought by her mother, and put into my division, to learn, as I was learning, to "outline." My teacher placed her beside me; we were allowed to talk at sewing-school.

"Where do you live?" I interrogated before many minutes had elapsed.

"On Elysian Fields Street," she answered. "Will you come to see me?" she added.

"Yes," I said fervently.

That afternoon, and on several other afternoons, I went to Elysium, and, as I went, played Æneas to the unconscious sibyl of my new comrade. It was not an enthralling part; I wanted to be the sibyl.

One Saturday my brother was invited to accompany me to Elysium.

"He does n't know the way," my mother said to me; "so you 'll have to take him."

How joyously I concurred! From that day, small pleasure had I in going to Elysian Fields Street unless it chanced that my brother could go with me. Just as we started, I always managed to seize a moment when no one was listening to whisper in his ear, "'Yield not to disasters; but press onward the more bravely!'" He, preoccupied with anticipations of tea and cakes in Elysium, never questioned me as to what I meant by my sibylline murmurings.

It was pleasant, that guiding of an eager little Æneas to "the groves where the happy reside"; but, for playing alone, the sibyl's own favorite game was the source of greater delight. "In her cave," said my book, "she was accustomed to inscribe on leaves gathered from the trees the names and fates of individuals. The leaves thus inscribed were arranged in order within the cave, and might be consulted by her votaries."

I chose for my cave a small, vine-covered summer-house. "The Age of Fable" does not mention the instrument with which the Cumæan sibyl inscribed her leaves. I inscribed mine with a pin, printing on each one not a name, but a letter. With these letters, arranged not in order, but out of it, on the earthen floor of the summer-house my votaries spelled a word. Almost invariably, of course, the word was that which I had had in mind; but sometimes it was not. Then I felt like a votary myself, and no sibyl.

It was an incident of this character that made me, alack! a sibyl no longer. While I was still absorbed in my leafy prophesyings, the bishop came to visit at my home. He had baptized me, and I was his godchild. On the afternoon of his arrival he strolled into the summer-house. I had just completed an oracle, four ivy-leaves, on which were respectively the letters, R O S A. The word I intended them to spell was, needless to say, the word that, thus placed, they do spell.

I held them high above my head, as my custom was, and let them fall. As they fluttered to the ground and my zestful adherents scrambled to catch them, the bishop paused in the doorway.

"What are you doing, my dear children?" he inquired smilingly.

"Playing a game of letters," explained not the sibyl,—oh, certainly not!—but one of the votaries.

The bishop came in, and sat down on the rustic bench.

"How do you play it?" he asked.

I stood silently looking on, while the other children put the oracular leaves into his hands, and said in a chorus:

"We make a word with the letters written on these."

"Let me play," he begged; "I used to know how."

"You *did?*" I cried excitedly. "*You* did?"

He patted me on the head.

"Yes, indeed," he declared.

"Who marked the leaves?" I pursued, pressing close to his side.

"Oh," he said, "I did n't play it with leaves. I had a box of letters, printed on squares of pasteboard; but the game was the same."

I laughed to myself; but I did not take him over the border into my starry solitudes.

"Make the word," I said merely.

He did, and the word was S O A R. "I can make R O S A, too," he observed; "but that is all."

The next day the bishop gave us a box of letters, printed on squares of pasteboard. I played at his game quite as happily as the others, but I never would play it in the summer-house. I could not bring myself to be a mere little girl in the cave in which once I had been the Cumæan sibyl.

The bishop had led my votaries away, and made my oracles of no effect. Soon he led me further away, and "The Age of Fable" itself became a thing of little account. It happened in this wise. Toward the middle of his visit, I rushed one day into the room where he sat with my father and mother, crying:

"Oh, the baker's wife has twin boys, and she says *I* may choose their names!"

"And what names, my dear child, have you chosen?" the bishop asked.

"Romulus and Remus!" I exclaimed.

He was my godfather; he had baptized me. Moreover, he was a bishop after St. Timothy's own pattern.

"My *dear* little girl!" He gasped even while he joined in the laugh with which my announcement was received. Then he said gently: "Those are heathen names. Don't choose heathen names for Christian children. Where did you learn about Romulus and Remus?"

I told him, and he smiled.

"A noble book, my child," he said; "but go and look in your Bible for names for the baker's wife's twins."

"How would David and Jonathan do for the twin boys?" I hazarded as I sat on the bishop's knee in the twilight

"Admirably," he agreed approvingly. Then, stroking my head softly, he said in his kind voice: "Lent begins next week, my dear child. You deny yourself during Lent, I have no doubt? This Lent why don't you give up reading all books except your Bible? It is full of stories," he added, "and they are all true."

Usually, I gave up eating candy, or denied myself sugar in my tea. The bishop's proposal was novel; I assented to it not without enthusiasm.

"You might memorize a few passages," he further advised; "such as the blessings of obedience promised by Moses, the Twenty-third Psalm, and the beatitudes."

I was a very little girl, still in the primary department of the Sunday-school, accustomed to memorize one short "golden text" a week; but I accepted with eagerness my godfather's larger plan. I ran to get my Bible that he might find and mark for me the golden chapters he desired me, in one brief Lent, to write on the tables of my memory.

The bishop was specific as to what I should memorize, but he made not even

the most general suggestion with regard to what I should read. Perhaps he felt that hitherto my reading of the Bible had been too closely hedged about with Sunday-school "lesson-leaflets." Left so free, I browsed at will, taking for starting-points the places selected for my special attention.

I began with the beatitudes. Word by word, I learned them. By the time this was well accomplished, I had read all four of the gospels. I had worked at the Bible before, but under guidance. I had played at it, too, but in company. That Lent, from working at it alone, I fell naturally into playing at it alone.

The particular form my keeping of Lent had taken delighted my entire family. "The study of the Bible can do everything, even for a child," they said.

It did for me, that Lent, the tenderest and most lovely thing ever done for any child by any book. The atmosphere in which I lived was not only intensely ecclesiastical, but purely Anglican. Young as I was, I was perfectly familiar with the division of the Christian year according to the tradition of the Church of England.

Ascension day, I was aware, fell just forty days after Easter. During that interval, I had been taught, the Prince of Peace, risen from the dead, had walked upon the earth and had been seen of men. This teaching had made little impression upon me. It had been a mere Sunday-school lesson, interesting, but dimly remote from my vivid little life. I shall never forget the day when suddenly it quickened into shining and close reality.

One morning only a few days before Easter I happened upon this: "Behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus. . . . And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him." I became a disciple, ready, when the moment should come, to journey toward the village, "about threescore furlongs" from Jerusalem. That Easter the customary events of the season—the colored eggs, the lilies, the carols, even my new apparel—I hardly noticed. I gazed into the faces of the throngs I passed on my way to church, and wondered whether they were what they seemed or whether my eyes were holden.

All that day, and for many days after, —quite forty, indeed,—the sounds of the world came to me as if from a great distance, and the sights of the world I saw afar off. I went to and fro on my small daily business; but a vague hope, an undefined expectation, wrapped me about. Eagerly I scanned every face I saw. When Ascension day came and passed, I said to myself, "Perhaps next year my eyes may be opened, and I shall know Him."

My dreamy absorption was discussed, I believe, with some anxiety in the family circle. As a result, my elder sister, one day as I helped her water the lady-slippers, four-o'clocks, and verbenas in her little garden-plot, said to me:

"Would n't you like to have a garden all your own? It 's more fun to see things grow than to read, even."

At one side of my sister's garden was a bit of a peach orchard; over the fence that divided the orchard from the garden grew grape-vines. On both trees and vines the fruit was ripening. Lent was long since past; but I retained the habit, formed then, of reading the Bible as a story-book—a "true" story-book, indeed, but still a story-book. The blessings of obedience promised by Moses are only two chapters removed from the law proceeding from Moses concerning the offering of first-fruits. As my sister spoke, I looked beyond the flower-garden, over the fence, into the orchard, and in a flash saw a new rôle.

"I 'd rather have a grape-vine and a peach-tree," I said.

No doubt she conferred at once with our parents. Very soon I was invited to choose the tree and the vine that I wished to call mine. The next morning, and for many mornings, I ran out early to see how much the night had deepened the pink of my peaches and the purple of my grapes.

"To-morrow," said my father one evening, "they will be quite ripe, and you can pick them."

At dawn that next morning I was out. I picked three bunches of grapes and three peaches and put them in a basket, as Moses commanded. Then slipping up the sleeping street and into the hushed and shadowy church, I set the basket down before the altar. Later, I met the negro sexton's little girl, my basket, empty now,

in her hand. I asked her waveringly where she had found it.

"My papa gave it to me," she said. What he did with the first-fruits of my land I could only surmise.

It had been sweet to play at being a grateful child of Israel, but I owe to my vine and my tree an even sweeter part. At breakfast on the day of my fulfilment of the Mosaic law with respect to one's grapes and peaches, my mother said to me: "What are you going to do with the fruit from your tree and your vine? Would n't you like to come with me, and carry some of it to a poor sick woman I am going to see this afternoon?"

The woman we went to see was indeed sick and poor. Child though I was, I realized how sad a want was supplied by the little comforts and conveniences brought by my mother. I sensed, too, that the woman was more occupied with her spiritual than with her material needs. When I presented my peaches and grapes, she made no comment upon them, but asked me to repeat a verse or two from the Scriptures.

"Say the Twenty-third Psalm," my mother whispered, knowing that a more apposite selection could hardly be made.

As I said it, the sick woman held my hand and smiled at me. "Little David!" she exclaimed when I had finished.

It was difficult for me to wait quietly until the visit was at an end. David! He had made music with a harp for Saul when Saul was vexed with an evil spirit; I knew that. Had he said psalms to sick people, too? I did not recollect, nor by subsequent diligent search did I find any record of such a procedure; but I did note, what I had not previously observed, that the psalms were "The Psalms of David." Predicating the rest, I became David.

"Have you a blank-book you don't need?" I inquired of my father that night. "I want to copy the psalms out of the Bible, and have them by themselves."

My father laughed.

"I would n't," he said; "there are a hundred and fifty of them. I 'll get them for you, all copied out," he added.

He gave me the crimson-covered book the next day. "Bring it to me when I am at my desk," he said, "and I will write your name in it."

But I did not. With my water-colors, I illuminated "David" in it.

"A hundred and fifty psalms," I thought. "I can learn them all, and be David ever and ever so long."

I did not learn them all, but I learned an amazing number of them, and, as I had foretold, was David ever and ever so long. To many a sick person did I say a psalm. The grown-up members of my family continually went to visit the sick. From my earliest years I had gone occasionally; that I should be seized with a wish to omit no opportunity of going aroused no comment. To my relatives and friends, markedly liturgical as they were, it seemed natural enough, too, that out of my mouth should proceed so much psalm-saying. As for the sick people, my visits and my psalmody pleased them mightily. To the sophisticated among them, as well as to the simple, I was a welcome visitor. None guessed that I was playing a game; but all perceived that my half-hours at their bedsides were a thrilling delight to me. Had I recited rhymes from the "Nonsense Book" with a similar zest, my success would doubtless have been as great!

To on-lookers, my pretty practice of repeating psalms to the sick ended with an inexplicable abruptness. My family moved to another part of the town. The change made very little perceptible difference in my life. The new house was within fifteen minutes' walk of the old one. Had I not been playing at David, I should have felt perhaps no very poignant pang of regret at the making of so slight an alteration in my condition. But I had worn my crimson-covered book shabby to some purpose, even though I had learned less than the entire number of psalms contained in it. One day soon after we were settled in our new home, my mother took me to call upon a sick person living in the immediate neighborhood. "Say a psalm," she suggested; but I shook my head. All her gentle urgings failed to persuade me.

"I 'd rather say something else," was the sole answer I gave her. She audibly wondered why.

"What can you be thinking of, my dear, not to want to say your beloved psalms?" she exclaimed.

I was thinking of these words in the one-hundred-and-thirty-seventh psalm: "For there they that carried us away cap-

tive required of us a song; . . . saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion.' How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" This was what I was thinking. But I only said, "Let me say the beatitudes." My starry solitudes were inviolable; not even my cherished mother might enter them.

I continued to visit the sick, and even to repeat portions of the Scriptures to them, but I said no more psalms. I, who had been David ever and ever so long, was David no longer.

It was not a great while before I became some one else—some one whose history is not written in the Bible. Shortly after the day when I had, as it were, hung my harp upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon, a new book fell into my hands. It was "Morte Arthure," given to me on my birthday by a Confederate veteran with whom I made friends.

"The Bible is the best book in the world, sir," the old soldier remarked to my father; "but your little daughter reads it too much. This trifling gift of mine may remedy that a bit."

It did remedy it—a very good bit. The Bible never again could be regarded by me as a mere Sunday-school lesson-book, but its days of being my favorite story-book were at an end. I was quite grown-up before I once more read it as delightedly as I had during that far-off Lent when it superseded "The Age of Fable."

All the children of the family and the neighborhood read "Morte Arthure," and together we played at tournaments and jousts, and went in company on pilgrimages and quests. Yet from the moment of my first opening of the goodly book I played at it alone also. I chanced to open it at the page on which is "the fair sweet history of the sister of Sir Percivale de Galis." The name of my brother was Percy; among his associates I was naturally known as "Percy's sister." The other children began their perusal of "Morte Arthure," with the first chapter of the first book. I began mine with the second chapter of the seventeenth book. "I am your very sister," I said to my brother Percy.

The part, no doubt fittingly, ran a more adventurous course than any I had ever played. I chose it because of its name; and, like any other person who chooses a part on such an account, I found obstacles in the way of playing it perfectly.

I could not "clip" off my hair and make "seemly wrought" girdles of it; my hair was already clipped rather closely. I recalled, however, the comparisons made between it and corn-silk in the days of its greater length. So, when the time of corn came, I made girdles and studded them with glass-bead jewels, and buckled them with the brass buckles from my doll's Sunday shoes. Then, following the words of the book, I put them in a box, where, unlike the earlier "strange girdles," they waited in vain for the knights who should be girt with them.

While I still looked for the coming of those "most perfect Christian men," something occurred that thrust all thoughts of knights and girdles out of my mind. A little girl, one of my playmates, who lived across the street from my home, fell ill. Hearing this, I went to see her.

"You had better not come in," said her mother; "she has measles—"

"What!" I cried.

"Have you had them?" my small friend's mother questioned, "or any of the children at your house?"

We had not. I never had heard of any one who had except the "gentlewoman in the castle, who had lain a great while fallen into a measle, and of no leech could she have remedy, until Sir Percivale's sister bled a dish full of blood for to heal her; wherefore his sister died."

"Let me go in!" I pleaded; "*Please* do!"

"Oh, no, dear," said my sick little friend's mother, decidedly. "It would n't be safe for you, and," she added, "my poor child is feverish, and must be kept quiet."

I went slowly home. I knew little about pain, still less about death. I did know, though, that I desired more earnestly than I had ever before desired anything to go into the room where my playmate lay ill. I borrowed my brother's jack-knife. For days I carried it in my pocket and hovered around the house across the street.

At last I was rewarded. The tired mother, doubtless because her child was finally convalescent, relaxed her watchfulness. Eluding her one afternoon, I crept

up-stairs and to the very bedside of my little friend. She was sitting up, propped by pillows, playing with her doll. Even to my inexperienced eye she did not appear as sick as the gentlewoman in "Morte Arthure"; but I did not hesitate. Some one might come at any moment and send me away. I made short work of her exclamations and questions. I did not even stop to find a dish, but, taking out the knife, and turning my back that she might not witness the act, I hurriedly slashed my finger; then facing her, I smeared her brow with the oozing drops. She had no idea that I was "anointing her withal"; she thought I had accidentally cut myself. I did not explain. I kissed her, and with a lighter heart than I had borne for many a day and night stole away as noiselessly as I had come.

Within a fortnight I fell into a "measle" myself, and for a considerable period was seriously ill. I did not know what was wrong with me. Still in thrall to the part I had been playing, I imagined that I was dying from my blood-letting. "They will put me into the barge," I mused, with a queer little ache in my throat, "and cover it with black silk; and the wind will arise, and drive it from the land." I thought awhile. "I think I won't be Sir Percivale's sister any longer," I concluded. Thus did I dispel the first faint shadow that fell aslant the path of my dreamful play.

Never shall I forget the memorable day on which I became Sir Galahad. It was on a Sunday, soon after my recovery. My mother, it chanced, attended the cathedral that morning instead of our parish church. She took me with her. At the end of the service, the dean, venerable and white-haired, stood at the door, still arrayed in his vestments, and greeted the people as they came out. He was an old friend of our family, and after greeting us, he petitioned my mother to allow me to go to the deanery and dine with him. She consented, and, the congregation having dispersed, left me with him. He and I were about to step across the lawn to the deanery, when the sexton appeared, holding in his hand a large key, which he gave to the dean. "It 's the old key to the sacristy door, sir," he said.

The dean turned it about and looked at it. "It is of no use to any one," he observed. He held it out to me; "Would you care to have it for a toy, my dear?" he asked.

I could hardly speak for wonder and delight. "An old man, clothed in religious clothing," was offering me a key! "Oh," I said in an awed whisper, "I 'd rather have it than anything else on the whole earth!"

The next day I begged my mother to make a red dress for me. She was somewhat surprised, for my preference had always been for delicately colored apparel; but she made the dress, of Turkey red, mitigating its vivid brilliancy with a guimpe of white embroidery. In the pocket of this—my "coat of red sendel"—I carried the key, on which I had scratched "Castle of the Maidens"; and, as "the haut prince," fared forth to achieve the quest of the Sangreal.

And I did achieve it. The "joy and marvel" of that achievement abide with me to this hour. I had learned in Sunday-school that there were two sacraments: "Two only, as generally necessary to salvation; that is to say, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord." I had heard a great deal regarding the first, and I had frequently been in church when it was administered. Of the second I had been told but little, and on the Sundays when it was celebrated, I was sent from church before the celebration began.

One communion Sunday after I had become Sir Galahad, I went out early, as usual, to find, when I reached the church porch, that a rain-storm was imminent. "You had better wait here, miss, for your father and mother," the sexton suggested. He brought me a chair and then strolled away, leaving me the sole occupant of the darkening vestibule.

A low murmur of prayer and praise floated out from the church. I got up from my chair, and, tiptoeing to the swinging door, pushed it softly aside and peeped in. My palpitating little heart almost ceased to beat. That for which I had sought far and wide, long and hard, my scarce-believing eyes at last beheld. There it was, "the holy vessel, covered with red samite; and before the holy vessel a good man clothed as a priest; and it seemed that he was at the sacring of the mass."

I gazed until there was nothing more to see, and the people, friends and neigh-

bors all, coming out of church, recalled me to the present and the actual. "Have you been here in this damp place all this time?" my mother inquired.

"Yes," I replied, though I knew that I had been rather in "the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place," all that time.

I had achieved the Sangreal. Perhaps it was inevitable that from such a height the road should decline. Change and pain and death lay in wait for me, as for every other child of man.

We children had named our several homes for the various castles mentioned in "Morte Arthure." There was a Tintagel, and a Joyeuse Garde, and an Astolat. In the last dwelt a merry little Gipsy of a girl who was my most adored friend. My affection for her, indeed, had secured for her house the name of Astolat. I called her Elaine to myself, because I loved Elaine le Blank more than any other lady of King Arthur's court; and because a red Japanese fan she gave me (to match my Turkey red dress) reminded me of the sleeve "of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls," that the other Elaine gave to Sir Lancelot, I assumed the part of Sir Lancelot, but, unlike him, I loved my Maid of Astolat.

One day soon after I had seen the Sangreal that little girl fell pitifully ill. Within twenty-four hours she was dead.

I never had seen death, but I was not startled to hear that it had come to Astolat. It had visited that other Astolat; the other Elaine had died. My mother, on the day before the child's burial, took me into the garden and gave me the loveliest of her white rosebuds. "Go," she said, "put these in the poor little thing's hands, kiss her mother, and come away."

I thought of the letter to Sir Lancelot that the other Elaine had wished bound fast in her hand. Then I remembered the intent of that piteous letter: "Pray for my soul, and offer ye my mass-penny."

"I—I 'd like some money," I said in a low voice.

"For what?" my mother exclaimed.

"To—to put—to put in the box outside the church on my way home," I quavered.

My mother did not press me further. She gave me a small piece of money, and holding that in one hand and my rosebuds in the other, I went to Astolat.

The bereaved mother was in solitary attendance. She led me into the room that had been the dead child's nursery. It was shaded, and the little figure on the bed was very still; but scattered about were the toys with which my Elaine and I had often and lately played. I was Sir Lancelot; it was my intention to kneel and pray for the soul of the Fair Maiden of Astolat. I approached the bed. There, her nut-brown curls in unaccustomed order, her rosy cheeks strangely pale, my idolized little friend lay, "as though she had smiled."

I dropped my rosebuds, I dropped my piece of money. With a wild cry I threw myself down on the floor and sobbed with an anguish almost more terrible than I could bear. The stricken mother lifted me up. She sat beside the bed, her arms around me, my head close against her bosom. "I know you loved her, dear," she said. "It is hard for you, too, to let her go."

"I thought it was like a story in a book; but it is n't," I moaned brokenly.

My words were unintelligible, but my utter grief was clear. My little friend's mother soothed me with tender caresses. For my sake, she hid her own desolation. She gathered up the fallen rosebuds and quietly bade me place them where I would. My mother had told me to put them in the child's hands, so I did. Then, taught by my love and my loss, I kissed her—hands, lips, and even her curls. Then with stumbling feet I fled home, and locked myself in my room.

Afterward the mass-penny was found and brought to me. But I wept so bitterly at the sight of it that even the other children were frightened. As for "Morte Arthure," out of that book I played no more.

As the years have passed I have read other books—Shakspere and Dante and whole libraries of lesser ones. I have played at them, too, in company and even alone; but never again as I played alone at books that I had read before that day in which I went to take a last look at the child who had been my Elaine. Since then my starry solitudes have been dimmed with the mist of the tears of things. I suppose that, when "the former things are passed away," "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither

any more pain," the mist will be wiped away, and again in unclouded splendor I shall play.

Does Robert Louis Stevenson, I wonder? No doubt. We all have our reasons for hoping that we may know him in the celestial city—know him "by sight and to speak to." The first poem of "The Child Alone," in his "Child's Garden of Verses," makes up my reason:

"When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

"Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he 's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

"He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass;
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

"He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'T is he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'T is he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

" 'T is he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they 're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'T is he will take care of your playthings himself!"

"What books do you read here? What parts in them do you play? How long do the several parts last? Who takes the other parts?" If only I may some time go and look for Tusitala, and, finding him on the shining streets or beside the crystal sea, ask him these questions! I know, of course, what the answers will be: "I read but one book: 'The Revelation of Saint John; I play but one part—a child; and it is lasting me forever. The other parts? The Friend of the Children plays them."

" These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes."

bors all, coming out of church, recalled me to the present and the actual. "Have you been here in this damp place all this time?" my mother inquired.

"Yes," I replied, though I knew that I had been rather in "the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place," all that time.

I had achieved the Sangreal. Perhaps it was inevitable that from such a height the road should decline. Change and pain and death lay in wait for me, as for every other child of man.

We children had named our several homes for the various castles mentioned in "Morte Arthure." There was a Tintagel, and a Joyeuse Garde, and an Astolat. In the last dwelt a merry little Gipsy of a girl who was my most adored friend. My affection for her, indeed, had secured for her house the name of Astolat. I called her Elaine to myself, because I loved Elaine le Blank more than any other lady of King Arthur's court; and because a red Japanese fan she gave me (to match my Turkey red dress) reminded me of the sleeve "of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls," that the other Elaine gave to Sir Lancelot, I assumed the part of Sir Lancelot, but, unlike him, I loved my Maid of Astolat.

One day soon after I had seen the Sangreal that little girl fell pitifully ill. Within twenty-four hours she was dead.

I never had seen death, but I was not startled to hear that it had come to Astolat. It had visited that other Astolat; the other Elaine had died. My mother, on the day before the child's burial, took me into the garden and gave me the loveliest of her white rosebuds. "Go," she said, "put these in the poor little thing's hands, kiss her mother, and come away."

I thought of the letter to Sir Lancelot that the other Elaine had wished bound fast in her hand. Then I remembered the intent of that piteous letter: "Pray for my soul, and offer ye my mass-penny."

"I—I 'd like some money," I said in a low voice.

"For what?" my mother exclaimed.

"To—to put—to put in the box outside the church on my way home," I quavered.

My mother did not press me further. She gave me a small piece of money, and holding that in one hand and my rosebuds in the other, I went to Astolat.

The bereaved mother was in solitary attendance. She led me into the room that had been the dead child's nursery. It was shaded, and the little figure on the bed was very still; but scattered about were the toys with which my Elaine and I had often and lately played. I was Sir Lancelot; it was my intention to kneel and pray for the soul of the Fair Maiden of Astolat. I approached the bed. There, her nut-brown curls in unaccustomed order, her rosy cheeks strangely pale, my idolized little friend lay, "as though she had smiled."

I dropped my rosebuds, I dropped my piece of money. With a wild cry I threw myself down on the floor and sobbed with an anguish almost more terrible than I could bear. The stricken mother lifted me up. She sat beside the bed, her arms around me, my head close against her bosom. "I know you loved her, dear," she said. "It is hard for you, too, to let her go."

"I thought it was like a story in a book; but it is n't," I moaned brokenly.

My words were unintelligible, but my utter grief was clear. My little friend's mother soothed me with tender caresses. For my sake, she hid her own desolation. She gathered up the fallen rosebuds and quietly bade me place them where I would. My mother had told me to put them in the child's hands, so I did. Then, taught by my love and my loss, I kissed her—hands, lips, and even her curls. Then with stumbling feet I fled home, and locked myself in my room.

Afterward the mass-penny was found and brought to me. But I wept so bitterly at the sight of it that even the other children were frightened. As for "Morte Arthure," out of that book I played no more.

As the years have passed I have read other books—Shakspere and Dante and whole libraries of lesser ones. I have played at them, too, in company and even alone; but never again as I played alone at books that I had read before that day in which I went to take a last look at the child who had been my Elaine. Since then my starry solitudes have been dimmed with the mist of the tears of things. I suppose that, when "the former things are passed away," "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither

any more pain," the mist will be wiped away, and again in unclouded splendor I shall play.

Does Robert Louis Stevenson, I wonder? No doubt. We all have our reasons for hoping that we may know him in the celestial city—know him "by sight and to speak to." The first poem of "The Child Alone," in his "Child's Garden of Verses," makes up my reason:

"When children are playing alone on the green,
In comes the playmate that never was seen.
When children are happy and lonely and good,
The Friend of the Children comes out of the wood.

"Nobody heard him and nobody saw,
His is a picture you never could draw,
But he 's sure to be present, abroad or at home,
When children are happy and playing alone.

"He lies in the laurels, he runs on the grass;
He sings when you tinkle the musical glass;
Whene'er you are happy and cannot tell why,
The Friend of the Children is sure to be by!

"He loves to be little, he hates to be big,
'T is he that inhabits the caves that you dig;
'T is he when you play with your soldiers of tin
That sides with the Frenchmen and never can win.

"'T is he, when at night you go off to your bed,
Bids you go to your sleep and not trouble your head;
For wherever they 're lying, in cupboard or shelf,
'T is he will take care of your playthings himself!"

"What books do you read here? What parts in them do you play? How long do the several parts last? Who takes the other parts?" If only I may some time go and look for Tusitala, and, finding him on the shining streets or beside the crystal sea, ask him these questions! I know, of course, what the answers will be: "I read but one book: 'The Revelation of Saint John; I play but one part—a child; and it is lasting me forever. The other parts? The Friend of the Children plays them."

"These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes."

Then Jehun-Era, the Golden Tongue
(Her heart was a harp by the houris strung,
Her mind was a hive with stories packed),
Told him of cities besieged and sacked—
Told him tales of the great Haroun,
Where bulbuls sing to a dreaming moon,
And lovers and ladies forever fair
Are caught in the coil of a sweet despair.

But never once, so the books aver,
Did a finger move or an eyelid stir
Of the great Mahmoud. Then the cooks began
To bake and boil for the sick sultan.
Yes, the nineteen cooks in the kitchen scurred,
And each foot flew like a startled bird,
Till the slaves came up in quick relays,
With bowls and platters on silver trays.
There were pastries frail as the melting mist,
Rosette, crescent, and caraway twist;
A jelly that quaked in a golden jar;
Grapes from the valley of Kandahar;
Coffee that smoked in an Osman bowl,
Brew for body and beauty for soul;
Sherbet cooled by the Tartary snows,
And fragrant now as the Kashmir rose;
Almonds sugared, and peaches spiced;
A citron candied, an orange sliced;
Rice from Cyprus, and figs from Fars;
Melons from under the Syrian stars;
A fish from the Nile; a lamb from Thrace;
And a larded lark that I cannot trace.

But never once, so the gossips say,
Did the rose-sweet bowl or the smoking tray,
Did the frosted brew or the spicy food,
Draw a single glance of the great Mahmoud.
So Leylah, with delicate touches, packed
The long-stem pipe that the long day lacked;
And, lighting it, drew from the golden leaf
One waft of the white smoke, death-of-grief.
But he scorned the pipe with a withering eye
As he heaved a deep Vesuvian sigh.
Anyhow, this is the word that ran
When the world's eye wept for the sick sultan.

III

So they bore him now to the mosque, hard put
For the holy rub of the Dervish foot;
For a Dervish toe, well warmed in the dance,
Can cure more ails than the philters of France.
They carried him next to the praying-floor,
To touch the pillar that once of yore
The prophet jostled and made to wince,
And left it sweating the ages since.
And then they tore from the Koran's page
A verse approved by a master mage,
Burned it, and gave him the ash to drink;
But still he hung on the ghostly brink.

Now the barber came running to let his blood,
While the doctors were brewing from leaf and bud,
And mixing him many a toothsome grog,
And rubbing with camphor and cacagogue.
Then they poked their heads into all the books,
Scanning the pages with learned looks,—
Galen and Rhazes and Ibn Zohr
And great Avicen',—all the curious lore
Of the palsies and cankers, the phlegms and chills,
With the balms and catholicons routing the ills.
But the aches and irks are a tricksy brood:
Whatever was done, they would still elude,
And the megrims stuck to the great Mahmoud.

The doctors sighed, for I 'm told by three
That the thirteen doctors *did* agree—
Agree that their physic was no avail
For the great sultan with the stubborn ail.
Then one leech said (he was born too soon
By a hundred year and perhaps a moon)—
One leech dared hint that a bright-swung ax
Had a help for him that the pill-bag lacks.
At this Mahmoud, from his aching bed,
Cried: "Off with the leech and his learned head!
And the rest of you fade from the eyes of us,
Over the miles to the Caucasus!
Out of our realm to a new abode,
And let it be by the shortest road!"

And this is why, at the crack of dawn,
The twelve great doctors got them gone,
Glad enough that their heads were on.
And they went in a string, with their books and pills,

At the heart of it all, like a lily's gold,
Is a gorgeous chamber, I have been told,
Whose walls are lighted by lattice bars,
Whose roof is pricked by a thousand stars.
This is the room that the great Mahmoud
Bolted from Grief and her jangling brood.
Slant to the walls were the fifty shields
That bragged of the fifty battle-fields
Where his flag had streamed as a meteor red,
And his name hung dark as a thunder-head.
Those thirty keys, in their bloody rust,
Were the thirty towns he had turned to dust.

He had harvested all that pleased his eye—
All but the moon in the evening sky.
Lands and ladies and ships and herds,
He gathered them in as a flock of birds;
And his coffers were heaped by his sword's renown
Till no one could hammer the covers down.
Marbles from Delos, stones from Thrace,
He plundered to build him a pleasure-place.
Pillars from Ephesus propped the dome
Of the gilded mosque and the hippodrome;
Shafts of porphyry Baalbec gave
To build the porch of his pampered slave.
Glory and pleasure, splendor and power,
He gulped them all in his golden hour.

II

But a change came over the great sultan,
And the world with a trembling rumor ran;
For it happed in the leafy youth of the year
The seraglio gloomed with a sudden fear.
The demon of doldrums, without salute,
Had slipped by eunuch and cat-eyed mute,
And all were tiptoeing, holding their breath,
For the sultan lay on the edge of death.

Wearily there he had lain for hours
On his cushion soft as a heap of flowers,
Till the harem ladies, distraught, distressed,
Came fluttering out of their fragrant nest,
Light as the lily, fleet as the fawn,
Caught in the colors that tremble at dawn.
Halima laved with her delicate hand
His brow with the attar of Samarkand;
Barakah, robed in a peacock green,
Tinkled the bells of her tambourine;
The slim Circassian, Malkhatoon,
Danced as light as a wave-caught moon;
Afifa and Zora with palm and plume
Wafted a zephyr across the room;
Zelica sang with her pomegranate lips,
Sweet as the comb when the honey drips,
And her bosom shook like a rose-tree stirred
By the trembling grief of a singing bird.

Then Jehun-Era, the Golden Tongue
(Her heart was a harp by the houris strung,
Her mind was a hive with stories packed),
Told him of cities besieged and sacked—
Told him tales of the great Haroun,
Where bulbuls sing to a dreaming moon,
And lovers and ladies forever fair
Are caught in the coil of a sweet despair.

But never once, so the books aver,
Did a finger move or an eyelid stir
Of the great Mahmoud. Then the cooks began
To bake and boil for the sick sultan.
Yes, the nineteen cooks in the kitchen scurred,
And each foot flew like a startled bird,
Till the slaves came up in quick relays,
With bowls and platters on silver trays.
There were pastries frail as the melting mist,
Rosette, crescent, and caraway twist;
A jelly that quaked in a golden jar;
Grapes from the valley of Kandahar;
Coffee that smoked in an Osman bowl,
Brew for body and beauty for soul;
Sherbet cooled by the Tartary snows,
And fragrant now as the Kashmir rose;
Almonds sugared, and peaches spiced;
A citron candied, an orange sliced;
Rice from Cyprus, and figs from Fars;
Melons from under the Syrian stars;
A fish from the Nile; a lamb from Thrace;
And a larded lark that I cannot trace.

But never once, so the gossips say,
Did the rose-sweet bowl or the smoking tray,
Did the frosted brew or the spicy food,
Draw a single glance of the great Mahmoud.
So Leylah, with delicate touches, packed
The long-stem pipe that the long day lacked;
And, lighting it, drew from the golden leaf
One waft of the white smoke, death-of-grief.
But he scorned the pipe with a withering eye
As he heaved a deep Vesuvian sigh.
Anyhow, this is the word that ran
When the world's eye wept for the sick sultan.

III

So they bore him now to the mosque, hard put
For the holy rub of the Dervish foot;
For a Dervish toe, well warmed in the dance,
Can cure more ails than the philters of France.
They carried him next to the praying-floor,
To touch the pillar that once of yore
The prophet jostled and made to wince,
And left it sweating the ages since.
And then they tore from the Koran's page
A verse approved by a master mage,
Burned it, and gave him the ash to drink;
But still he hung on the ghostly brink.

Now the barber came running to let his blood,
While the doctors were brewing from leaf and bud,
And mixing him many a toothsome grog,
And rubbing with camphor and cacagogue.
Then they poked their heads into all the books,
Scanning the pages with learned looks,—
Galen and Rhazes and Ibn Zohr
And great Avicen',—all the curious lore
Of the palsies and cankers, the phlegms and chills,
With the balms and catholicons routing the ills.
But the aches and irks are a tricksy brood:
Whatever was done, they would still elude,
And the megrims stuck to the great Mahmoud.

The doctors sighed, for I 'm told by three
That the thirteen doctors *did* agree—
Agree that their physic was no avail
For the great sultan with the stubborn ail.
Then one leech said (he was born too soon
By a hundred year and perhaps a moon)—
One leech dared hint that a bright-swung ax
Had a help for him that the pill-bag lacks.
At this Mahmoud, from his aching bed,
Cried: "Off with the leech and his learned head!
And the rest of you fade from the eyes of us,
Over the miles to the Caucasus!
Out of our realm to a new abode,
And let it be by the shortest road!"

And this is why, at the crack of dawn,
The twelve great doctors got them gone,
Glad enough that their heads were on.
And they went in a string, with their books and pills,

Footing it fast toward the frontier hills,
Nor looked once back to the Grand Bazaar
As they drank the miles toward the morning star.

Now emirs and agas, effendis and sheiks,
Stand pulling their whiskers with rueful tweaks;
The dwarfs have lost their old delight;
The Nubian guards are statues of night;
The slaves are tremors, the ladies are tears,
For the black camel Death on the rim appears.
But suddenly in from the harem creeps
The sibylline crone who never sleeps.
The word of her mouth is a cryptic thing,
For she wears on her finger King Solomon's ring.
She raises her arms, and she cries aloud:
"I lift from the palace the darkening shroud.
O Mahmoud the Mighty, may Allah exalt,
And send only friends to eat your salt!
O Mahmoud, rummage the east and west
For the shoes of a mortal wholly blest;
For only by this can you break the ban:
You must wear the shoes of a happy man."

Then shouted the sultan, "Ho, Vizir,
I need those shoes; let the shoes be here!"
Then his voice ran low,—so a beast grows still
As he stiffens his cords for the leap to kill,—
"Go forth, Vizir, when the dawn is red,
And bring me the shoes; or send instead,
By the hand of this trusted slave, your head."

IV

The bulbuls sang in the camphor-tree,
As the grand vizir, with a trusted three,
Threaded his way toward the noisy mart
To find a man with a happy heart—
A man that a sorrow had never stung,
A man that a memory never wrung.
Long, drowsily long, a late cock crew
As the Gate of Happiness let them through.
"Now," said Halil to the other three,
"Keep your eyes alert, for the shoes should be
Well peppered with pearls for a sultan's eye.
So now to the rich, where the joy runs high.
On, camels, on with a swifter spring,
Set the boughs astir and the bells aswing;
For I would be home ere the shadows fall
To feed my doves on the garden wall."

At the road's first turn what should they see
But a swarm of the folk of high degree,
Rolling away at the crack of morn
For light-heart hours on the Golden Horn.
One by one, like a flower afloat,
The arabas rolled toward a rainbow boat.
So the vizir cried, and his words were brief,
"How many are here with never a grief?"
Alas! but the thorn pricks ever the rose,
And they all were pricked by wants and woes.
In each glad heart was a wistful cry;
Behind each joy was a secret sigh.

Now he turned from the rich and their hapless store,
And journeyed away to the poor man's door:
"Ho, Hassan, ho! you have children seven:
Is your gate not joy, is your hut not heaven?"
The poor man answered: "Ah, Vizir,
I have seven sweet joys, but I have one fear:
The dread of to-morrow ever is here.
When my hand has work, then the mouths are fed;
When the work-staff breaks, then I wish me dead."

So they jolted on down the greening acres:
There were strolling fluters and traveling fakers;
There were women peering from lattice screens;
Pickers bent in the blossoming beans;
Wood-cutters bearing their shining tools;
Slaves asleep on their lazing mules.
To all one question, and one reply,
For each heart carried its secret sigh.
All, all had grief save a laughing boy
Too glad to know that he lived in joy.
His little worn shoes they danced and ran,
But they were too small for the sick sultan.

On down the road, by a sycamore-tree,
A poet was weaving a rosy rhyme,
A song to sing in the ear of Time,
When Mahmoud's galleys and gates shall be
A drifted dust by the silver sea:

Footing it fast toward the frontier hills,
Nor looked once back to the Grand Bazaar
As they drank the miles toward the morning star.

Now emirs and agas, effendis and sheiks,
Stand pulling their whiskers with rueful tweaks;
The dwarfs have lost their old delight;
The Nubian guards are statues of night;
The slaves are tremors, the ladies are tears,
For the black camel Death on the rim appears.
But suddenly in from the harem creeps
The sibylline crone who never sleeps.
The word of her mouth is a cryptic thing,
For she wears on her finger King Solomon's ring.
She raises her arms, and she cries aloud:
"I lift from the palace the darkening shroud.
O Mahmoud the Mighty, may Allah exalt,
And send only friends to eat your salt!
O Mahmoud, rummage the east and west
For the shoes of a mortal wholly blest;
For only by this can you break the ban:
You must wear the shoes of a happy man."

Then shouted the sultan, "Ho, Vizir,
I need those shoes; let the shoes be here!"
Then his voice ran low,—so a beast grows still
As he stiffens his cords for the leap to kill,—
"Go forth, Vizir, when the dawn is red,
And bring me the shoes; or send instead,
By the hand of this trusted slave, your head."

IV

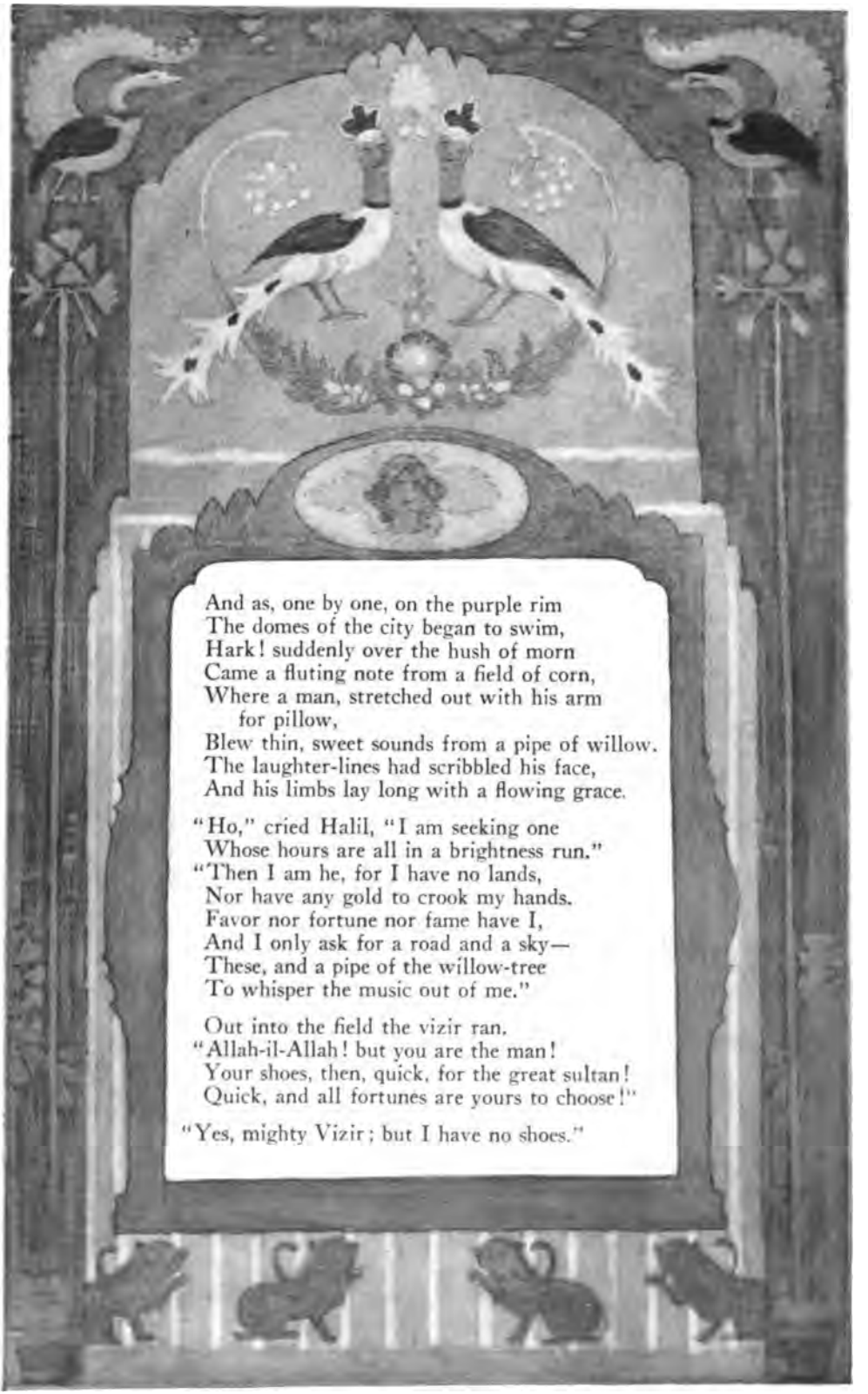
The bulbuls sang in the camphor-tree,
As the grand vizir, with a trusted three,
Threaded his way toward the noisy mart
To find a man with a happy heart—
A man that a sorrow had never stung,
A man that a memory never wrung.
Long, drowsily long, a late cock crew
As the Gate of Happiness let them through.
"Now," said Halil to the other three,
"Keep your eyes alert, for the shoes should be
Well peppered with pearls for a sultan's eye.
So now to the rich, where the joy runs high.
On, camels, on with a swifter spring,
Set the boughs astir and the bells aswing;
For I would be home ere the shadows fall
To feed my doves on the garden wall."

At the road's first turn what should they see
But a swarm of the folk of high degree,
Rolling away at the crack of morn
For light-heart hours on the Golden Horn.
One by one, like a flower afloat,
The arabas rolled toward a rainbow boat.
So the vizir cried, and his words were brief,
"How many are here with never a grief?"
Alas! but the thorn pricks ever the rose,
And they all were pricked by wants and woes.
In each glad heart was a wistful cry;
Behind each joy was a secret sigh.

Now he turned from the rich and their hapless store,
And journeyed away to the poor man's door:
"Ho, Hassan, ho! you have children seven:
Is your gate not joy, is your hut not heaven?"
The poor man answered: "Ah, Vizir,
I have seven sweet joys, but I have one fear:
The dread of to-morrow ever is here.
When my hand has work, then the mouths are fed;
When the work-staff breaks, then I wish me dead."

So they jolted on down the greening acres:
There were strolling fluters and traveling fakers;
There were women peering from lattice screens;
Pickers bent in the blossoming beans;
Wood-cutters bearing their shining tools;
Slaves asleep on their lazing mules.
To all one question, and one reply,
For each heart carried its secret sigh.
All, all had grief save a laughing boy
Too glad to know that he lived in joy.
His little worn shoes they danced and ran,
But they were too small for the sick sultan.

On down the road, by a sycamore-tree,
A poet was weaving a rosy rhyme,
A song to sing in the ear of Time,
When Mahmoud's galleys and gates shall be
A drifted dust by the silver sea:



And as, one by one, on the purple rim
The domes of the city began to swim,
Hark! suddenly over the hush of morn
Came a fluting note from a field of corn,
Where a man, stretched out with his arm
for pillow,
Blew thin, sweet sounds from a pipe of willow.
The laughter-lines had scribbled his face,
And his limbs lay long with a flowing grace.

"Ho," cried Halil, "I am seeking one
Whose hours are all in a brightness run."
"Then I am he, for I have no lands,
Nor have any gold to crook my hands.
Favor nor fortune nor fame have I,
And I only ask for a road and a sky—
These, and a pipe of the willow-tree
To whisper the music out of me."

Out into the field the vizir ran.
"Allah-il-Allah! but you are the man!
Your shoes, then, quick, for the great sultan!
Quick, and all fortunes are yours to choose!"

"Yes, mighty Vizir; but I have no shoes."

AMERICAN AND IMMIGRANT BLOOD

A STUDY OF THE SOCIAL EFFECTS OF IMMIGRATION

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin

IN these pages Professor Ross carries his study of our present immigration into the very throbbing heart of this nation. He shows how the sturdy blood of northern Europe once poured its red riches into American arteries to strengthen and to quicken, and he exhibits by contrast the vitiated and diseased and enfeebling mixtures making in recent years. The near, inevitable future is apparent. This paper constitutes one of the gravest and most important considerations ever laid before the American people. —THE EDITOR.

THERE is a certain anthracite town of 26,000 inhabitants in which are writ large the moral and social consequences of injecting 10,000 sixteenth-century people into a twentieth-century community. By their presence the foreigners necessarily lower the general plane of intelligence, self-restraint, refinement, orderliness, and efficiency. With them, of course, comes an increase of drink and of the crimes from drink. The great excess of men among them leads to sexual immorality and the diffusion of private diseases. A primitive midwifery is practised, and the ignorance of the poor mothers fills the cemetery with tiny graves. The women go about their homes barefoot, and their rooms and clothing reek with the odors of cooking and uncleanliness. The standards of modesty are Elizabethan. The miners bathe in the kitchen before the females and children of the household, and women soon to become mothers appear in public unconcerned. The foreigners attend church regularly, but their noisy amusements banish the quiet Sunday. The foreign men, three eighths of whom are illiterate, pride themselves on their physical strength rather than on their skill, and are willing to take jobs requiring nothing but brawn.

Barriers of speech, education, and religious faith split the people into unsympathetic, even hostile camps. The worst element in the community makes use of the ignorance and venality of the foreign-born voters to exclude the better citizens from any share in the control of local affairs. In this babel no newspaper becomes strong enough to mold and lead public opinion. On account of the smallness of the English-reading public, the single English daily has so few subscribers that it cannot afford to offend any of them by exposing municipal rottenness. The chance to prey on the ignorant foreigner tempts the cupidity and corrupts the ethics of local business and professional men. The Slavic thirst, multiplying saloons up to one for every twenty-six families, is communicated to Americans, and results in an increase of liquor crimes among all classes. In like manner familiarity with the immodesties of the foreigners coarsens the native-born.

With the basest Americans and the lowest foreigners united by thirst and greed, while the decent Americans and the decent foreigners understand one another too little for team-work, it is not surprising that the municipal government is poor and that the taxpayers are robbed. Only a few of the main streets are paved; the rest are muddy and poorly guttered. Outside the central portion of the city one meets with open sewage, garbage, dungheaps, and foul odors. Sidewalks are lacking or in bad repair. The police force, composed of four Lithuanians, two Poles, one German, and one Irishman, is so in-

efficient that "pistol-toting" after nightfall is common among all classes. At times hold-ups have been so frequent that it was not considered safe for a well-dressed person to show himself in the foreign sections after dark. In the words of a prominent local criminal lawyer:

We have a police force that can't speak English. Within the last few years there have been six unavenged murders in this town. Why, if there were anybody I wanted to get rid of, I 'd entice him here, shoot him down in the street, and then go around and say good-by to the police.

Here in a nutshell are presented the social effects that naturally follow the introduction into an advanced people of great numbers of backward immigrants. One need not question the fundamental worth of the immigrants or their possibilities in order to argue that they must act as a drag on the social progress of the nation that incorporates them.

ILLITERACY

AMONG us there are now two million foreign-born illiterates, while the number of foreign-born men of voting age unable to read and write has passed the million mark. The confessed illiteracy of the multitudes coming from southern and eastern Europe is 35.8 per cent., as against 2.7 per cent. for the dwindling streams from the North and West. We know that the actual state is somewhat worse than these figures indicate. As the lands of ignorance discharge their surplus into our country, we must expect to meet fellow-citizens who, in the words of the Commissioner of Immigration at New York, "do not know the days of the week, the months of the year, their own ages, or the name of any country in Europe outside their own." Or, as another official puts it:

In our daily official duties we come to know as belonging to a normal human adult type the individual who cannot count to twenty every time correctly; who can tell the sum of two and two, but not of nine and six; name the days of the week, but not the months of the year; who knows that he has arrived at New York or Boston, as the case may be, but does not know the route he followed from his home or how long it took to reach here; who says he is destined to America, but has to rely on showing a written address for further particulars; who swears he paid his own passage, but is unable to tell what it cost, and at the same time shows an order for railroad transportation to destination prepaid in this country.

While sister countries are fast nearing the goal of complete adult literacy, deteriorating immigration makes it very hard to lift the plane of popular intelligence in the United States. The foreign-born between twenty and thirty-four years of age, late-comers of course, show five times the illiteracy of native whites of the same age. But those above forty-five years of age, mostly earlier immigrants, have scarcely twice the illiteracy of native whites above forty-five. This shows how much wider is the gulf between the Americans of to-day and the new immigrants than that between the Americans of a generation ago and the old immigrants.

Thanks to extraordinary educational efforts, the illiteracy of native white voters dropped a third during the last decad; that is, from 4.9 per cent. to 3.5 per cent. But the illiteracy of the foreign-born men rose to 12 per cent.; so that the proportion of white men in this country unable to read and write any language declined only 9 per cent. when, but for the influx of illiterates, it would have fallen 30 per cent.

In the despatches of August 16, 1912, is an account of a gathering of ten thousand afflicted people at a shrine at Carey, Ohio, reputed to possess a miraculous healing virtue. Special trains brought together multitudes of credulous, and at least one "miracle" was reported. As this country fills up with the densely ignorant, there will be more of this sort of thing. The characteristic features of the Middle Ages may be expected to appear among us to the degree that our population comes to be composed of persons at the medieval level of culture.

YELLOW JOURNALISM

IN accounting for yellow journalism, no one seems to have noticed that the saffron

newspapers are aimed at a sub-American mind groping its way out of a fog. The scare-heads, red and green ink, pictures, words of one syllable, gong effects, and appeal to the primitive emotions, are apt to jar upon the home-bred farmer or mechanic. "After all," he reflects, "I am not a child." Since its success in the great cities, this style of newspaper has been tried everywhere; but it appears there are soils in which the "yellows" will not thrive. When a population is sixty per cent. American stock, the editor who takes for granted some intelligence in his readers outlasts the howling dervish. But when the native stock falls below thirty per cent. and the foreign element exceeds it, yellowness tends to become endemic. False simplicity, distortion, and crude emotionalism are the resources of newspapers striving to reach and interest undeveloped minds. But the arts that win the immigrant deprave the taste of native readers and lower the intelligence of the community.

PEONAGE

THE friendless, exploitable alien by his presence tends to corrupt our laws and practices respecting labor. In 1908 the House of Representatives directed the Immigration Commission to report on the treatment and conditions of work of immigrants in certain Southern States "and other States." The last phrase was introduced merely to avoid the appearance of sectionalism, for no congressman dreamed that peonage existed anywhere save in the South. The investigation disclosed, however, the startling fact that immigrant peonage exists in every State but Oklahoma and Connecticut. In the West the commission found "many cases of involuntary servitude," but no prosecutions. It was in the lumber-camps of Maine that the commission found "the most complete system of peonage in the country."

CASTE SPIRIT

THE desire to cure certain ills has been slow to develop among us because the victims are aliens who, we imagine, don't mind it very much. On learning that the low pay of the Italian navvy forbids meat, we recall that all Italians prefer macaroni, anyhow. With downtrodden immigrants we do not sympathize as we would with downtrodden Americans. The foreign-born laborers are "wops" and don't count; the others are "white men." After a great mine disaster a Pittsburgh newspaper posted the bulletin: "Four hundred miners killed. Fifteen Americans." Of late a great split has opened between the American and Americanized working-men and the foreigners, with their new sense of being exploited and despised. The break shows itself sensationally in the bitter fight between the American Federation of Labor and the Industrial Workers of the World. The former denounces the red-flag methods of the latter, ignores I. W. W. strikes, and allows its members to become strike-breakers. When the latter precipitates a strike in some industry in which the Federationists are numerous, we shall see an unprecedented warfare between native and foreign groups of working-men. It is significant of the coming cleavage that the mother of the I. W. W., the Western Federation of Miners, at once the most American and the most radical of the great labor-unions, has disowned the daughter organization since its leaders sought to rally inflammable and irresponsible immigrants with the fierce cry, "Sabotage. No Truce."

THE POSITION OF WOMEN

PERHAPS the most sensitive index of moral advancement is the position assigned to woman. Never is there a genuine advance that does not leave her more planet and less satellite. Until recently nowhere else in the world did women enjoy the freedom and encouragement they received in America. It is folly, however, to suppose that their lot will not be affected by the presence of six millions from belated Europe and from Asia, where consideration for the weaker sex is certainly not greater than that of the English before the Puritan Reformation.

With most of our Slavic nationalities, it is said, the boy may strike his sister with impunity, but the girl who strikes her brother is likely to be chastised. Few of the later immigrants think of giving the daughter as good a chance as the son. Among the American students in our colleges there are three young men to one young woman. For the native students

of foreign fathers the ratio is four to one, and for the foreign-born eight to one. The Italians keep their daughters close, and marry them off very early.

In the 1909 strike of the New York shirt-waist makers, all the nationalities responded to the union ideal save the Italian girls. More than that, hundreds of them slipped into the strikers' jobs. Mystified by the strange, stolid resistance of the brown-eyed girls to all entreaties, the strike-leaders visited their homes. There they found that the Italian woman, instead of being a free moral agent, is absolutely subject to the will of her nearest male relative, and the man would not take the wife, sister, or daughter out of the shop unless he was well paid for it.

Eastern European peasants are brutal in the assertion of marital rights, so when the poor immigrant woman, noticing the lot of the American wife, comes to the point of rebelling against the animal family, she runs the risk of rough treatment. Some nationalities are almost Oriental in the way they seclude their women. It is significant that the Ruthenian, Polish, Portuguese, southern Italian, and Greek female employees who have lived here from five to ten years are further behind their men-folk in speaking English than the women from northern and western Europe.

That the woman's movement in America is to meet with hard sledding cannot be doubted. The conservatism of our East has been buttressed by millions of immigrants bred in the coarse peasant philosophy of sex. It may be long before women win in the East the recognition they have won in the more American parts of the country. Recently the school board of New York, on motion of Commissioner Abraham Stern, refused even to allow discussion of a woman teacher's petition for a year's leave of absence without pay in order to have a baby. This moved "The Independent," which has been a Mark Tapley on the immigration question, to remark: "The wave of recent immigration has brought with it the Oriental conception of woman's status. . . . We must not shut our eyes to the fact that in the future the Christian conception of womanhood is not to be maintained in this country without a struggle."

It might here be added that the teacher has now been dismissed.

VICE

From a half to three fifths of the immigration between 1868–88 was male, but the new immigration shows a male preponderance of about three to one. Among those from Austria there are 155 males to 100 females. Among those from Hungary the proportion is 161 to 100; from Italy, 191; from Asiatic Turkey, 210; from European Turkey, 769; from the Balkan States, 1107; from Greece, 1192. A quarter of the Polish husbands in industry, a third of the married Slovak and Italian men, nearly half of the Magyars and Russians, three fifths of the Croatians, three fourths of the Greeks and Rumanians, and nine tenths of the Bulgarians, have left their wives in the old country.

Two million more immigrant men than immigrant women! Can any one ask what this leads to? In colonial times the consequences of split-family immigration were so bad that Massachusetts and Connecticut passed laws requiring spouses to return to their mates in England unless they were "come over to make way for their families." We are broader-minded, and will interfere with nothing that does not wound prosperity. The testimony of foreign consuls and leaders among the foreign-born leaves no doubt that in some instances the woman cook of the immigrant boarding-house is common to the inmates.

HOUSING

In the South Side of Pittsburgh there are streets lined with the decent homes of German steel-workers. A glance down the paved passage leading to the rear of the house reveals absolute cleanliness, and four times out of five one glimpses a tree, a flower garden, an arbor, or a mass of vines. In Wood's Run, a few miles away, one finds the Slavic laborers of the Pressed Steel Car Company huddled in dilapidated rented dwellings so noisome and repulsive that one must visit the lower quarters of Canton to meet their like. One cause of the difference is that the Slavs are largely transients, who do nothing to house themselves because they are saving in order to return to their native village.

The fact that a growing proportion of our immigrants, having left families behind them, form no strong local attach-

ments and have no desire to build homes here is one reason why of late the housing problem has become acute in American industrial centers.

OVERGROWTH OF CITIES

NOT least among the multiplying symptoms of social ill health in this country is the undue growth of cities. A million city-dwellers create ten times the amount of "problem" presented by a million on the farms. Now, as one traverses the gamut that leads from farms to towns, from towns to cities, and from little cities to big, the proportion of American stock steadily diminishes while the foreign stock increases its representation until in the great cities it constitutes three fourths or even four fifths of the population.

It is not that the immigrants love streets and crowds. Two thirds of them are farm bred, but they are dropped down in cities, and they find it easier to herd there with their fellows than to make their way into the open country. Our cities would be fewer and smaller had they fed on nothing but country-bred Americans. The later alien influx has rushed us into the thick of urban problems, and these are gravest where Americans are fewest. Congestion, misliving, segregation, corruption, and confusion are seen in motley groups like New York, Jersey City, Paterson, and Fall River rather than in native centers like Indianapolis, Columbus, Nashville, and Los Angeles.

PAUPERISM

TEN years ago two fifths of the paupers in our almshouses were foreign-born, but most of them had come over in the old careless days when we allowed European poorhouses to send us their inmates. Now that our authorities turn back such as appear likely to become a public charge, the obvious pauper is not entering this country. We know that virtually every Greek in America is self-supporting. The Syrians are said to be singularly independent. The Slavs and the Magyars are sturdy in spirit, and the numerous indigent Hebrews are for the most part cared for by their own race.

Nevertheless, dispensers of charity agree that many southern Italians are landing with the most extravagant ideas of what is coming to them. They apply at once for relief with the air: "Here we are. Now, what are you going to do for us?" They even *insist* on relief as a right. At home it had been noised about that in foolish America baskets of food are actually sent in to the needy, and some are coming over expressly to obtain such largess. Probably none are so infected with spiritual hookworm as the immigrants from Naples. It will be recalled that when Garibaldi and his thousand were fighting to break the Bourbon tyranny in the South, the Neapolitans would hurrah for them, but would not even care for the wounded.

Says the Forty-seventh Annual Report of the New York Juvenile Asylum:

> It is remarkable that recently arrived immigrants who display small adaptability in American standards are by no means slow in learning about this and other institutions where they may safely leave their children to be fed, clothed, and cared for at the public expense. This is one of the inducements which led them to leave their native land.

Charity experts are very pessimistic as to what we shall see when those who come in their youth have passed their prime and met the cumulative effects of overwork, city life, drink, and vice. Still darker are their forebodings for a second generation, reared too often by ignorant, avaricious rustics lodging in damp cellars, sleeping with their windows shut, and living on the bad, cheap food of cities. Of the Italians in Boston Dr. Bushee writes:

> They show the beginnings of a degenerate class, such as has been fully developed among the Irish. . . . If allowed to continue in unwholesome conditions, we may be sure that the next generation will bring forth a large crop of dependents, delinquents and defectives to fill up our public institutions.

Says a charity superintendent working in a huge Polish quarter:

> It is the second generation that will give us trouble. The parents come with rugged peasant health, and many of them keep their strength even in the slum. But their children often start life weakened physically

and mentally by the conditions under which they were reared. They have been raised in close, unsanitary quarters, in overlarge families, by parents who drunk up or saved too much, spent too little on the children, or worked them too soon. Their sole salvation is the open country, and they can't be pushed into the country. All of us are aghast at the weak fiber of the second generation. Every year I see the morass of helpless poverty getting bigger. The evil harvest of past mistakes is ripening, but it will take twenty years before we see the worst of it. If immigration were cut off short to-day, the burden from past neglect and exploitation would go on increasing for years.

THE WAYWARD CHILD OF THE IMMIGRANT

In 1908 nine tenths of the 2600 complaints of children going wrong made to the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago related to the children of immigrants. It is said that four fifths of the youths brought before the Juvenile Court of Chicago come from the homes of the foreign-born. In Pittsburgh the proportion is at least two thirds. However startling these signs of moral breakdown in the families of the new immigrants, there is nothing mysterious about it. The lower the state from which the alien comes, the more of a grotesque he will appear in the shrewd eyes of his partly Americanized children. "Obedience to parents seems to be dying out among the Jews," says a Boston charity visitor. "The children feel it is n't necessary to obey a mother who wears a shawl or a father who wears a full beard." "Sometimes it is the young daughter who rules a Jewish family," observes a Pittsburgh settlement head, "because she alone knows what is 'American.' But see how this results in a great number of Jewish girls going astray. Since the mother continues to shave her head and wear a wig as she did in Poland, the daughter assumes that mother is equally old-fogyish when she insists that a nice girl does n't paint her face or run with boys in the evening."

Through their knowledge of our speech and ways, the children have a great advantage in their efforts to slip the parental leash. The bad boy tells his father that whipping "does n't go" in this country. Reversing the natural order, the child becomes the fount of knowledge, and the parents hang on the lips of their precocious offspring. If the policeman inquires about some escapade or the truant officer gives warning, it is the scamp himself who must interpret between parent and officer. The immigrant is braced by certain Old-World loyalties, but his child may grow up loyal to nothing whatever, a rank egoist and an incorrigible who will give us vast trouble before we are done with him.

Still, the child is not always to blame. "Often the homes are so crowded and dirty," says a probation officer, "that no boy can go right. The Slavs save so greedily that their children become disgusted with the wretched home conditions and sleep out." One hears of foreign-born with several boarders sending their children out to beg or to steal coal. In one city investigation showed that only a third of the Italian children taken from school on their fourteenth birthday were needed as bread-winners. Their parents thought only of the sixty cents a week. In another only one fourteenth of the Italian school children are above the primary grades, and one eleventh of the Slavic, as against two fifths of the American school children in grammar grades or high school. Miss Addams tells of a young man from the south of Italy who was mourning the death of his little girl of twelve. In his grief he said quite simply: "She was my oldest kid. In two years she would have supported me, and now I shall have to work five or six years longer until the next one can do it." He expected to retire permanently at thirty-four.

INSANITY AMONG THE FOREIGN-BORN

Not only do the foreign-born appear to be more subject to insanity than the native-born, but when insane they are more likely to become a public charge. Of the asylum population they appear to constitute about a third. In New York during the year ending September 30, 1911, 4218 patients who were immigrants or of immigrant parents were admitted to the insane hospitals of the State. This is three quarters of the melancholy intake for that year. Only one out of nine of the first admissions from New York City was of native stock. The New York State Hospital

Commission declares that "the frequency of insanity in our foreign population is 2.19 times greater than in those of native birth." In New York City it "is 2.48 times that of the native-born."

Excessive insanity is probably a part of the price the foreign-born pay for the opportunities of a strange and stimulating environment, with greater strains than some of them are able to bear. America calls forth powerful reactions in these people. Here they feel themselves in the grasp of giant forces they can neither withstand nor comprehend. The passions and the exertions, the hopes and the fears, the exultations and the despairs, America excites in the immigrant are likely to be intenser than anything he would have experienced in his natal village.

In view of the fact that every year New York cares for 15,000 foreign-born insane at a cost of $3,500,000 and that the State's sad harvest of demented immigrants during the single year 1911 will cost about $8,000,000 before they die or are discharged, there is some offset to be made to the profits drawn from the immigrants by the transporting companies, landlords, real-estate men, employers, contractors, brewers, and liquor-dealers of the State. Besides, there is the cost of the paupers and the law-breakers of foreign origin. All such burdens, however, since they fall upon the public at large, do not detract from or qualify that private or business man's prosperity which it is the office of the true modern statesman to promote.

IMMIGRATION AND THE SEPARATE SCHOOL

In a polyglot mining town of Minnesota is a superintendent who has made the public school a bigger factor in Americanization than I have found it anywhere else. The law gives him the children until they are sixteen, and he holds them all. His school buildings are civic and social centers. Through the winter, in his high school auditorium, which seats 1200 persons, he gives a course of entertainment which is self-supporting, although his "talent" for a single evening will cost as much as $200. By means of the 400 foreigners in his night schools he has a grip on the voters which his foes have learned to dread. Under his lead the community has broken the mine-boss collar and won real self-government. The people trust him and bring him their troubles. He has jurisdiction over everything that can affect the children of the town, and his conception is wide. Wielding both legal and moral authority, he is, as it were, a corporation president and a medieval bishop rolled into one.

This man sets no limit to the transforming power of the public school. He insists that the right sort of schooling will not only alter the expression, but will even change the shape of the skull and the bony formation of the face. In his office is a beautiful tabouret made by a "wild boy" within a year after he had been brought in kicking and screaming. He scoffs at the fear of a lack of patriotism in the foreign-born or their children. He knows just how to create the sentiment. He has flag drills and special programs, and in the Fourth of July parade and the Decoration day procession the schools have always a fine float. He declares he can build human beings to order, and will not worry about immigration so long as the public school is given a chance at the second generation.

But is the public school to have this chance?

Multitudes of the new immigrants adhere to churches which do not believe in the public schools. "Their pupils," observed a priest to me, "are like wild children." Said a bishop: "No branches can be safely taught divorced from religion. We believe that geography, history, and even language ought to be presented from our point of view." Hence with great rapidity the children of Roman Catholics are being drawn apart into parochial schools. In Cleveland one third of the population is supposed to be Catholic, and the 27,500 pupils in the parochial schools are nearly one third of all school children. In Chicago there are 112,000 in the parish schools to 300,000 in the public schools. In New York the proportion is about one sixth. In twenty-eight leading American cities the attendance of parish schools increased sixty per cent. between 1897 and 1910, as against an increase of from forty-five to fifty per cent. in the attendance of the public schools. The total number of children in the parochial schools is about 1,400,000. Separate education is a settled

Catholic policy, and the bishops say they expect to enroll finally the children of all their people.

To bring this about, the public schools are denounced from the pulpit as "Godless" and "immoral," their product as mannerless and disobedient. "We think," says a Slovak leader, "that the parochial school pupils are more pious, more respectful toward parents and toward all persons in authority." The Polish, Lithuanian, or Slovak priest, less often the German or Bohemian, says bluntly: "If you send your children to the public school, they will go to hell." Sometimes the priest threatens to exclude from the confessional parents who send their children to the public school. An archbishop recently decreed that parents who without permission send their children to the public school after they have made their first communion "commit a grievous sin and cannot receive the sacraments of the church." Within the immigrant groups there is active opposition, but it appears to be futile. In a certain district in Chicago where the public-school teachers had felt they could hold their own, the foreign mothers came at last to take away their children's schoolbooks, weeping because they were forced to transfer their children to the parish school.

Now, the parish school tends to segregate the children of the foreign-born. Parishes are formed for groups of the same speech, so a parish school will embrace children of only one nationality—German, Polish, Bohemian, Lithuanian, Croatian, Slovak, Magyar, Portuguese, or French Canadian, as the case may be. Often priest and teachers have been imported, and only the mother-tongue is used. "English," says a school superintendent," comes to be taught as a purely ornamental language, like French in the public high school." Hence American-born children are leaving school not only unable to read and write English, but scarcely able to speak it. The foreign-speech school, while it binds the young to their parents, to their people, and to the old country, cuts them off from America. Says a Chicago Lithuanian leader: "There are 3000 of our children in the parochial schools here. The teachers are ignorant, illiterate spinsters from Lithuania who have studied here two or three years. When at fourteen the pupils quit school, they are no more advanced than the public-school pupils of ten. This is why 50,000 Lithuanians here have only twenty children in the high school."

When, now, to the removal of the second generation from the public school there is added, as is often the case, the endeavor to keep them away from the social center, the small park field-house, the public playground, the social settlement, the secular American press and welfare work in the factories, it is plain that those optimists who imagine that assimilation of the immigrant is proceeding unhindered are living in a fool's paradise.

SOCIAL DECLINE

"OUR descendants," a social worker remarked to me, "will look back on the nineteenth century as our Golden Age, just as we look back on Greece." Thoughtful people whose work takes them into the slime at the bottom of our foreignized cities and industrial centers find decline actually upon us. A visiting nurse who has worked for seven years in the stockyards district of Chicago reports that of late the drinking habit is taking hold of foreign women at an alarming rate. In the saloons there the dignified stein has given way to the beer pail. In the Range towns of Minnesota there are 356 saloons, of which eighty-one are run by native-born, the rest chiefly by recent immigrants. Into a Pennsylvania coal town of 1800 people, mostly foreign-born, are shipped each week a car-load of beer and a barrel of whisky. Where the new foreign-born are numerous, women and children frequent the saloons as freely as the men. In the cities family desertion is growing at a great rate among foreign-born husbands. Facts are justifying the forecast made ten years ago by H. G. Wells: "If things go on as they are going, the great mass of them will remain a very low lower class—will remain largely illiterate, industrialized peasants."

London and Paris After Dark

EIGHT NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS MADE FOR THE CENTURY BY

W. M. VAN DER WEYDE

I VICTORIA EMBANKMENT
II TRAFALGAR SQUARE
III THE OBELISK
IV MORLEY'S HOTEL
V ALBERT EMBANKMENT
VI WESTMINSTER ABBEY
VII THE GARGOYLE, NOTRE DAME
VIII A CAFÉ ON THE BOULEVARDS

THE EXPOSURE ON ALL OF THESE NEGATIVES WAS FIFTEEN MINUTES, THE FIGURES IN THE VIEWS ALL HAVING POSED FOR THAT PERIOD OF TIME

CANON

IS THERE A SOUND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY?

BY W. MORGAN SHUSTER

HERE is the truth about one of the oldest and most generally accepted American dogmas. It is told in the spirit of the highest patriotism, and with a calm, unmerciful logic which carries conviction. It will not be pleasant reading to many of us, for it will shake certain old faiths to their foundations. But it will be wholesome reading, and THE CENTURY heartily commends it to the earnest attention of the People and the Congress and the Executive of the United States.—THE EDITOR.

A VERY casual survey of the events of the last fifteen years shows that the time has come for Americans, of whatever political faith, to consider seriously certain broad issues which are vitally affecting the future of the United States. Many of these questions have been smothered or overlooked in the conflict arising from the solution of important domestic or internal affairs. But the destiny, high or otherwise, of the American people will be shaped by forces without, as well as within, the confines of their territory, and the time seems ripe for an attempt to see ourselves in an international sense as others undoubtedly see us.

For this the most important qualification is a sense of proportion. Great as has already been the progress of the American nation as an enlightening and civilizing factor, it does not follow that in questions involving other nations, large or small, its fiat is just or decisive. The official honor of a great people should be as sensitive as that of the most high-minded individual. There should be no difference between the codes, unless indeed the national honor should be based on still higher ethical grounds than that of the individual. Limited as are their evil effects in ordinary cases, subterfuge, evasion, trickery, and all sharp practice are scorned by all right-thinking persons. Such sins, however, on the part of a great political unit, representing and involving millions of people, living and unborn, become foul stains on the escutcheon of mankind.

The foreign policy of a nation having a representative form of government must sooner or later be the accurate expression of the attitude and conscience of the people. Autocratic governments are subject to a different rule. During the last century the greatest drawback to civilization and the attainment of its goal, universal peace and justice, has been the slow and imperfect development of the individual conscience on broad international questions.

THE INDIFFERENCE OF MEN TO NARROW INTERNATIONAL POLICIES

TELL a man that some change in local law or policy will injure his business or interfere with his pleasure, and he will promptly display interest and take steps to protect himself. Tell him, however, that certain general tendencies or policies in international relations are injuring or threatening him, or will do so, and the response will be nonchalant. The reason for this difference in attitude is not far to seek. In the local or parochial question his perspective is sufficient to understand cause and effect; in the second case it is not. If a nation is to have an intelligent and enlightened foreign policy, its people must get the broad-horizon habit. Its indulgence is a good mental tonic, and with the wonderful news service of the world to-day, it is both easy and cheap. A reasonable knowledge of history in the making is to-day quite as important as the study of the past. Every one should oc-

casionally cease burrowing in his own anthill, and climb to the top for a survey of his neighbors. In breaking away from that limited individual horizon which is to-day a great handicap not only in political, but in industrial and financial, affairs, travel is, of course, an easy method for those who can afford it. The more one knows of other countries, the better one understands his own, and the more likely he is to be satisfied with its peculiar institutions, unless they are inherently bad and really need to be changed. On the contrary, the greatest danger which threatens the American nation to-day is that the masses of its citizens are ignorant of the real principles or points at issue in many important public questions now under discussion. Practical education has not spread to such an extent that the "man on the street" can pass intelligibly on many complicated legal and ethical questions affected by his vote. He is often misled by interested parties, and, lacking any great analytical capacity, takes his opinions at second hand. Every one does this to some extent, since, in the complicated social, industrial, commercial, and political life of to-day, no ordinary powers of analysis would suffice to discover the vital features of the proposed changes in the existing system.

It is, however, in regard to the foreign relations of the United States that this "don't know" or "don't care" attitude is most apparent, and to some of the results which may be expected this article is directed.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AN INTERNATIONAL JOKE

AMERICAN diplomacy has long been an international joke and a byword among the diplomatic corps of the world. Americans are in part to blame for this. It is their frequent boast that American foreign relations are conducted in "shirt-sleeves." In so far as that expression indicates a contempt for evasion, quibbles, and flummery in international discussions, it is most commendable, but to the extent that it implies a stocking-footed, huskily built person pulling off his coat, spitting on his hands, and smashing his fist on the table in all the foreign offices of the world, it is not only wrong, but laughable; not only a moral crime, but a blunder.

Strong as the American people may be in self-respect, their prestige as a nation and their power for good or evil are largely determined by the way in which they are regarded by the other nations of the world whose peoples have had occasion to observe American international conduct in the past and to reflect upon its probable future course. It is folly to sneer at the esteem in which one is held by others unless they have themselves forfeited all rights to consideration.

The rest of the civilized peoples of the world will not judge the United States by the internal or domestic peculiarities which Americans may appear to them to have. They do judge the American nation by the part which its varying administrations in power have played or play in the affairs of the "family of nations." This attitude is both natural and just, and the American people should seriously heed it. No matter how well satisfied Americans may be with their Government's position in any international controversy, they should respect the opinions and points of view of other civilized nations. A notable indifference on this score has hitherto been shown. As yet no very tangible penalty has been exacted, but the future may hold a different fate.

The title to this article is intended to be suggestive. It is hoped that it will evoke at least these two questions: if the United States has a consistent foreign policy, as that expression is understood between nations, what is it? If the United States has not such a foreign policy, is it not high time to adopt one?

Do the American people stand internationally for some definite, clear-cut, permanent line of conduct in their affairs and relations with other countries, or are their national actions based merely on the conceived advantage of the moment?

Two germs of American foreign policy come immediately to mind: Washington's appeal to his countrymen to avoid entangling alliances, and Monroe's warning to the allied Powers of Europe that the American continents were not thenceforth to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European nation.

But Washington's idea took the form of advice from a retiring President, and because great changes have taken place in

the observance even of its spirit, it may not be described as a definite American policy.

Jefferson once said that "Our first and fundamental maxim should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe." He could not, of course, have foreseen the Spanish-American War, with our capture of the Philippines, and our subsequent participation in the Chinese relief expedition.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE OUR ONLY DEFINITE AND PERMANENT POLICY

We find, therefore, that the so-called Monroe Doctrine is the most definite, permanent, and the one really non-partizan foreign policy which has ever been proclaimed by the United States. It has been virtually the guiding-star of our foreign political relations. It had its birth in what may be termed the psychological state of the American people at the time it was formulated. To them Europe then represented all that despotism from which they had just succeeded in freeing themselves. It fitted in well with the frame of mind of both statesmen and citizens, and it has been a popular theme for political bombast ever since. It has been explained so many times and in such different ways that no one can say with authority just what it means; but Americans may rest assured that it is considered by all the great Powers of Europe and Asia, not excluding Great Britain, to be an offensive and blatant policy. Like most public utterances, it may even have been made with an eye on its immediate political effect.

Although it was actually suggested to the United States by the British statesman Canning, it was promptly repudiated by him, and its claims characterized as extravagant when President Monroe's message was published. Canning's apparent advocacy of its principle was not improbably a mere move in the diplomatic game then being played in Europe.

With this dubious exception, therefore, the United States may be said to have no permanent plan or line of conduct in its dealings with the other civilized nations. Passing over that period during which most of the territory now constituting the United States proper was annexed from motives the purity of which may be questioned in strict ethics, but were at least well abreast of the international standards of those times, and overlooking the circumscribed events which resulted in the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, there remain for the elucidation of American foreign policy the Spanish-American War and its sequelæ, the brief and slight participation of the American Government in the Boxer troubles in China, and the regrettable incident which preceded the building of the Panama Canal.

From these recent events must be formed any general opinion as to what constitutes the foreign policy of the United States.

I have no desire to criticize disrespectfully the actions of my own country, yet it is only through intelligent study of them, unbiased by political or personal consideration, that the citizen may take his place and fulfil his duty in these larger affairs. Intelligent study of any subject involves either criticism or approval by each student, and true patriotism does not exclude fair-minded disagreement with the acts of pro-tempore government officials, however distinguished their rôles.

I have the firm conviction that the great body of American citizens stand for abstract justice and fairness in all dealings with other nations, but a sincere endeavor to discover what definite lines of action have been adopted to meet recurring international situations leaves one sorely perplexed.

The United States, its people very greatly inflamed by the sinking of the *Maine,* declared war on Spain to liberate Cuba from the despotic and cruel rule of that country. As a result, Spanish sovereignty ended in Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines. A congressional resolution having been passed, declaring that it was not the intention of the United States to annex Cuba, that country was given practical independence, under limitations imposed by the United States. Porto Rico, equally desirous of being a free and independent republic, was made a permanent part of the United States under a territorial form of government. Guam, because of its smallness and isolation, was retained, and the Philippine Islands were first given a military government, and now have a quasi-civil government, the duration of which, as well as the future politi-

cal status of the Filipino people, is left in deepest obscurity.

AMERICAN LACK OF CONSISTENCY IN FOREIGN PROBLEMS

HERE, then, are three different territories which fall simultaneously under the control of the American people as the result of war. The peoples inhabiting them all desired their complete political freedom, and did not differ greatly in their economic and industrial state. Cuba, the nearest to the American mainland, and the most valuable, viewed as a colonial possession, is set free; Porto Rico is definitely retained; and the Philippines, six thousand miles from our coast, are held in indefinite tutelage of some sort. No mere matter of naval strategy could explain the distinctive treatment accorded to Cuba and Porto Rico; no sane strategy could counsel holding the Philippines. It almost seems that the sarcastic suggestion frequently made by foreigners holds a germ of truth: that Cuba was freed only because of the temporary wave of altruism publicly recorded in the congressional resolution of April 20, 1898.

Turning to the far East, the United States bore a gallant and creditable part in the joint relief expedition sent by the Powers to Pekin, and later on generously canceled a portion of her share of the indemnity exacted from the Chinese nation.

Returning to the Caribbean, soon to be joined to the Pacific by a vast artificial waterway, the fact confronts us that the United States Government is commonly accused of having connived at the fraudulent violation of a treaty made, and existing, with a friendly but far weaker nation, in order that the route of the present Panama Canal might be secured under conditions and terms less onerous than those theretofore obtainable. No one may doubt the tremendous utilitarian success of this coup, or the vast practical benefits to the world arising from the building of the canal, but the spirit shown by the American Government's action toward Colombia will never be lost on the Latin-American world.

More recently still the American State Department invited a group of American bankers to participate with five other groups in a large loan about to be made to the Chinese republic, naturally pledging to those bankers such governmental influence and support as might be feasible. While the negotiations with the Chinese Government were still in progress, a new administration took office at Washington, and promptly announced its attitude toward the allied bankers and the Chinese loan to be so diametrically opposed to the previous official one as to leave both European and Asiatic diplomats and financiers gasping for breath and groping for light on American methods of statecraft. Americans undoubtedly understand their ephemeral national points of view even on matters of foreign policies, but do the other civilized nations respect our opinion or stand on any question the more because of this system?

Then, too, while in America many applauded and some bitterly condemned the newly proclaimed policy toward China, the soundness of which it is no part of this article to question, the fact which most impresses the foreigner is that neither the old policy nor the new one in such matters has any stability or permanence, and neither China, nor any other nation or person, including the American people, has any light by which to steer for a longer period than four years.

It seems safe to say, therefore, that the foreign policy of the United States, with the sole exception of the Monroe Doctrine, consists in such attitude as the political party in power at any given time may deem it wise to adopt, and this, irrespective of precedents, previous suggestions, or engagements of lesser solemnity than treaties, and of course without the mechanical steadying factor of "foreign-office tradition" which exists in Europe.

One foreign critic has said that the United States has no foreign policy except the warning off of foreign intervention in America. A study of the differing courses of action adopted by the American nation in the few international incidents which have just been briefly considered does indeed lead to the belief that all American solidarity on the subject of a permanent foreign policy has been exhibited toward the Monroe Doctrine.

The natural conclusion would be that this policy, while its very vagueness subjects it to popular misconception, must nevertheless be both vital and extremely beneficial to the American nation, and

must be fully understood by the great majority of its citizens.

It is with genuine reluctance, therefore, that I express my sincere conviction that such is not the case. Were it merely a question of benefits not conferred, I should hesitate still more to question that unique thing in American statecraft, a time-honored foreign policy; but beyond the fact that the benefits derived from this policy by the American nation are nugatory or less, whether considered from a commercial, political, or strategical point of view, remains the much-neglected fact that it daily subjects us to the danger of either having to renounce it in the face of overwhelming force or entering upon a pernicious and possibly hopeless struggle.

It is a long and difficult task to destroy a popular and oft-cited tradition that has been created by a public sentiment that has fed for nearly a century on an appeal to racial and national pride. The task is far beyond any one man, and probably beyond the men of any one generation, though political shibboleths are fast losing their force, and several recent events show that fetishism has no longer a large place in American public life.

The last two amendments to the Constitution of the United States, providing for an income tax and the direct election of senators, indicate that the spirit of iconoclasm is abroad. Add to this a new President's swift consignment to the dust-heap of a number of fairly musty precedents; the fact that an ex-President, scorning the political winding-sheet which several hitherto sacrosanct examples had designated as his garb, seriously proposed in the last national election, with the approval of over four million American voters, a wholesale revision of the charter of American national existence, and Americans may be properly said to be growing, as a people, less narrow and hidebound.

Such striking tendencies encourage the calm comparison of facts with previously accepted theories; they lessen the argumentative force of superstitions, and grant fair play to an honest opinion, however much opposed to the popular belief theretofore existing.

In seeking to modify public opinion on the larger and more elusive questions of national import, the greatest handicap is inertia. A belief which has come to be general and catches the popular fancy sweeps on from year to year and decad to decad, easily resisting all sporadic criticism and attack. To alter it is a labor of Hercules, and any change must be brought about through a patient campaign by influences sufficiently strong to start an opposing wave of opinion.

Monroe is at rest, but the banderilla which he thrust into the shoulder of the allied Powers of Europe in 1823 still flutters defiantly. That it does, is due more to good luck than to any other cause. The bull has been too busy with other troubles to give serious attention to the daring *banderilleros*, whence to-day the great American fetish, "Keep off the grass," posted against the whole world by Uncle Sam, the gardener, on a plot of land consisting of an entire hemisphere,—two continents,—with twenty foreign nations to the south of his country. Canada may be omitted from consideration, unless, indeed, the Monroe Doctrine should be construed to keep the British navy from anchoring, or the king's troops from landing, at Halifax or Quebec.

WHAT REASONS EXIST FOR THE MONROE DOCTRINE

CONCEDING perfectly that it was a splendid stroke of diplomacy to frighten land-hungry monarchies away from South and Central America at a time when that territory was politically unformed and in a state of chaos, the question remains whether to-day, on impartial analysis, any reason exists for continuing such a stand. The following inquiries should aid in reaching a conclusion:

1. Is the Monroe Doctrine based on any great moral or ethical ground?
2. Is it of any strategical advantage to the United States?
3. Does it cement friendly relations between the United States and other great nations?
4. Does it create friendly political bonds between the United States and the South and Central American countries?
5. Does it aid those countries to maintain stable and enlightened governments, and thus assure to the world peace, order, and justice within their borders?
6. Does it tend to make those countries keep faith in their financial relations and engagements with the rest of the world?

7. Does it raise American prestige and create respect for the American citizen in those countries?

8. Does it benefit American trade and commerce with those countries or any other place?

The answer to every one of these questions must be an emphatic no, except to the second, to which a modified no may be returned.

1. The United States never assumed moral or ethical grounds in warning Europe against forcible colonization in the Western Hemisphere. It announced a policy then believed to be one of necessary self-protection. There was no other principle involved. The United States, on the contrary, has itself gone into the Eastern Hemisphere and colonized, with the avowed intention of bettering political and economic conditions.

2. There is no strategical advantage in keeping European nations out of the Western Hemisphere, except as to the zone of danger of attack on the Panama Canal, and if the Monroe Doctrine disappeared to-morrow, it would still be the right of the United States to take steps against the gathering of any armed force which might threaten the canal, either on territory now forming independent states or on adjacent colonies *already possessed by European nations*. There would be no need to invoke the Monroe Doctrine against any demonstration of that kind, now or at any time in the future.

3. Far from cementing friendly relations, the Monroe Doctrine is considered by Europe to be an offensive display of American arrogance, dictated by motives purely selfish, however futile might be the effort to follow them up.

4. The Monroe Doctrine, and especially certain official interpretations which have recently been put on it, is genuinely feared and hated by South Americans, whatever professions may be made by some. I happened to be in Buenos Aires during the summer of 1912 when the news of the Lodge resolution, adopted by the Senate as a result of the Magdalena Bay discussion, was received. I can testify personally that this officially sanctioned interpretation or extension of the Monroe Doctrine aroused there great indignation against the United States, despite the fact that the Argentine people are naturally and normally most friendly toward Americans. That this resolution produced similar feelings in other South American countries was amply confirmed later.

5. That it could never aid the people of any nation, where the temptation to play personal politics is ever present and strong, to know that they might riot with comparative immunity from punishment, seems self-evident. The whole tendency of such a situation is to foster national irresponsibility.

6. The answer to the fifth question applies equally well to the sixth. The belief that the Monroe Doctrine could be invoked to protect them in the last extremity has steadily encouraged extravagance and reckless financial engagements on the part of several Latin-American nations. The appeal made last April by Guatemala that the United States should stand between her and her European creditors is exactly in point.

Could there, in fact, be a greater temptation to small nations to be reckless in their dealings with European lenders than to have the United States stand guard over their territorial integrity at all hazards? In addition, the American people thereby virtually undertake the thankless and noisome task of collecting Europe's debts. It is well known that the American Government will go to lengths for European creditors to which it would refuse to go for its own citizens. One result of this is that American bankers have always been loath to finance any Latin-American business, public or private, unless there was a substantial participation therein by European capital, in order that there might always be, in case of necessity, a club with which to beat the United States Government into more vigorous assertion of the lenders' or investors' rights. Could there be a more humiliating position for Americans?

Meanwhile the bankers of Europe laugh at our ingenuousness, and give thanks that there is a cheap and ready method of getting their Latin-American chestnuts pulled out of the fire.

7. In considering the question of American prestige as affected by the Monroe Doctrine, it must be remembered that one's reputation is always determined, justly or unjustly, by others. Not by its own consciousness of right is the standing

of the United States fixed in the eyes of the Latin-American peoples, but by their opinions as to the real motives underlying the American political attitude toward them. It is true that the American nation is constantly misrepresented in the Western Hemisphere, but it is the Monroe Doctrine which gives the handle to those who wish to create suspicion and distrust.

In the United States there are already some who expect, and in South and Central America there are many who fear, the coming of a vast American federation, stretching from Alaska to Cape Horn, with every range of climate and production, but with a governing and directing nucleus situate in the north temperate zone, represented by appointive executives or elective officials and political agents, as the local situation may indicate, but all subject to the quickening impulses of those in power at Washington.

A dream it might be for an Alexander or a Napoleon, but a ludicrous nightmare in this twentieth century. Fortunately, it exists principally in the perfervid imaginations of persons of radical anti-American tendencies; but even so, it is a theme with which to excite antipathy, a horn on which to blow a call to unite against the feared and hated "imperialists" from the North.

8. There can be no doubt that the feelings of Latin-Americans toward the Monroe Doctrine do not help American trade and commerce with them, either on sentimental lines or in a practical way. Other things being nearly equal, a business man prefers to deal with those toward whom he feels friendly; in many cases he will even put up with something a little different from what he actually desires in order to do business with a friend. The personal equation plays a specially large part in business with Latin-America, and to that extent American trade competitors are actually handicapped.

Then the effect of the American Government's policy of hesitating to assert vigorously purely American financial claims, lest it touch an already irritated spot, is of course to give European bankers and investors an additional advantage in the South American field.

Viewed from every point, therefore, this unique American foreign policy does not stand forth as ethically sound, just, wise, practicable, or expedient.

There remain only two other questions: Could it be maintained, if it should actually be defied? Is it practical to modify or drop it?

As to the first question, it must be remembered that the European Powers, even Great Britain, have never accepted this policy save at times when it was convenient to tolerate it. It has escaped serious challenge thus far principally because the European nations have been torn by fears and jealousies of one another, and this state has served to keep active attention focused nearer home. There is no reason to think, however, that before the dream of universal disarmament comes true, some powerful nation or group of nations will not deliberately deny the United States' vaguely derived, loudly proclaimed, contingent, but exclusive, equity in every square mile of territory in the Western Hemisphere, which, through the partial or complete breaking down of the existing forms of government, may become exposed to intervention and occupation.

A CRISIS NEARING

THE world's present distribution of territory and inhabitants cannot last forever. The rapidly increasing population of certain European and Asiatic nations, the additional room which will be absolutely required by them, the growing trade and increasing interests of Europe in South America, the ever-present land-hunger—all these factors, in the face of the vast stretches of a rich undeveloped and sparsely settled continent, will inevitably bring it about that hitherto rival nations will recognize their common welfare, call a truce among themselves, and test this vague suzerainty of the United States at some convenient time and place. Pretexts for aggressive action will never be lacking.

When the day of trial approaches, the American people will receive scant warning. Ex-President Roosevelt recognized this when he said, "The doctrine will be respected as long as we have a first-class, efficient navy—*not very much longer.*" But did he mean a navy strong enough to defeat England's, or Germany's, or the English and French fleets combined?

Our national hat is already in the ring. When a serious move is made to kick it

out, the American people will be suddenly faced by the most tremendous crisis in their history. There will be only two alternatives: to fight an appalling war, probably against overwhelming odds; or to retire under pressure in national humiliation.

It is useless to claim that the United States could count on England for aid. She has made her alliances based on what are deemed her imperative geographical and political necessities. To her, in this matter, the United States is a formidable trade rival pursuing a somewhat fatuous political course.

Despite the higher instincts of man's intellectual side, love of peace and justice, abhorrence of war's cruelty and suffering,—the attitude of any large number of people gathered into a nation has always been principally, if not conspicuously, influenced by purely material considerations.

For example, England dared to make no small part of the world her empire because of her geographical isolation, her immunity to attack by land. This powerful sense of security at home had much to do with shaping her policies. France, on the other hand, though exposed on every side by land and sea, plays her important part through faith in her wealth and in the enforced assistance of England should she ever again be seriously threatened with invasion. Germany is similarly exposed to attack, and, if anything, more so than France. Her coasts are within easy striking distance of England's superior navy; her frontiers are menaced on one side by the French army and on the other by Russia's formidable forces. Only southward may she look for some respite from the strain of constant preparedness. Germany has been so occupied in knitting herself together and insuring continued existence as an empire that she has had little time to acquire important colonies. Russia lies like a colossus across northern Europe and Asia, protected, except from attack by Germany and Austria, by climatic conditions and the nature of her frontiers. She easily holds her western boundaries against Europe while extending her flag and influence eastward over Asia until she touches Japanese interests in the north or threatens India in the south. Italy's passive attitude in European affairs is largely due to her exposed position on the Mediterranean.

With regard to the United States, her mainland territory is fortunately several thousand miles from the natural military and naval bases of the European Powers. This was her great safeguard in the early days of the republic, and it has never ceased to be. Virtually free by nature from serious danger of land invasion, she has grown to be a world Power through prolonged peace and industry, with little of the strain and drain entailed by the maintenance of immense military establishments such as have economically weakened Europe.

AMERICAN ISOLATION NO AID IN DEFENDING THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BUT this gracious isolation ceases to aid the American flag and prestige when the United States indulges in irritating challenges, which, if accepted, would necessitate the issue being decided far beyond her own coasts. Off Sandy Hook or the Panama Canal, the American fleet may be doubly efficient, with shore batteries behind it and harbors and supplies within easy reach. But what becomes of this advantage of geographical isolation from European naval bases if a hostile fleet shall defy the Monroe Doctrine off Rio de Janeiro or Curityba or at Montevideo? Has the United States in such case any strategical advantage at all? In other words, is the American navy capable of defending against attack by one or more great world Powers not only the Atlantic, Pacific, and gulf coast-lines of the United States, but the immense coast-line of another vast continent? The question may well cause reflection to the most ardent jingo.

Unless the American people are determined on building and maintaining an absolutely commanding fleet, the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine under modern conditions becomes somewhat blatant.

To understand better how the nations of Europe regard it, let us suppose that just before the Spanish-American War was declared, and while Spain was endeavoring to subdue the Filipino rebellion, it had occurred to Japan to proclaim her aversion to the taking of the Philippine Islands by any other Western Power. Is there any doubt as to the way that the United

States would have regarded such a declaration?

It would be prudent for the American people to study carefully and analyze a foreign policy which is a constant menace to their pride and tranquillity; which exacts care, risk, responsibility, and expenditure from its sponsor, and renders up only shadowy advantages. Common sense and political strategy unite in demanding that the false and unnecessary features of the Monroe Doctrine be abandoned before some sudden shift in the world's political balance may compel it. Otherwise red danger looms large for the United States the day when some great Powers compose their fancied difficulties and forget old animosities.

SHOULD THE UNITED STATES MODIFY THE MONROE DOCTRINE

THERE always remains, of course, the question how the United States could modify or withdraw from certain features and corollaries of the Monroe Doctrine without appearing either to show weakness or to invite and sanction hostile aggression against Latin-American countries. The problem is a complicated one; but if the American people once became convinced that a change of policy should be had, the means and the opportunity for a President to make a "new interpretation" would not be hard to discover.

It should be possible to make plain to our fellow-Americans to the south that while the United States desires to build up and maintain with them the most intimate and cordial political and trade relations, based on genuine friendship and mutual confidence and respect, it should be clearly understood that the United States recognizes the most complete sovereignty and freedom of action on the part of all existing independent nations in the Western Hemisphere, including both their privileges and their liabilities according to the law of nations, but that because of propinquity and similarities in institutions and forms of government, the United States has an inherent special interest in any dispute, controversy, or change of sovereignty in which any American nation or portion thereof might become involved, and therefore expects that interest to be considered in any settlement which might be made of, or any consequences which might arise from, any such dispute, controversy, or change.

The question of how a change may be brought about in the eyes of the world, and particularly with the Latin-American nations, regarding the real attitude of the United States in its foreign relations and line of conduct may well engage the serious attention of all thinking Americans. It is a duty which should not be evaded because of its difficulty or the obscurity which surrounds the exact degree of harm resulting or danger threatening from the actual state of affairs.

Even in acting upon the Monroe Doctrine itself the United States has not appeared to be entirely consistent. The alacrity with which American marines were poured into Nicaragua, a tiny nation, contrasted with the indecision which has been plainly and not unnaturally, shown regarding a somewhat similar condition of affairs in a neighboring country of much greater resisting powers, must inevitably make even the one American foreign policy smack somewhat of opportunism in unbiased foreign eyes.

Is it not wise to reshape a policy to meet greatly changed conditions while it is still intact and even unthreatened?

"Who 'd have thought he 'd ever talk that way in daylight?" he said.

"I think," replied Gerry, "it was your offering to let him make this place his headquarters. It rattled him and started him off. I could see he was grateful."

"Perhaps that was it," said Lieber. "He 's a queer one. He never asked me. It just occurred to me to suggest it because I and the Man might watch for thee in the sun."

A few days later the rains came in earnest. Unceasing torrents that drew a continual hum from the tiles of the roof sought out cracks, forgotten during the long dry season, and dripped in, to remind the cozy household that outside the whole world was wet.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"SHE BUCKED AND TWISTED AND ALL BUT SOMERSAULTED IN HER EFFORTS TO RID HERSELF OF THE DEMON ON HER BACK"

cause I 'm getting to enjoy having Kemp around. Look at last night."

Gerry nodded. His eyes fell on the clock, and he got up with a start. The sun was at its highest when he reached Fazenda Flores. He caught sight of Father Mathias's great white umbrella on the bridge and urged True-Blue into a final gallop. But Father Mathias was not under his umbrella. Instead, Gerry found Margarita and her toddling son.

"Thou hast been away a long time," said Margarita, reproachfully. "The priest is at the house, and I took his umbrella that I and the Man might watch for thee in the sun."

Gerry spent two days in the wet, closing his sluice-gate and shoring it from the inside against eventualities. Then he repaired to the house, and, after lavishing his enforced idleness on his son for a day or two, began to work feverishly on further knickknacks for the house. Occasionally he sallied out and climbed the slippery roof to mend a leak, Margarita, frightened, taking her stand in the rain to guard over him with disconcerting cries and warnings.

The rains passed. Gerry contracted with Lieber for labor to be paid for in

ing for him, six pack-mules, a native driver, and, towering above them, a great, lanky figure in a yellow oilskin slicker topped by a broad-brimmed hat. Gerry looked over the outfit as carefully as the darkness would allow, and then said tentatively:

"There 's a house down there in the valley."

"Is the'?" drawled the stranger, spitting deliberately into the ditch. "Well," he volunteered after a further pause, "my name 's Jake Kemp. The rest of this outfit is six mules packin' orchids and the Greaser packin' the mules."

"That 's all right," said Gerry; "I guess we can put you up."

He led the way, and the pack-train splashed along after him. The mules were soon relieved of their burdens and turned into the pasture. Bonifacio took the native muleteer away to his quarters, and Gerry and the stranger passed through the house to the kitchen.

A patriarchal hospitality came naturally to the inmates of Fazenda Flores. It was a tradition not only on that plantation, but throughout a vast hinterland, where life was rude and death sudden, to be gentle to the stranger, to feed him and his beast, and to speed him on in the early morning. There was only one rule to the stranger: he must keep his eyes to the front. Jake Kemp had evidently learned the brief code. He ate ravenously, poured down coffee with the recklessness of a man who draws on a limitless power to sleep, and made his few remarks to Gerry and to Gerry alone.

Gerry was feeling a strange elation that he strove in vain to account for. This was an American, but beyond that they had nothing in common. New York and Texas are connected only by fiction. Perhaps it was just curiosity. Curiosity invaded him. What was a Texas cow-boy doing on the road past Fazenda Flores with a mule-train of orchids? As an opener, he declared himself.

"My name 's Gerry Lansing," he said. "I 've settled down here."

"So?" said Kemp as he drew from his waistcoat pockets the makings of a cigarette. Gerry had seen the yellow papers and the little bags of flaked tobacco. They struck convincingly the note of the West. Kemp himself was gotten up in the same key. Hat, shirt-sleeves, unbuttoned waistcoat, collarless shirt, high-heeled boots, and the yellow slicker tossed on the floor—all were in strict keeping with the type. "Reckon you 're f'm the States, drawled Kemp as he accomplished the cigarette.

"Yes," said Gerry, and added, with an idea to establishing a link, "like you."

"Naw," said Kemp, "I ain't f'm the States."

Gerry looked incredulous.

"Are n't you an American?"

"Sure am," replied Kemp, unperturbed; "but I 'm f'm Texas—leastways I *was* f'm Texas. Our folks wagoned over to New Mexico when I was a yearling."

Gerry had been West more than once. He slowly recollected that Easterners came into Texas and the Territories "from the States," and were considered but once removed from foreigners.

"Reckon you 're f'm Noo Yawk," was Kemp's next deliberate contribution to the conversation.

"You 're right," said Gerry. "How did you guess it?"

"I b'en thar," said Kemp.

With that, talk lagged. Gerry instinctively avoided the question direct, and Kemp vouchsafed nothing more. Not till Gerry came upon him hitching up his loads early next morning did he speak again, and then he said with a glint in his eye that was almost a smile:

"I guess them 's the first orchids that ever traveled to ma'ket under a diamond-hitch."

Here was an opening, but it came too late. Gerry did not try to follow it up. Once more in the saddle, Kemp seemed to acquire a sudden new ease of body and mind. He hung by one knee and a stirrup and leaned over toward Gerry.

"Stranger," he said, "I 'm much obliged to ye. It 's a long trail f'm the Alamo to Noo Yawk, but the hull country 's under one fence." He waved his hand, and was gone after his pack-train, lifting his mule with his goose-necked spurs into a protesting canter. Gerry followed him with his eyes.

For days Gerry's mind kept going back to his lodger for a night. This stranger had broken the quiet flow of life. Two weeks after his passing, as evening was settling on Fazenda Flores, the echo of a

HOME

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

PART III

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

"If Alix Deering had not barked her pretty shins against the center-board in Gerry Lansing's sailing-boat, it is possible that she would, in the end, have married Alan Wayne instead of Gerry Lansing." Having barked her shins, however, Alix demanded sympathy, and Gerry, alive to the psychological moment, made love, and won the lady. This was one of the pranks that Cupid and the devil play in partnership. Alix and Gerry Lansing did not live in harmony, and at the moment when the tension had reached the snapping-point Alan Wayne nearly persuaded Alix to run off with him. Alix reconsidered in time to save herself, but not in time to save her husband, for Gerry caught a glimpse of scandal hanging ominously over them, and took the next boat for Brazil.

Wayne decided that another continent was the best place for him, too. A bridge-building engineer, he plunged into work on contracts in Africa and South America, occasionally returning to America for business only.

Gerry Lansing, after wandering about aimlessly for months in South America, was cast by fate into the hands of a Portuguese girl who owned a tumble-down plantation. Up to this period in the story he has been living with her and doing what little he could, by irrigating, to rejuvenate her waste lands. A priest who makes his circuit among the planters has persuaded Gerry that in the circumstances he ought to marry Margarita. A child is born to them, and Gerry now finds his life completely severed from the old connections at home.

CHAPTER XXIV

AT last the rains came to the valley and Fazenda Flores. Gerry spent long hours beside his sluice-gate, watching for a rise in the river; but it did not come. The torrent of rain was local, and he remembered that Lieber had told him that the floods, the great floods, came from hundreds of miles up the river, and generally under a brazen sky. Night, black night, had fallen with the rain, and he was just turning to seek shelter from the unbroken downpour when a voice raised in song reached his ears. He waited. The voice drew nearer. In a nasal tone, which somehow sounded familiar, though it was unknown to him, it was chanting a long string of doggerel ending in an unvarying refrain. Finally Gerry could make out the long-drawn tail-end of the song—"comin' down the draw'r."

English! American! Cow-boy music! The impressions came in rapid succession. Gerry strove to pierce the darkness. He could hear the near-by splash of careful mules picking their way through puddles with finicking little steps. He felt a shadow in the darkness, and could just see above it a blur of yellow. Behind it were more shadows. On an impulse he did not stop to measure, he shouted in English:

"Hallo, there!"

The doggerel was choked off in midflight. The yellow blur came to a sudden stop, and the nasal voice rang out in quick staccato:

"Speak again, stranger, and speak quick!"

"It 's all right," Gerry laughed back. "Where are you bound for?"

"I 'm headed down the draw'r, lookin' for a chalk-line where I c'n dry my feet. What do you know?"

"Can you see the water in the ditch at your right?"

"Yasser, I can. I c'n see you, too."

"Well," shouted back Gerry, "your eyes beat mine. Follow the ditch until you come to a bridge. I 'll meet you there."

Gerry found the little cavalcade wait-

ing for him, six pack-mules, a native driver, and, towering above them, a great, lanky figure in a yellow oilskin slicker topped by a broad-brimmed hat. Gerry looked over the outfit as carefully as the darkness would allow, and then said tentatively:

"There 's a house down there in the valley."

"Is the'?" drawled the stranger, spitting deliberately into the ditch. "Well," he volunteered after a further pause, "my name 's Jake Kemp. The rest of this outfit is six mules packin' orchids and the Greaser packin' the mules."

"That 's all right," said Gerry; "I guess we can put you up."

He led the way, and the pack-train splashed along after him. The mules were soon relieved of their burdens and turned into the pasture. Bonifacio took the native muleteer away to his quarters, and Gerry and the stranger passed through the house to the kitchen.

A patriarchal hospitality came naturally to the inmates of Fazenda Flores. It was a tradition not only on that plantation, but throughout a vast hinterland, where life was rude and death sudden, to be gentle to the stranger, to feed him and his beast, and to speed him on in the early morning. There was only one rule to the stranger: he must keep his eyes to the front. Jake Kemp had evidently learned the brief code. He ate ravenously, poured down coffee with the recklessness of a man who draws on a limitless power to sleep, and made his few remarks to Gerry and to Gerry alone.

Gerry was feeling a strange elation that he strove in vain to account for. This was an American, but beyond that they had nothing in common. New York and Texas are connected only by fiction. Perhaps it was just curiosity. Curiosity invaded him. What was a Texas cow-boy doing on the road past Fazenda Flores with a mule-train of orchids? As an opener, he declared himself.

"My name 's Gerry Lansing," he said. "I 've settled down here."

"So?" said Kemp as he drew from his waistcoat pockets the makings of a cigarette. Gerry had seen the yellow papers and the little bags of flaked tobacco. They struck convincingly the note of the West. Kemp himself was gotten up in the same key. Hat, shirt-sleeves, unbuttoned waistcoat, collarless shirt, high-heeled boots, and the yellow slicker tossed on the floor—all were in strict keeping with the type. "Reckon you 're f'm the States, drawled Kemp as he accomplished the cigarette.

"Yes," said Gerry, and added, with an idea to establishing a link, "like you."

"Naw," said Kemp, "I ain't f'm the States."

Gerry looked incredulous.

"Are n't you an American?"

"Sure am," replied Kemp, unperturbed; "but I 'm f'm Texas—leastways I *was* f'm Texas. Our folks wagoned over to New Mexico when I was a yearling."

Gerry had been West more than once. He slowly recollected that Easterners came into Texas and the Territories "from the States," and were considered but once removed from foreigners.

"Reckon you 're f'm Noo Yawk," was Kemp's next deliberate contribution to the conversation.

"You 're right," said Gerry. "How did you guess it?"

"I b'en thar," said Kemp.

With that, talk lagged. Gerry instinctively avoided the question direct, and Kemp vouchsafed nothing more. Not till Gerry came upon him hitching up his loads early next morning did he speak again, and then he said with a glint in his eye that was almost a smile:

"I guess them 's the first orchids that ever traveled to ma'ket under a diamond-hitch."

Here was an opening, but it came too late. Gerry did not try to follow it up. Once more in the saddle, Kemp seemed to acquire a sudden new ease of body and mind. He hung by one knee and a stirrup and leaned over toward Gerry.

"Stranger," he said, "I 'm much obliged to ye. It 's a long trail f'm the Alamo to Noo Yawk, but the hull country 's under one fence." He waved his hand, and was gone after his pack-train, lifting his mule with his goose-necked spurs into a protesting canter. Gerry followed him with his eyes.

For days Gerry's mind kept going back to his lodger for a night. This stranger had broken the quiet flow of life. Two weeks after his passing, as evening was settling on Fazenda Flores, the echo of a

mule's mincing steps on the bridge made Gerry look up from his work. Kemp was riding toward him. It was as though he came in answer to Gerry's thoughts. Gerry hurried forward to meet him.

"Howdy," said Kemp, and paused on that to measure his welcome. He was satisfied, and urged his tired mule on toward the house. Gerry walked beside him, and learned that the shipment of orchids had just caught the steamer at the coast. Kemp unsaddled his mule and tossed the harness and slicker upon the veranda. Gerry opened the gap into the pasture, and the mule nosed its cautious way through to water and the grass. As Gerry was closing the gap, Kemp came up and stood beside him. He cast a knowing eye over the fat stock.

"You done a good job for Lieber," he remarked.

Gerry nodded a little sadly.

"Yes," he said, "the contract 's filled. Lieber 's sending for the stock day after to-morrow."

As they sat on the veranda that night smoking endless cigarettes, Kemp turned to his host.

"D' ye mind if I stay over a day with you? Truth is, I want to he'p drive that stock up to Lieber's. I want to he'p whistle a bunch o' steers along once more and smell the dust an' the leakin' udders, an' I should n't wonder if I let out a yell or so, corralin' 'em at the other end."

Gerry nodded understandingly.

"Why did you leave it?" he ventured, and then regretted and murmured, "Never mind."

But Kemp was not offended.

"Naw," he said, "I hain't killed my man—not lately—nor anything like that. I left it," he went on reminiscently, "because I could n't he'p it. I got to dreamin' nights of pu'ple cities."

"Purple what?" exclaimed Gerry.

Kemp took a cigarette from his mouth and almost smiled.

"Never *did* hear of the pu'ple city, I reckon?"

Gerry shook his head. Kemp drew a well-worn wallet from the capacious inner pocket of his waistcoat and took out a ragged clipping. One could read in the glaring moonlight, and Gerry glanced through the printed lines. Then he read them through again:

THE PURPLE CITY

As I sat munching mangos,
On the purple city's walls,
I heard the catfish calling
To the crawfish in the crawls.
I saw the paper sunbeams
Sprouting from the painted sun;
I saw the sun was sullen,
For the day had but begun.

Of dusty desert sky-road,
Ten thousand miles and more,
Stretched out before the morning,
And the sun sat in the door.
He sweated seas of sunshine,
As he started up the sky,
And he drowned the purple city
In a tear-drop from his eye.

No more shall purple pansies
Look up at purple pinks,
Nor purple roses rival
The cheeks of purple minx.
Alas! for purple city,
And its purple-peopled halls!
Alas! for me and mangos,
On the purple city's walls!

Gerry looked upon his guest with new wonder as he handed back the clipping. Kemp put it away carefully, rolled a fresh cigarette, and blew a thick puff of smoke out into the moonlight.

"Can't say it 's po'try, and I can't say it ain't. All I know is it roped *me*. I know that writer feller never munched no mangos, 'cause mangos don't munch. I know he never sat on no wall an' heerd catfish callin', 'cause catfish don't call. But he *seen* it all, stranger, jest the way he writ it down, an' I b'en dreamin' pu'ple cities ever sence I read his screed."

"Did you start right out to look for them?" asked Gerry, gravely.

"Naw," said Kemp; "I did n't have nothin' to go on. But one day a drummer feller thet I was stagin' across the White Mountains give me a plant magazine, and it had an article on commercial orchids, with pictures in colors. They was mostly kinder pu'plish, an' I reckon it was that what got me started. It was the foreman pointin' out my mount to me, an' I did n't lose no time. I drapped my rope on him, an' I 've been ridin' him ever sence."

"Found any purple cities?"

"Not rightly. I seen 'em more 'n once; but I guess pu'ple cities is always yon side the mountain. You can't jest ride up an' put your brand on 'em. They 're born mavericks and they die mavericks. An', I say, good luck to 'em."

Gerry sat on in the moonlight, seized by a strange sadness—the sadness the spirit feels under the troubled hovering of the unattainable and the mirage. Margarita stole out to seat herself beside him. She slipped her hand into his. She was worried. She was always worried when Gerry's thoughts were far away. "The Man," she said, for thus she had christened her baby boy from the day of his birth—"the Man sleeps. He cried for thee, and thou didst not come. So he slept, for he is a man."

Gerry's thoughts came back to his little kingdom. He sighed, and then he smiled a smile of content.

"It is late then, my flower?" He put his arm about her. "Let us go to bed, for to-morrow there is work."

"To-morrow there is always work," said Margarita. "I am not afraid of work, Geree. The end of work never comes. It is the things that end that make me afraid." She, too, had felt the fluttering wings of the unattainable. Unknowingly she stood beneath the shadow of the stranger's purple city's walls.

The next day Kemp tried honestly to help Gerry with the tilling of the soil, but the effort was still-born. Kemp had almost forgotten how to walk, and his high-heeled boots fell foul of every hummock.

"Looky here, Mr. Lansing," he said after half an hour's toil, "ain't there no colts—bad uns—you want backed nor calves to brand? This here diggin' wakes up the rheumatiz in my j'ints."

"What about milking the cows?" suggested Gerry.

Kemp actually blushed. He cast a quick glance at Gerry to see if this was some weak witticism to be promptly resented, but was reassured by the surprise in Gerry's face.

"Stranger," he said, "I ain't never touched no cow with my *hands*. If you want I should rope 'em an' hog-tie 'em, I 'm your man, but some missus will have to take the milk away f'm 'em."

Gerry threw back his head and laughed, but his laugh was stopped short by the glint in Kemp's eye. "That 's all right, Kemp," he said. "The missus *is* milking them right now. What 's the matter with you just taking a holiday? You 've done a hard ride, and it won't hurt you to have a loaf."

Kemp wandered off to the house with solemn face. When Gerry came in to the midday meal, he found him with a saddle propped on the arm of a bench giving the delighted, swaddled heir to Fazenda Flores his first lesson in equitation.

That night they sat again on the veranda steps, but Kemp was not talkative. He whittled a stick until it disappeared in a final curly shaving, and then immediately started on a fresh one.

"Known Lieber long?" asked Gerry at last.

"Goin' on two years," replied Kemp.

"Does he live off his stock?"

Kemp looked up.

"Have n't you ever b'en up to Lieber's?"

"No," said Gerry; "it 's two years since I came here, and I 've never been off the place. Lieber 's been down here a couple of times."

Kemp grunted, but asked no further question.

"Lieber," he said, "c'tainly don't live offen his stock; he plays with it. Lieber is the goatskin king; ships 'em by the thousand bales. If you or any other man in these parts was to sell a goatskin away f'm Lieber, you 'd be boycotted. Lieber on this range is God; you 're fer him or you 're ag'in' him, an' there ain't be'n any one ag'in' him for some spell now."

"Oh," said Gerry.

"As fer knowin' him," continued Kemp, "everybody on this round-up knows Lieber, but there ain't anybody knows why he is. Lieber holds questions and smallpox about alike. He ain't thar when they happen."

CHAPTER XXV

LIEBER, accompanied by two herders, came early for his stock. He greeted Kemp warmly.

"Going my way?" he asked.

"I b'en loafin' around here with that in mind," drawled Kemp. "I 'll take a hand, if you 'll allow me a mount."

"You can take your pick," said Lieber; "that is, after Mr. Lansing has had his."

The three of them walked into the pasture. Lieber looked at the stock with kindling eyes. He turned to Gerry and held out his hand.

"Shake," he said, and Gerry did. "What do you say to the first five of the horses out and the last ten of the cattle for your share?"

Gerry flushed.

"That 's more than fair," he said. "You know the best of the horses will lead the bunch, and the fattest of the cattle will lag behind. You see, they 're all strong now."

"That 's just it," said Lieber. "They 're all strong now, and if you had n't taken 'em over, they 'd have been mostly dead by now. I 'm satisfied, more than satisfied, and if you are, too, why it 's all right."

The herders were sent to the upper gap to head in the first five out. Kemp, who had seized one of the saddled horses and was already mounted, cut horses out from cattle, and with a whoop carried them toward the lower gap. A beautiful iron-gray gelding broke away from the bunch and trotted up to Gerry to nose at his pockets. Five horses sprang through the gap, and Lieber headed back the rest. He turned to Gerry with a smile, but the light had gone out of Gerry's face. He stood, with head hanging, his arm across the arched neck of the iron-gray. Lieber strode over to him, his silver spurs jingling. He laid a big hand on Gerry's shoulder. The gelding sprang back with a snort.

"That 's all right, boy," said Lieber. "I would n't give the roan out yonder for two of him. Will you trade even?"

"You can have the lot for this one," said Gerry, with a laugh.

"No," said Lieber, gravely; "just the roan."

Kemp had gone off to round up his mule. He came up from the river, driving it before him. At every jump he caught the mule a flick with his rope, and the mule kicked and squealed, but came on with long, stiff-legged strides. "Hi-yi!" yelled Kemp, and snatched off his hat to beat his mount while he kept the rope-end flickering over the mule.

Gerry and Lieber laughed. Kemp was like a mummy come to sudden life.

"Do you know," said Gerry, "I think I 'll come along with you." He led the iron-gray out by his forelock, and old Bonifacio hurried to help bridle and saddle him. Lieber mounted his stallion and turned the horses as they came out.

"I think I 'll go ahead with the horses," said Lieber.

"You go, and take yo' men with you," said Kemp. "I could drive this fat bunch from here to Kansas with nary a hand to spell me."

"Well, you 'll have Mr. Lansing to help you," said Lieber, and rode on to where his men were holding the horses in a milling, kicking mass. They passed over the bridge and away in a moving pillar of dust, for the desert had swallowed the first rains and was already crying for more. The cattle strung out and followed slowly in their trail. Toward evening Kemp's eye caught the glint of the sun on the white pillars and walls of a distant house. The house was in the midst of the desert. Beyond it loomed a single big joa-tree. "Lieber's," said Kemp, and Gerry nodded.

Gerry had expected a surprise of some sort when at last he arrived at Lieber's, but the things he saw there, stranger than anything he could have imagined, left him calm and unmoved, as though some prescience had prepared him. The house was built on the usual solid lines of plantation headquarters. Great, rough-hewn beams; towering rafters, built to carry the heavy tiles and to bear their burden for generations; unceiled, vast rooms with calcimined walls—all these were not outside Gerry's experience in the new land. The strangeness came with the rugs and the linen, the etchings and the furniture, and, last and most significant, the shelves and shelves of books and the tables piled with magazines in three languages. Everything bore the stamp of quality, everything had the distinction of a choice.

The veranda at Lieber's was like that of Fazenda Flores, only much bigger. It looked out upon a wide stretch of desert, but away at the rim of the desert one could feel the river. The roar of the falls mumbled in the ear. It came from so far away that one had to strain one's ears actually to define it. After supper they gathered on the veranda. They sat in rude, rawhide chairs which were comfortably strong, and tilted them back to

the national angle. Lieber and Gerry smoked corn-husk cigarettes, but Kemp stuck to his yellow papers. Gerry did not want to talk. He sat where he could watch the strange pair whose companion he was for a night. Kemp's words of farewell came back to Gerry, "It 's a long trail f'm the Alamo to Noo Yawk, but the hull country 's under one fence." Texan, Pennsylvania Dutchman, and New Yorker might be social poles, but tonight they seemed strangely near to one another.

From the corral came the grunts and sighs of cattle bedding down. Horses stamped in the stables. Over the great warehouses where Lieber stored and sorted his goatskins the moon crept into view. From the men's quarters came the throb of a guitar accompanying a wailing, plaintive voice. There was the smell of living things in the air. Through it all, and so interwoven with life that its solemn undernote was forgotten, sounded the distant, incessant boom of the falls.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE next morning Gerry was up early, nervous after his first night's absence from Fazenda Flores. Kemp watched him saddle his horse.

"That ain't one of the five," he remarked.

"No," said Gerry. "I traded the roan for the iron-gray. Do you think I was done?"

"I ain't sayin'," said Kemp, cautiously. "I don't want you should think I was teachin' you, Mr. Lansing, but that hoss ain't no iron-gray. There ain't no such color for a hoss as I ever hearn tell on. That hoss is a blue, an' he 's a true-blue."

"All right, Kemp," said Gerry, smiling. "You 've named him true-blue, and True-Blue he is from this day."

Lieber came out in pajamas and called them for coffee. When they were seated, he proposed to Kemp that he make his headquarters at the ranch for a while. The advantages were evident. It was a congregating point for the natives for miles round.

Kemp grunted his thanks. He had waited two years for this offer. The realization of the obligation Lieber was putting him under embarrassed him. He began to talk.

"These Greasers," he said, "take a lot o' teachin' sometimes, an' sometimes they don't. F'r instance, you can tell 'em that Cattleyas are wo'th money and that the rest o' their parasites ain't, 'nd after they seen you throw Bu'lin'tonias an' Oncidiums an' Miltonias into the discard fo' three months steady, they begin to sober down to jest Cattleyas, 'nd realize that it 's no use holdin' a four-flush against a workin' pair."

At the scientific names dropping so incongruously from Kemp's lips, Gerry stopped eating and looked up. Lieber's face wore the smile of one who had heard it before, but was quite willing to hear it all over again.

"But," continued Kemp, "yo' c'n pull till you 're blin', an' you can't head 'em around to see that onless a Cattleya has eight leaves, it 's too young to be backed an' no good to the market, besides bein' a victim to race suicide.

"As to their bringin' in Bu'lin'tonias an' Oncidiums an' Miltonias, I never get onpatient o' that. How c'n a Greaser ever learn that a Miltonia Spectabilis Moreliana that looks like pigeon's blood in a pu'ple shadow ain't a commercial proposition, while the Cattleyas is? When he 's in the woods, an' a smell straight f'm heaven draps its rope on him, an' he looks up an' sees a droopin' spike o' snow, how you goin' to teach him that a Bu'lin'tonia Fragrans ain't jest as good business as a Labiata?

"Time was when orchids was an ambition; now they 's jest a business. If God A'mighty had n't 'a' scattered 'em through the ends o' the earth an' given 'em wings to fly an' claws to hold on half-way up to heav'n, the' 'd be an orchid trust right now, an' orchids would be classed on the ma'ket with bananas.

"In Europe it 's some different. They 's collectors hankerin' after new varieties, an' houses that keeps men lookin' for 'em; but in America, you ma'k me, if an orchid don't make up well on the missus' bodice or on the table, it ain't business, an' they 's a few million children growin' up to the idea that if it ain't a Cattleya, it ain't an orchid."

Kemp came to himself, blushed, and hurried out as if on urgent business. Lieber looked at Gerry's thoughtful face and smiled.

"Who 'd have thought he 'd ever talk that way in daylight?" he said.

"I think," replied Gerry, "it was your offering to let him make this place his headquarters. It rattled him and started him off. I could see he was grateful."

"Perhaps that was it," said Lieber. "He 's a queer one. He never asked me. It just occurred to me to suggest it because I 'm getting to enjoy having Kemp around. Look at last night."

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"SHE BUCKED AND TWISTED AND ALL BUT SOMERSAULTED IN HER EFFORTS TO RID HERSELF OF THE DEMON ON HER BACK"

Gerry nodded. His eyes fell on the clock, and he got up with a start. The sun was at its highest when he reached Fazenda Flores. He caught sight of Father Mathias's great white umbrella on the bridge and urged True-Blue into a final gallop. But Father Mathias was not under his umbrella. Instead, Gerry found Margarita and her toddling son.

"Thou hast been away a long time," said Margarita, reproachfully. "The priest is at the house, and I took his umbrella that I and the Man might watch for thee in the sun."

A few days later the rains came in earnest. Unceasing torrents that drew a continual hum from the tiles of the roof sought out cracks, forgotten during the long dry season, and dripped in, to remind the cozy household that outside the whole world was wet.

Gerry spent two days in the wet, closing his sluice-gate and shoring it from the inside against eventualities. Then he repaired to the house, and, after lavishing his enforced idleness on his son for a day or two, began to work feverishly on further knickknacks for the house. Occasionally he sallied out and climbed the slippery roof to mend a leak, Margarita, frightened, taking her stand in the rain to guard over him with disconcerting cries and warnings.

The rains passed. Gerry contracted with Lieber for labor to be paid for in

produce. Fazenda Flores blossomed and bore fruit. People began to come in from afar to barter for produce, and a buyer appeared and took over the whole of the little cotton crop. Gerry poured money into Margarita's lap,—more money than she had ever seen,—and sent her under escort of Dona Maria and Bonifacio and the Man to purchase all of comfort and furbelows that the tiny market of Piranhas could supply.

They were to be gone two days, and Gerry left the fazenda in charge of his foreman and went to spend the time with Lieber and Kemp. He found Kemp in a sort of controlled elation over the greatest shipment of commercial orchids the trade had ever known. Just after Gerry's arrival, two men appeared, bearing a monster plant of over two hundred leaves, strung, like the grape cluster of Eshcol, on a pole.

Kemp's deep-set eyes seemed to grow out of his head as he made out their burden. "Hi-yi!" he yelled and rushed off to the corral, where he threw himself upon an astonished heifer. For one second she squatted and then went mad. With yell and flogging hat Kemp poured oil on the fire of her frenzy. She bucked and twisted and all but somersaulted in her efforts to rid herself of the demon on her back. On the veranda, Lieber and Gerry held their sides and roared at the most grotesque fine riding they had ever seen. Finally, with a desperate lunge, the heifer breasted the corral fence. It caught her middle, and she teetered over. Kemp turned a handspring from her back and landed on his feet. The heifer scrambled free from the fence and tore, wild-eyed, out into the desert. Laughter rang from every side. Three herders threw themselves upon their horses and rode, shouting, after the heifer. Kemp straightened out his hat, put it on, and walked sedately over to the veranda. There was only a faint glint in his eye as he bought the monster plant to crown the monster shipment.

CHAPTER XXVII

On Red Hill it was raining, not in a downpour, but in vast veils of mist that swayed to the breeze, caressing the hills and hiding the valleys. It had been raining for three days.

After luncheon Clem had gone to her room, and then had come down again and wandered from window to window, tapping the panes, and with her forefinger tracing the course of the drops of water hurrying down outside.

She went to the veranda at the back of Maple House and searched the west in vain for a gleam of sunlight, then she came in again and sat down before her little writing-table in the corner of the library. She dropped the lid. On the blotter lay an opened letter. She had read it before. She picked it up and read it again. It ran:

I do not write to the Clem I met the other day as I stepped out from J. Y.'s building. I do not know her, and she does n't know me. I am afraid of her, not for what she is, but for what she can steal from me. I write to the little Clem—the Clem of the days that won't come back, the Clem that has stood at my knee and clapped her hands and wept at the same time over the fate of a very real dragon that was not. Dear Little Clem, what bewildering company you are keeping! What has become of those lanky legs, those thin, bare arms, and those flouncy short skirts that were so very much out of the way? You have abandoned them. How could you, when you knew I loved them just so! And you are hiding in the vision of flesh and furs and broadcloth that put me to rout in front of J. Y.'s, that tied my tongue and twisted it so that when it got loose it said the things that were furthest from my heart. I know you are there, because the eyes that looked out at me before they crinkled up were your very own.

Clem, it 's hard for me to spread my heart on paper. Warm words get chilled in the tub of ink and belie themselves. There is only one way, and that is just to tell you that, despite how things may look and seem, my *heart is warm*. Without understanding, you can forgive a warm heart, can't you?

I told you I 'd bring back my other self and send him to you. I failed. Not because I did n't have him with me, but because I wanted to send him to you without the rest of me, and could n't.

I can't tell you why I could n't. You must understand it without telling. I can only say that even to-day men are tested by fire. It 's a fire one can't smother; it would only smolder on. One must let it burn out.

It burns out the half of a man, and some men don't know which half is going to be burned out until it 's all over. It is that way with me. My soul is a furnace. I could n't bring it too near for fear it would scorch you. There, I have written too much. If you find that the words are cold when they get to you, warm them at the fire of your child heart.

ALAN.

The Clem that read this letter looked very much a woman. She was nineteen, her hair was coiled up at the back of her neck, and her frock, when she stood up, almost hid her slim ankles. Alan's letter troubled her and made her feel even older than she was. It brought to her white forehead a tiny frown. Clem was as tanned as a long summer could brown her, but above her brows the skin was quite white, because she had such a lot of hair that there was always some of it breaking loose to shade her forehead.

Suddenly the frown vanished. Clem's full lips opened in a little smile, and a glow stole into the tan of her cheeks. She jumped up and ran to the old pier-glass in the parlor, otherwise known as the Seldom Room, so rarely was it invaded.

Clem pulled down her hair and shook it out. Then she took a bright-red ribbon from a whisk-broom hanging on the wall and, gathering her hair at the back of her neck, tied it with a bow. With the instinct of a woman, she looked for pins, and found them. She turned up her skirts in a broad pleat and pinned them. She had to do it several times over to get the tucks just right and the hang just so. She shook her head to tumble her hair, and turned for a last look in the glass. She was a little girl once more. Her eyes laughed back at her. They were half light, half shadow. They seemed to understand her.

Clem ran back to the library. A shaft of sunlight struck across Alan's open letter. She snatched up the letter, and tucked it in her bosom. Then she followed the shaft of sunlight on to the back veranda.

Her eyes grew large and dreamy. In their depths were swirling clouds, chased by a growing light. Her eyes mirrored the world of Red Hill after rain. Clem's head slowly dropped until her chin rested on her bosom. She locked her hands about her knees. Then, with a last look about her, she rose slowly, slipped in, and sat down at her desk and wrote:

Dear Alan:

This is not a letter about you and me, but just only about Red Hill. We 've had a northeaster, not a blusterer, but one of those sleepy ones that rains and rains like a baby crying because it 's lonely. Now the third day and the storm are over, and the sun has come out. You know what that means, Alan. Red Hill is n't exactly laughing, but it is smiling with that sweet first smile that comes to babies and hills while their cheeks are still wet with tears.

The maples are still dripping, mostly at the edges, like big umbrellas. The firs look as though they had taken *their* bath in black paint and are busy making everything else in sight look white. The elms are waving their plumes at the vanishing plumes of mist as though they wanted to be polite, but are n't very sorry to say good-by. The sun, I am sorry to say, looks as though he had been drinking too much. He 's very red and he 's wearing a great spiked halo of rain-shafts tipped at an absurd, rakish angle. He does n't seem a bit ashamed, and the smile on his face looks as though he meant to make a night of it somewhere out of sight.

Outdoors there 's quite a nip in the air, which makes you feel as though, with the rest of the world, you had just stepped out of a cold bath. But inside Maple House is cozy and warm, and I know that when presently I curl up on the lounge I shall feel like a chick nestling against its mama hen where the feathers are downiest.

Maple House is very lonely just now, because there are n't any other chicks about. Nance has taken her lot back to town, because Charley Sterling says they are quite full of health and he 's fuller of loneliness. As for grown-ups, Uncle J. Y. is in town a great deal this summer on account of other people's money, and the old captain never gets out of bed since he had a stroke. He says there 's nothing the matter with *him;* it 's the modern whisky that has lost its tone.

So I 'm mostly alone with aunty, and Maple House seems almost too big to fit. But it is n't a bit too big when I stop to think, because I know that the old house

does n't stand for any one of us alone; it has to keep a nook for every one of its scattered brood.

That 's the dear thing about Maple House —it is always waiting. And that 's what makes it home. Sometimes in the lonely nights I wake up into a dream, and the old house is ringing with the sounds of the children of a hundred years at play. They laugh and sometimes they cry, but there is one that never laughs or cries. He is a chubby little boy with awfully staring eyes for a baby, and he carries a wooden sword and a paper drum. It 's the old captain, I 'm sure, and once you have seen him as a chubby soldier of three, you 'll begin to know the secret of Maple House—that it 's waiting for us to come back young or old. And if you are very, very still for a very long time, you can hear the old house breathe, and then you know that in every closet and in every corner it has hidden away a beating heart. It never loses one.

Dear Alan, when I started to write this letter I was quite a little girl; now I find I 'm quite grown up. I 'm sorry. But it only goes to prove that you are wrong, and that it takes more than a half to make up one's self.

CLEM.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THAT dry season saw the beginning of a drought that will long hold the blackest page in the annals of the San Francisco basin. It seemed only days after the rains when the sparse grass and new-leafed bushes of the wilderness began to shrivel up. The river, the great river, was no longer great. It grumbled with a weak voice from deep down in the gorge. Gerry watched its falling level with anxious eye, and one day sent an urgent call to Lieber for help.

Lieber came. He brought with him an army, every man bearing with him the tool that had come soonest to his hand. Spades and hoes were few; the bright shares of a pick or two caught the light like lances; most of the men depended on the heavy sheath-knives they carried at their sides. They looked like an army of sansculottes as they swarmed into the ditch and began to dig. In two days they had sunk it to the required level. When they finished, Gerry rode back with them to help bring down Lieber's stock.

Kemp had stayed in sole possession at Lieber's. Digging was not in his line, so he had volunteered to hold the fort against the return of the garrison. He welcomed Lieber and Gerry to a supper of his own making in approved cow-boy style: sour-dough biscuits made by a master hand, steaks cut from a freshly killed calf and fried before toughness set in, a pile of creamy mashed "spuds." There was a homeliness about the meal that made them eat in silence. They felt as though for years they had been worshiping false culinary gods. The supper reminded them that they were exiles.

The silence on the veranda that night was even longer than usual. Gerry's mind went back to a French book that he had bought in desperation at Pernambuco. He had plowed through half of it, and with a catch in his thoughts he remembered that it lay open on the table when he left his little room in Piranhas on the morning of mornings that had broken life in two. Some of its phrases, conned over and over again in his struggle with the half-forgotten idiom, came back to him: *"La parole est du temps, le silence de l'éternité."* He smiled to himself at the twisted meaning the long silence of his companions gave to the words.

Then the smile left his face. He remembered the argument. The instinct we all have for superhuman truths tells us that it is dangerous to be silent with those we would keep at a distance; for words pass and are forgotten between men, but silence, active silence, is forever ineffaceable. True life, the moments of life that leave a trace, is made up of silence. Not passive silence,—that is only another name for sleep,—but the active silence that breaks down barriers, pierces walls, and turns the life of every day into a life where all is intense, where there is no ban, nothing forbidden, where laughter dare not enter, where subjection is submerged, and where all—all is remembered.

Gerry felt that this active silence had come upon them. These men were being borne into the silent sphere of his own soul. He felt restless, afraid. He decided to speak. He was on the point of speaking when Lieber let down his chair softly, clasped his hands, and broke the silence.

"Last night I dreamed I heard the blast of a steamer's horn, and when I woke up

the cold sweat was on my forehead, because I know that there is no desert, no wilderness, so far from the things you would forget that dreams cannot follow you to it."

He stopped, and silence fell upon them again. Lieber stared straight in front of him out into the night. His face worked as though he were struggling to keep his lips closed. When he began to speak again, the words were scarcely audible.

"I don't know why I want to tell you two about why I am here unless it is that, as we sat here so quiet, I felt that you knew it all—all that I know, and that I was on the point of knowing all that you have known. The little lies of life suddenly became big and hateful, and I saw in my life a monster lie that the silence was exposing.

"There are lots of men with the beginning of my story. It 's common, and takes little telling. I was born in Pennsylvania. We were mighty poor farmers, but I got all the schooling there was within walking distance of home. My old man saw to that. When I was still a boy our little bank took me in. It was n't doing much business then, but a couple of years later the region struck oil, and the bank's business soared by leaps and bounds. It turned into as good a spouter as any of the wells. The family that ran it became rich and went to higher jobs or out altogether. The staff was shoved up, and about the time I was of age I was handling more money than I 'd ever known was in the world. The amount I stole was an even thirty thousand, and I got away with it. It was easier to do thirty years ago than it is to-day. I got away with it, and then it got away with me. It lasted me a year and four months, and I saw the end of it up the coast at Pernambuco.

"I date my birth from the day I spent the last dollar and woke up. I worked. Nothing was too small or too big for me to handle. I got something to risk and then I risked it. I risked it again and again. After ten years I could draw my check for thirty thousand, plus interest, and I did. I sent the check to the little bank back home. I waited two months for the answer, and then it came, my check torn across, and a short letter saying that the loss had already been met by a bankers' surety association. I wrote the association a dozen letters, and some of them took some writing. In the last I offered fourfold the theft. There had been plenty of Bible in my bringing-up. They wrote back that it was no use—that I could keep on climbing in price, but it was their business to jail me for fifteen years the first chance they got, and they 'd do it the minute I set foot where they could grab me.

"That letter frightened me. I began to realize that what I 'd been working for was n't money or honor or rehabilitation, but just the right to go back—the right to go back home.

"Nobody had been harder on me than my old man. For years nobody in the house was allowed to say my name, and if he saw a letter from me he threw it into the fire, opened or unopened. But somehow it got to him that I had offered to pay fourfold and that I 'd been refused, and that turned him. It was the fourfold that did it—the divine and sacred measure of justice. He started to fight for me as hard as he 'd ever fought against. And then he died, and my old mother died. Letters stopped. My brothers and sisters were coming up in the world; they could n't afford to own a thief, much less fight for him. So the letters stopped.

"I spent money then. I built me a house in Pernambuco that was a wonder-palace, and I started in to forget. But when you 've been remembering with all your might the color of the paper on the walls of home, the lay of the wood-pile, of the sheds, and of the tumbling barn and stables, the holes in the fence, the friendly limbs of apple-trees, and the smell of hay; when you 've been coddling bare memories of simple things like those for fifteen years, you can't turn around on your inside self and forget.

"There 's a flag the sight of which makes my heart come up into my throat and tears to my eyes. You think I mean the Stars and Stripes, but I don't. I mean the blue-peter that flies at the halyards of big ships and says to everybody that takes the trouble to look, 'We sail to-day.'

"I could n't stand it. I came up here. And now, last night, I dreamed that I heard it in my sleep—up here. Gentlemen, a man without a country is in a bad way, but a man without a home, even if

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"IN FRONT OF THE HORSES CAME FOUR MEN BEARING A SAGGING HAMMOCK"

it 's a hovel—well—we all know the old song." He paused to master his voice. Then in a whisper that they just caught he added: "Home is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go home."

Lieber stopped talking. The revealing silence had done its work. It had brought them close—so close that he had spoken lest they take his soul by assault. He left them and went to his own room. They saw he was an old man, beyond the years he had disclosed.

They did not speak. They were nervous. Kemp made a cigarette, puffed at it once or twice, and then threw it away, to roll another a moment later.

Gerry's thoughts were troubling him, too. What was he doing here? Who was this Margarita that had twined herself into his life? Was it his life? And her little boy, black-haired, black-eyed, olive-tinted; he was his boy, too. He was Gerry Lansing's son. No, not that; not Gerry Lansing's. Gerry Lansing belonged to a time that was far away, to a hill where white houses with green blinds peered out from the darkness of domed maples, from the long shadows of up-pointing firs, and from the eaves of flaring elms, the wine-cups of heaven.

Never had he been alone before, never like that. For the first time in over two

years he thought of his mother, of the judge, who had been a father to him, of all the Hill, of Alix, and then of Alan. Where were Alix and Alan? Suddenly the vision of Margarita and her boy pushed in between him and memory. He sprang to his feet. His manhood rose within him and battled with her and the child against memory. He started off into the wilderness. His sandals shot spurts of sand and dust into the air behind him at every step. He smelled the dust. Above him the myriad stars shone dry and far, far up in the heavens. Heaven was farther from the world to-night than ever before.

Gerry came back at dawn. The herders were mounting to round up the stock. Gerry saddled his horse and went with them.

CHAPTER XXIX

DEEP in South America, on the ragged fringe of the outskirts of progress, Alan Wayne was pushing a long bridge across a dried-up watercourse. He was sick, tired, disgusted. Over and over again he had grumbled to McDougal that it was a job for a mason, and McDougal had patiently answered:

"I 'm the mason, Mr. Wayne. Do you lie bye a wee and gie the fever a chance to get out of the body."

But Alan stuck jealously to his job. Ten Per Cent. Wayne might retire on his laurels, but he could never be beaten.

Every third day the fever in his bones seized his body in a grip that could not be denied, shook it till it rattled, and cast it down limp, cold, and hot, teeth chattering and then clenched, and then chattering again. But on the days between Alan made up for the lapse. He became a devil hanging on the backs of his men and driving them to superhuman efforts. Terror held them. They were Italians, far from home. A wilderness stretched between them and the sea. The sea itself was none of theirs; it was only an added barrier. A madman had them in thrall. Terror drove them. It was a race to finish the bridge before he killed them.

"I am going to be sick," he had told them in cold, rapid words—"I am going to be sick, but before I 'm finished, the bridge is finished or—" He smiled, and made a gesture with his hand to show how he would brush them all off into the dry gorge. His smile terrified more than the raised hand.

The giant gang-boss McDougal stood by and nodded solemn confirmation. When Alan was ill by day, McDougal left him and drove the men in his stead, but when the hour for knocking off came with the sudden eclipse of the sun by the horizon, he hurried to Alan's tent, fished him out from some corner on the floor, wrapped him in blankets, dosed him with quinine, tempted him with poor, weak broths, and nursed him, unprotesting, through the night.

McDougal had followed Alan into strange lands and strange places and seen him in many a deep hole, and through it all Alan had been the same, a purring dynamo at work.

Alan was inured to river fever. He had fought it often, and when he saw the fetid pools of stagnant water in the dried-up watercourse, he knew he would have to fight it again. Somehow, some night, a mosquito was bound to get at him, and the fever would begin. He doubled his preventive dose of quinine, but he could not double his spirits for the battle. He came to the field with a gnawing at those sources of health, a calm mind and sure sleep. Sleep did not come as of old after the day's work.

As Alan weakened, the bridge approached completion. Gangs of men, as special work was finished, were despatched to the coast. With each gang McDougal strove to send his master, but Alan was too weak to go, though he did not say so. He had realized it with terror and then with calm.

"No, McDougal, not this time," he would say, and finally: "I think I might just as well stay on till they send up to take over. It 's unprofessional to chuck it before. It won't be long now."

And McDougal had cursed low, rolling oaths and taken it out on the men.

Alan seemed to have become childish in his weakness. He spent what strength he had left in cutting words into a board ripped from a kerosene box. When he had finished, he called McDougal and showed him his handiwork.

"McDougal," he said, "if anything should happen to keep me here permanently, just cut these words into some big

rock and lay me under it. Be careful you get them just so. The French are mighty particular about the way we use their lingo, and while it was n't a Frenchman that wrote this bit, I guess he 'd be just as particular."

"Aweel, sir," said McDougal, stifling his rage within him, "I 'll do as you wish." He took the board and looked at it. The words meant nothing to him, but the scene meant much. He went out and concluded his agreement with twelve quiet, lowering men gathered from the country-side. They were pioneers without knowing it.

From them McDougal had learned that due east, half-way to the sea, was a place called Lieber's, and that this Lieber was known as the Americano and had fame as a *curador* of fevers. Four men could carry a sick man to Lieber's in a hammock in four days. Twelve men could do it in two, and quicker than that a hundred men could not go. For the price of three steers each, two-year olds, they would undertake to deliver the sick man at Lieber's in two days. McDougal pondered. It was a chance. If he sent Alan to the rail-head, there would n't be even a chance. There was no one who could help at the rail-head or along the thin line or even at the coast.

"In two days," said he, despairingly, "the master will be dead."

They gathered at the door of Alan's tent and looked in at him as he lay half comatose.

"No," said the oldest of them, "he will be dead in seven days' time."

As McDougal picked him up and laid him gently in a hammock, Alan came to. The hammock was padded with pillows and blankets and strung on a stout bamboo pole, with two men supporting it at each end.

"What are you doing with me?" he asked angrily, and sank back into the pillows.

"I 'm sending ye home," said McDougal, gently, but firmly.

Alan smiled a twisted smile.

"Sending me home," he repeated, and added resignedly, "Oh, all right." Then he started up. "Bring matches," he said. McDougal took matches from his pocket. Alan drew two letters from inside his coat. "Burn them." He held them out and watched jealously as McDougal opened out the sheets with averted eyes and set fire to the thin paper. The filmy cinders blew hither and thither under the light breeze. The men under the pole moved nervously, anxious to be off. Their eight companions wheeled their flea-bitten ponies and headed for the trail.

"No, you don't," shouted McDougal, and explained with many gestures that they were to ride behind on account of the dust.

"We know, master," answered one, quietly; "we would but start."

McDougal held out an awkward hand in farewell.

"You 're ready, Mr. Wayne?"

"Yes," said Alan between chattering teeth, and then cried, "No, I want the board—my epitaph thing, you know."

McDougal dived into the tent and brought out the board with the roughly cut words that he could not read, but somehow began to understand. He slipped it into the hammock behind the cushions and then just touched Alan's hand and gave the word to the men. They started off in a shambling, rapid trot. The horsemen fell in behind. A cloud of dust cut them off from McDougal's gaze.

CHAPTER XXX

LIEBER, with Gerry and Kemp, sat in the shade of the veranda, smoking after the midday meal. The stock had been corralled, but, on Kemp's advice, the start for Fazenda Flores was to be made halfway through the afternoon. There was to be a great moon that night, and the drive would be robbed of the perils of darkness to cattle, as well as of the horrible heat.

The three were silent, half somnolent, when a passing herder grunted, and pointed westward with his chin. Lieber stood up and looked. A pillar of dust was coming across the desert. He could see men riding and something else. He took his field-glasses from a peg and looked again. "Funeral or a sick man," he said, and sat down to wait. Kemp started whittling to keep himself awake. Since the hour of Lieber's confession he had hardly spoken.

When the cavalcade came within easy view Gerry stood up and watched. He

could not hide his curiosity, like Lieber and Kemp. In front of the horses came four men bearing a sagging hammock on a pole. They were running in quick, springy steps that made the hammock sway gently from side to side. The pace they kept up under the burden was marvelous. They were followed closely by eight horsemen. At the first signs of faltering among the bearers, four of the riders would throw themselves off their ponies and run under the pole. The change of relay was made without a stop, without a pause. The freed ponies stood with hanging heads and straddled legs. Even from a distance one could see that the burdened men had run the wiry little beasts off their feet. They were all in, but the men were still erect, keen. With a final spurt the cortège drew up before the veranda. Lieber stood up.

"Dead or dying?" he asked.

"Master, we do not know," answered the oldest of the men, their leader.

"Fever or smallpox?" asked Lieber.

"Fever."

With a look of relief Lieber went down the steps to the hammock. A sheet had been thrown over the pole to keep off the worst of the sun. He pulled it off. A ghastly sight met his eyes, but he did not shrink. "Bring him up here," he said, springing up the steps and sweeping a saddle harness and some old magazines off a great rawhide settle on the veranda.

They laid the sick man on the settle, and Lieber started to strip him with gentle, deft hands. Kemp strode forward and helped, but Gerry stood by, powerless to move. He had recognized Alan, the man he had sworn to break if ever he met him. Somebody else had broken Alan, terribly, pitilessly. Gerry's eyes shrank from the sight. A lump came into his throat. Alan was dead—Alan with whom he had wandered barefoot through those quiet lanes of home, with whom he had fished and swum, and once had fought. What a little fury Alan had been in that boys' battle! It had not been fought to a finish. On one impulse they had stopped and looked at each other and turned away, ashamed to shake hands.

Lieber, once heavy, florid, and clumsy, was transformed. He worked quickly with sure hands. The body lay stripped on the settle. Coma had set in.

Lieber dragged a great medicine-chest out from his room. With alcohol he rapidly washed out the dust-filled nostrils of the stricken man, and bathed the face and then the limbs and body. Then he took out a hypodermic syringe and a graduated glass. In the glass he dissolved a powder, and with steady hands added measured drops of a liquid of faint, amber hue.

Gerry found his tongue.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Quinine and arsenic," said Lieber, shortly.

"Arsenic? Is n't that dangerous?" said Gerry.

Lieber glanced at him.

"It will probably kill him."

"Then why—why—" protested Gerry. A great desire to protect what was left of Alan had come over him.

"Why?" said Lieber, dryly. "I 'll tell you, Mr. Lansing. Because it is less cowardly to kill a man than to let him die."

He mixed the solution in the syringe and then, grasping Alan's thin arm, pressed it until the veins came out in a swelling network.

"Hold his arm like that," he commanded Kemp. Kemp clutched the arm. The bones seemed to bend to the grip. Lieber chose a swollen vein, and pierced it with the needle. He forced the dose into the blood.

He went into the house and brought out clean sheets, soft woolen blankets, pillows, and pillow-slips. Kemp had never seen such linen; Gerry had almost forgotten the feel of it. Gerry came to life. With one hand under Alan's shoulders and another under his hips, he lifted him as though he were an empty shell, while Kemp and Lieber drew out the dust-caked blankets and hammock and spread first a cane mat over the settle and then a blanket and on top of that a sheet. The touch of Alan's dry, crackling skin seemed to Gerry to be burning his hands.

"It is as though there were fire in him," he said to Lieber.

Lieber looked at his patient with an all-seeing eye. He paused before covering him up.

"That 's it," he said. "There 's fire in him, the worst kind, and he 's been playing with it, just tickling it with stale quinine." His eye ran rapidly over the thin body. "I said the dose I gave him would

probably kill him, but I 've changed my mind. I 'm betting the other way, now I really look at him. There 's no flesh on him, but he does n't look like a skeleton. Why? Because of the sinews and bones of him; they 're perfect. Look at the way the sinews hold his neck and the way the neck carries the sinews. Look at the flat bulge of his ribs and the breadth of his shoulders over the hips. That means heart and lungs and vitals. That man 's been a fighter and, unless I 'm a bigger fool than I was yesterday, he 's a fighter yet."

"Cover him up, for God's sake!" said Gerry.

Lieber dropped the sheet and went off to the kitchen. Gerry and Kemp covered the stripped body and tucked many blankets over it. Lieber came back and took off half the blankets.

"Must n't tire him with weight," he explained. "If he 's going to sweat, he 'll sweat all right. Malaria, malignant fever, is the tiredest disease in the world. When they get too tired to breathe, that 's the end." He took hold of Alan's wrist. "To feel his pulse, you 'd say he was dead now."

" 'Bout time we was startin'," remarked Kemp, with his eyes toward the declining sun.

Gerry's first impulse was to say he would stay, but he suddenly remembered Margarita. How far away from life she seemed! Alan and Margarita could not crowd into one day or even into one world; it was against the order of things. But facts do not stand on the order of their coming. They simply come, and against the protest of man's will they present his fate; against the cry of the troubled and displaced soul they voice the eternal *j'y suis, j'y reste* of inanimate things. One cannot go around a fact. One must either break one's head against it, or swallow it, and let it take its course through the mental gorge.

Gerry longed to stay by Alan's side, and through his returning consciousness, as through a magnifying-glass, gaze upon the world he had forsworn, the heritage he had abandoned. But the fact of Margarita and her boy suddenly declared itself, demanded digestion, and Gerry turned his back on Alan. He mounted, and with the silent Kemp reversed the drive they had made together months before.

Lieber did not go with them. When he had seen them off, he busied himself giving orders for the tidying up of the veranda, the feeding of Alan's convoy, beast and man, and the preparation of a room for the self-invited guest. From the pile of dusty pillows a servant was picking up fell a board. Lieber glanced down at it. Words were cut roughly, but clearly, into its surface. They spoke to him. They held his eyes. He stooped laboriously and picked up the board. He took it into his private room, propped it up against some books on the table, and sat before it, with his face dropped in his hands. To his closed eyes the words seemed no longer carved in wood. Against the inward darkness of his brain they shone out in points of light. He could not shut them out. "Qui de nous n'a pas eu sa terre promise, son jour d'extase, et sa fin en exil?"

At sundown Lieber came out to his patient. He had him moved, settle and all, into a room the windows of which opened upon the veranda. Lieber sat beside him and nursed him through the long, hot night. To the deftness of his hand had been added tenderness, and into his face a new determination had come—a resolve to win Alan's battle for him, whatever the odds.

Gerry did not sleep that night. He lay on the little extra bed he had made upon his son's arrival and, propping himself on his elbow, gazed about him. The moon shone through great cracks in the warped shutters and filled the vast room with a glow that, as his eyes dilated, became a revealing light. By raising himself to the full length of his arm, Gerry could see Margarita lying uncovered on the coarse, yellowish homespun. On her bare, brown arm lay the black head of her son.

Gerry shuddered at the nearness, the familiarity, of everything. The seams of elementary life stood out brutally. For the first time he saw them. From the touch of the coarse homespun that covered him his mind went back to the feel of Lieber's fine linen, and from that it paused on Alan, and then flew back to Alix—Alix who, seen through the years, became doubly ethereal and flower-like. Where was Alix? What had Alan done with her? He must ask him. That at least he must know. But before he could ask he must decide about Margarita and steel himself to his purpose.

He thought of the long, still days at Fazenda Flores before Alan had come to Lieber's, the struggle and the reward that had been his; and the firmness in him, the steadfastness, that had led Alan to name him the Rock rose up in defense of Margarita and her son.

Gerry was up early. As he was saddling True-Blue, Margarita came on to the veranda.

"Where art thou going?" she asked.

Gerry looked up. He was a little pale from the wakeful night, and there were slight shadows under his eyes.

"I am going to Lieber's. There is a sick man there; he is dying, and I must help. He is my fellow-countryman."

Margarita's eyes searched his face. Her bosom rose and fell rapidly.

"Do not go," she said, and Gerry started at the passion in her voice.

He looked at her and smiled.

"I must see this man before he dies," he said half to himself.

"Ah," said Margarita, beating with her little brown fist on the veranda pillar, "I know. I know. It is not death that calls thee. Why should one turn from things that live to fondle death? It is the stranger thou wouldst see."

Gerry dropped the reins of his horse and, hurrying up the steps, took Margarita in his arms.

"And why not, my beloved? Why does thy heart beat so? It is not a woman I go to see, but a man. Listen to me. Shall I not talk with a man that is at death's door?"

"Let him but die," pleaded Margarita; "let him but die, and thou shalt go and bury him. See, the day is beautiful. There is a cloud. Perhaps it will rain. Come, my Geree, let us go down to the river and swim. We will take the Man. He shall sit on the bank, and the river will play with his bare toes. He will laugh."

Gerry smiled, but shook his head.

"To-morrow, my beloved—to-morrow we shall play with the Man and the river."

Margarita's arms fell to her sides in pathetic surrender. She watched Gerry mount and ride slowly up the slope to the bridge where Kemp awaited him. Then she went back to the veranda steps, sat down, and wept, with her face hidden in her hands.

CHAPTER XXXI

ALAN was struggling back from coma. He muttered, he talked, but the words were rendered unintelligible by his thick, dry tongue. Lieber listened, but before Alan could speak clearly, he awoke. Lieber found his sunken eyes, the pupils appearing almost concave, fixed on him with a seeing gaze. It was like resurrection. A spirit had come down into the body.

The eyes closed. Lieber hurried away. From the kitchen he brought a bowl of broth. It was steaming, and filled the room with an odor of rich essence. It was in itself a concentration of life. Lieber held Alan's unwilling head on his left arm, and with a small spoon carried drops of the broth to his dry lips. At first Alan scarcely swallowed them. They stayed in his mouth or trickled unaided down his throat. But gradually his tongue softened. He could feel the contraction of his throat giving way to the oils of the broth. He tried to reach a weak hand toward the bowl. Lieber smiled, and fed him with a larger spoon. The bowl was emptied. Alan sank back into the pillows. His eyes wandered wistfully over the bare walls, the high tiling, of the strange room.

" 'I would have, great gods, but one short hour of native air; let me but die at home!' " he murmured, and Lieber heard.

The words clutched at his own heart, but he answered cheerfully:

"You shall, my boy, you shall die at home if you like; but you 're going to have years to think it over. Sleep! That 's the word. And sleep it is," he added to himself as Alan's eyes closed and his chest began to rise and fall in healthy breathing. Lieber held his wrist. The pulse was taking on strength.

Alan was still sleeping when Gerry arrived. Lieber looked up surprised.

"You 've come all the way back from Fazenda Flores?"

Gerry nodded.

"How is he? Has he come to yet?"

"Yes," said Lieber in a low, modulated tone. "He came to all right; but the fight 's not over yet. Fever goes and comes, you know. If another paroxysm seizes him, he 'll not have the strength to pull through. It 's a question of hours now."

"You 've been up all night," said Gerry. "Go and lie down for a while. I 'll call you if anything happens."

Lieber rose reluctantly.

"Don't fail to call me," he said. "I 'll leave my door open."

Gerry sat down in a chair beside the settle. He had not known how tired he was himself. Soon he drowsed. His head fell forward on his chest. Sleep came to him, and then a great trouble came to his sleep. He roused himself from a nightmare and, suddenly wide awake, found Alan's eyes fixed on his face.

"You!" murmured Alan.

Gerry did not answer. His face became a mask. It seemed to him that only Alan's eyes were alive, and to Alan that Gerry had projected his spirit to his bedside to watch him die.

Alan tried to smile in defiance.

"Can't you speak?" he said hoarsely.

Gerry leaned forward. The question he had to ask was stronger than he; it forced its way through his lips.

"Alan, what did you do with her? Tell me that, and I 'll go away."

A troubled look came into Alan's thin face. He frowned.

"Do with her? Do with whom?"

"Alan," said Gerry, his suppressed voice trembling, "you know. With Alix."

"Oh," said Alan, still struggling on the verge of consciousness. "I remember. I did nothing with her. She would n't go with me."

"Alan," groaned Gerry, "I saw you. I saw you and Alix on the train."

The frown was gone from Alan's forehead. He felt sleep coming back to him, and he was glad.

"Yes," he said, "she was on the train with me. I remember. She jumped off. A baggageman—caught her." He dropped off to sleep again.

Lieber stepped catlike across the floor. He caught Gerry by one ear, and, with the other hand over his mouth, led him out of the room. Gerry went tamely. When they were on the veranda Lieber looked at him.

"So," he said, his blue eyes blazing, "you only want to kill him."

"No," said Gerry, dazed, "not now."

"Mr. Lansing," said Lieber, "you get out of here. We 'll settle this business some other time."

Gerry's lips trembled.

"You 're right, Lieber," he said. "You 're right; only you don't know it all. That chap in there—we were boys together—he ran away with my wife. That 's why—" Gerry suddenly stopped. Alix had not run away. She had jumped off the train. Where was she, then? What had she done through the years he had been away? Why had she jumped off the train? He struck his hand to his head and stumbled off the veranda.

Lieber's anger died in him, but he turned and went back to Alan.

Two hours later he came out again to find Gerry crouched on the veranda. The spirit had gone out of him, but he turned on Lieber with a determination in his tired eyes.

"You told me to get out, and I have n't. There are things I 've got to know. I 'll wait."

"I spoke in haste, Mr. Lansing," said Lieber. "I want you to forgive me. You are all in, too. Come with me."

He led him into his own room, made him lie down, and closed the shutters. Gerry threw himself across the bed, arms outstretched, face down. Lieber slipped out, and noiselessly shut the door. Gerry lay exhausted. He could not think any more. A great weight lay on his brain. The ten minutes' doze in the chair at Alan's bedside had not been rest, but a nightmare. Presently he fell into sleep—a deep sleep that was all unconsciousness.

It was almost night when he awoke, and with the awakening the weight settled back on his brain, only now he had the strength to think despite it. He got up and went out in search of Lieber. Lieber heard him and came out into the hall. Gerry nodded toward Alan's room.

"It 's all right, Mr. Lansing. He must have a solid mind. Your talk did n't excite him, did n't even disturb his sleep. He 's on the road up, weak, a baby; but he 's started life again. He 's asked for you twice. You 'd better go in."

Gerry sat down once more beside Alan. The questions he must ask crowded to his lips, but he forced them back.

Alan knew he was there. He saw him through half-closed eyes, but more than that, he felt him. His brows puckered in a frown. It was still hard to use words.

"Gerry, last night I wanted to tell you

more, only I could n't. I had to sleep. Alix did n't go with me. She only came to the train. When I kissed her she woke up and found she was n't—carnal, after all. She went back home. You did n't turn up. You never turned up. They traced you to a river, an empty canoe, you know." He stopped and sighed as though his task were over.

The veins on Gerry's forehead stood out in knots. His chin rested on his clenched hands, his elbows on his knees.

"Alan," he said, "where is Alix now? What has she done?"

Alan opened his eyes and looked at him.

"She is waiting. She has always waited for you to come back. She would not believe you were dead, because of the boy."

"The boy!" groaned Gerry. "What boy?"

"Yours," said Alan. "He is a great boy. There is a new Alix since he came. She is as far from me and what she was as the stars. She is a steady star. But it 's all right now. You 'll go back to her."

"I can't," whispered Gerry, hoarsely, more to himself than to Alan. "I 've got a wife here. I 've got a child here. To me he is my first-born."

Alan's eyes opened, this time in wonder. A twisted smile came to his lips.

"You!" he said. "You!" and then the smile changed to a faint disgust. He turned his head on the pillow away from Gerry and slept.

The next morning found Gerry still at Lieber's. He knew he must go back to Fazenda Flores in the end, but just now his soul was too raw. He hung about, waiting for Alan to wake up. There was only one way to soothe the pain of his wound, and that was to add vinegar to it. It seemed a terrible affront that Alan —Alan of all people—should sit in judgment over him. Alan awoke at last to a ravenous appetite and a desire for the open. They moved him, settle and all, out upon the veranda.

"What a murderous day!" he said, his eyes turning, blinded from the blaze of sun, to rest in the shady nooks of the veranda. Heat rose from the ground in an unbroken, visible wave. "My God!" said Alan, gazing with wistful, far-seeing eyes beyond the familiar, repellent scene, " 'a homeward fever parches up my tongue.' "

There was such an agony of longing in the words that Gerry was frightened. He looked questioningly at Lieber.

"No," said Lieber, "he 's not dying. He *was* dying, but he 's changed his mind. He 's going to go home instead."

"I believe he 's right, Gerry," said Alan, with a faint smile.

Lieber began to talk to Gerry.

"How 's the water in the ditch, Mr. Lansing?"

"Mighty low," said Gerry. He spoke almost absent-mindedly. For the first time in months the ditch was far from his thoughts.

"It 's hard luck," said Lieber. "The river 's never been so low before, not in the memory of man. We do not hear the falls any more. The river is asleep. Do you want me to send my men down again?"

"It 's no use," said Gerry. "I don't dare deepen the ditch any more. It 's way below the normal level now."

Alan stirred. "What 's that about a ditch?"

In unhurried phrases and a low voice Lieber told him the history of Fazenda Flores since Gerry's advent, and of the great part the ditch had played in bringing resurrection to the abandoned plantation and life to the neighboring stock.

Alan cast a curious glance at Gerry.

"Dangerous business," he said, "fooling with the normal level in flood country."

Lieber nodded and went on. He told his tale well. He had seen more than Gerry could have put into words. Gerry listened for a while, but he soon wearied. What had all that to do with him now? He wandered off and started to saddle True-Blue. He must get away from Alan. Alan was drawing him; but he was bound in chains. He must remember that. Then, too, what Alan had said about fooling with the normal level worried him. He must go back and station a guard at the great sluice-gate.

A sudden puff of air, then a breeze, then a gale, swept down on Lieber's from the southwest. The wind was hot, a furnace blast from the torrid wilderness. It carried with it swirls of dust, light, dry sticks, and finally small pebbles that hurtled along the ground. Gerry and his horse sought shelter by the house. Herders

came running out from their quarters, and gathered in front of the veranda. The wind suddenly turned cold, dropped, and ceased. The dust settled. The sun blazed as before. There was not a cloud in the sky. The herders all looked at Lieber. They did not talk. They were waiting.

Lieber shrugged his shoulders.

"Somewhere," he said, with a wave of his hand to the southwest, "there has been rain and hail and that sort of thing. Temperature fell and drove the hot air off the desert." He told the men, but they did not go away. They stood about, their eyes sweeping the horizon to the southwest. At last one of them grunted. His eyes were fixed on a distant pillar of dust. It came toward them. Lieber used his field-glasses. Without taking them from his eyes he spoke. "It 's a man, riding. Looks like he 's riding for life. Something is up. He 's riding to kill his horse."

As the man approached, a dull rumbling filled the ears of the watchers. So gradual was its crescendo that they did not notice it. The rider spurred and beat his horse to a final effort. They could see he was shouting. He drew nearer and they heard him: "Flood! Flood!" Then they noticed the rumbling. It became a roar. Far away on the horizon rose a white, advancing mist. The rider rolled off his staggering horse. "The flood!" he gasped. "Never before has there been such a flood."

Before the words were out of his mouth there was a frenzied rattle of hoofs, and Gerry on True-Blue tore off in a mad gallop down the trail toward Fazenda Flores. Almost at his heels followed the first mounted of the herders, riding all they knew to cut across to Piranhas ahead of the wall of water.

Lieber's eyes followed Gerry's flight. Then he turned them on Alan.

"That hollow down there," he said, "will be turned into a rushing river in half an hour, perhaps less. We 're just safe here, and that 's all. You see Mr. Lansing? He 's the spot farthest down the trail. I 'm thinking we 'll never see him again."

A faint flush came into Alan's cheeks. It was a flush of pride—pride in Gerry. Gerry had not hesitated. He had not ridden off like a laggard. Even now they could see that he was riding for life—riding with all his might for the lives that shackled him.

CHAPTER XXXII

GERRY had never ridden a horse to death before. When True-Blue first staggered, he put spurs to him and laid on his quirt.

The roar of the river was so loud that he could not tell if he had really beaten the flood or not, though he could see just before him the long, snaky ridge of the main ditch-banks. He must get on.

But True-Blue only came to a staggering stop under the quirt. With his fore feet he still marked time, as though with them he would drag his heavy body and master one step nearer home. From his loins back he was paralyzed.

With a last desperate effort he straddled his fore legs, but he could not brace himself against the backward sag of dead weight. Gerry felt him sinking beneath him, and suddenly found himself standing over his prostrate horse. Of True-Blue, his fore feet outstretched, his head and breast still held high, there was left only a great spirit chained to a fallen and dying body.

A cry escaped Gerry's lips—a cry of horror at what he had done. Then he remembered why he had done it, and ran not for the sluice-gate, but for the bridge. As he reached it the roar became deafening. There was a splintering, crackling sound that, measured by the great commotion, seemed like the tinkle of a tiny bell. But there was something in the sound that called to his brain. He cast a glance over his shoulder. The monster beams of his sluice-gate, hurled, splintered, into the air, were still hanging against the blue sky. Under them surged an angry white wall of racing water.

Below him Fazenda Flores lay peaceful, still, under the blazing sun. The cotton was a little wilted, but high and strong; the cane stunted, but alive. Only in the pasture bottoms the stock had gathered in frightened clumps. Their instinct had told them that danger hovered near. Suddenly from the quiet house burst Margarita, carrying her son on one arm. She had seen Gerry from a window. While the others watched the rising river, and now this terrifying torrent bursting down upon them from above, she had slipped out to run to him.

The house at Fazenda Flores stood on a domed mound. Behind the mound was a slight hollow before the steady rise to the bridge began. Gerry caught sight of Margarita as she ran down toward this hollow. Terrified, he cast a glance at the descending flood, and his eye measured its pace against hers.

"Go back!" he shouted with all the strength of his lungs, and waved his arms. It was as though he had not spoken. Through the din and roar of the flood the sound of the words scarcely reached his own ears.

At the very bottom of the hollow Margarita felt that she was stepping in water. She took her eyes from Gerry, who, she thought, was beckoning to her, and looked down. A hurrying rivulet the swift flow of which carried it before the churning crest of the flood, tugged at her ankles. She looked up toward the thundering wall of oncoming water and knew that she was lost.

She stopped and fixed her eyes on Gerry, who was plunging down the slope in a mad effort to reach her. She called to him, but she knew he could not hear her. With arms stretched to their highest she held up the Man. The Man was not frightened. His black eyes were fixed on his running father. Margarita could feel him gurgling with joy in the new game. Then suddenly he cried out. It was a wail of fright.

The water had felled Margarita and the Man. Gerry saw them flung down against the ground and then high on the crest of the wave. They became suddenly a twirling, sodden mass, inanimate save for the fling of a loose limb into clearer view against the blue sky or the uncoiling of long black hair on the seething water.

Gerry reached the torrent. Margarita and the Man had already been whirled far toward the great river. He plunged into the flood. The water was thick with earth, sticks, up-rooted plants, and debris of every sort.

Gerry's struggling body was hurled hither and thither. A stray current shot him to the surface, but, before he could take breath, other currents sucked him down and dragged him along the rough surface of the crumbling soil.

Then suddenly he was cast into an eddy that, in comparison with the maelstrom, was almost peaceful. From head to toe he was battered and bruised. His cotton clothes were in tatters. His chest heaved in great, spasmodic gasps. His head ached till it seemed on the verge of bursting. But to his mind pierced a thought sharper than pain—the thought of Margarita and the Man. With clenched teeth he struck out for the current.

Far, far away rose a dusty line of mist. It marked the head of the flood, the meeting of water with the accumulated dust of rainless months. Gerry recognized the meaning of that line. Somewhere there in the turmoil of the first rush of the mad flood were Margarita and the Man—what was left of them. The distance dismayed him, but he swam on. Then he felt the fast approaching end of endurance. A sob choked him.

It was only minutes till his arms refused to answer to his will. They moved so weakly that more than once his gasping mouth sank below the water. Then an up-rooted tree brushed by him. He clutched its branches.

When all else in the world has passed from a man's brain there remains the life instinct—the will to fight for the last minute of his allotted being. It urged Gerry to a last effort. He dragged his body upon the tree where the branches forked from the main trunk. Utterly exhausted, he sank into their embrace. They held him as though in a cradle.

The rush of the waters began to slacken. They stretched out over the valley and crept up its sides. They did not flow so much now as rise. The valley became a moving sea. On its flowing surface beasts, fowls, and reptiles struggled, mad-eyed, for life.

From the middle of the sea rose the old plantation house, still high and dry on its mound. It seemed very tiny, a toy house on a lonely islet.

From the mouth of the cleft in the river gorge issued a thundering cataract. It had burst through the walls of the ditch and even unseated a section of the rocky crag against which the sluice-gate had been buttressed. The ditch was gone. The turbid flood devoured the silt of the valley, accumulated since man was, and carried it, seething, out toward the river. The valley would be left naked, stripped of the source of life.

Gerry's tree had crawled away from the main current. In a vast eddy it approached the mound whereon squatted the old plantation house. Dona Maria stood at the edge of the waters. Her two hands were clenched and held above her gray head. Thin wisps of hair hung about her face. Her face was distorted. She was cursing Gerry, cursing the day of his birth, the day of his coming, the day he had opened his ditch. She swept her arms over the terrible scene and called down the curse of all the ruin and death on his head. But Gerry was beyond hearing. In all the world there was none to hear the old woman. She stood alone, about her the silent waters, above her the blazing blue sky. The roof was crowded with fowl and a strange medley of heavy flying birds, glad of a perch on which to rest. Dona Maria went into the house. She closed the great board shutters. The house looked as though it had closed its eyes in a last renunciation.

Gerry's tree floated down the river. It swung slowly along near the north shore. Just below it were houses. They were perched on the cliff. Below them were more houses, and under these the tiled roofs of still other houses just topped the flood. The houses were what was left of Piranhas.

From the shore canoes in search of loot began to shoot out on to the quietening waters. One of them happened upon Gerry's tree and then upon Gerry. Gerry's eyes opened and then closed again. He scarcely felt the arms that lifted him. They carried him to the old inn, the miserable little inn he had left behind on that glorious morning so long ago.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A SHARP attack of fever followed Gerry's exposure and immersion. The old woman of the inn knew no medicaments, but she knew fever. She piled blankets on Gerry and let him sweat it out. On the third day nature, assisted by his magnificent physique, finally routed the attack. Gerry began to feel hungry. He called the old woman and ordered food. For once food in Piranhas was plentiful. Manioc, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, as well as fowl, marooned on trees and wreckage, had stocked the town as it had never been stocked before. Gerry ate heartily.

Then he began to think. The nightmare was all true. From his window he looked out on the slowly receding waters of the greatest flood the San Francisco had ever seen. Fazenda Flores was no more. With it three years of his life had been wiped out. Outwardly he was back where he had begun, but inwardly he was eons away from the starting-point of three years ago. Alix had waited for him, but he had not waited for her. He had given himself to Margarita and to Margarita's son. Margarita and the Man were dead, but the fact of his gift of himself remained. What had he but the shell, the husk of himself, to take back to Alix?

He called the old woman. He asked her if she remembered him. She peered at him.

"No, master," she said, "I do not remember you. You are like the foreigner who was drowned; but he is dead."

Gerry shook his head.

"Not dead," he said, "only disappeared."

"You are not he," said the old woman. "He could not talk words that one could understand."

Gerry nodded gravely. He felt as though words could never make him smile again.

"I have learned," he said. "Now, tell me what became of the things I left here?" He went through the list.

The old woman checked off each item and then shrugged her shoulders. She led him to a dark little room the only light of which came from the interstices of the tiled roof. As his pupils expanded he began to make out one after another of the bags that had made up his traveling-kit.

"There is a letter," she said, and went off to fetch it. Gerry dragged the bags out into the light. Their locks were all sealed with the seal of the American consulate at Pernambuco. He started knocking off the brittle wax. The old woman came back with the letter and handed it to him. He tore it open. It was a note from the consul, saying that by order of Gerry's wife his things had been sealed and left at the inn, and telling him where to find the keys. The room, he learned from the old woman, had been paid for regularly, at first by the month, then by the year. She felt no resentment at his return, only resignation. "You are the

only guest I 've had since you went away," she said quaintly, and with a sigh.

"Fear nothing," said Gerry, kindly. "You have been faithful. You may consider the room engaged by me for the next ten years."

He carried his bags into the room overlooking the river and then lay down. He was too tired after the fever to open them. He knew that the opening of those dust-covered bags with their rusted metal fittings was going to be another ordeal.

The next day Gerry sat before his unpacked bags. He had turned out all their contents. On the bed, the floor, the table, and the chairs was piled such an array of linen and shoes and suits of various cut and weight as he had once deemed the minimum with which a man could decently travel. Now they seemed to him wasteful and futile. The clothes did not carry his mind back, as he had expected. The starch in the linen had gone yellow. He had always hated yellow collars. The suits struck him as belonging to some one else—all except one. One sturdy suit of tweed had a cut that was different from the others. Of all the clothes it alone seemed to have a personal note—the note he had expected to find in the bags and had shrunk from.

Then he remembered. This suit had been made by his own tailor. He had worn it during a flying visit to Red Hill. He had had it on the day he left New York. He had worn it that morning in Alix's room. Red Hill came back to him, Alix stood before him. Through the suit he saw her room, the shimmering blue of her dressing-gown, her crown of hair, and her thin fingers busy with it. He felt again the nip of the clear air as it had streamed in through the open window. How calm Alix had been under his arraignment! How curious had been her eyes as he raved at her! Would she have been calm and curious like that if she had really loved Alan? He remembered the shameful things he had said before he could lash her into an answering temper. He heard again the scratching of a pen as he had heard it that morning, standing in the hall outside her door. How blind he had been! She had been writing to Alan —writing to him in the white heat of anger. He had driven her to it with his shameful words. He had left her no other answer. And, after all, she had waited! Gerry put his hands to his forehead. It was wet with cold sweat. He got up and went out.

The worst of the flood was over. Gerry engaged a search-party. All day long they sought for Margarita and her child. Toward night they found them, the little boy tightly clasped in his mother's arms. Gerry laid them tenderly in the canoe and in silence the party crawled back up the river to Piranhas. No one looked curiously at the burden they carried up through the main street. Eyes were tired of the familiar sight. The hour of weeping, the allotted tears, were long since spent. They buried them that night. Gerry went back to his room. He could not eat. He sat for a long time looking out on the starry river. Then unconsciously he picked up the old tweed suit and hung it carefully on a chair. The rest of his scattered things he swept unceremoniously upon the floor, and threw himself full length on the bed. He was exhausted and slept.

He was up early the next morning. He made the old woman bring water, and bathed in his room.

"It is wise," she said. "For many days there will be poison in the river." Gerry did not answer. He closed the door and went through his ablutions and toilet with great care. His beard he had always kept close-clipped. Now he shaved it off. The tan of his face looked like a mask above the fresh white of his newly shaved jowls and chin. He picked out the best of his linen and dressed. Lastly, he put on the old tweed suit. It fell naturally to the lines of his body, all except the waistband of the trousers. He drew the back strap as close as it would go. Still the trousers were a little loose at the waist. At first he was puzzled, then he understood. He looked at himself in the broken glass with a gorgeous, but sadly tarnished, frame that hung on the wall. His shoulders seemed to carry the coat better than before.

Gerry turned from the glass with a sigh. He was restless. The heavy tweeds seemed to bind his limbs and chest, but he would not take them off. He sat at the window and watched the little stern-wheeler splash up to the bank. Luckily for her, she had been three days late in

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

"'A VISION OF FLESH AND FURS AND BROADCLOTH THAT PUT ME TO ROUT'"

DRAWN BY REGINALD BIRCH (SEE PAGE 249)

starting up the river, else that trip would have been her last. Gerry tried to exert himself to the trouble of packing and getting on board, but he felt listless. Why should he hurry back? Alix had waited, was waiting, but not for him. He had not waited for her. He must go back and tell her, of course; but what then?

A cavalcade came down the street. At its head was carried a litter, and on the litter lay Alan. He had refused to ride in a hammock again. Behind him rode Lieber and Kemp. Gerry drew back from the window and watched them make their way down to the little stern-wheeler. She had brought little freight; there was none for her to take away. By three o'clock she gave a long shriek of warning, and half an hour later she warped out into the river and chugged away down-stream. At the last moment Gerry had sent down to Alan a note addressed to Alix.

Lieber turned from watching the boat out of sight. It was bearing Alan away, with Kemp installed as nurse as far as the coast. Lieber stumped heavily up the street, leading his horse. From his window Gerry called to him. Lieber took the reins from his arm and handed them to a boy. He climbed to Gerry's room and sat down on the bed. Gerry had never seen him look so tired.

"So," said Lieber, "you escaped."

Gerry nodded gravely. Lieber looked at him with dull eyes.

"We passed Fazenda Flores. The house still stands. It 's on a little island." Gerry nodded again. Lieber shrugged a shoulder impatiently. "Why are n't you up there?"

Gerry braced himself and told him. In a dispassionate tone he told him the history of those terrible moments of destruction and death.

"I am not there," he finished, "because there is nothing left. Three years—all my life here—have been wiped out. Margarita knew from the beginning. From the beginning she hated the ditch. I have been a curse. I have brought ruin." Gerry stared before him. His face was white and drawn.

Lieber shook his head judicially.

"No, it would have been the same except that without you there would have been nothing to sweep away. Margarita would still be alive. There would have been no boy." He paused. "Somehow," he went on, "I don't believe Margarita would have chosen to have things different. She got her *jour d'extase* and died before it was over. I—I don't think we need be sorry for her. Why did n't you go away on the boat?"

"I don't know," said Gerry. "I tried to, but I could n't. I just buried her and the boy last night. I could n't run away like that, as though it were all over. Of course I know it is all over, but when one falls an endless depth in sleep and suddenly wakes in a cold sweat, it takes time for the mind to catch its balance. It 's that way with me. I 've fallen from a height. I 've waked to a cold sweat. I must take time to get the balance of life and get it right. You can't hurry over these transitions, because somehow it would n't be decent."

Lieber nodded.

"You don't feel like riding back with me?" he asked hesitatingly.

Gerry shook his head.

"No," he said; "I can't do that. I 'm just going to sit here and wait for a while, and then I 'm going home. There 's something I 've got to straighten out. After that, I don't know. But there 's something I wish you 'd do for me, Lieber, and that is to look after old Dona Maria and those two old darkies at Fazenda Flores. They won't last long, any of them, and I don't want them to lack for anything. I 'll square up with you."

Lieber nodded listlessly.

"I 'll look out for them."

Early the next morning Gerry saw him off. There was a wistful look in the old man's eyes as from the top of the cliff he turned and gazed down the river.

"Lieber," said Gerry, "you can count on me to do what I can for you when I get home. Do you understand?"

Lieber flushed. Their eyes met. He took Gerry's outstretched hand and gripped it hard. Then he rode away without a word.

Gerry spent many days at Piranhas, as he had planned, in thought. He went over his life in a painstaking retrospection. His mind lingered long on the last three years, their fullness, their even upward trend. Could a man live three such years and lose them? In a ghastly half-hour the flood had wiped out the tangible results of

three years of labor. But what about the intangible? He had sinned against Alix and against her faith, but had he sinned against himself? He felt vastly older than the first Gerry Lansing, but would he change this thinking age for his unthinking youth? What if he had learned three years ago that Alix had saved herself and his name? Would it have meant loss or gain to him to-day? Something within him cried: "Loss! Loss!" but he dared not take courage from the inward cry. He could not know until he had seen Alix.

Until he had seen Alix—that thought haunted him. It drove him. He must see Alix. He must start by the next boat; but when the next boat came, some gnawing fear of unreadiness held him back. His fear was greater than the thought of Alix.

Twice, three times, the little stern-wheeler drove her nose into the mud bank at Piranhas, and departed. From some distant cliff Gerry saw her come and go, or, miles away, walking himself tired across the desert, heard her throaty siren cry and did not heed it.

(To be concluded)

TWILIGHT MYSTERY

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THROUGH one green window of the trees
The new moon leaned a fairy face,
And trailing dim her draperies
Of mist from place to place,
The Twilight led the breeze.

And then, far off, beside a pool,
Dusk blew a reed, a raucous note,
Then sowed the air around her full
Of twinkling disk and mote,
And moth shapes soft as wool.

Then in a glen, where lights went by,
Through hollowed hands she sent a call,
And Solitude, with owlet cry,
Answered; and Evenfall
Trod swiftly from the sky.

And Mystery, in hodden-gray,
Came forth to meet her; and the Dark
Before him slowly made to sway
A jack-o'-lantern spark
To light him on his way.

The grig sawed at its violin;
The katydid blew on its fife;
The beetle drummed and made a din,
Informing elfin life
Night's revels now begin.

And every side the forest way
Old Witchcraft waved a bat-like hand,
And pointed out the toadstool gray
That marks the path to fairy-land,
Where all man's longings stray.

VERSATILITY AND DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WE cherish an old saw which urges the cobbler to stick to his last, and with this old saw we have sawed out, and destined for the junk-heap, the most valuable parts of many a promising career. In wielding this tool, our actual idea is that the cobbler should stick to the one first last wherewith he ever engaged the public foot, and we scarcely realize that if the cobblers of all the ages had been thus conservative, we should still be shuffling about in sandals of rudely plaited grass or palm-fronds. Human vanity eyes all versatility with hostile suspicion. Most of us cannot do even one thing well, and we seldom have sportsmanship enough to applaud the man who excels at two or three. We prefer to label him with the first one of his achievements that attracts our notice. As for anything else he may do, we look it over and then firmly declare, "None genuine without the original label."

It flatters our pride, for example, to be able to enter an art exhibition and inform a friend offhand that the bronze figurine of the dancing bear is by Maxfield Pennell. But later on we cannot so easily label the heroic bronze group called "Supermen" and the lovely canvas of Bruges by moonlight. We look and find, to our bewilderment, that they are both by this same Maxfield Pennell. Then a sense of injury overmasters us. We remark that the cobbler should stick to his last.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes doubtless suffered in his day from this passion for labeling genius, and the memory of this suffering must have inspired his advice to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell when the latter, at thirty, proposed to publish a first volume of verse.

"Wait ten years," counseled the Autocrat, "and then consider it again." The old doctor was afraid that the labeling vice would ruin the younger man's career in medicine.

Dr. Mitchell waited more than ten years, but his creative energy demanded some outlet. While earning his bread as a hard-working physician, he proceeded to make for himself a commanding place as a discoverer in pure science. His researches in comparative physiology among reptilians and on the venom of serpents laid the foundation for more recent work on toxic albumens. As early as 1865 they were recognized by his election to the National Academy of Sciences, the only American body of that nature which exists under governmental law. Later he was made Fellow of the Royal Society, an honor which had been conferred upon no other living American physician, and which is the highest of the kind that England can offer.

Of his illustrious name as a physician it is needless to speak.

He began the study of nervous disease in the matchless clinic of the Civil War. His well-known practical contributions to his profession were translated into many languages and rewarded by the highest of all medical honors, a foreign associateship of the French Academy of Medicine.

Then this busy and honored physician and scientist found his final medium of expression—literature. Although my personal knowledge of Dr. Mitchell is slight, so far as I can learn, his first serious effort in prose was in the story of "George Dedlow." It resulted from a talk with a friend who asked whether some of a man's individuality would not be lost if he were deprived of all four limbs. With one or two other stories it was given anonymous magazine publication. The doctor tried nothing more ambitious until many years later, when, in 1883, finding his summer vacations lengthening, he sought to test by practice a certain theory of his own, to the effect that a change of work is a truer recreation than the more usual physical activities, or non-activities, of the

conventional American vacation. It occurred to him to try writing a novel. The result, "In War Time," had a large and immediate success.

Finding his theory justified, Dr. Mitchell thereupon determined to brave the labeling vice and to repress his versatility no longer. Though he has never ceased to devote his winters to a large practice and to public-spirited service as a Philadelphian, since then he has given his summers up to salmon-fishing and the writing of a richly varied succession of books. "Roland Blake" (1886), a vivid tale of the Civil War, became a favorite with George Meredith, who read it more than once and characterized it as "noble."

At the age of fifty-six, Dr. Mitchell was now fairly launched on a literary career which was destined to produce work as utterly varied as the dramatic novel "Far in the Forest," "Characteristics," "Hugh Wynne," "The Adventures of François," "Constance Trescot," "Little Stories," and seven volumes of poems.

"Characteristics" is a book of fascinating dialogues strung on a slight fictional thread. On its appearance, the form was virtually a new thing under the sun of English literature, and gave fresh proof of its maker's versatility. In this book and its younger brother, "Dr. North and His Friends," were thrown away with lavish hand material enough for many stories and the makings of half a dozen volumes of essays. To wander through their pages is almost as good as taking a stroll with Dr. Mitchell himself, they sparkle so continuously and wisely with what is like table-talk at its best.

Of his many books, "Hugh Wynne" is to-day most widely known. It represents, I believe, the product of seven years' thought and study, and of several unsuccessful attempts at writing. Finally, with the technical expedient of using the diary of a dead friend of the hero's, all difficulties vanished. The author thus achieved the feat of uniting the advantage of a story told in the first person with knowledge which could belong only to another than the narrator. The manuscript was written in one exuberant spurt of six weeks. This astonishing masterpiece was produced seventeen years ago by a doctor of threescore and six whose first novel was published at fifty-two. It still ranks as chief among American historical novels, and has made a record almost unmatched in recent fiction by selling continuously since publication. I cannot refrain from quoting the just estimate of Dr. Talcott Williams, who has known well both the writer and his environment:

"All the strands of a life of multifarious activities were united in 'Hugh Wynne.' Life, skill, and the moment joined. The intimate knowledge of the nature of men and women; the personal acquaintance with the Revolution, local, traditional, by residence, by descent, by kin, and by marriage; the sense of the American ideal of gentlehood, loftier and more uncompromising than the European, and breathing a freer air, higher and more secure; the serene confidence in the national movement, based on even-footed acquaintance with the Old World and the New; the constancy of character and principle—these all met and mingled in this romance." The written verdict of John Hay upon the book is memorable: " 'Hugh Wynne' possesses the vigor and certainty of genius with the reserve of a gentleman."

"The Adventures of François," the author's only picaresque novel, is racy, humorous, exciting, spontaneous, and incidentally offers such a true picture of Paris during the French Revolution that more than one historian has characterized it a better historical document than the "Tale of Two Cities."

In "Constance Trescot" Dr. Mitchell again proved his triumphant versatility. I understand that he regards tragedy as the highest test of the novelist, and this tragedy as his best novel. Whether the reader agrees or not, he cannot fail to admire the sharp analysis of motive and character, and the skill with which actual events and facts have been turned to the purposes of fiction.

Few writers have this power of transmuting the raw material of life into art without betraying their models. It has stood Dr. Mitchell in particularly good stead in the briefer forms of fiction. The successful novelist seldom writes good short stories, but some of this novelist's most telling work may be found scattered through the files of magazines and in the volume called "Little Stories."

Somewhere in "Characteristics" there is mentioned that radio-active quality of

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

S. WEIR MITCHELL

FROM A SNAP-SHOT TAKEN IN 1907 AT MOUNT DESERT

the true physician who can refresh the patient by his presence. This quality radiates from nearly all of Dr. Mitchell's work. It has been said that there is a clinic in every one of his novels. Not only each character in these clinics, but each reader also, feels the quickening physician quality of the author.

Such an experience is rarely met with in reading a book, for doctors are such an overtaxed race that, even if they had the rare capacity, it is seldom that they have the mere physical endurance left after office hours to stamp on the record of creative art their own peculiar professional charm. This charm is a very constant attribute of their calling. It seems to be developed in all doctors worthy of the name by the constant call on their tolerance, sympathy, and self-control, and by their hourly contact with the whole gamut of character and tragedy.

Now, one of the most distinctive characteristics of Dr. Mitchell's writing is that it has this quality of charm in the high degree natural to the work of a man who is in the front rank both of medicine and literature. "I have one dying man to see," says the doctor in "Constance Trescot," "and there is another soul about to fill up the ranks. You see, I live on the skirmish-line of life." It is, perhaps, because Dr. Mitchell fought so long on the skirmish-line of life before beginning to tell us of the struggle that his pages are so full of the doctor's magnetism. What other physician, Dr. Holmes excepted, has ever taken such a place in our literature? As novelist and poet, indeed, our contemporary can, I think, more than hold his own with the elder physician; for "Hugh Wynne" surpasses "Elsie Venner" by as much as the "Ode on a Lycian Tomb" surpasses "The Chambered Nautilus."

It is true that as a poet we have strangely overvalued the older doctor and as strangely undervalued the younger; for it is exactly in this most difficult department of literature that the latter has best justified the range of his versatility. Dr. Mitchell the poet is not yet widely recognized, but as a poet he will be remembered long after it has been forgotten that he wrote our best historical novel. His prose won swift recognition; his poetry is still known only to the few. For this the labeling vice has been partly responsible, and partly the small interest shown in poetry during the last few decads.

With the present revival of poetic interest, however, there is still a chance that as a poet he may win during his lifetime the serious consideration that he deserves. Even now such lyrics as "To a Magnolia Flower," the glowing sonnet on the Pisan cathedral, and the songs "Good Night" and "Evening," are multiplying their admirers. As for Dr. Mitchell's supreme effort in verse, critics like Charles Eliot Norton and Thomas Bailey Aldrich agreed at the time of its publication that the "Ode on a Lycian Tomb" was one of the four or five great elegiac poems in English. This ode may yet take years to win its way to humanity's heart; but once there, it will remain.

The eminence, then, of his work as physician, discoverer in science and medicine, citizen, man of affairs, novelist, short-story writer, and poet makes Dr. Mitchell a powerful and much-needed champion of versatility. Because of his championship we shall in the future be more wary how we blindly punish a cobbler of many lasts for not sticking to one of them. In various other ways also this well-poised, many-minded personality has blessed his times. Some day it may be truly said of him, as Arnold said of an elder poet, that he was one

> whose even-balanced soul,
> From first youth tested up to extreme old age,
> Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;
> Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

THE WEAKER VESSEL

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Author of "The Divided Kingdom," etc.

SLOWLY, very slowly, he laid down the photograph, but not to get rid of it. His eyes still rested on it where it lay.

"It stands to reason—it must be there, or they could n't have photographed it. Nothing but a photograph would prove it." The words broke suddenly from his lips while his eyes pursued their contemplation.

"I saw a picture once—a faint speck of a lamasery perched on the very top of a Himalayan spur. That gave me a little the same feeling. But that was only an illustration for a story in a magazine; it was stunning, but wholly imagined. There was an eagle, out of all proportion, in the middle distance. This—oh, this is the real thing! I 'd give my last drop of blood, I 'd traffic with Mephistopheles, to see this at sunset, or once, just once, for one little half-hour, under the full moon. I would; I swear I would!"

Targett clenched his fist and was silent. He had not taken his eyes from the photograph. He reached mechanically for his pipe, touched it, then relinquished it, prolonging his stare.

The lamplight fell on the ruined city and its peak—a peak as incredible as Teneriffe. It fell on sheer precipices and audacious ridges; on terraces that skirted cunningly escarpments where there could never have been more than foothold above the abyss; on insolent rocks crowned with machicolations as old as time; on distant mountains carelessly shouldering their way twenty thousand feet into the inane. It reiterated, with each spot it touched, the mystery: a monolithic city on an impregnable peak, girdled by a natural moat a mile deep; temples, fountains, stairways, dwellings, signal-towers, and gardens—all the paraphernalia of life elaborated just beneath the clouds.

"Not a scrap of writing; petroglyphs of the rudest; only that magnificent masonry left to hint the tale." There was something mournful in Targett's voice.

Targett had the habit of talking aloud to himself in his own rooms. In the first place, there were seldom in his wing any servants about to overhear him; in the second, his own voice, addressing no one, was as nearly mitigating a sound as he heard in the course of the often immitigable day. He was at heart a companionable creature; he liked vocal agreement with his mood, even if it had to come from his own lips. Agreement with his mood seldom came from Evelyn. He fancied she thought him a poor stick. From her point of view, a poor stick he was almost bound to be. Therefore he had always given in to Evelyn. Her contempt had been made manifest on the honeymoon itself, and in the years that followed he had gone on renouncing. The house, the guests, the budget, the régime had all been Evelyn's. Wives were often dominant in happy marriages,—he understood that,—and the ease with which he had put his own head under the yoke proved that he had no theoretical objection to being ruled. But Evelyn's despotism had shown itself less and less benevolent, and in the end he had begun to plan shyly a campaign of his own. The worm had turned in secrecy and silence, feigning all the while the most disarming humility. After the death of their elder child, the boy, Targett had become a subtle schemer for freedom. His campaign was feminine in its aspect, if masculine in patient endurance. While he plotted, his attitude of bored pliancy took on a perfection of finish that sometimes almost deceived himself. No wonder that Evelyn in her more affectionate moods called him "Barkis."

"Basil is deep, you know, very deep," Evelyn used to say, with a laugh that made his alleged profundity entirely a matter of her own cleverness. And the people who continued to like, or had begun to adore, her shimmering smartness, her intelligence, which was lavished wholly on details, roared over her old wines and

modern entrées with a private conviction that there *was* a woman! If Basil was deep, it must be with a blank, fathomless depth inimical to life, a cold calcareous ooze where even starfish could not thrive. Very few of their acquaintance chose Basil. Warner Levison chose him,—had chosen him for all time, before Evelyn swung into their common knowledge,—but Warner hardly counted in the set Evelyn drew about her. Warner Levison had never commented on Evelyn since her marriage to Basil. Before the engagement he had once said:

"I don't care how ripping her ancestry is; she 's not a lady."

"No, but she is a gentleman," Basil had answered.

"I don't think so. She 's only a good sport."

"That 's something, when you consider the feminine creatures we have to choose among." Basil had been bland; Evelyn Myres amused him immensely.

Basil had remembered the conversation every day for many years—remembered it while he schemed for freedom in his lonely, lamplighted hours. He did not now know whether Evelyn was a good sport or not; he knew only that, if she was, a good sport was the last type on earth to make him happy, the last type to which he himself could ever afford satisfaction. Probably she *was* a good sport; she used the term constantly as a form of praise; she had once or twice even used it about the bishop. Evelyn was "High," and clattered to confession monthly. Perhaps the truest way to express their common attitude is to say that each considered the other a completely futile creature, and in nervous moments loathed the spectacle of that alien futility. Evelyn still amused Basil, but he cared less and less about being amused. On the other hand, Evelyn trusted Basil, but she more and more realized that the days when it is supremely important to trust some one are very few. For daily use and wont she would have preferred a nice taste in cocktails.

To-night he had thought himself at last free. Yet interruptions were not over even now. A step in the corridor set his lulled nerves to vibrating in the old way. No servant would have been permitted to walk with that resolute staccato click which was the very symbol of Evelyn Targett's impressive frivolity. Her little French heels had often seemed to beat out the very rhythm to which his life was forced tempestuously to waste itself. At first he was annoyed. He had not intended to tell her for a day or two yet; but it would be impossible to have an intimate talk with her and not make the great disclosure. Could he put it off, savor a little longer the perfection of his plot, the secret prospect of his freedom? Even as he heard the approaching footsteps, he began to debate, to vacillate. And then she was in the room, and all other problems were set aside, as always, by the problem of facing her immediate presence without diminished vitality.

"What 's up, Evelyn?" There had to be some sort of beginning, and there was no point in pretending that her appearance in his study at that hour was normal.

Evelyn Targett fidgeted about the table, procuring herself a cigarette and lighting it. She rejected three different boxes before she chose one; but Basil did not suspect her of nervousness. Evelyn always dramatized the little gestures of life. Choosing a cigarette was the kind of thing she put her mind on.

"Nothing much."

She leaned back against the table, the fingers of her left hand drumming lightly on the surface. Then she turned for another match, and caught sight of the mounted photograph.

"What 's this? You never showed it to me. Oh, pretty stunning, is n't it?" She held it at arm's-length.

"Yes. Would you care for it?" He took some private comfort from the ironic question.

"No, thanks. My room is pretty well cluttered now with those objects Pierrot Pratt fetched home from Japan. I 'm thinking of doing it over with grass-cloth and a carved table six inches high for the tea ceremony. It would be so good for all our manners. And I could have Shinuchi down to give me lessons in doing the flowers. I shall have to have something for Lent, you know, and the Japanese thing is rather ascetic in its own way."

"Is n't the Japanese thing rather played out?"

"Oh, cheap Japanese, yes; but those ivories of Pierrot's are extremely good,

and if I made the thing absolutely complete, it would be chic enough. Anything 's chic, if you only go the whole hog." Her animation died down, and she puffed her cigarette silently. He wondered why her animation should go.

"Is this what 's up?"

She turned and looked at him for a moment before she spoke. The spectacle of Evelyn's beauty, if beauty that various and nondescript quality could properly be called, was not new to Basil Targett; but occasionally he still marveled at it—marveled at least that a face and form he so admired, which in themselves had scarcely altered since the days when they touched him to passion, should have learned to leave him so cold. Her smooth chestnut hair, with its absurd widow's peak; her complexion, which neither maternity nor cocktails could impair; her slim body, with its odd and taking combination of boyish slimness and feminine fullness; her habitual exquisiteness in every detail of the toilet, a "good sport" all frills and fragrance—they were all there, as always, with their multitudinous appeal, which he of all men had learned most completely the secret of withstanding. His nerves and his soul, in odd alliance, continued to reject her. Against them, what could the lust of the eye do? Yet his glance played approvingly over the tiger-lily hues of her satin negligée, the great necklace of topazes around her throat, the burnished reflections in her vivid hair. Emancipated himself, he could none the less foresee a dim, ineluctable procession of male creatures to her net. And for that he cared so little! He had now the dear-bought indifference of safety.

"No, that 's not what 's up," she said at last. "By the way, your fire 's smoking." She bustled about the business of mending it. Basil did not attempt to help: Evelyn always liked managing other people's interiors. Her exceeding bodily vitality took most kindly to concrete things.

"What *is* up?" he asked when the clatter of the fire-irons was stilled.

"Well,"—she took another cigarette, and flung herself into an arm-chair,—"this is up: I want before long to pull out for a time."

Targett stared at her. Almost anything else would have surprised him less. Her restlessness spent itself always in a narrow orbit: she hated to move except in short, violent dashes; she hated to travel; in a queer way she liked her home better than anything. Within her home, to be sure, she had no desire for privacy: she ran it on the lines of a country club. Still, she clung to her own vine and fig-tree, and ate their fruit with relish.

"Why do you want to pull out? And where to?" It seemed extraordinary that their two desires, reaching the surface at last, should show faces so like.

"Anywhere; Europe, I suppose." He had not been able to get her to Europe since their honeymoon.

"But why?"

She inhaled a few whiffs without replying. Then she clicked her white teeth together meditatively a few times.

"Well, it 's like this: I want to get off, out of it all; I 'm in rather a bad way."

"Health?" He would be, he realized, the last person to know, if she had an ailment.

"No; my health 's perfectly good. Nerves—with a very special cause."

He stared. When Evelyn was nervous, nerves were the last thing she would own up to.

"Have you seen a specialist?"

"No."

"What 's the cause?"

"Barkis, old boy, I want to get away from you." Evelyn had never learned the psychologist's decorum.

"That 's easy." He smiled. "Something 's up here, too. But I thought I had been less objectionable the last year or so."

"You 've been rather uncommonly nice. But it is n't just you. I shall put it rather badly, I expect, but I 'll get it out as best I can. The fact is, there 's no use pretending there 's any 'sacred terror' for you and me. We 've a nice solid basis of a sort, but we don't take each other's fancy. I don't know whether any one else takes yours, but a man has turned up who takes mine. It 's straight common sense for me to nip it in the bud; so I think I 'll cut and run."

"Alone?"

"Lord, no! I shall probably take Madeline Frew along. Otherwise, who would ever tell me if the dressmaker had got a proper fit? But he won't come; he can't."

"Who 's the man? Pratt?"

"Good shot, Basil! I did n't think you had it in you."

"Oh, that 's easy. He 's even more different from me than the rest of the crowd."

"Yes, he is," she answered simply. His irony she chose to let pass unnoticed.

"Naturally, he does n't know," she went on. "I would n't have him guess for the world."

"But what is your ultimate solution if he never guesses?"

She shot a surprised look at him. It was one thing not to cut up rough, but, really, old Basil was cynical coolness itself.

"I prefer never to have anything to regret—anything silly and missish, I mean. Of course there 's no danger of anything serious."

"Are you sure?" He wondered just how sure she was.

"I don't know whether I could suffer if I tried, but I certainly don't intend to risk it. I 'm not the sort of woman that lets her emotions run away with her. That 's all beastly rot, you know. But I 'm getting to the point where it is absolutely necessary to my comfort to see a certain amount of Pierrot. I mean to go away until he has ceased to be necessary to me in any degree."

He wondered if the decent thing were not to let her have it straight how very little he cared.

"You are quite at liberty to arrange your life without reference to me, you know. I don't mean that I want a scandal, naturally; but you can count on me to put no obstacles in your way. These things can be managed perfectly without scandal nowadays, if people have a little patience."

She stared at him.

"I knew you had sense, Basil, and I knew you were n't in love with me any longer; but this is really too much. What has got into you? Besides, don't I tell you I 'm not the victim of a passion? I simply don't choose to be made absurd; I don't choose to want anything I have n't got; I don't choose to be inconvenienced. Therefore I 'm going to go away for a time and let myself be amused by something besides Pierrot Pratt. You need n't assume that I want to have an affair with him. Personally, I don't believe that any man is worth getting into a mess for. My instincts don't lie that way, in any case. I repeat, I don't choose to be inconvenienced."

He smiled at the portrait she presented of herself. It was quite true: Evelyn was as hard as nails and as cool as porcelain. It was the law of her life to be radiant, to be kind, to be a "good sport"; but it was supremely the law of her life not to be inconvenienced. He wondered just how much he was going to inconvenience her.

"So," she pursued, intent on her own predicament, "I am going to pull out, and I wanted to consult you a little about it. Madeline Frew will have to know if I am to get her to go with me. I suppose it 's all right, is n't it? It need n't affect any plans of yours. You can go up to the inlet as usual with Jessica. I shall probably be back by autumn; I could n't stand traveling for longer than that." She faced him, not troubled now, but aglow with practicality already—so like her!—taking comfort from the business of detail to be considered.

"It does n't affect me at all,"—Basil saw her radiance shine a little mistily as he looked toward her,—"because, you see, I 'm going to pull out, too."

She twisted about in her chair with a quick movement of her whole body.

"Going to pull out? What do you mean?" She spoke as sharply as though she had been an injured wife.

Basil Targett smiled.

"Probably about the same thing that you do, except that there 's no other lady who amuses me one tenth so much as you."

"Do you mean that you 're really in love?"

"I have never been in love with any one but you, Evelyn." A little frown contracted her brows; he proceeded to dispel it. "And you have stated the case perfectly in regard to us, I think. There 's nothing in it any more for either of us." Her forehead grew smooth, as if for a moment she had really been afraid of a sentimental appeal.

"You mean you 're just bored and need a change? Well,"—she spoke grudgingly,—"I suppose you could meet us somewhere, and we could hang about together for a month. You and Johnny Frew might come over and bring us home. But"—her tone was hurt—"you know

we don't like the same things, and there would be no sense in repeating that dreadful wedding-journey."

He winced a little, could still wince, at the manner of her reference.

"My good Evelyn, I don't want to travel with you any more than you want to travel with me. Don't worry about that. Besides, I 'm not doing anything you could do." No; he had been very careful to set his heart on an adventure that she could n't share.

"Well, what *is* your idea?" Her unmodulated voice was harsh with excitement.

"I won't waste words, Evelyn. I 'll simply say that I have been planning this for a very long time; every conceivable detail is attended to; I 've provided for every reasonable contingency. I am going out there"—he pointed at the photograph of the ruined city—"in Warbeck's expedition. We start in June. I shall be in the interior at least three years. My word is definitely given; my passage is taken; my arrangement is complete. After this work, there will be more. I join forces with Warbeck finally. I 've found my métier; and barring accidents, I shall stick to it. You simply won't be troubled with me any further. Jessica, of course, stays with you. I 'm sorry to lose sight of her; but she 's too young to care. It 's part of the price I pay for saving my life. I 've arranged money matters so that you can't possibly suffer. I 've held on until I could see to that. Jessica's money is already in trust for her; I 've made you and Warner Levison trustees."

She was perfectly silent. Looking at her again, he could almost focus her stillness. Usually she dazzled him; he was visually aware of the vibration of her mind. Even when he was not with her, he could feel her stirring like a wind through the house. But now she was as still, as integral, as anybody.

"Of course my going is a perfectly good pretext for the world. I can't do this particular work at home, and you could n't—not if you were ten Griseldas rolled into one—accompany me. People will get used to it. It holds water, I think, in any position. It 's perfectly reasonable. It 's like being a naval officer or a discoverer of the pole. It 's a classified position; *c'est connu.*"

"Except that every one knows it is n't your profession. Any one could see it was just a laughable makeshift. It 's not as if you had a reputation." She offered her objection coldly, still without stirring, without upsetting anything.

"Well, my dear, that is n't absolutely true. I have a reputation of a sort, very quietly and privately acquired, to be sure; it 's natural you should n't know about it. I 've been working to this end for some years. Now and then I 've done an article for one of the learned periodicals. It would n't have interested you; it could n't have. But you must have known that I was spending my time on something. And if you 're inclined to doubt my word, I might say that Warbeck would n't have wanted me if he had n't thought I could be useful. I 'm not financing Warbeck: that would n't be fair to you. I 'm paying only my own expenses. But really, Evelyn," he finished, "did you never wonder what I was putting my mind on for ten hours a day?"

"I thought you were just mooning about. And I certainly thought you were spending more time on business." The aggressive note sounded faintly again in her voice.

"Ah, well, I 've had to spend more time on it than I cared to. I should have been off long since if there had n't been you and Jessica to think of. But the result is that we 're both well enough off to do what we like."

"And you propose to leave me here like that, and never come back? I tell you now, once for all, quite definitely, that I consent to no such arrangement."

The whole thing might as well be said now, he thought. He spoke very quietly.

"Your natural course, I dare say, will be to divorce me after an interval. I don't care a damn if you do. I 'd rather you would, if you find any man you can be happier with. So why run away from Pierrot Pratt? You 'll have money enough for both. I 've held on until I could see to that."

Evelyn rose. She shook out her skirts, folded her arms, and faced him; but her termagant pose could not rob her of grace.

"Basil Targett, have you never realized that I have a church and a creed?"

He had been wondering what point she would select for her attack, but he had

not expected this. He had really thought that, once reassured about money, she would be relieved. However, he must meet her.

"I realized that you had a church,—you fast so riotously in Lent, for example,—but I did n't suppose you had any more of a creed than the rest of us. There 's so much icing at St. Jude's that you never get to the cake."

He tried to speak, though lightly, without irreverence. He was n't there tonight to discuss religion.

"Of course I know you 're a dissenter, if not worse," she went on; "but I am a churchwoman, and divorce does n't exist for me."

"My dear girl, I did n't mean to insult you. You need n't divorce if you don't want to. I certainly sha'n't. But that does n't affect the arrangement, does it?"

"You forget another thing—that marriage is a sacrament."

The statement fell and echoed in the midnight stillness of the house like a great brazen globe bounding and rebounding. Targett turned away and bit his lip. To him it seemed that marriage declared a sacrament in that tone of voice proclaimed itself no sacrament at all.

"I don't believe that, you know," he said finally. "I 've experienced it, and I know that it is n't. If the rest of your sacraments are no better than our marriage has been, then they are not the agents of salvation."

"Blaspheme if you must, Basil, but there we are."

Did she really believe it, or was it only part of her generalship? Her tone did not divulge. He grew irritated.

"As a woman of the world, Evelyn, I ask you if any single thing in our relation during the last two years has seemed to you sacred in any sense?" She did not answer, and he went on, "Besides, even the church allows separation."

"Do you think you have any legitimate excuse for separating yourself from me? I don't make any complaint. Can you make any that would hold even in the sight of the civil law?"

He turned away.

"No." He was silent for a moment, then added: "You 'll notice that I 'm not making any, if it comes to that; but before the tribunal of the human heart a good many things might be said. Before that tribunal I think I should make as good a showing as you. The fact remains that we bring out the worst things in each other. If you have a soul, I must starve it as you starve mine."

"My soul is my own affair, I think." She spoke shortly.

"I think it is. By the same token, my soul is *my* affair. And I intend to save it." He glanced instinctively at the photograph of the ruined city on its peak.

"I am very willing for you to save your soul, but I don't believe for a moment that you can do it by breaking with every law of religion and society. It is preposterous."

Targett sighed. Evelyn was the last person in the world with whom he would dream of discussing laws, either social or religious. Did the fact that she was his wife give her the right to insist, at a crucial moment, on having out with him, by his fire, all the questions that humanity has been vexing itself with through the ages? If it did, they would still be sitting there when death came, two palsied old people who disagreed. He stirred impatiently.

"I am not going into that with you. You and I mean very different things by religion and society. We should never get anywhere. I only ask you, as a woman of the world,—the world in which we both move,—if you consider ours a happy marriage."

To his surprise, she took some time to answer him, and stood quite still while she reflected. She had not moved when at last she opened her lips to speak.

"I have no illusions about marriage. I dare say we are as happy as any one else. I am not complaining."

He struck his fist on the table, suddenly nervous, suddenly angry.

"But I am! The only thing that has made life tolerable for me these last years has been the prospect of getting out." He mastered himself then, and spoke more quietly: "You see, Evelyn, you are the only creature on earth that can make me hysterical. You madden every nerve in me." He smiled at her.

Evelyn Targett did not smile. She folded her arms on the back of the chair from which she had risen.

"I dare say that is true. It 's the only

way I can account for your preposterous manners. I 'll even go so far as to say that I am sorry. There are people whose every nerve I don't madden, but probably there are a good many others like you. All the same, I can't see that it alters our fundamental situation. You are n't the most congenial person in the world to me, but I don't any the less regard you as my husband. And I certainly do not consent to any absurd separation of the sort you suggest."

"I really don't think you can help yourself. But, in Heaven's name, Evelyn, why does n't it suit you? Out with it! Don't hide behind the church. Tell me the truth, and let 's see if we can't get at something."

"Tell you the truth? Man, I *have* told you the truth. It is n't decent, what you 're proposing. There would be an endless scandal, as you perfectly know. I don't choose to be deserted when I have n't done any of the things that justify desertion. Have I refused to be your wife or to bear you children?" He flushed, but did not speak, and she went on: "Have I been unfaithful to you? Have I squandered your substance and got you into debt? Have I slandered you to any human being? Have I left your house, or refused my responsibilities as mistress of it? I might be accused of any or all of those things if you chucked me as you propose. Other people don't take marriage so lightly as you. You often talk as if I offended your archaic tastes, but I assure you that yours are the morals of the day after to-morrow. They are n't the morals of *my* world."

He laughed bitterly. The city on the peak seemed very far away, as if by sheer excess of vital force she had shoved it to another planet.

"The morals of your world, Evelyn? I think I 'd drop that pose, if I were you. I know you are conventional in your own absurd way, but you need n't pretend that even divorce shocks you as much as all that. Besides, you know, you may say anything you like about me, once I 'm clear of it all."

"I never have been a liar, and I don't intend, at my age, to change my type."

He reflected curiously, at that instant, that something honest had always looked at him out of her eyes.

"No, you 're not a liar. You 're merely illogical. You won't go to the bottom of things—even of your religion. You don't dare plunge into the well. You know, and I know, that while we 've been technically irreproachable in our relations with each other, we 've been grotesquely ill mated. If it were worth your while, you 'd admit it. What I want to get at is the reason why you find it more convenient not to."

Her answer struck him as irrelevant.

"Have n't you any pity?" she asked.

"Pity for you, Evelyn? You taught me long ago that you would see us all damned before you would take pity from any one, above all, from me." Pity! He could not keep irony out of his tone. Evelyn Targett asking for quarter!

"I tell you that I 'm in a hole, and you shrug your shoulders over it; you take yourself off at the mere mention of it."

"I virtually took myself off before you mentioned it. My arrangements, as I think I said, have been made for a long time."

But she went on accusingly:

"I do the sporting thing: I tell you frankly that I like another man."

Targett smiled.

"And I do the sporting thing: I tell you frankly that I don't care a hang, and that you 're welcome to him."

"I don't want him," she said with cold brevity.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Whatever you want, I give you your freedom, and I take mine."

"Ah, but my freedom is n't worth the name, as you very well know."

That was always the way: she depreciated whatever she took from him, though she always took it. He was irritated.

"I give you your chance. If you choose to mess it, it is n't my fault."

"What you suggest is n't a chance. The only chance you ever gave me was the chance of being your wife, for whatever it might be worth. I took it. Now you propose to take it away from me, to violate your contract."

"What did I give you in marrying you that I don't leave you now? I leave you as much money as you would ever have had. I leave you Jessica, in whom I have a half-right, at least. I deprive you only of my uncongenial society and my despised, though intermittent, attentions. In ex-

change for what you are so well rid of, I offer you Pratt, or any other man you may prefer to me. And if you don't choose to take on any one else—well, you are cold as the arctic drift, after all, and you will doubtless find your account in *that*. What on earth do you mean by the chance I am taking away from you?"

She had flung herself again into an armchair, and sat there, brooding, in a gorgeous disorder. "The chance you are taking away?" she said at last. "Why, the chance of our normal life together. The chance of keeping up an unbroken contract to the end, of living in a morally and legally recognized condition, of having a decent world on our side. I 've never pretended I should have been better off if I had n't married you. I may have had my private disillusionments, as you say you have, but I have n't gone back on my bargain. I 've played the game. And you 've got to play it, too. You undertook to do certain things when you married me. You go back on all of them if you chuck me now when I particularly need you, when I 'm on the edge of temptation. I 've never pretended that it was n't a big thing to have my husband between me and the world."

"Are you asking me to protect you? And from what, since you say you don't want the man?" He had lighted a cigarette, and stood before her, looking down at her.

"From the exceeding inconvenience of having to fight everything through alone. From the wagging of people's tongues. From ideas getting into Pierrot's own head. From everything that your mere presence in the flesh, in your own household, would prevent the very possibility of."

"Can't you take care of yourself?"

She brought her little clenched fist down on the arm of the chair.

"Of course I can; but I don't propose to be put to hard labor to do it when your merely keeping your sacred word would do it for me."

"I don't think you 're a very good sport, Evelyn." He said it with a musing finality, as though it were a verdict in a case that had been pending for years. So, to him privately, it was; but Evelyn took it as only one more incidental reproach.

"A good sport! Marriage is n't a sporting proposition, my dear. It 's a contract, binding before God and Christian men. I dare you to say I 've broken it. I dare you to say you are n't breaking it if you go out and mess with that idiotic pile of stones, instead of staying with your wife and child."

"I should not be breaking what I consider the essentials of the marriage contract—equal generosities and equal liberty."

"There you go with your revolutionary nonsense, your weak individualism! You can't buck the centuries, Basil. There *is n't* any liberty in marriage."

"Have n't you always taken such liberties as you wanted?"

"Ah, but I have n't happened to want the forbidden ones."

There it was in a nutshell. As though both of them felt that the crucial word had been said, silence fell—a comparative silence, marred by the clattering business of Evelyn's taking another cigarette. It was the first she had smoked since their conversation had become serious, clear proof that she now rested her case.

"And you feel justified in making my life hell for the sake of yourself escaping a few days of purgatory?" he asked at last.

"Are n't the conditions I offer you the same that I myself have to put up with?"

"Were n't the conditions that I offered you, in my proposal, the same I myself was getting?"

Even Evelyn Targett seemed struck with the situation thus phrased.

"Yes." She flung one arm above her head, and stared into the bright little fire. "But my conditions are sanctioned, and yours are n't. It just happens that way, I suppose. You seem to be the person to go under. It might quite as well have been I. Suppose I were n't arctic drift; suppose I were latitude nothing, longitude anything: then all the hell would have been for me."

"And you think you would have put up with that?"

She smiled.

"Ah, well, of course I can't tell what it 's like when you 're latitude nothing."

"You don't even pretend to be honest!" he cried. "You stand on a technicality that happens to be in your favor. Other things being equal, as they are, the greater desire should be satisfied. You never in

all your life wanted anything so much as I want to go with Warbeck. The least little instinct for generosity would make you give way to that."

"You can't expect me to give way to something I can't understand. If it had been another woman, now, Barkis, old boy, I 'd try to see it your way. I don't say I could, but I 'd honestly try to. At least, one has heard of that sort of thing before; one has something to go on. But you 're as arctic as I am; you can do without a wife as well as I can do without a husband. I can't treat this moonshine idea of yours as I would treat an honest, healthy passion of any kind, can I, now?" She smiled patronizingly at him.

It then and there struck Basil Targett that an egotist intrenched in a sacred right is the one antagonist you cannot afford to meet. He doubted entirely that she would have shouted with the majority if it had not suited her to do so; but he could not prove it, and there she was, facing him with unchallengeable millions, dead and alive, at her back. The safety of Evelyn had always been, he reflected, that her odiousness was sanctioned. She had never so much as stretched her hand across the forbidden line. She had made him very wretched, but only in permitted ways. He began to suspect that he could never call her bluff, and he knew the authentic flavor of despair. With that taste in his mouth, he tried once more.

"I still can't believe you 'll cling to me against my clearly expressed desire to leave you, Evelyn. Can't you take my word for my own passion?"

He took up the photograph, but it gave him no assurance, no helpful eloquence; his fundamental shyness held him. He could not be articulate for her, strut out his emotion before the uncomprehending eyes of a painted block. It would be perilously like pleading, to his sumptuous wife, the charms of an obscure and unhandsome mistress. What, if he told Evelyn, could she afford him but pity—pity as for light loves of the meanest? He *was* a poor stick even at last, from his own point of view. He ought to have been able to shake her off; but his muscles were apparently developed only for passive endurance of great burdens.

"You can't expect me to take that seriously, Basil. You 've mooned too long."

"It is the most serious thing in my life. At your peril, you attack it." Targett's voice, as he uttered his menace, was very thin. He was hopelessly tired.

"I can't prevent your fantastic infidelities, but I can and will prevent your breaking your word. You repeated the marriage service of your own free will. I appeal to your honor."

"You and I don't mean the same thing by honor, Evelyn; but I don't break my word. If you 're mad enough and wicked enough to ask me to go on ratifying that old promise under the changed conditions of our lives, I suppose I shall do it."

She nodded her head—a quick little nod that disposed of this matter as restlessly and hastily as though it had been a detail of food or drink. Then, flinging out fragrance as she went, she walked with swift, staccato steps to the door. There she turned.

"I 'll give up the European jaunt, if you choose. We 'll do something together."

He flung his hands up.

"Oh, my God, no!" Then he swallowed hard. "Have you any idea what a bad bargain you 've made? Many 's the time you 'll repent of it, I 'm afraid. It is n't going to be gay—this life you 've insisted on."

She opened the door, then looked back over her shoulder.

"I dare say not, but I 'll risk it. I *am* a sport, you know, Basil, though you don't think so."

He heard the door shut. When the click of her heels was quite lost in the distance, Targett sat down again at his desk, and leaned across to take the photograph. But this time he did not get from it the thrill that earlier it had so lavishly given. He looked at the escarpments and the towers with dull, imprisoned eyes. The city fell into the category of unvisited and alien places which, since our gaze can never possess them, we look on coldly. It was no more his than his own intolerable home. That was simply one more of the peaks he would never scale. Magic had gone out of it, as the point had gone out of his plot.

She had chosen to take the last advantage of him. He still considered that she had been in every particular grossly unfair; she had served up a perpetual banquet

for cynicism. But the fact remained that she had won out. His perceptions—even now he could see quite clearly how brutally he had been tricked—had done him no good. She had only to assert her preposterous rights—rights that he did not believe in, even while he yielded—to beat him back from his position. Against whom else in the world would he be incapable of defending his own definition of honor? Honor! He knew what it was, none better; yet Evelyn had only to breathe the word from her meaningless lips for him to vacillate, to succumb, to fail. He had believed in his plot—strategy was so easy! But in the actual uncivilized encounter she had worked on his nerves like the monotonous iterations of a barbaric drum. He could have faced a flaunting danger, he could have faced even the wearisome hardships of the jungle,—he knew it, and Warbeck did not doubt it,—but he could not face Evelyn Targett. Even now, after she had gone, he shook as though he needed quinine. It was an Olympian jest of the cruellest.

Appalled by the pattern he saw dimly tracing itself, the deuteragonist bowed his head on his folded hands. They covered, from the touch of his forehead, the galleries and gardens, the signal-towers and palaces, the careless mountains, and the insolent rocks crowned with machicolations as old as time.

"MIND VERSUS MUSCLE IN GOLF"

TWO REPLIES TO MR. WHITLATCH'S RECENTLY PUBLISHED THEORY

IN THE CENTURY for August, Mr. Marshall Whitlatch advanced the theory that, in playing golf, "the making of a successful stroke depends upon something that cannot be thought out at all, but must be *felt* out"; that the lack of freedom and spontaneity of the average player is because "the mind controls and dominates each muscular movement necessary in making the swing." He says that "many of the things in golf that he has been in the habit of accepting as gospel are in reality pure nonsense," that the player "should eradicate from his mind all preconceived ideas of what he has been in the habit of believing is necessary to bring off the stroke," and finally that the player errs in making a "mental process of golf instead of a physical exercise," holding that "the brains should be in the finger-tips and muscles."—THE EDITOR.

I. MIND IN GOLF

BY HERBERT SIDNEY LANGFELD

Instructor in Psychology in Harvard University

IN Mr. Marshall Whitlatch's article, the thesis has been presented that mind should give way to muscle in golf; that if men of brains would play a good game, they must for the time inhibit the higher mental functions. That is, they must stop thinking during the swing. In all that Mr. Whitlatch has written there is the soundest psychology. Indeed, it is extremely gratifying to find that the facts discovered under necessarily more or less artificial laboratory conditions should be substantiated by the man in the practical field. Mr. Whitlatch has, however, given us only a cross-section of the learning process, and in inserting his knife at his own stage in the development of a perfect swing, he has inadvertently erected bunkers and pits for those who have not yet obtained the one-figure handicap, or whose organism is fundamentally different from his own.

There is nothing truer than that the muscular feel is all essential as an indicator in a skilful motor act. The important question, however, is concerning the method of obtaining this feel. No one would assert that the proper movement is likely to be secured by instinct at the first trial. In most instances the pupil first watches the swing of the instructor, and before and during his own swing he projects in front of him a visual picture of the club's path. This picture represents the end or goal toward which he is striving, and is almost always present as a mental factor in the first stages of a skilful act. By a succession of trials under these conditions, he associates a certain muscular feel with the successful flight of the ball. As the movement becomes practised and, as it is termed, "smooth," even this feel is relegated to the unconscious. Let the movement, however, vary from the proper course, and immediately a feeling of awkwardness arises in consciousness; that is, it becomes mental. Now, this is the point I wish to make. If the player has had little practice, or if he is tired or otherwise physically below par, he will have to return to the first stage of the learning process, to the visual picture and even to verbal admonitions such as "left hand" or "club slowly back" before he can recover the feel. It is only the born player or the old player who can immediately find himself again.

There is not the slightest doubt that the man who is compelled frequently to revert to the first stages of the learning process is at a distinct disadvantage, and there is a very good psycho-physiological reason for this. It is an established fact that a strong tendency to movement accompanies every mental act. To think of turning to the right is to start the muscles in that direction. To think of keeping the club down in the backward swing is to put a particular group of muscles in action. It is readily seen that if these muscles are started before even the club begins to move, there is necessarily a compensating and inhibiting muscle group called into play, with a resulting tension or stiffening, and that the arms have little chance to move as they should at the beginning of the swing. If the mind is not only active before, but also during the swing, there is a strong probability that the desired correction will occur at the wrong moment. Added to this is the danger of an exaggeration of the correction, brought about by the intense focusing of the mind upon the part of the movement in question; that is, a too vivid projection of the mental picture. Still further, there is the strong tendency for the eyes and head to follow an imagined movement, so that to think of the backward swing is already to take the eye off the ball and to move the head. It is the latter movement which does the harm, the inhibition of the eye movements being important only from the fact that almost invariably they are instinctively followed by the fatal head movement.

The truth of the above will be clear to every golfer, if he remembers how impossible it is to obtain a low score when the admonitions lasting over from a previous lesson ring in his ears at every stroke. This being true, is there any hope for the player who cannot get the feel without such mental suggestion? Decidedly, and the solution is very simple. Mental aid should be employed during practice until the proper feel is so firmly imprinted on the nervous system that it will rise to consciousness when desired. If one has sufficient control of one's mind, this aid can be used during the preliminary waggle. It should never, however, be employed during the swing that hits the ball. In following such a plan, undue emphasis is thus laid neither upon the one nor the other stage of the learning process. We give all our mental functions a chance to assist us in our effort toward improvement, while at the same time we leave the door open for an automatized movement.

At this point a word may be permitted in regard to a frequent misconception. The feel of the swing involves the muscular or kinesthetic sense. This is one of the senses which physiologists have added to the classical five senses. It is often referred to as a lower sense, as opposed to the higher senses of vision and audition; and, like all the other senses, it involves brain action, so that it is a mistake to assume that when the feel of the swing alone is employed, the game is being played entirely with the lower centers. As long as we are aware of the feel, we are employing our higher nerve-centers. It is only when the swing is absolutely auto-

matic, when the mind is a blank, that the nervous impulse is confined to the lower centers.

There is one way in which the muscular feel can be obtained without the use of mental pictures, and that is by presenting a pattern over which the muscles are to move. In other words, we substitute for the mental picture an actual path for the club to follow. This is the principle of the Montessori method of learning to write, and Mr. Whitlatch is correct in believing that it has a distinct advantage. In fact, a very good teacher of golf employs it every time he takes the head of the club and forces it and the arms of the pupil over the proper course. If an adjustable instrument could be devised which would act as a guide for the club, it would prove of inestimable value. Such a method, however, would be supplementary to, and not a substitute for, the mental control.

A skilful player discovers that if he steps up to the ball without thought, or at most makes a preliminary swing for the feel, he plays a better game. He then thinks that his former method was incorrect. This is as much a mistake as if a child, after he had learned to walk, should then think that the rolling chair was always unnecessary. There is no doubt that the rapidity of the learning process varies in people, and that some can discard the mental factors sooner than others. In fact, some become independent of them so early that they forget they ever existed. These men are called the natural-born players. They have been endowed from birth with a high degree of muscular coördination. The longer one neglects practice in skilful movement, the more difficult it is to retain the proper coördination, and the more one must depend upon the mental processes. For most youthful players there are usually no preliminaries. The man who begins late in life makes two mental swings to one actual swing.

It is not that the intellectual man brings too much mind, but rather too little muscle, into the game. The professional, as a rule, has a long muscle-using ancestry behind him, and his muscle coördination is almost perfect from the beginning. He seldom even knows how he swings, and it is for that reason that the best players usually make the poorest teachers. It cannot be gainsaid that those requiring from the start the least amount of mental aid have, *ceteris paribus,* the better chance, since, as has just been indicated, the very fact that they require little mental help means that they have been endowed with a smoothly running system of muscles. On the other hand, the self-made man, who is without such a birthright, but who has through persistent effort consciously developed his game through long and tedious practice, need not feel dismayed even though the odds are somewhat against him.

The intellectual class, however, being, as a rule, highly imaginative, are exposed to a grave danger. Concentration upon the movement is absolutely necessary; but the more imaginative a man is, the more temptations he has for mind wandering. Any bodily disturbance is liable to spoil concentration, so that the intellectual player, unless he be of robust health, plays a much less steady game than his less intellectual and less imaginative brother.

In conclusion, the results of a laboratory experiment conducted a short time ago may be of interest. The instrument used consisted of two metal strips, twenty-five centimeters long, fastened upon a piece of hard rubber in such a manner that a groove was formed between them one half of a centimeter at one end and tapering to one tenth of a centimeter at the other. The men who took part in the tests were asked to push a metal pencil down the groove without touching the side, and afterward to tell how they controlled their muscles and of what they were thinking. The pencil, in coming in contact with the metal sides, closed a circuit which rang a bell. The distance traveled was then recorded, the average of a great many trials through several months being obtained. It was found that those who secured the best results,—that is, had the best control of their muscles,—could give the least account of how they did it. From first to last their minds were virtually a blank. These are the men endowed from birth with a well-coördinated system of muscles. There was, however, a group of men who made almost as good a record, and who gave a full report of their method of procedure, showing that their minds controlled their movements throughout the entire series of tests. Thus we find here, just as on the golf-links, two distinct types.

II. FIRST TRAIN YOUR MUSCLES

BY EBEN HOWARD GAY

IN "Mind versus Muscle in Golf," which appeared in THE CENTURY for August, Mr. Whitlatch introduces to the reader a new theory of playing golf intended to throw light upon the proper method of learning that fascinating, but difficult, game.

Mr. Whitlatch's creditably low scores at the Oakland Club would seem at first thought to corroborate the soundness of his new method of play; but I submit that in attributing his present skill solely to the "muscular theory," he ignores the benefit he has received from his previous years of practice and training upon the tried golfing principles that have been handed down from our Scottish ancestors for generations. Without apparently being himself aware of it, he has so assimilated these accepted principles and incorporated them into his swing before discovering his new theory that he finds he can now subordinate details to a general mental supervision and devote himself to cultivating a freedom of action possible only to the player who has already acquired the technic of the game.

With the average golfer, struggling to solve the mystery of the long, straight drive, the so-called "muscular theory" must inevitably fail. Our author makes the sole condition that the head must be kept still, when he claims that, with the preliminary waggle, accompanied by gentle play of the body, a successful stroke may be brought off without further thought. But the conditions cited, important though they be, form only a small part of the number of movements required in a correct swing, and must of themselves fail to produce a good stroke when faults arise in other parts of the mechanism.

The true golfing swing is the evolution of a series of arm and body movements made upon correct principles and requiring years of practice to perfect, and are as difficult to acquire as the stroke of the tennis expert and billiardist, the bowing of the violinist, the technic of the pianist, the free singing tone of the vocalist, or skill in any other game or profession depending, like these, upon the employment of highly trained muscles. Aptitude in acquiring this swing, which requires from five to ten years to attain, varies widely with different persons, depending upon their ability to differentiate between the right and wrong movements, and their courageous overthrow of the latter in favor of the former immediately after the departure from good form is perceived. As the human mind is incapable of adequate supervision of all these acts together at the outset, the only way left to acquire them is to practise each separately, with all the mental concentration of which the player is capable. The correct principles thus finally become habits, and the player can then, but not until then, come into his own and leave details henceforth to his subconsciousness. This analysis is supported by William James, whom Mr. Whitlatch himself quotes as follows:

> Habit diminishes the conscious attention with which our acts are performed. Habit simplifies the movements required to achieve a given result, makes them more accurate, and diminishes fatigue.

To demand that the average amateur drop his "rigid fixed address" before he has reached this stage of advanced accomplishment, is like asking the student of vocalism to eliminate all muscular tension and produce at once a free singing tone, or expecting the amateur violinist or billiardist to exchange their necessarily constrained action while learning their art for the supple wrist and elastic execution which the professional has been able to attain only after long years of practice.

What of the faults which flourish in the golf garden with a vigor equal to that of the merits? Would the "muscular theory" eradicate these? Of what avail to try to "*feel* out a successful stroke" in the face of such realities as an attack of off-eye-tis, a wrong stance or grip, the wrong use of the wrists, the drop of the right shoulder, the ducking of the right knee, the starting of the speed too soon in the downward swing, the pull and slice, topping and schlaffing, and a host of other allied faults which come "unbidden from

their hiding-places with their mocking leer and grin"? Nor would the situation be helped by following Mr. Whitlatch's practice of "thinking of nothing" when addressing the ball, which method would consign the great army of ambitious golfers aspiring to reduce their handicaps to single numbers to helpless floundering in outer darkness.

The professional golfer is no more exempt than the amateur from a long course of preparation in which intelligence and mentality must play their part, and while it is sufficient for the former to "glance at the ball, and away it goes," this is because he has completely mastered the details of the stroke and knows just how to bring it off. The amateur, on the other hand, is frequently in a mental quandary as to his mode of action, and is obliged perforce to think out what he must do and what errors he must avoid, making use of practice swings to assist him in approximating the ideal stroke. While the methods of the two in accomplishing the same end thus differ, mentality and concentration are equally necessary to both. Grant that the professional generalizes more than the amateur, my experience with the former is that he is mentally alert to every detail of his swing from the preliminary waggle to the final carry-through, knows exactly wherein he may have erred in executing a shot, and what to do to correct it.

As a class, the professional is disinclined to communicate to his pupils the innermost secrets of his art, but this does not argue a lack of mental grasp of all the details of the game. The wide disparity between his skill and that of the average amateur in golf I attribute largely to the undivided time and thought which he devotes to it, making it his life-work rather than an occasional afternoon diversion.

Upon similar grounds, I take issue with our author upon the incompatibility of golf and brains. A high order of mind is as a rule actively employed in the channels of business or the professions, and seeks the links for mental relaxation as well as enjoyment; but so exacting is the goddess presiding over golf that unless her votaries practise constantly and bring to their task minds free from outside perplexities, her honors are withheld. What wonder, then, that the tired business man with a Wall Street problem on his mind, the lawyer with an important case at bar, or the worried doctor with a capital operation before him, find themselves unable to cope with the care-free player of lesser intelligence who "sleeps on the links" and whose chief concern in life is to bring off his tee-shots and sink all his puts?

What thoughtful golfer has not discovered that to approach the links with the mind dwelling on sound principles of golf insures a better game than when it is occupied with extraneous matters? What player, viewing in retrospect an off-day at his favorite pastime, has not frequently discerned where his errors lay and successfully applied the remedy on his next round? If Mr. Whitlatch's contention be correct that golf is a muscular rather than a mental exercise, how can he explain the hushed stillness invariably demanded by the skilled golfer when preparing to play, and accorded by the gallery with the same deference as though the despatching of the ball were a solemn, religious rite? Of what use to the player could this silence be except to enable him to think out his stroke? Were the game, as he maintains, simply one of manual dexterity, it could be played equally well amid noisy surroundings, which furnish no obstacle to the successful exercise of mechanical skill in the arts, crafts, manufacturing and textile fields. These experiences answer the question, if question exist, of mentality in golf. "Royal and ancient" though the game be, there is no royal road to mastering its difficulties. The golf Nirvana may be reached only when mind transcends muscle—mind pointing the way, with muscle its willing servant and ally.

THE MAN OF LETTERS AND THE NEW ART OF THE THEATER

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, when he wrote his plays, did not have to worry about scenery, and because with the stroke of a pen he could create a forest of Arden or shift from *Juliet's* garden to the *Friar's* cell, he has been the plague of scene-painters and producers ever since scenery was invented. It is only in our generation that the art of stage-scenery has begun to be able to meet the exacting demands of Shaksperian drama not only mechanically, but poetically. Beginning with the visions of Gordon Craig and the practical productions by the German stage-managers, like Max Reinhardt, a development has been going on in the theater which amounts almost to a revolution, and of which examples have at last reached America not alone in the imported pantomime, "Sumurun," rather a bizarre example, but in the productions being shown this winter by Margaret Anglin, to a lesser extent in those made by Mr. Faversham, in Mr. Ames' Little Theater, in the Boston Opera-House, and elsewhere.

In a Lowell Institute lecture last winter Professor George P. Baker predicted that in ten years the old-fashioned, "realistic" scenery (which, after all, seldom is realistic) would be quite obsolete save only in realistic plays with interior settings. If that is the case, the so-called "new scenery" is one of the most important developments in the whole history of the drama, and demands our attention. The present writer believes with Mr. Baker that it is the case; and he believes furthermore that we are on the eve of a renaissance of theatrical art,—the art of the whole theater, that is to say,—not merely of the writing of plays, but of their production.

In a word, the new scenery is *pictorial.* The reader will perhaps exclaim at once that so was the old scenery. But in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases that is just what it was n't, and is n't. It was a more or less crude attempt at a reproduction of place,—which, to be sure, is the first duty of scenery,—but it was, and is, generally a mechanical reproduction, without pictorial quality and the higher forms of illusion. At how many stage-settings would you care to look for five minutes, with no play going on, regarding them purely as picture? How many have you ever beheld which, quite on their own merits, gave you the same mood of illusion as the drama itself? How many productions of Shakspere have you ever witnessed in which the scenery was not a caricature on the verse, and the "waits" while the caricatures were being shifted so long that half the text had to be omitted? How many perspectives of distance have you ever seen on the stage which did not end palpably twenty feet to the rear in a painted back-drop? In short, how many stage-settings have you seen which were independent art?

The new scenery can be independent art, that is, a pictorial and plastic expression worthy of companioning the highest flights of dramatic literature; and because this is so, the stage productions of the future more than ever in the past will contain elements of illusion beyond the range of mere literature, and the author's talent will more than ever be an incomplete equipment of the true man of the theater.

In the earlier periods of literary creation the drama always occupied a high and often a supreme place both in literary dignity and popular regard. We have merely to glance at the Greece of Sophocles, the England of Shakspere, the France of Molière and Racine, to realize this. So strongly did the traditional literary importance of drama persist that the eighteenth century found Addison writing "Cato" and Garrick besieged with manuscript plays from writers great and small, fitted and unfitted for the calling. It was the sudden expansion of the novel form

in the nineteenth century which more than anything else put the drama back in our day into a place of secondary importance in literary, if not in popular regard—a place that for the most part, we are forced to admit from the examples produced, was its proper one.

In the age of Shakspere, of Dryden, even of Fielding, probably Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and a host of lesser novelists would have striven to write for the stage; nor is there much reason to doubt that many of them could have learned to write for the stage successfully. But the novel having opened up a new channel of expression, in many ways an easier channel of expression, and certainly a fuller channel for the conveyance of all kinds of philosophic ideas, "criticism of life," and so on, won their allegiance instead. Moreover, the novel was suddenly realistic—suddenly, as the gods reckon time. When we reflect that Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" was considered realistic; when we read the strange melodramas of Kotzebue, which held the boards in the day of Scott; when we scan the playbills of any theater during the early years of Thackeray and Dickens, we can readily see why writers of talent turned away from the drama to the new, vastly fresher, and seemingly unlimited form of expression—the novel. Thereafter the drama steadily sank from its ancient post of literary honor, particularly in England, till it had to offer, against the novels of George Eliot and Thackeray, the farces of Morton or at best the "tea-cup comedies" of Tom Robertson, and in America Augustin Daly's "Under the Gas Lamps" against "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Small wonder the drama was scorned by men of letters.

The contemporary drama was reborn in the North of a literarily new nation, and its father was Henrik Ibsen. It is not true, of course, that Ibsen worked alone, that no other stage writers in other lands preceded him or were contemporaneous with him in the movement to put the stage on a new footing. Dumas fils and Augier certainly did their share, and stirrings of the new spirit were abroad in Germany. Realistic fiction was not without its influence, also. Nevertheless, Ibsen was the greatest single factor, in part from the self-imposed isolation in which he labored. In this connection it is not necessary to hold a brief either for or against his own plays. Probably the truth about their merit lies between the extremes of Shavian admiration and Winterish detraction. Much of their atmosphere, certainly, is local rather than universal, and as they recede, their interest appears to grow less. But of their technical importance there can be no question. You have only to see a revival of a successful play of one generation ago—"Liberty Hall," for example, produced at the Empire Theater, New York, in 1892, and revived in March, 1913,—to realize what a tremendous revolution was wrought by the simple overthrow of certain conventions of play-writing, such as the aside and the soliloquy, and the development of a technic which could remove the fourth wall of the room and show us reality. As soon as the dramatists of the Western World found that they could put real life, not stage life, before their audiences, and began to do so, what was bound to happen did happen—the men who knew most accurately and felt most deeply about real life were acclaimed the best dramatists. One did not need to be a Sardou to be successful. To be successful in the higher courts of taste, indeed, one needed not to be a Sardou. In short, reality succeeded trickery. The drama once more could offer to men of letters a worthy reward, because it could offer them at last a technic by which they could express their criticisms, their philosophies, their beliefs about life, no less effectively—though not so easily, because vastly more selective condensation is required—than by the novel.

That is where the drama stands to-day so far as it is a matter of spoken text, and writers of the first rank are returning to it, as they always will return when conditions are favorable, not only because of its rich financial rewards, but because of its glamour, its excitement, its superb directness and vividness. J. M. Barrie has forsaken the novel altogether. G. B. Shaw is certainly as widely read and as influential a man of letters as now writes in English. Galsworthy has had six plays produced in the last seven years. John Masefield, one of the leading English poets of the time, is a dramatic author. Sudermann and Hauptmann in Germany are essentially dramatic authors. The

new Celtic revival is a dramatic revival, and Synge is its genius.

The real literary life of a city like Manchester, England, centers about Miss Horniman's playhouse. Within the last ten years, in more than one of our American universities, the undergraduate interest in literature has shifted largely from the essay and fiction to the drama. This is notably true of Harvard. There is not to-day, and there never has been, a spontaneous movement among the men and women who make up the audiences for any form of art to compare in extent or seriousness of interest with the Drama League of America, which now counts over fifty thousand members devoted to a study of the playhouse. By every token, the drama has entered upon a new era of respectability, and is once more held in high regard by men of letters, and deserves that regard. Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife" is no less important as literature than his "Patricians"; Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way" is no less genuine a document than the stories of Mrs. Deland.

We might, then, suppose from a casual glance that the theater has returned to its ancient condition in its relation to men of letters, that the play which would "bear the test of print" and justify itself as literature to the reader as well as to the spectator was once more the final test. We might suppose, in short, that the man of letters and the man of the theater are once more interchangeable. Let us see if that is the case.

The poet who wrote for the theater of Athens wrote for a static stage, for actors who wore conventional masks, for a perfectly definite and fixed condition of presentation. The poet who wrote for the Elizabethan theater likewise wrote for a static, or very nearly static stage, and once more the effects achieved were only such as lay in the power of his words or situations to convey. Even after the application of scenery to the stage and the withdrawal of the actors behind a proscenium-arch, so that the stage was no longer static, but potentially pictorial and plastic, the author still prevailed over the "production," and continued to prevail, of course with the actor's aid, until recent years. But the perfection of electric illumination, the invention of the revolving-stage, the introduction of "relief" scenery, the application by a hundred and one technical methods of impressionism to the art of scenery and production, have suddenly put so powerful a weapon into the hand of the producer of the play that he has become frequently as important as the author, and not infrequently much more important. *His* imagination, *his* creative powers, if they chance to be greater than the author's, will produce an effect more potent over the audience than the text of the drama. Hence it is that we find such a man as Gordon Craig, who is essentially an artist in paint and scenery, not a man of letters, talking about a new art of the theater—of the theater, mind you, not of drama,—and by his influence and the influence of men like him in Germany, such as Max Reinhardt, working at a revolution in the playhouse—a revolution extending even to the physical construction of the building. These revolutionists are not dramatists, they are not men of letters; they are producers, stage-managers, in short, strictly men of the theater. However, if we have yet scarcely begun to realize it in America, they are shaping the playhouse and the drama of the future, and conditioning the dramatist. No sooner, then, do we seem to have spanned once more the gap between the man of letters and the stage, between literature and acted drama, than we find a Craig or a Reinhardt busily hacking down our bridge!

The new art of the theater is based primarily on the electric switchboard. It recognizes that great stretches of painted canvas in a bright glare can never be illusive in any high sense, that they are bound to be the colored blocks of overgrown children; and so, first of all, it gets its colors not from the canvas, but from the lamps, and makes its perspectives with shadows rather than with drawn lines. Secondly, it is usually an art of elimination down to the salient features of a given scene which shall most effectively comport with the mood of the play, and which can be combined into a true picture. It is impressionistic. It is to the old art what modern landscape-painting is to the mid-Victorian chromo. When it does not eliminate, when it employs the old methods of building "realistic" houses all over the stage, for instance, it does so in patches of color or with a pictorial rhythm of design that converts the ancient chaos into a

new charm. Such is often Mr. Urban's method at the Boston Opera-House.

Take, for an example of simplification, Livingston Platt's settings for Miss Anglin's repertoire. They are painted almost entirely in a stipple of primary colors, which would tell virtually as gray in white light. Color is secured by the illumination, which is from above, not up from the footlights. Each Shaksperian play has a special permanent fore-stage set up, with entrances on each side, which is designed to harmonize with the drama. On this fore-stage are acted all the intermediate scenes, while the main scenes are being shifted behind. These main scenes are simple. The palace, for example, in "Twelfth Night," shows only three graceful arched windows, and through them the deep-blue sky, while there are only two pieces of furniture in the room. Yet the picture amply satisfies the imagination, and fills the eye with pleasure, because Mr. Platt is an artist. Moreover, every change can be made without a moment's wait, and the entire text of the drama played as quickly as on a bare stage. Here at last the scene-setting can match the magic and the speed of Shakspere's verse.

In "Sumurun," staged by Max Reinhardt, we saw how the new art can get striking effects by daring to group the players in high relief against a jet-black velvet curtain,—mimes against primeval darkness!—and letting the very rhythm of their shifting poses conspire to the emotional effect. Again in "Sumurun" we saw how "relief scenery," which is simply a curtain painted in the flat, without any attempt at the third dimension, can, if it is designed by a real artist, be more potent than a whole littered stage of "solid" houses in perspective. Gordon Craig staged "Hamlet" in Moscow amid a maze of gigantic towering screens—nothing else —shifted in various designs, and the effect, while undoubtedly too bizarre for present American taste, was said to be wonderful. Less of a break from tradition was the Russian scenery for "Boris," shown at the Metropolitan Opera-House last winter, where a lofty wall of white went up, up out of sight, and against it huddled a group of players in reds and browns, imaginatively dwarfed till the white walls were indeed those of a mighty building. Even Belasco, arch-realist though he is, has felt the new possibilities, and in "A Good Little Devil," by a complete dimming of his lights in the first act, was able to open the wall of the boy's chamber to show the star-gemmed night sky, and then the angels floating in and standing about the bed in a faint golden radiance, like a moonlit fresco by Fra Angelico. That picture, indeed, was worth all the text of the play. It had far more of illusive art about it. It, and not the spoken dialogue, was stage "literature." And it was made possible, of course, by the modern electric switchboard. Electricity marks a new element in theatric art which was totally unknown in the past. The new art is based not on the fact that electricity has increased the *reality* of stage-settings, but in the fact that it has vastly increased the possibilities of *suggestion:* it veils reality in the nimbus of mystery. It has brought to the aid of illusion the army of shadows.

Now, the effect on an audience of such stage-settings as these is something apart from the text of the drama, in the sense that it is not supplied by the dramatist, but by the producer; not by the words, the literary feature of the play, but by the arts of the painter and the electrician. Naturally, a good producer strives always to produce an effect which is in keeping with the text and spirit of the play. Indeed, the fact that Max Reinhardt has no fixed method of production is only a testimony to his excellence as a stage-manager. He tries, and generally with success, to catch the essential mood, the atmosphere, the emotional motif, call it what you will, of the drama, in his impressionistic settings. Even Gordon Craig, who staged "Hamlet" with towering screens, would not dream of so staging "The Easiest Way," which is not metaphysical, poetic, remote. It is worth noting, however, that Mr. Craig has recently published a design for Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" which is almost pure suggestion—suggestive, some might say, of a rat-trap. The fact remains that now, as never before in the history of the playhouse, the producer is a man of potentially as much importance as the dramatist, and the effects he achieves with canvas and switchboard can be as potent a part of our pleasure, even of our emotional enkindling, as the spoken words of the play. We feel that the "production,"

in short, is a part of the genuine art of the drama. We have long talked of the drama as combining all the arts, literature, painting, sculpture, music; but beside the new scenery and the new grouping of players in relief, the old scenery and the old grouping had rather less of suggestive art about them than the Victorian chromo. What we have long said was true is only now becoming so. And as it more and more becomes so, the dramatist who is merely a man of letters becomes less and less effectual in the theater.

He becomes less and less effectual because more and more of the final effect of his work will not be his own planning, but somebody else's, and because that unity of impression which must be the great test of a genuine work of art will more and more depend on the chance unity of temperament between author and producer. The more potent the pictorial side of drama becomes, the more important it becomes that the author shall possess a pictorial mind, that the emotional and philosophic content of his work shall be capable of fusion with the most suggestive of settings. This implies more than a mere understanding of what is mechanically possible in the theater. Successful writers for the stage have always possessed that understanding, which is a part of the general understanding of dramatic construction. Men of letters who have not taken the trouble to achieve this general understanding have always failed in the theater, as Browning failed. But in the new theater not only an understanding of what is mechanically possible, but the ability to conceive and suggest the scenic designs, if not actually to put them upon paper, will be required of those dramatists who are to be most eminent beyond the narrow bounds of contemporary realism. Contemporary realism, which has had its way with our literature of late, and probably to our good, will nevertheless not long endure as the only or the highest form of art. Already the theater is swinging from it. But when fancy is turned loose in the theater of the future—of the immediate future—when poetry riots, and romance, no longer are the writer's line and the actor's voice the only elements of suggestion which count supremely in the effect, and no longer can the judgment of the printed page be invoked as the final judgment. So fused with the text will be the scenery, the pictorial element, so much a vital, integral part of the play will be the painting and the lighting, even the rhythm of the groupings, perhaps, that the printed text will not be the play at all. The producer will be half-author. The man of letters will be helpless without the man of the theater.

That of course is why these men of the new theater are so impatient or even scornful of academic judgments, the traditional tests of literature. They know that they, too, are artists, and they rightly demand tests of their art which are proper to it, not tests devised for a wholly different form. And that is why the man of letters in the new theater will be an incomplete, if not sometimes a futile, worker, unless he, too, abandons the ancient tradition of the printed text as a final test of dramatic literature, and makes the test of theatrical performance, which demands a new judgment in the fusion of intellectual, emotional, plastic, and pictorial suggestion. We are to judge a play now by its capacities under adequate production, and as adequate production implies elements of art quite foreign to printed literature, dramatic literature now steps beyond the ancient test, and perhaps should drop the term literature altogether, as making for confusion.

And what shall be the relation of the man of letters to the new theater? It is quite inconceivable that we shall ever follow Gordon Craig to the limits of his theory that the drama should give up all attempts at reality, even throwing over human actors, and abandon itself to a puppet dance amid expressive scenery. That way madness lies. The modern drama of contemporary life has come to stay, though in a few years we shall demand something less than one third of the furniture which now clutters our stage rooms. The vocal side of dramatic art, carrying to audiences by the common medium of human intercourse the intellectual ideas of the dramatist, the sense of reality, the revelation of character, will of course always abide, whether in contemporary realism or the highest flights of poetic fancy. The new art of the theater will be an evolution, not, after all, a revolution. It will add to the firm basis of literary solidity the fresh element of pictorial appeal, fusing

the two into one structure, not, as of old, employing pictorial appeal merely as a conventional sign-post of place. That is all our present-day "realistic" scenery does. It is a sign-board of place. It has no emotional quality of its own; it cannot be called a branch of art. It is not really essential to the mood and effect of the drama. But in the new theater the "production," the elements of scenery, lighting, grouping, the colors of the back-drops and costumes, the very design of the settings, are conscious art works in themselves; and when once the dramatist can rely upon them, he has achieved a whole new range of materials to work with besides words and the intellectual ideas words express. That is the point. The man of letters works with words, but the new dramatist with scene cloths and switchboards and living statues and even great patches of pure color. If the man of letters, then, is to express himself fully, reach a high development, in the new theater, he must add to his traditional literary equipment the ability to use these new materials to his purpose, making them combine and fuse into a great unity of impression.

In the new theater, then, the dramatist must be painter and sculptor of words, ideas, emotions, no less than writer. The old interchangeableness between dramatist and man of letters is gone. The great dramatists must still be men of letters, but they must be something else besides: they must be artists of the theater, aware that the theater is not the printed page, rather proud, perhaps, that it is not, and impatient of any judgment which is not formed from a seat in the auditorium.

FRATERNITY WOMEN

To the Editor of THE CENTURY:

THE widely read and much-discussed articles on "The Fraternity Idea among College Women" which appeared in THE CENTURY for November and December, 1912, and February, 1913, have received the thoughtful consideration of educators and fraternity women throughout the country. It was of course impossible for Miss Rickert to do full justice to so large a subject in three magazine articles, and she acknowledged her difficulties when she wrote, "It is almost impossible to say anything that is not true of one fraternity or one chapter and at the same time untrue of others."

Two of her statements, however, demand special attention. The first is found in the following paragraph:

"With college men the fraternity is frankly a social privilege which may become an invaluable business asset in after life. With women it is theoretically a means of completing individual development." The second is her indorsement of the opinion of a college president who says: "I always think of the fraternity men as in a circle, hand in hand, facing outward; but of the women as turned the other way, worshiping at their own little shrine, with their backs to the winds of the world."

Doubtless these sweeping conclusions are due to the fact that Miss Rickert attempted to treat indiscriminately in the same articles the subject of local and national fraternities. She admitted the difficulty of doing this, but the members of the National Pan-Hellenic Congress feel that even by making the attempt she has placed them in a false light.

The assumption that the fraternity is regarded by women theoretically as a means of completing individual develop-

At first, just the mention of it would upset him so that Mr. Temple Barholm would have to stop talking about it and quiet him down; but when he improved, and he did improve wonderfully, your Grace, he got into the way of sitting and thinking it over and listening quietly. But if I 'm asked suddenly—"

"What you are afraid of is that you may be asked point-blank questions without warning?" his grace put it, with the perspicacity of experience.

"That 's why I should be grateful for advice. Must I tell the truth, your Grace, when it will make them believe things I 'd swear are lies? I 'd swear it, your Grace."

"So would I, Pearson." His serene lightness was of the most baffling but curiously supporting order. "This being the case, my advice would be not to go into detail. Let us tell white lies—all of us—without a shadow of hesitancy. Miss Temple Barholm, even you must do your best."

"I will try; indeed, I will try," she replied, and the duke felt her tremulously ardent assent actually delicious.

"There! We 'll consider that settled, Pearson," he said.

"Thank you, your Grace. Thank you, Miss." Pearson's relieved gratitude verged on the devout. He turned to go, but his attention was arrested by an approach he remarked through a window.

"Mr. and Miss Hutchinson are arriving now, Miss," he announced hastily.

"They are to be brought in here," said Miss Alicia.

The duke quietly left his seat and went to look through the window with frank and unembarrassed interest in the approach. He went, in fact, to look at Little Ann; and as he watched her walk up the avenue, her father lumbering beside her, he evidently found her aspect sufficiently arresting.

"Ah!" he exclaimed softly, and paused. "What a lot of very nice red hair," he said next. And then, "No wonder, no wonder. That, I should say," he remarked as Miss Alicia drew near, "is what I once heard a bad young man call 'a deserving case.' "

He was conscious that she might have been privately a little shocked by such aged flippancy; but she was at the moment perturbed by something else.

"The fact is, that I have never spoken to Hutchinson," she fluttered. "These changes are very confusing. I suppose I ought to say *Mr.* Hutchinson, now that he is such a successful person, and Temple—"

"Without a shadow of a doubt." The duke seemed struck by the happiness of the idea. "They will make him a peer presently. He may address me as 'Stone' at any moment. One must learn to adjust oneself with agility. 'The old order changeth.' Ah, she is smiling at him, and I see the dimples."

Miss Alicia made a clean breast of it.

"I *went* to her. I could not help it," she confessed. "I was in such distress, and dared not speak to anybody. Temple had told me that she was so wonderful. He said she always understood and knew what to do."

"Did she in this case?" he asked.

Miss Alicia's manner was that of one who could express the extent of her admiration only in disconnected phrases.

"She was like a little *rock*. Such a quiet, firm way! Such calm certainty! Oh, the comfort she has been to me! I begged her to come here to-day. I did not know her father had returned."

"No doubt he will have testimony to give which will be of the greatest assistance," the duke said most encouragingly. "Perhaps *he* will be a sort of rock."

"I—I don't in the least know *what* he will do," sighed Miss Alicia, evidently uncertain in her views.

But when the father and daughter were announced, she felt that his grace was really enchanting in the happy facility of his manner. He at least adjusted himself with agility. Hutchinson was of course lumbering. Lacking the support of T Tembarom's presence and incongruity, he himself was the incongruous feature. He would have been obliged to bluster by way of sustaining himself, even if he had only found himself being presented to Miss Alicia; but when it was revealed to him that he was also confronted with the greatest personage of the neighborhood, he became as hot and red as he had become during certain fateful business interviews. More so, indeed. "The other chaps had n't been dukes," and to Hutchinson the old order had n't yet so changed that a duke was not an awkwardly impressive person to face unexpectedly.

The duke's manner of shaking hands with him, however, was even touched with an amiable suggestion of appreciation of the value of a man of genius. He had heard of the invention, in fact knew some quite technical things about it. He realized its importance. He had congratulations for the inventor and the world of inventions so greatly benefited.

"Lancashire must be proud of your success, Mr. Hutchinson." How agreeably and with what ease he said it!

"Aye, it 's a success now, your Grace," Hutchinson answered; "but I might have waited a good bit longer if it had n't been for that lad an' his bold backing of me."

"Mr. Temple Temple Barholm?" said the duke.

"Aye. He 's got the way of making folks see things that they can't see even when they 're hitting them in the eyes. I 'd that lost heart I could never have done it myself."

"But now it is done," smiled his grace. "Delightful!"

"I 've got there,—same as they say in New York,—I 've got there," said Hutchinson.

He sat down in response to Miss Alicia's invitation. His unease was wonderfully dispelled. He felt himself a person of sufficient importance to address even a duke as man to man.

"What 's all this romancin' talk about the other Temple Barholm comin' back, an' our lad knowin' an' hidin' him away, an' Palliser an' the lawyers an' the police bein' after 'em both?"

"You have heard the whole story?" asked the duke.

"I 've heard naught else since I come back."

"Grandmother knew a great deal before we came home," said Little Ann.

The duke turned his attention to her with an engaging smile. His look, his bow, his bearing, in the moment of their being presented to each other, had seemed to Miss Alicia the most perfect thing. His fine eye had not obviously wandered while he talked to her father; but it had, in fact, been taking her in with an inclusiveness not likely to miss agreeable points of detail.

"What is her opinion, may I ask?" he said. "What does she say?"

"Grandmother is very set in her ways, your Grace." The limpidity of her blue eye and a flickering dimple added much to the quaint comprehensiveness of her answer. "She says the world 's that full of fools that if they were all killed, the Lord would have to begin again with a new Adam and Eve."

"She has entire faith in Mr. Temple Temple Barholm, as you have?" suggested his grace.

"Mine 's not faith exactly. I *know* him," Little Ann answered, her tone as limpid as her eyes.

"There 's more than her has faith in him," broke forth Hutchinson. "Danged if I don't like the way them village chaps are taking it. They 're ready to fight over it. Since they 've found out what it 's come to, an' about the lawyers comin' down, they 're talkin' about gettin' up a kind o' demonstration."

"Delightful!" ejaculated his grace again. He leaned forward. "Quite what I should have expected. There 's a good deal of beer drunk, I suppose."

"Plenty o' beer, but it 'll do no harm." Hutchinson began to chuckle. "They 're talkin' o' gettin' out the fife-an'-drum band an' marchin' round the village with a calico banner with 'Vote for T. Tembarom' painted on it, to show what they think of him."

The duke chuckled also.

"I wonder how he 's managed it," he laughed. "They would n't do it for any of the rest of us, you know, though I 've no doubt we 're quite as deserving. I am, I know."

Hutchinson stopped laughing and turned on Miss Alicia.

"What 's that young woman comin' down here for?" he inquired.

"Lady Joan was engaged to Mr. James Temple Barholm," Miss Alicia answered.

"Eh, eh," Hutchinson jerked out, "that 'll turn her into a wildcat, I 'll warrant. She 'll do all the harm she can. I 'm much obliged to you for lettin' us come, ma'am. I want to be where I can stand by him."

"Father," said Little Ann, "what you have got to remember is that you must n't fly into a passion. You know you 've always said it never did any good, and it only sends the blood to your head."

"You are not nervous, Miss Hutchinson?" the duke suggested.

At first, just the mention of it would upset him so that Mr. Temple Barholm would have to stop talking about it and quiet him down; but when he improved, and he did improve wonderfully, your Grace, he got into the way of sitting and thinking it over and listening quietly. But if I 'm asked suddenly—"

"What you are afraid of is that you may be asked point-blank questions without warning?" his grace put it, with the perspicacity of experience.

"That 's why I should be grateful for advice. Must I tell the truth, your Grace, when it will make them believe things I 'd swear are lies? I 'd swear it, your Grace."

"So would I, Pearson." His serene lightness was of the most baffling but curiously supporting order. "This being the case, my advice would be not to go into detail. Let us tell white lies—all of us—without a shadow of hesitancy. Miss Temple Barholm, even you must do your best."

"I will try; indeed, I will try," she replied, and the duke felt her tremulously ardent assent actually delicious.

"There! We 'll consider that settled, Pearson," he said.

"Thank you, your Grace. Thank you, Miss." Pearson's relieved gratitude verged on the devout. He turned to go, but his attention was arrested by an approach he remarked through a window.

"Mr. and Miss Hutchinson are arriving now, Miss," he announced hastily.

"They are to be brought in here," said Miss Alicia.

The duke quietly left his seat and went to look through the window with frank and unembarrassed interest in the approach. He went, in fact, to look at Little Ann; and as he watched her walk up the avenue, her father lumbering beside her, he evidently found her aspect sufficiently arresting.

"Ah!" he exclaimed softly, and paused. "What a lot of very nice red hair," he said next. And then, "No wonder, no wonder. That, I should say," he remarked as Miss Alicia drew near, "is what I once heard a bad young man call 'a deserving case.' "

He was conscious that she might have been privately a little shocked by such aged flippancy; but she was at the moment perturbed by something else.

"The fact is, that I have never spoken to Hutchinson," she fluttered. "These changes are very confusing. I suppose I ought to say *Mr.* Hutchinson, now that he is such a successful person, and Temple—"

"Without a shadow of a doubt." The duke seemed struck by the happiness of the idea. "They will make him a peer presently. He may address me as 'Stone' at any moment. One must learn to adjust oneself with agility. 'The old order changeth.' Ah, she is smiling at him, and I see the dimples."

Miss Alicia made a clean breast of it.

"I *went* to her. I could not help it," she confessed. "I was in such distress, and dared not speak to anybody. Temple had told me that she was so wonderful. He said she always understood and knew what to do."

"Did she in this case?" he asked.

Miss Alicia's manner was that of one who could express the extent of her admiration only in disconnected phrases.

"She was like a little *rock*. Such a quiet, firm way! Such calm certainty! Oh, the comfort she has been to me! I begged her to come here to-day. I did not know her father had returned."

"No doubt he will have testimony to give which will be of the greatest assistance," the duke said most encouragingly. "Perhaps *he* will be a sort of rock."

"I—I don't in the least know *what* he will do," sighed Miss Alicia, evidently uncertain in her views.

But when the father and daughter were announced, she felt that his grace was really enchanting in the happy facility of his manner. He at least adjusted himself with agility. Hutchinson was of course lumbering. Lacking the support of Tembarom's presence and incongruity, he himself was the incongruous feature. He would have been obliged to bluster by way of sustaining himself, even if he had only found himself being presented to Miss Alicia; but when it was revealed to him that he was also confronted with the greatest personage of the neighborhood, he became as hot and red as he had become during certain fateful business interviews. More so, indeed. "The other chaps had n't been dukes," and to Hutchinson the old order had n't yet so changed that a duke was not an awkwardly impressive person to face unexpectedly.

The duke's manner of shaking hands with him, however, was even touched with an amiable suggestion of appreciation of the value of a man of genius. He had heard of the invention, in fact knew some quite technical things about it. He realized its importance. He had congratulations for the inventor and the world of inventions so greatly benefited.

"Lancashire must be proud of your success, Mr. Hutchinson." How agreeably and with what ease he said it!

"Aye, it 's a success now, your Grace," Hutchinson answered; "but I might have waited a good bit longer if it had n't been for that lad an' his bold backing of me."

"Mr. Temple Temple Barholm?" said the duke.

"Aye. He 's got the way of making folks see things that they can't see even when they 're hitting them in the eyes. I 'd that lost heart I could never have done it myself."

"But now it is done," smiled his grace. "Delightful!"

"I 've got there,—same as they say in New York,—I 've got there," said Hutchinson.

He sat down in response to Miss Alicia's invitation. His unease was wonderfully dispelled. He felt himself a person of sufficient importance to address even a duke as man to man.

"What 's all this romancin' talk about the other Temple Barholm comin' back, an' our lad knowin' an' hidin' him away, an' Palliser an' the lawyers an' the police bein' after 'em both?"

"You have heard the whole story?" asked the duke.

"I 've heard naught else since I come back."

"Grandmother knew a great deal before we came home," said Little Ann.

The duke turned his attention to her with an engaging smile. His look, his bow, his bearing, in the moment of their being presented to each other, had seemed to Miss Alicia the most perfect thing. His fine eye had not obviously wandered while he talked to her father; but it had, in fact, been taking her in with an inclusiveness not likely to miss agreeable points of detail.

"What is her opinion, may I ask?" he said. "What does she say?"

"Grandmother is very set in her ways, your Grace." The limpidity of her blue eye and a flickering dimple added much to the quaint comprehensiveness of her answer. "She says the world 's that full of fools that if they were all killed, the Lord would have to begin again with a new Adam and Eve."

"She has entire faith in Mr. Temple Temple Barholm, as you have?" suggested his grace.

"Mine 's not faith exactly. I *know* him," Little Ann answered, her tone as limpid as her eyes.

"There 's more than her has faith in him," broke forth Hutchinson. "Danged if I don't like the way them village chaps are taking it. They 're ready to fight over it. Since they 've found out what it 's come to, an' about the lawyers comin' down, they 're talkin' about gettin' up a kind o' demonstration."

"Delightful!" ejaculated his grace again. He leaned forward. "Quite what I should have expected. There 's a good deal of beer drunk, I suppose."

"Plenty o' beer, but it 'll do no harm." Hutchinson began to chuckle. "They 're talkin' o' gettin' out the fife-an'-drum band an' marchin' round the village with a calico banner with 'Vote for T. Tembarom' painted on it, to show what they think of him."

The duke chuckled also.

"I wonder how he 's managed it," he laughed. "They would n't do it for any of the rest of us, you know, though I 've no doubt we 're quite as deserving. I am, I know."

Hutchinson stopped laughing and turned on Miss Alicia.

"What 's that young woman comin' down here for?" he inquired.

"Lady Joan was engaged to Mr. James Temple Barholm," Miss Alicia answered.

"Eh, eh," Hutchinson jerked out, "that 'll turn her into a wildcat, I 'll warrant. She 'll do all the harm she can. I 'm much obliged to you for lettin' us come, ma'am. I want to be where I can stand by him."

"Father," said Little Ann, "what you have got to remember is that you must n't fly into a passion. You know you 've always said it never did any good, and it only sends the blood to your head."

"You are not nervous, Miss Hutchinson?" the duke suggested.

"About Mr. Temple Barholm? I could n't be, your Grace. If I was to see two policemen bringing him in handcuffed, I should n't be nervous. I should know the handcuffs did n't belong to him, and—the policemen would look right-down silly to me."

Miss Alicia fluttered over to fold her in her arms.

"Do let me kiss you," she said. "Do let me, Little Ann!"

Little Ann had risen at once to meet her embrace. She put a hand on her arm.

"We don't know anything about this really," she said. "We 've only heard what people say. We have n't heard what he says. I 'm going to wait." They were all looking at her, the duke with such marked interest that she turned toward him as she ended. "And if I had to wait until I was as old as grandmother, I 'd wait—and nothing would change my mind."

"And I 've been lying awake at night!" softly wailed Miss Alicia.

CHAPTER XLI

IT was Mr. Hutchinson who, having an eye on the window, first announced an arriving carriage.

"Some of 'em 's comin' from the station," he remarked. "There 's no young woman with 'em that I can see from here."

"I thought I heard wheels." Miss Alicia went to look out agitatedly. "It is the gentlemen. Perhaps Lady Joan—" She turned desperately to the duke. "I don't know what to say to Lady Joan. I don't know what she will say to me. I don't know what she is coming for. Little Ann, do keep near me."

It was a pretty thing to see Little Ann stroke her hand and soothe her.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Temple Barholm. All you 've got to do is to answer questions," she said.

"But I might say things that would be wrong—things that would harm him."

"No, you might n't, Miss Temple Barholm. He 's not done anything that could bring harm on him."

The Duke of Stone, who had seated himself in T. Tembarom's favorite chair, which occupied a point of vantage, seemed to Mr. Palford and Mr. Grimby, when they entered the room, to wear the aspect of a sort of presidiary audience. The sight of his erect head and clear-cut, ivory-tinted old face, with its alert, while wholly unbiased, expression, somewhat startled them both. They had indeed not expected to see him, and did not know why he had chosen to come. His presence might mean any one of several things, and the fact that he enjoyed a reputation for quite alarming astuteness of a brilliant kind presented elements of probable embarrassment. If he thought that they had allowed themselves to be led upon a wild-goose chase, he would express his opinions with trying readiness of phrase.

His manner of greeting them, however, expressed no more than a lightly agreeable detachment from any view whatsoever. Captain Palliser felt this curiously, though he could not have said what he would have expected from him if he had known it would be his whim to appear.

"How do you do? How do you do?" His grace shook hands with the amiable ease which scarcely commits a man even to casual interest, after which he took his seat again.

"How d' do, Miss Hutchinson?" said Palliser. "How d' do, Mr. Hutchinson? Mr. Palford will be glad to find you here."

Mr. Palford shook hands with correct civility.

"I am, indeed," he said. "It was in your room in New York that I first saw Mr. Temple Temple Barholm."

"Aye, it was," responded Hutchinson, dryly.

"I thought Lady Joan was coming," Miss Alicia said to Palliser.

"She will be here presently. She came down in our train, but not with us."

"What—what is she coming for?" faltered Miss Alicia.

"Yes," put in the duke, "what, by the way, is she coming for?"

"I wrote and asked her to come," was Palliser's reply. "I have reason to believe she may be able to recall something of value to the inquiry which is being made."

"That 's interesting," said his grace,

but with an air of not participating particularly. "She does n't like him, though, does she? It would n't do to put her on the jury."

He did not wait for any reply, but turned to Mr. Palford.

"All this is delightfully portentous. Do you know it reminds me of a scene in one of those numerous plays where the wrong man has murdered somebody, or has n't murdered somebody, and the whole company must be cross-examined because the curtain cannot be brought down until the right man is unmasked. Do let us come into this, Mr. Palford; what we know seems so inadequate."

Mr. Palford and Mr. Grimby each felt that there lurked in this manner a possibility that they were being regarded lightly. All the objections to their situation loomed annoyingly large.

"It is, of course, an extraordinary story," Mr. Palford said. "But, if we are not mistaken in our deductions, we may find ourselves involved in a *cause célèbre* which will set all England talking."

"I am not mistaken." Palliser presented the comment with a short and dry laugh.

"Tha seems pretty cock-sure," Hutchinson threw in.

"I am. No one knew Jem Temple Barholm better than I did in the past. We were intimate—enemies." He laughed again.

"Tha says tha 'll swear the chap tha saw through the window was him?" said Hutchinson.

"I 'd swear it," with composure.

The duke was reflecting. He was again tapping with his cane the gaiter covering his slender, shining boot.

"If Mr. Temple Temple Barholm had remained here, his actions would have seemed less suspicious?" he suggested.

It was Palliser who replied.

"Or if he had n't whisked the other man away. He lost his head and played the fool."

"He did n't lose his head, that chap. It 's screwed on the right way, his head is," grunted Hutchinson.

"The curious fellow has a number of friends," the duke remarked to Palford and Grimby, in his impartial tone. "I am hoping you are not thinking of cross-examining me. I have always been convinced that under cross-examination I could be induced innocently to give evidence condemnatory to both sides of any case whatever. But would you mind telling me what the exact evidence *is* so far?"

Mr. Palford had been opening a budget of papers.

"It is evidence which is cumulative, your Grace," he said. "Mr. Temple Temple Barholm's position would have been a far less suspicious one, as you yourself suggested, if he had remained, or if he had n't secretly removed Mr.—Mr. Strangeways."

"The last was Captain Palliser's suggestion, I believe," smiled the duke. "*Did* he remove him secretly? How secretly, for instance?"

"At night," answered Palliser. "Miss Temple Barholm herself did not know when it happened. Did you?" He turned to Miss Alicia, who at once flushed and paled.

"He knew that I was rather nervous where Mr. Strangeways was concerned. I am sorry to say he found that out almost at once. He even told me several times that I must not think of him—that I need hear nothing about him." She turned to the duke, her air of appeal plainly representing a feeling that he would understand her confession. "I scarcely like to say it, but wrong as it was, I could n't help feeling that it was like having a—a lunatic in the house. I was afraid he might be more—ill than Temple realized, and that he might some time become violent. I never admitted so much of course, but I *was*."

"You see, she was not told." Palliser summed it up succinctly.

"Evidently," the duke admitted. "I see your point." But he seemed to disengage himself from all sense of admitting implications with entire calmness, as he turned again to Mr. Palford and his papers.

"You were saying that the exact evidence was—"

Mr. Palford referred to a sheet of notes.

"That, whether before or shortly after his arrival here is not at all certain, Mr. Temple Temple Barholm began strongly to suspect the identity of the person then known as Strangeways—"

Palliser again emitted the short and dry laugh, and both the duke and Mr. Palford looked at him inquiringly.

"He had 'got on to' it before he brought him," he answered their glances. "Be sure of that."

"Then why did he bring him?" the duke suggested lightly.

"Oh, well," taking his cue from the duke, and assuming casual lightness also, "he was obliged to come himself, and was jolly well convinced that he had better keep his hand on the man, also his eye. It was a good-enough idea. He could n't leave a thing like that wandering about the States. He could play benefactor safely in a house of the size of this until he was ready for action."

The duke gave a moment to considering the matter, still detachedly.

"It is, on the whole, not unlikely that something of the sort might suggest itself to the criminal mind," he said. His glance at Mr. Palford intimated that he might resume his statement.

"We have secured proof that he applied himself to secret investigation. He is known to have employed Scotland Yard to make certain inquiries concerning the man said to have been killed in the Klondike. Having evidently reached more than suspicion, he began to endeavor to persuade Mr. Strangeways to let him take him to London. This apparently took some time. The mere suggestion of removal threw the invalid into a state of painful excitement—"

"Did Pearson tell you that?" the duke inquired.

"Captain Palliser himself, in passing the door of the room one day, heard certain expressions of terrified pleading," was Mr. Palford's explanation.

"I heard enough," Palliser took it up carelessly, "to make it worth while to question Pearson, who must have heard a great deal more. Pearson was ordered to hold his tongue from the first, but he will have to tell the truth when he is asked."

The duke did not appear to resent his view.

"Pearson would be likely to know what went on," he remarked. "He 's an intelligent little fellow."

"The fact remains that in spite of his distress and reluctance Mr. Strangeways was removed privately, and there our knowledge ends. He has not been seen since, and a few hours after Captain Palliser expressed his conviction that the person he had seen through the west room window was Mr. James Temple Barholm, Mr. Temple Temple Barholm left the house, taking a midnight train, and leaving no clue as to his whereabouts or intentions."

"Disappeared!" said the duke. "Where has he been looked for?"

The countenances of both Mr. Palford and his party expressed a certain degree of hesitancy.

"Principally in asylums and so-called sanatoriums," Mr. Grimby admitted, with a hint of reluctance.

"Places where the curiosity of outsiders is not encouraged," said Palliser, languidly, "and where, if a patient dies in a fit of mania, there are always respectable witnesses to explain that his case was hopeless from the first."

Mr. Hutchinson had been breathing hard occasionally as he sat and listened, and now he sprang up, uttering a sound dangerously near a violent snort.

"Art tha accusin' that lad o' bein' black villain enough to be ready to do bloody murder?" he cried out.

"He was in a very tight place, Hutchinson,"—Palliser slightly shrugged his shoulders as he said it,—"but one makes suggestions at this stage, not accusations."

That Hutchinson had lost his head was apparent to his daughter at least.

"Tha 'd be in a tight place, my fine chap, if I had my way," he flung forth irately. "I 'd like to get thy head under my arm."

The roll of approaching wheels reached Miss Alicia.

"There 's another carriage," was her agitated exclamation. "Oh, dear! it must be Lady Joan!"

Little Ann left her seat to make her father return to his.

"Father, you 'd better sit down," she said, gently pushing him in the right direction. "When you can't prove a thing 's a lie, it 's just as well to keep quiet until you can." She kept quiet herself, though she turned and stood before Palliser and spoke with clear deliberateness: "What you pretend to believe is not true, Captain Palliser. It 's just not true," she told him.

They were facing and looking at each

other when Burrill announced Lady Joan Fayre. She entered rather quickly, and looked round the room with a sweeping glance, taking them all in. She went to the duke first, and they shook hands.

"I am glad you are here," she said.

"I would not have been out of it, my dear young lady," he answered, " 'for a farm.' That 's a quotation."

"I know," she replied, giving her hand to Miss Alicia, and taking in Palliser and the solicitors with a bow which was little more than a nod. Then she saw Little Ann, and walked over to her to shake hands.

"I am glad you are here. I rather felt you would be," was her greeting. "I am glad to see you."

"Whether tha 'rt glad to see *me* or not, I 'm glad I 'm here," said Hutchinson, bluntly. "I 've just been speaking a bit o' my mind."

"Now, Father love!" Little Ann put her hand on his arm.

Lady Joan looked him over. Her hungry eyes were more hungry than ever. She looked like a creature in a fever and worn by it. "I am glad you are here, too," she answered.

Palliser sauntered over to her. He had approved the duke's air of being at once detached and inquiring, and he did not intend to wear the aspect of the personage who plays the unpleasant part of the pursuer and avenger. What he said was:

"It was good of you to come, Lady Joan."

"Did you think I would stay away?" was her answer. "But I will tell you that I don't believe it is true."

"You think that it is too good to be true?"

Her hot eyes had records in them it would have been impossible for him to read or understand. She had been so torn, she had passed through such hours, since she had been told this wild thing.

"Pardon my not telling you what I think," she said. "Nothing matters, after all, if he is alive."

"Except that we must find him," said Palliser.

"If he is in the same world with me, I shall find him," she said fiercely. Then she turned again to Ann. "You are the girl T. Tembarom loves?" she said.

"Yes, my lady."

"If he was lost, and you knew he was on the earth with you, don't you know that you would find him?"

"I should know he 'd come back to me," Little Ann answered her. "That 's what—" her small face looked very fine as in her second of hesitation a spirited flush ran over it—"that 's what *your* man will do," she added firmly.

It was amazing to see how the bitter face changed, as though one word had brought back a passionate, softening memory.

"My man!" Her voice mellowed until it was deep and low. "Did you call T. Tembarom that, too? Oh, I understand *you*. Keep near me while I talk to these people." She made her sit down by her. "I know every detail of your letters." She addressed Palliser as well as Palford and Grimby, sweeping all detail aside. "What is it you want to ask me?"

"This is our position, your Ladyship." Mr. Palford fumbled a little with his papers in speaking. "Mr. Temple Temple Barholm and the person known as Mr. Strangeways have been searched for so far without result. In the meantime we realize that the more evidence we obtain that Mr. Temple Temple Barholm identified Strangeways and acted from motive, the more solid the foundation upon which Captain Palliser's assertions rest. Up to this point we have only his statement, which he is prepared to make on oath. Fortunately, however, he on one occasion overheard something said to you which he believes will be corroborative evidence."

"What did you overhear?" she inquired of Palliser.

Her tone was not pacific, considering that, logically, she must be on the side of the investigators. But it was her habit, as Captain Palliser remembered, to seem to put most people on the defensive. He meant to look as uninvolved as the duke, but it was not quite within his power. His manner was sufficiently deliberate.

"One evening before you left for London I was returning from the billiard-room and heard you engaged in animated conversation with—our host. My attention was arrested, first, because"—a sketch of a smile ill concealed itself—"you usually scarcely deigned to speak to him, and, secondly, because I heard Jem Temple Barholm's name."

"And you"—neither eyes nor manner omitted the word—"listened."

But the slight lift of his shoulders was indifferent enough.

"I listened *deliberately*. I was convinced that the fellow was a criminal impostor, and I wanted evidence."

"Ah, come now," remarked the duke, amiably; "now we are getting on. Did you gain any?"

"I thought so. Merely of the cumulative order of course," Palliser answered with moderation. "Those were early days. He asked you," turning to Lady Joan again, "if you knew any one—*any* one who had any sort of photograph of Jem. You had one, and you showed it to him."

She was silent for a moment. The hour came back to her—the extraordinary hour when he had stood in his lounging fashion before her, and through some odd, uncivilized, but absolutely human, force of his own had *made* her listen to him, and had gone on talking in his nasal voice until, with one common, crude, grotesque phrase he had turned her hideous world upside down—changed the whole face of it, sent the stone wall rising before her crumbling into dust, and seemed somehow to set her free. For the moment he had lifted a load from her the nature of which she did not think he could understand—a load of hatred and silence. She had clutched his hand, she had passionately wept on it, she could have kissed it. He had told her she could come back and not be afraid. As the strange episode rose before her detail by detail, she literally stared at Palliser.

"You did, did n't you?" he inquired.

"Yes," she answered.

Her mind was in a riot, because, in the midst of things which must be true, something was false. But with the memory of a myriad subtle duplicities in her brain, she had never seen anything which could have approached a thing like that. He had made her feel more human than any one in the world had ever made her feel but Jem. He had been able to do it because he was human himself—human. "I 'm friendly," he had said with his boy's laugh—"just friendly."

"I saw him start, though you did not," Palliser continued. "He stood and studied the locket intently."

She remembered perfectly. He had examined it so closely that he had unconsciously knit his brows.

"He said something in a rather low voice," Palliser continued. "I could not catch it all. It was something about 'knowing the face again.' I can see you remember, Lady Joan. Can you repeat the exact words?"

He did not understand the struggle he saw in her face. It would have been impossible for him to understand it. What she felt was that if she lost hold of her strange belief in the honesty of this one decent thing she had seen and felt so close to her that it cleared the air she breathed, it would be as though she had fallen into a bottomless abyss. Without knowing why she did it, she got up from her chair, as though she were a witness in a court.

"Yes, I can," she said. "Yes, I can; but I wish to make a statement for myself. Whether Jem Temple Barholm is alive or dead, Captain Palliser, T. Tembarom has done him no harm."

The duke sat up delicately alert. He had evidently found her worth looking at and listening to from the outset.

"Hear! Hear!" he said pleasantly.

"What were the exact words?" suggested Palliser.

Miss Alicia, who had been weeping on Little Ann's shoulder, almost on her lap, lifted her head to listen. Hutchinson set his jaws and grunted, and Mr. Palford cleared his throat mechanically.

"He said," and no one better than herself realized how ominously "cumulative" the words sounded, "that a man would know a face like that again wherever he saw it."

"*Wherever* he saw it!" ejaculated Mr. Grimby.

There ensued a moment of entire pause. It was inevitable, having reached this point, a taking of breath was necessary. Even the duke ceased to appear entirely detached. As Mr. Palford turned to his papers again, there was perhaps a slight feeling of awkwardness in the air. Miss Alicia had dropped terror-smitten into new tears.

THE slight awkwardness was, on the whole, rather added to by T. Tembarom—as if serenely introduced by the hand of drama itself—opening the door and walking into the room. He came in with a

matter-of-fact but rather obstinate air, and stopped, looking round at them as though collectedly taking them all in.

Hutchinson sprang to his feet with a kind of roar, his big hands plunging deep into his pockets.

"*Here he is!* Danged if he is n't!" he bellowed. "Now, lad, tha let 'em *have* it!"

What he was to let them have did not ensue, because his attitude was not one of assault.

"Say, you 're all here, ain't you?" he remarked obviously. "Good business!"

Miss Alicia got up from the sofa and came trembling toward him as one approaches one risen from the dead, and he made a big stride toward her and took her in his arms, patting her shoulder in reproachful consolation.

"Say, you have n't done what I told you, have you?" he soothed. "You 've let yourself get rattled."

"But I knew it was n't true," she sobbed. "I knew it was n't."

"Of course you did, but you got rattled all the same." And he patted her again.

The duke came forward with a delightfully easy and—could it be almost jocose? —air of bearing himself. Palford and Grimby remarked it with pained dismay. He was unswerving in his readiness as he shook hands.

"How well done of you!" he said. "How well arranged! But I 'm afraid you did n't arrange it at all. It has merely happened. Where did you come from?"

"From America. Got back yesterday." T. Tembarom's hand-shake was a robust, hearty greeting. "It 's all right."

"From America!" The united voices of the solicitors exclaimed it.

Joseph Hutchinson broke into a huge guffaw, and he stamped in exultation.

"I 'm danged if he has na been to America!" he cried out. "To America!"

"Oh," Miss Alicia gasped hysterically, "they go backward and forward to America like—like lightning!"

Little Ann had not risen at his entrance, but had sat still, with her hands clasped tightly on her lap. Her face had somehow the effect of a flower gradually breaking into extraordinary bloom. Their eyes had once met, and then she remained, her soul in hers, which were on him as she drank in every word he uttered. Her time had not yet come.

Lady Joan had remained standing by the chair, which a few moments before her manner had seemed to transform into something like a witness-stand in a court of justice. Her hungry eyes had grown hungrier each second, and her breath came and went quickly. The very face she had looked up at in her last talk with T. Tembarom, the oddly human face, turned on her as he came to her. It was just as it had been that night, just as commonly uncommon and believable.

"Say, Lady Joan, you did n't believe all that guff, did you? You did n't?" he said.

"No, no, no! I *could n't!*" she cried.

He saw she was shaking with suspense, and he pushed her gently into a chair.

"You 'd better sit down a minute. You 're about all in," he said.

She might have been a woman with an ague as she caught his arm, shaking it because her hands themselves so shook.

"Is it true?" was her low cry. "Is he alive, is he alive?"

"Yes, he 's alive." And as he answered, he drew close and so placed himself before her that he shielded her from the others in the room. He seemed to manage to shut them out, so that when she dropped her face on her arms against the chair-back, her shuddering, silent sobbing was hidden decently. It was not only his body which did it, but some protecting power which was almost physically visible. She felt it spread before her. "Yes, he 's alive," he said, "and he 's all right, though it 's been a long time coming, by gee!"

He 's alive. They all heard it. For a man of Palliser's make to stand silent in the midst of mysteries slowly accumulating, convictions that some one perilously of his own rarely inept type was on the verge of feeling appallingly like a fool, was momentarily unendurable. And nothing had been explained, after all.

"Is this what you call 'bluff' in New York?" he demanded. "You 've a lot to explain. You *admit* that Jem Temple Barholm is alive?" He realized his asinine error before the words were fully spoken.

That realization was the result of the square-shouldered swing with which T. Tembarom turned round, and the expression of his eyes as they ran over him.

"Admit!" he said. "Admit hell! He 's up-stairs." He gave a slight jerk of his head in the direction of the ceiling.

The duke alone did not gasp. He laughed slightly.

"We 've just got here. He came down from London with me and Sir Ormsby Galloway." He said this not to Palliser, but to Palford and Grimby.

"*The* Sir Ormsby Galloway?" It was an ejaculation from Mr. Palford himself.

T. Tembarom stood square and gave his explanation to the lot of them, so to speak, without distinction.

"He 's the big nerve-specialist. I 've had him looking after the case from the first, before I began to suspect anything. I took orders, and orders were to keep him quiet and not let any fool butt in and excite him. That 's what I 've been giving my mind to. The great stunt was to get him to go and stay at Sir Ormsby's place." He stopped a moment, and suddenly flared forth as though he had had about enough of it. He almost shouted at them in exasperation: "All I 'm going to tell you is that for about six months I 've been trying to prove that Jem Temple Barholm *was* Jem Temple Barholm, and the hardest thing I had to do was to get him so that he could prove it himself." He strode over to the hearth and rang a bell. "It 's not my place to give orders here now," he said, "but Jem commissioned me to see this thing through. Sir Ormsby 'll tell you all you want to hear."

He turned and spoke solely to the duke.

"This is what happened," he said. "I dare say you 'll laugh when you hear it. I almost laughed myself. What does Jem do when he thinks things over but get some fool notion in his head about not coming back here and pushing *me* out! And he lights out and leaves the country —*leaves* it to get time to think it over some more."

The duke did not laugh. He merely smiled—a smile which had a shade of curious self-questioning in it.

"Romantic and emotional, and quite ridiculous," he commented slowly. "He 'd have wakened to that when he had thought it out 'some more.' The thing could n't be done."

Burrill had presented himself in answer to the bell, and awaited orders. His grace called Tembarom's attention to him, and Tembarom included Palliser with Palford and Grimby when he gave his gesture of instruction.

"Take these gentlemen to Sir Ormsby Galloway, and then ask Mr. Temple Barholm if he 'll come down-stairs," he said.

It is possible that Captain Palliser felt himself more irritatingly enfolded in the swathing realization that some one was in a ridiculous position, and it is certain that Mr. Palford felt it necessary to preserve an outwardly flawless dignity as the duke surprisingly left his chair and joined them.

"Let me go, too," he suggested. "I may be able to assist in throwing light." His including movement in Miss Alicia's direction was delightfully gracious and friendly. It was inclusive of Mr. Hutchinson, also.

"Will you come with us, Miss Temple Barholm?" he said. "And you too, Mr. Hutchinson? We shall go over it all in its most interesting detail, and you must be eager about it. I am myself."

His happy and entirely correct idea was that the impending entrance of Mr. James Temple Barholm would "come off" better in the absence of an audience.

Hutchinson almost bounced from his chair in his readiness. Miss Alicia looked at Tembarom.

"Yes, Miss Alicia," he answered her inquiring glance. "You go, too. You 'll get it all over quicker."

Rigid propriety forbade that Mr. Palford should express annoyance, but the effort to restrain the expression of it was in his countenance. Was it possible that the American habit of being jocular had actually held its own in a matter as serious as this? And could even the most cynical and light-minded of ducal personages have been involved in its unworthy frivolities? But no one looked jocular. Tembarom's jaw was set in a hard line, and the duke, taking up the broad ribbon of his rimless monocle to fix the glass in his eye, wore the expression of a man whose sense of humor was temporarily in abeyance.

"Are we to understand that your Grace—"

"Yes," said his grace, a trifle curtly. "I have known about it for some time."

"But why was nobody told?" put in Palliser.

"Why should people be told? There was nothing sufficiently definite to tell. It was a waiting game." His grace wasted no words. "I was told Mr. Temple Barholm did not know England or English methods. His idea, perhaps a mistaken one, was that an English duke ought to be able to advise him. He came to me and made a clean breast of it. He goes straight at things, that young fellow. Makes what he calls a 'bee-line.' Oh, I 've been in it, I 've been in it, I assure you."

It was as they crossed the hall that his grace slightly laughed.

"It struck me as a sort of wild-goose chase at first. He had only a ghost of a clue, a mere resemblance to a portrait. But he believed in it, and he had an instinct." He laughed again. "The dullest and most unmelodramatic neighborhood in England has been taking part in a melodrama, but there has been no villain in it; only a matter-of-fact young man working out a queer thing in his own queer, matter-of-fact way."

WHEN the door closed behind them Tembarom went to Lady Joan. She had risen, and was standing before the window, her back to the room. She looked tall and straight and tensely braced when she turned round, but there was endurance, not fierceness, in her eyes.

"Did he leave the country knowing I was here—waiting?" she asked. Her voice was low and fatigued. She had remembered that years had passed, and that it was perhaps, after all, only human that long anguish should blot things out and dull a hopeless man's memory.

"No," answered Tembarom, sharply, "he did n't. You were n't in it then. He believed you 'd married that Duke of Merthshire fellow. This is the way it was. Let me tell it to you quick. A letter that had been wandering round came to him the night before the cave-in, when they thought he was killed. It told him old Temple Barholm was dead. He started out before daylight, and you can bet he was strung up till he was near crazy with excitement. He believed that if he was in England, with plenty of money, he could track down that card-sharp lie. He believed you 'd help him. Somewhere while he was traveling he came across an old paper with a lot of dope about your being engaged."

Joan remembered well how her mother had worked to set the story afloat, how they had gone through the most awful of their scenes, almost raving at each other, shut up together in the boudoir in Hill Street.

"That 's all he remembers except that he thought some one had hit him a crack on the head. Nothing had hit him. He 'd had too much to stand up under, and something gave way in his brain. He does n't know what happened after that. He 'd wake up sometimes just enough to know he was wandering about trying to get home. It 's been the limit to try to track him. If he 'd not come to himself, we could never have been quite sure. That 's why I stuck at it. But he *did* come to himself—all of a sudden. Sir Ormsby will tell you that 's what nearly always happens. They wake up all of a sudden. It 's all right. It 's all right. I used to promise him it would be when I was n't sure that I was n't lying." For the first time he broke into the friendly

grin, but it was more valiant than spontaneous. He wanted her to know that it *was* "all right."

"Oh," she cried—"oh, you—"

She stopped because the door was opening.

"It 's Jem," he said sharply. "Ann, let 's go." That instant Little Ann was near him.

"No, no, don't go!" cried Lady Joan.

Jem Temple Barholm came in through the doorway. Life and sound and breath stopped for a second, and then the two whirled into each other's arms as though a storm had swept them there.

"Jem!" she wailed. "O Jem! My *man!* Where have you been?"

"I 've been in hell, Joan—in hell," he answered, choking. "And this wonderful fellow dragged me out of it."

But Tembarom would have none of it; he could n't stand it. This sort of thing filled up his throat and put him at an overwhelming disadvantage. He just laid a hand on Jem Temple Barholm's shoulder and gave him an awkwardly friendly push.

"Say, cut me out of it," he said. "You get busy," he added, his voice rather breaking. "You 've got a lot to say to her. It was up to me before; now it 's up to you."

Little Ann went with him into the next room.

THE room they went into was a smaller one, quiet, its oriel windows much overshadowed by trees. By the time they stood together in the center of it Tembarom had swallowed something twice or thrice and had recovered himself. Even his old smile had come back as he took one of her hands in each of his, and, holding them wide apart, stood and looked down at her.

"God bless you, Little Ann!" he said. "I just knew I should find you here. I 'd have bet my last dollar on it."

The hands he held were trembling just a little, and the dimples quivered in and out; but her eyes were steady, and a lovely, increasing intensity glowed in them.

"You went after him and brought him back. He was all wrought up, and he needed some one with good common sense to stop him in time to make him think straight before he did anything silly," she said.

"I says to him," T. Tembarom answered, making the matter clear; " 'Say, you 've left something behind that belongs to you. Come back and get it.' I meant Lady Joan. And I says; 'Good Lord! man, you 're acting like a fellow in a play. That place does n't belong to *me*. It belongs to you. If it was mine fair and square, Little Willie 'd hang on to it. There 'd be no noble sacrifice in his. You get a brace on.' "

"When they were talking in that silly way about you, and saying you 'd run away," said Little Ann, her face uplifted adoringly as she talked, "I said to father, 'If he 's gone, he 's gone to get something; and he 'll be likely to bring it back."

He almost dropped her hands and caught her to him then, but he saved himself in time.

"Now this great change has come," he said, "everything will be different. The men you 'll know will look like the pictures in the advertisements at the backs of magazines—those fellows with chins and smooth hair. I shall look like a chauffeur among them."

But she did not blench in the least, though she remembered whose words he was quoting. The intense and lovely femininity in her eyes only increased. She came closer to him, and so, because of his height, had to look up more.

"You always will make jokes, but I don't care. I don't care for anything but *you,*" she said. "I love your jokes. I love everything about you. I love your eyes and your voice and your laugh. I love your very clothes." Her voice quivered as her dimples did. "These last months I 've sometimes felt as though I should *die* of loving you."

It was a wonderful thing—wonderful. His eyes, his whole young being, had kindled as he looked down, drinking in every word.

"Is *that* the kind of quiet little thing you are?" he said.

"Yes, it is," she answered firmly.

"And you 're satisfied—you know who it is I want? You 're ready to do what you said you would that last night at Mrs. Bowse's?"

"What do you think?" she said in her clear little voice.

He caught her then in a strong, hearty, young, joyous clutch.

"You come to me, Little Ann! You come right to me!" he said.

CHAPTER XLII

MANY an honest penny was turned, with the assistance of the romantic Temple Barholm case, by writers of paragraphs for newspapers published in the United States. It was not merely a romance which belonged to England, but was excitingly linked to America by the fact that its hero regarded himself as an American, and had passed through all the picturesque episodes of a most desirably struggling youth in the very streets of New York itself, and had "worked his way up" to the proud position of society reporter on a huge Sunday paper. If he had been a mere English young man, one recounting of his romance would have disposed of him; but as he was presented to the newspaper public, every characteristic lent itself to elaboration. He was, in fact, flaringly anecdotal. As a newly elected President who has made boots or driven a canal-boat in his unconsidered youth endears himself indescribably to both paragraph-reader and paragraph-purveyor, so did T. Tembarom endear himself. For weeks he was a perennial fount. What quite credible story cannot be related of a hungry lad who is wildly flung by chance into immense fortune and the laps of dukes, so to speak? Accounts of his manner in European courts to which he had supposedly been bidden, of his immense popularity in glittering circles, of his finely democratic bearing when confronted by emperors surrounded by their guilty splendors, were the joy of remote villages and towns.

T. Tembarom, reading in the library at Temple Barholm the first newspapers sent from New York, smiled broadly.

"You see, they 've *got* to say something, Jem," he explained. "It 's too big a scoop to be passed over. *Something 's* got to be turned in. And it means money to the fellows, too. It 's good copy."

"Suppose," suggested Jem, watching him with interest, "you were to write the facts yourself and pass them on to some decent chap who 'd be glad to get them."

"Glad!" Tembarom flushed with delight. "Any chap would be 'way up in the air at the chance. It 's the best kind of stuff. Would n't you mind? Are you sure you would n't?" He was the warhorse snuffing battle from afar.

Jem Temple Barholm laughed outright at the gleam in his eyes.

"No, I should n't care a hang, dear fellow. And the fact that I objected would not stop the story."

"No, it would n't, by gee! Say, I 'll get Ann to help me, and we 'll send it to the man who took my place on the 'Earth.' It 'll mean board and boots to him for a month if he works it right. And it 'll be doing a good turn to Galton, too. I shall be glad to see old Galton when I go back."

"You are quite sure you want to go back?" inquired Jem. A certain glow of feeling was always in his eyes when he turned them on T. Tembarom.

"Go back! I should smile! Of course I shall go back. I 've got to get busy for Hutchinson, and I 've got to get busy for myself. I guess there 'll be work to do that 'll take me half over the world; but I 'm going back first. Ann 's going with me."

But there was no reference to a return to New York when the Sunday "Earth" and other widely circulated weekly sheets gave prominence to the marriage of Mr. Temple Temple Barholm and Miss Hutchinson, only child and heiress of Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, the celebrated inventor. From a newspaper point of view, the wedding had been rather unfairly quiet, and it was necessary to fill space with a revival of the renowned story, with pictures of bride and bridegroom, and of Temple Barholm surrounded by ancestral oaks. A thriving business would have been done by the reporters if an ocean greyhound had landed the pair at the dock some morning, and snap-shots could have been taken as they crossed the gangway, and wearing apparel described. But hope of such fortune was swept away by the closing paragraph, which stated that Mr. and Mrs. Temple Barholm would "spend the next two months in motoring through Italy and Spain."

It was T. Tembarom who sent this last item privately to Galton.

"It 's not true," his letter added, "but

fast, trying to laugh, sometimes not with entire success.

"Do you know how long the time was, over there across the pond, while I was waiting for you? Do you know how far away that big place was from everything in the world?" he had said once. "And me holding on and gritting my teeth, and not a soul to open my mouth to! The old duke was the only one who understood, anyhow. He 'd been there."

"I 'll stay," she answered now, standing before him as he sat down on the end of the "couch." She put a firm, warm-palmed little hand on each side of his face, and held it between them as she looked deep into his eyes. "You look at me, Tem —and see."

"I believe it now," he said, "but I sha'n't in fifteen minutes."

"We 're both right-down silly," she said, her soft, cozy laugh breaking out. "Look round this room and see what we 've got to do. Let 's begin this minute. Did you get the groceries?"

He sprang up and began to go over his packages triumphantly.

"Tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, beefsteak," he called out.

"We can't have beefsteak often," she said soberly, "if we 're going to do it on fifteen a week."

"Good Lord, no!" he answered hilariously. "But this is a Fifth-Avenue feed."

"Let 's take them into the kitchen and put them into the cupboard, and untie the pots and pans." She was suddenly quite absorbed and businesslike. "We must make the room tidy and tack down the carpet, and then cook the dinner."

He followed her and obeyed her like an enraptured boy. The wonder of her was that, despite its unarranged air, the tiny place was already cleared and set for action. She had done it all before she had swept out the undiscovered corners. Everything was near the spot to which it belonged. There was nothing to move or drag out of the way.

"I got it all ready to put straight," she said, "but I wanted you to finish it with me. It would n't have seemed right if I 'd done it without you. It would n't have been as much *ours*."

Then came active service. She was like a small general commanding an army of one. They put things on shelves; they hung things on hooks; they found places in which things belonged; they set chairs and tables straight; and then, after dusting and polishing them, set them at a more imposing angle; they unrolled the little green carpet, and tacked down its corners; and transformed the cot into a "couch" by covering it with what Tracy's knew as a "throw," adorning one end of it with cotton-stuffed cushions. They hung little photogravures on the walls, and strung up some curtains before the good-sized window, which looked down from an enormous height at the tops of four-storied houses, and took in the river and the shore beyond. Because there was no fireplace, Tembarom knocked up a shelf, and, covering it with a scarf (from Tracy's), set up some inoffensive ornaments on it and flanked them with photographs of Jem Temple Barholm, Lady Joan in court-dress, Miss Alicia in her prettiest cap, and the great house, with its huge terrace and the griffins.

"Ain't she a 'looker'?" Tembarom said of Lady Joan. "And ain't Jem a looker, too? Gee! they 're a pair. Jem thinks this honeymoon stunt of ours is the best thing he ever heard of—us fixing ourselves up here just like we would have done if nothing had ever happened, and we 'd *had* to do it on fifteen per. Say"—throwing an arm about her—"are you getting as much fun out of it as if we *had* to, as if I might lose my job any minute, and we might get fired out of here because we could n't pay the rent? I believe you 'd rather like to think I might ring you into some sort of trouble, so that you could help me to get you out of it."

"That 's nonsense," she answered, with a sweet, untruthful little face. "I should n't be very sensible if I was n't glad you *could n't* lose your job. Father and I are your job now."

He laughed aloud. This was the innocent, fantastic truth of it. They had chosen to do this thing,—to spend their honeymoon in this particular way,—and there was no reason why they should not. The little dream which had been of such unattainable proportions in the days of Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house could be realized to its fullest. No one in the St. Francesca apartments knew that the young honeymooners in the five-roomed apartment were other than Mr. and Mrs. T.

Barholm, as recorded on the tablet of names in the entrance. Hutchinson knew, and Miss Alicia knew, and Jem Temple Barholm, and Lady Joan. The Duke of Stone knew, and thought the old-fashionedness of the idea quite the last touch of modernity.

"Did you see any one who knew you when you were out?" Little Ann asked.

"No, and if I had, they would n't have believed they 'd seen me, because the papers told them that Mr. and Mrs. Temple Barholm are spending their honeymoon motoring through Spain in their ninety-horse-power machine."

"Let 's go and get dinner," said Little Ann.

They went into the doll's-house kitchen and cooked the dinner. Little Ann broiled steak and fried potato-chips, and T. Tembarom produced a wonderful custard-pie he had bought at a confectioner's. He set the table, and put a bunch of yellow daisies in the middle of it.

"We could n't do it every day on fifteen per week," he said. "If we wanted flowers, we should have to grow them in old tomato-cans."

Little Ann took off her chorister's-gown apron and her kerchief, and patted and touched up her hair. She was pink to her ears, and had several new dimples; and when she sat down opposite him, as she had sat that first night at Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house supper, Tembarom stared at her and caught his breath.

"You *are* there," he said, "ain't you?"

"Yes, I am," she answered.

WHEN they had cleared the table and washed the dishes, and had left the toy kitchen spick and span, the ten million lights in New York were lighted and casting their glow above the city. Tembarom sat down on the Adams chair before the window and took Little Ann on his knee. She was of the build which settles comfortably and with ease into soft curves, the nearness of which is a caress. Looked down at from the fourteenth story of the St. Francesca's apartments, the lights strung themselves along lines of streets, crossing and recrossing one another; they glowed and blazed against masses of buildings, and they hung at enormous heights in mid-air here and there, apparently without any support. Everywhere was the glow and dazzle of their brilliancy of light, with the distant beehum of a nearing elevated train at intervals gradually deepening into a roar. The river looked miles below them, and craft with sparks or blaze of light went slowly or swiftly to and fro.

"It 's like a dream," said Little Ann, after a long silence. "And we are up here like birds in a nest."

He gave her a closer grip.

"Miss Alicia once said that when I was almost down and out," he said. "It gave me a jolt. She said a place like this would be like a nest. Wherever we go,—and we 'll have to go to lots of places and live in lots of different ways,—we 'll keep this place, and some time we 'll bring her here and let her try it. I 've just *got* to show her New York."

"Yes, let us keep it," said Little Ann, drowsily, "just for a nest."

There was another silence, and the lights on the river far below still twinkled or blazed as they drifted to and fro.

"You *are* there, ain't you?" said Tembarom in a half-whisper.

"Yes—I am," murmured Little Ann.

But she had had a busy day, and when he looked down at her, she hung softly against his shoulder, fast asleep.

THE END

The Spirit of The Century

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

WHEN Lord Northcliffe stated to a reporter his belief that "the magazine had had its day," and predicted that the newspaper eventually would supplant it as the purveyor to the public of current literature and art, he did little more than define his nationality and personal experience. British magazines and British conditions differ vastly from American.

But, irrespective of nationality and environment, there are two reasons that are fundamental and sufficient why newspapers cannot supplant magazines. The men who edit a newspaper think and act in terms of newspaper and under the influence of newspaper conditions. Their minds gallop with the news. They must catch editions and make a showing with what they can snatch out of the rushing moment. They touch the high spots only. They think in linotype. They visualize life at one hundred papers a minute. They see art in sixty-five line screens.

But imagine that same group running a magazine. Now their whole point of view differs. Now they dwell insistently upon the thoughtful and the scholarly. Passing events are valuable only for their suggestion. The local and immediate are insignificant. The universal alone has value.

The second reason lies in the public point of view. The very form of the newspaper, its large white sheet, its swift, concise expressiveness, its partizan point of view, its intense local concentration, its crisp, instinctive judgment of momentary values—all are associated in the reader's mind with the alert, expectant, rapid-glance mood in which he picks up his newspaper.

Lord Northcliffe is wrong. To assume that editor or reader will obliterate his instinctive and educated associations is to assume what cannot be. Both forms are necessary to civilization. Neither can usurp the other's functions.

AS OTHERS SEE US

IT rarely, if ever, has happened that a magazine has offered its readers in a single issue as much food for serious and profitable thinking as lies in two papers between the covers of this number of THE CENTURY. The papers are W. Morgan Shuster's "Is There a Sound American Foreign Policy?" and Professor Ross's "American and Immigrant Blood." With them should be read again James Davenport Whelpley's paper in the November CENTURY entitled "Our Disorganized Diplomatic Service."

Written from a world point of view, each in total ignorance of the others, each by a student of men and nations and the ages, these articles supplement one another curiously. They constitute a triple mirror held to our national face. They consider us without prejudice or enthusiasm from the rim of the world. They see us as Europeans see us, merely one people among many. Their writers are scientists, intellectually curious, coldly detached, vastly interested in the human reaction.

Few experiences are so delightfully tantalizing as viewing ourselves through others' eyes. Even when the picture is unlovely we gaze fascinated; we even beg for more. Sometimes we profit by these revelations, but more often we do not. Frequently we are indignant that others' eyes should so distort us. But, even then, to the healthy mind, the experience is good for the soul. It must be a complacency of titan size that will pass so honest an ordeal as these three distinguished writers have here prepared for us without some healthy humbling and a desire for braver things.

Mr. Shuster's arraignment of the Monroe Doctrine cannot help sadly jarring hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of easy-going American men and women who have accepted this dangerous doctrine from short-sighted fathers with the happy,

absolute confidence with which they also accepted the philosophy, the religious dogma, and the social and moral standards laid down by leaders long since dead for generations which, with their conditions and limitations, have long since passed. If the spirit of this wonderfully changed period, now scarcely half a decad revealed, must be summed in a single adjective, that adjective had best be honest. Yes, these are honest times, or times that try to be so; and by now surely we are well used to jarring revelations of hitherto concealed truth. Mr. Shuster's picture of the contemptuous attitude of Europe and the veiled hostility of Latin America toward our fatuous shibboleth is as honest as it is vivid and well reasoned. Our historic vision of Uncle Sam looming, uncouth, but dignified, among the respectful nations dismayingly changes to that of an overgrown child babbling diplomatic nursery rhymes while it pushes silly counters between the squares on which the indulgent nations are seriously playing the Game of Civilization.

It will also surprise many good citizens of this land to learn that, in foreign eyes, the comfortable humanitarianism of our war with Spain was little more than a novel and clever cover for a gigantic land-grabbing operation, and in land-grabbing, we of this generation are surprised to learn, America is historically regarded as wonderfully resourceful, unscrupulous, and successful. Our bestowal of liberty upon Cuba is considered merely a trick to relieve a temporary situation, or why, they ask, did we not also free Porto Rico and the Philippines? In the eyes of Europe there is no American diplomacy, only childish trickery, childishly changing its tricks with each new administration. Mr. Shuster demands statesmanship freed from local politics. We are grown up at last, so let us bear ourselves as a nation among nations. Let us throw away our counters and ourselves play the game.

Mr. Whelpley views us from a different angle and at intimate range, but he sees much the same picture. An American who has spent most of his recent years abroad, a student of peoples and policies, a familiar in the embassies of Europe, he is keenly sensitive to the not always good-humored indulgence of the foreign grown-ups for our doll-house diplomacy. It is a picture which our modern and efficient President will do well to commend to the earnest attention of his Secretary of State.

As Mr. Shuster demands that diplomacy be divorced from local politics, so does Mr. Whelpley cry aloud for a diplomatic service freed from the blight of personal and partizan patronage. America can never attain a dignified and businesslike position in the congress of nations by matching endless successions of gentlemanly amateurs against the veteran professionals of Europe. The time has come to introduce into the diplomatic service from top to bottom the common business principles and sound business practice which distinguishes certain other branches of the national public service. Now that Mr. Wilson has seen his tariff bill become law, and otherwise has advanced so marvelously a program of incalculable importance, it is reasonable to believe that, in his first breathing-space, he will rescue our diplomatic service from its ridiculous ineffectiveness and make it the tempered tool of that consistent, righteous, and forceful diplomacy which no doubt he plans to establish for America as the climax of his administration. The President whose foreign relations place this country in a position of dignity and influence among nations will, in the eyes of Europe at least, pass into history as one of the greatest Americans.

Quite a different light is thrown on the picture by Professor Ross's disquieting findings concerning the vitiation of our nation's blood by the character of recent immigration. Twenty years ago British immigrants stopped coming to us, and since then the desirable blood of northern Europe has almost altogether ceased flowing into our veins. American conditions no longer appeal to the sturdy men and women of those nations which contributed to our early mighty growth. Yet immigration has, in bulk, enormously increased. America has become, in brief, the waste-bucket for the relief of southern Europe, and, more and more, of Asia.

Will not the same brave, independent Congress that passed the tariff bill undertake the still nobler, more imperative task of purging the nation's clotting blood?

IN LIGHTER VEIN

HOW MODERN MEN MAY HOPE TO PLEASE WOMEN

BY HARRISON RHODES

IN the old days—which means only yesterday or the day before—there used to be considerable speculation both in the publicity of print and in the privacy of conversation as to what kinds of women most pleased men. The quaint phrase conjures up at once a delicious nineteenth-century picture of a kind of king upon his throne actually choosing the damsel upon whom he shall cast a favorable eye. In the twentieth century, which is so definitely receiving that famous "touch of a woman's hand," all that matters is what kinds of men, if any, can please *women*.

There are even pessimists who go so far as to declare that the ladies will soon be quite happy without men at all. Statistics, however, would seem to indicate the contrary. At the watering-places last summer there even appears to have been an actual scarcity of men to meet the female demand, presentable young fellows especially being quoted very high in an active market. Of course women no longer feel, as they used, disgraced if they have no men about. But when they have finished the hard work of the day, they like a little relaxation with men, just as men in the old days liked relaxation with women. They like a pleasant conversation with a well-groomed, well-dressed man; it amuses them and makes them forget their responsibilities.

Women want men, but the point is that nowadays they want only the kind of men they want; the once stronger sex had better look lively. Women are no longer tremblingly watching for men to throw them their handkerchiefs. They already figuratively stand, at their ease, in the restaurant "lounges" and appraise the pretty gentlemen as they pass in review before them.

The consequences are easy to prophesy. We are in danger of soon seeing in the newspapers such articles as "Do Men Dress to Please Women or to Please Other Men," or even "Shall Men Propose?"

Don Juan with his wiles and seductions has unhappily been forgotten for some decades. In America men have always been thought too busy to bother about women. But now perhaps Byron may be taken off the dusty shelves, and men may apply themselves to see how his hero's methods can be improved upon and brought up to date. If they cannot or will not do this, they must resign themselves to the inevitable, give up all right of choice, and sit with hands folded—as it were, "in maiden meditation, fancy-free"—until Donna Juana shall flaunt by and cast the eye of favor upon them.

A crisis has come in the history of the sex.

Some slight survey of the situation may be worth while, some little attempt to discover indications of how modern men may hope to please women.

In the way of romantic and impassioned love-making, which includes home-wrecking, poetry-quoting, and other allied activities, American men have now for a long time been considered hopeless failures; you have only to read the many novels concerning the unhappy and misunderstood wives of our captains of industry to know that. American men may as well recognize this; if they cannot do the work themselves, women will provide people who can. To a mind of any international breadth of vision their remedy will suggest itself at once—the increased importation of foreign noblemen, who work well and willingly at such amorous jobs. They are easily kept in good condition by a careful diet of lunches and dinners (rich food is perhaps best to heighten their emotions); they have plenty of leisure for those small politenesses which please women; and they are easily satisfied with an occasional marriage with an heiress, or even with a harmless little affair with a lady whose husband can help them in a business way. Now that the tariff is down it is probable that titled adepts at these gentler forms of pleasing will soon be fawning in still greater numbers at our ladies' feet. Happily there still remain for the native-born other possible means of softening the female heart.

Chief among blandishments at which it might be hoped that the rougher male of this hemisphere would excel is physical violence. It is loudly asserted that nowadays woman is no longer like the dog and the walnut-tree, better for being more beaten. And yet, somehow, one would like to see the walnut-tree theory tried again before it is definitely discarded. There may still be something in primitive man, dressed in the picturesque costume of the cow-boy of the plains or the miner

"WOMEN ALREADY APPRAISE THE PRETTY GENTLEMEN AS THEY PASS"

what I 'm going to do is nobody's business but mine and my wife's, and this will suit people just as well." Then he confided to Galton the thing which was the truth.

THE St. Francesca apartment-house was a very new one, situated on a corner of a sparsely built, but rapidly spreading, avenue above the "one hundredth streets"—many numbers above them. There was a frankly unfinished air about the neighborhood, but here and there a "store" had broken forth and valiantly displayed necessities and even articles verging upon the economically ornamental. Here and there an exceedingly fresh and clean "market," brilliant with the highly colored labels adorning tinned soups and meats and edibles in glass jars, alluringly presented itself to the passer-by. The elevated railroad, perched upon iron supports, and with iron stairways so tall that they looked almost perilous, was a prominent feature of the landscape. There were stretches of waste ground and high backgrounds of bits of country and woodland to be seen. The rush of New York traffic had not yet reached the streets, and the avenue was of an agreeable suburban cleanliness and calm. People who lived in upper stories could pride themselves on having "views of the river." These they laid stress upon when it was hinted that they "lived a long way up-town."

The St. Francesca was built of light-brown stone and decorated with much ornate molding. It was fourteen stories high, and was supplied with ornamental fire-escapes. It was "no slouch of a building." Everything decorative which could be done for it had been done. The entrance was almost imposing, and a generous lavishness in the way of cement mosaic flooring and new and thick red carpet struck the eye at once. The grill-work of the elevator was of fresh, bright blackness, picked out with gold, and the colored elevator-boy wore a blue livery with brass buttons. Persons of limited means who were willing to discard the excitements of "down-town" got a good deal for their money, and frequently found themselves secretly surprised and uplifted by the atmosphere of luxury which greeted them when they entered their red-carpeted hall. It was wonderful, they said, congratulating one another privately, how much comfort and style you got in a New York apartment-house after you passed the "hundred and fiftieths."

On a certain afternoon T. Tembarom, with his hat on the back of his head and his arms full of parcels, having leaped off the "L" when it stopped at the nearest station, darted down the iron stairways until he reached the ground, and then hurried across the avenue to the St. Francesca. He made long strides, and two or three times grinned as though thinking of something highly amusing; and once or twice he began to whistle and checked himself. He looked approvingly at the tall building and its solidly balustraded entrance-steps as he approached it, and when he entered the red-carpeted hall, he gave greeting to a small mulatto boy in livery.

"Hello, Tom! How 's everything?" he inquired hilariously. "You taking good care of this building? Let any more eight-room apartments? You 've got to keep right on the job, you know. Can't have you loafing because you 've got those brass buttons."

The small page showed his teeth in gleeful appreciation of their friendly intimacy.

"Yas, sir, that 's so," he answered. "Mis' Barom she 's waitin' for you. Them carpets is come, sir. Tracy's wagon brought 'em 'bout an hour ago. I told her I 'd help her lay 'em if she wanted me to, but there was n't no tacks. I tol' her jest call me in any time to do anythin' she want' done, an' she said she would."

"She 'll do it," said T. Tembarom. "You just keep on tap. I 'm just counting on you and Light here"—taking in the elevator-boy as he stepped into the elevator—"to look after her when I 'm out."

The elevator-boy grinned also, and the elevator shot up the shaft, the numbers of the floors passing almost too rapidly to be distinguished. The elevator was new, and so was the boy, and it was the pride of his soul to land each passenger at his own particular floor as though he had been propelled upward from a catapult. But he did not go too rapidly for this passenger, at least, though a paper parcel or so was dropped in the transit and had to be picked up when he stopped at floor fourteen.

The red carpets were on the corridor there also, and fresh paint and paper were on the walls. A few yards from the ele-

vator he stopped at a door and opened it with a latch-key, beaming with inordinate delight.

The door opened into a narrow corridor leading into a small apartment, the furniture of which was not yet set in order. A roll of carpet and some mats stood in a corner, chairs and tables with burlaps round their legs waited here and there, a cot with a mattress on it, evidently to be transformed into a "couch," held packages of bafflingly irregular shapes and sizes. In the tiny kitchen new pots and pans and kettles, some still wrapped in paper, tilted themselves at various angles on the gleaming new range or on the closed lids of the doll-sized stationary wash-tubs.

Little Ann had been very busy, and some of the things were unpacked. She had been sweeping and mopping floors and polishing up remote corners, and she had on a big white pinafore-apron with long sleeves, which transformed her into a sort of small female chorister. She came into the narrow corridor with a broom in her hand, her periwinkle-blue gaze as thrilled as an excited child's when it attacks the arrangement of its first doll's house. Her hair was a little ruffled where it showed below the white kerchief she had tied over her head. The warm, daisy pinkness of her cheeks was amazing.

"Hello!" called out Tembarom at sight of her. "Are you there yet? I don't believe it."

"Yes, I 'm here," she answered, dimpling at him.

"Not you!" he said. "You could n't be. You 've melted away. Let 's see." And he slid his parcels down on the cot and lifted her up in the air as though she had been a baby. "How can I tell, anyhow?" he laughed out. "You don't weigh anything, and when a fellow squeezes you, he 's got to look out what he 's doing."

He did not seem to "look out" particularly when he caught her to him in a hug into which she appeared charmingly to melt. She made herself part of it, with soft arms which went at once round his neck and held him.

"Say," he broke forth when he set her down, "do you think I 'm not glad to get back?"

"No, I don't, Tem," she answered. "I know how glad you are by the way I 'm glad myself."

"You know just everything," he ejaculated, looking her over—"just every darned thing, God bless you! But don't you melt away, will you? That 's what I 'm afraid of. I 'll do any old thing on earth if you 'll just stay."

That was his great joke, though she knew it was not so great a joke as it seemed, that he would not believe that she was real, and believed that she might disappear at any moment. They had been married three weeks, and she still knew when she saw him pause to look at her that he would suddenly seize and hold her

fast, trying to laugh, sometimes not with entire success.

"Do you know how long the time was, over there across the pond, while I was waiting for you? Do you know how far away that big place was from everything in the world?" he had said once. "And me holding on and gritting my teeth, and not a soul to open my mouth to! The old duke was the only one who understood, anyhow. He 'd been there."

"I 'll stay," she answered now, standing before him as he sat down on the end of the "couch." She put a firm, warm-palmed little hand on each side of his face, and held it between them as she looked deep into his eyes. "You look at me, Tem —and see."

"I believe it now," he said, "but I sha'n't in fifteen minutes."

"We 're both right-down silly," she said, her soft, cozy laugh breaking out. "Look round this room and see what we 've got to do. Let 's begin this minute. Did you get the groceries?"

He sprang up and began to go over his packages triumphantly.

"Tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, beefsteak," he called out.

"We can't have beefsteak often," she said soberly, "if we 're going to do it on fifteen a week."

"Good Lord, no!" he answered hilariously. "But this is a Fifth-Avenue feed."

"Let 's take them into the kitchen and put them into the cupboard, and untie the pots and pans." She was suddenly quite absorbed and businesslike. "We must make the room tidy and tack down the carpet, and then cook the dinner."

He followed her and obeyed her like an enraptured boy. The wonder of her was that, despite its unarranged air, the tiny place was already cleared and set for action. She had done it all before she had swept out the undiscovered corners. Everything was near the spot to which it belonged. There was nothing to move or drag out of the way.

"I got it all ready to put straight," she said, "but I wanted you to finish it with me. It would n't have seemed right if I 'd done it without you. It would n't have been as much *ours.*"

Then came active service. She was like a small general commanding an army of one. They put things on shelves; they hung things on hooks; they found places in which things belonged; they set chairs and tables straight; and then, after dusting and polishing them, set them at a more imposing angle; they unrolled the little green carpet, and tacked down its corners; and transformed the cot into a "couch" by covering it with what Tracy's knew as a "throw," adorning one end of it with cotton-stuffed cushions. They hung little photogravures on the walls, and strung up some curtains before the good-sized window, which looked down from an enormous height at the tops of four-storied houses, and took in the river and the shore beyond. Because there was no fireplace, Tembarom knocked up a shelf, and, covering it with a scarf (from Tracy's), set up some inoffensive ornaments on it and flanked them with photographs of Jem Temple Barholm, Lady Joan in court-dress, Miss Alicia in her prettiest cap, and the great house, with its huge terrace and the griffins.

"Ain't she a 'looker'?" Tembarom said of Lady Joan. "And ain't Jem a looker, too? Gee! they 're a pair. Jem thinks this honeymoon stunt of ours is the best thing he ever heard of—us fixing ourselves up here just like we would have done if nothing had ever happened, and we 'd *had* to do it on fifteen per. Say"—throwing an arm about her—"are you getting as much fun out of it as if we *had* to, as if I might lose my job any minute, and we might get fired out of here because we could n't pay the rent? I believe you 'd rather like to think I might ring you into some sort of trouble, so that you could help me to get you out of it."

"That 's nonsense," she answered, with a sweet, untruthful little face. "I should n't be very sensible if I was n't glad you *could n't* lose your job. Father and I are your job now."

He laughed aloud. This was the innocent, fantastic truth of it. They had chosen to do this thing,—to spend their honeymoon in this particular way,—and there was no reason why they should not. The little dream which had been of such unattainable proportions in the days of Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house could be realized to its fullest. No one in the St. Francesca apartments knew that the young honeymooners in the five-roomed apartment were other than Mr. and Mrs. T.

Barholm, as recorded on the tablet of names in the entrance. Hutchinson knew, and Miss Alicia knew, and Jem Temple Barholm, and Lady Joan. The Duke of Stone knew, and thought the old-fashionedness of the idea quite the last touch of modernity.

"Did you see any one who knew you when you were out?" Little Ann asked.

"No, and if I had, they would n't have believed they 'd seen me, because the papers told them that Mr. and Mrs. Temple Barholm are spending their honeymoon motoring through Spain in their ninety-horse-power machine."

"Let 's go and get dinner," said Little Ann.

They went into the doll's-house kitchen and cooked the dinner. Little Ann broiled steak and fried potato-chips, and T. Tembarom produced a wonderful custard-pie he had bought at a confectioner's. He set the table, and put a bunch of yellow daisies in the middle of it.

"We could n't do it every day on fifteen per week," he said. "If we wanted flowers, we should have to grow them in old tomato-cans."

Little Ann took off her chorister's-gown apron and her kerchief, and patted and touched up her hair. She was pink to her ears, and had several new dimples; and when she sat down opposite him, as she had sat that first night at Mrs. Bowse's boarding-house supper, Tembarom stared at her and caught his breath.

"You *are* there," he said, "ain't you?"

"Yes, I am," she answered.

WHEN they had cleared the table and washed the dishes, and had left the toy kitchen spick and span, the ten million lights in New York were lighted and casting their glow above the city. Tembarom sat down on the Adams chair before the window and took Little Ann on his knee. She was of the build which settles comfortably and with ease into soft curves, the nearness of which is a caress. Looked down at from the fourteenth story of the St. Francesca's apartments, the lights strung themselves along lines of streets, crossing and recrossing one another; they glowed and blazed against masses of buildings, and they hung at enormous heights in mid-air here and there, apparently without any support. Everywhere was the glow and dazzle of their brilliancy of light, with the distant beehum of a nearing elevated train at intervals gradually deepening into a roar. The river looked miles below them, and craft with sparks or blaze of light went slowly or swiftly to and fro.

"It 's like a dream," said Little Ann, after a long silence. "And we are up here like birds in a nest."

He gave her a closer grip.

"Miss Alicia once said that when I was almost down and out," he said. "It gave me a jolt. She said a place like this would be like a nest. Wherever we go,—and we 'll have to go to lots of places and live in lots of different ways,—we 'll keep this place, and some time we 'll bring her here and let her try it. I 've just *got* to show her New York."

"Yes, let us keep it," said Little Ann, drowsily, "just for a nest."

There was another silence, and the lights on the river far below still twinkled or blazed as they drifted to and fro.

"You *are* there, ain't you?" said Tembarom in a half-whisper.

"Yes—I am," murmured Little Ann.

But she had had a busy day, and when he looked down at her, she hung softly against his shoulder, fast asleep.

THE END

The Spirit of The Century

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES

WHEN Lord Northcliffe stated to a reporter his belief that "the magazine had had its day," and predicted that the newspaper eventually would supplant it as the purveyor to the public of current literature and art, he did little more than define his nationality and personal experience. British magazines and British conditions differ vastly from American.

But, irrespective of nationality and environment, there are two reasons that are fundamental and sufficient why newspapers cannot supplant magazines. The men who edit a newspaper think and act in terms of newspaper and under the influence of newspaper conditions. Their minds gallop with the news. They must catch editions and make a showing with what they can snatch out of the rushing moment. They touch the high spots only. They think in linotype. They visualize life at one hundred papers a minute. They see art in sixty-five line screens.

But imagine that same group running a magazine. Now their whole point of view differs. Now they dwell insistently upon the thoughtful and the scholarly. Passing events are valuable only for their suggestion. The local and immediate are insignificant. The universal alone has value.

The second reason lies in the public point of view. The very form of the newspaper, its large white sheet, its swift, concise expressiveness, its partizan point of view, its intense local concentration, its crisp, instinctive judgment of momentary values—all are associated in the reader's mind with the alert, expectant, rapid-glance mood in which he picks up his newspaper.

Lord Northcliffe is wrong. To assume that editor or reader will obliterate his instinctive and educated associations is to assume what cannot be. Both forms are necessary to civilization. Neither can usurp the other's functions.

AS OTHERS SEE US

IT rarely, if ever, has happened that a magazine has offered its readers in a single issue as much food for serious and profitable thinking as lies in two papers between the covers of this number of THE CENTURY. The papers are W. Morgan Shuster's "Is There a Sound American Foreign Policy?" and Professor Ross's "American and Immigrant Blood." With them should be read again James Davenport Whelpley's paper in the November CENTURY entitled "Our Disorganized Diplomatic Service."

Written from a world point of view, each in total ignorance of the others, each by a student of men and nations and the ages, these articles supplement one another curiously. They constitute a triple mirror held to our national face. They consider us without prejudice or enthusiasm from the rim of the world. They see us as Europeans see us, merely one people among many. Their writers are scientists, intellectually curious, coldly detached, vastly interested in the human reaction.

Few experiences are so delightfully tantalizing as viewing ourselves through others' eyes. Even when the picture is unlovely we gaze fascinated; we even beg for more. Sometimes we profit by these revelations, but more often we do not. Frequently we are indignant that others' eyes should so distort us. But, even then, to the healthy mind, the experience is good for the soul. It must be a complacency of titan size that will pass so honest an ordeal as these three distinguished writers have here prepared for us without some healthy humbling and a desire for braver things.

Mr. Shuster's arraignment of the Monroe Doctrine cannot help sadly jarring hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of easy-going American men and women who have accepted this dangerous doctrine from short-sighted fathers with the happy,

absolute confidence with which they also accepted the philosophy, the religious dogma, and the social and moral standards laid down by leaders long since dead for generations which, with their conditions and limitations, have long since passed. If the spirit of this wonderfully changed period, now scarcely half a decad revealed, must be summed in a single adjective, that adjective had best be honest. Yes, these are honest times, or times that try to be so; and by now surely we are well used to jarring revelations of hitherto concealed truth. Mr. Shuster's picture of the contemptuous attitude of Europe and the veiled hostility of Latin America toward our fatuous shibboleth is as honest as it is vivid and well reasoned. Our historic vision of Uncle Sam looming, uncouth, but dignified, among the respectful nations dismayingly changes to that of an overgrown child babbling diplomatic nursery rhymes while it pushes silly counters between the squares on which the indulgent nations are seriously playing the Game of Civilization.

It will also surprise many good citizens of this land to learn that, in foreign eyes, the comfortable humanitarianism of our war with Spain was little more than a novel and clever cover for a gigantic land-grabbing operation, and in land-grabbing, we of this generation are surprised to learn, America is historically regarded as wonderfully resourceful, unscrupulous, and successful. Our bestowal of liberty upon Cuba is considered merely a trick to relieve a temporary situation, or why, they ask, did we not also free Porto Rico and the Philippines? In the eyes of Europe there is no American diplomacy, only childish trickery, childishly changing its tricks with each new administration. Mr. Shuster demands statesmanship freed from local politics. We are grown up at last, so let us bear ourselves as a nation among nations. Let us throw away our counters and ourselves play the game.

Mr. Whelpley views us from a different angle and at intimate range, but he sees much the same picture. An American who has spent most of his recent years abroad, a student of peoples and policies, a familiar in the embassies of Europe, he is keenly sensitive to the not always good-humored indulgence of the foreign grown-ups for our doll-house diplomacy. It is a picture which our modern and efficient President will do well to commend to the earnest attention of his Secretary of State.

As Mr. Shuster demands that diplomacy be divorced from local politics, so does Mr. Whelpley cry aloud for a diplomatic service freed from the blight of personal and partizan patronage. America can never attain a dignified and businesslike position in the congress of nations by matching endless successions of gentlemanly amateurs against the veteran professionals of Europe. The time has come to introduce into the diplomatic service from top to bottom the common business principles and sound business practice which distinguishes certain other branches of the national public service. Now that Mr. Wilson has seen his tariff bill become law, and otherwise has advanced so marvelously a program of incalculable importance, it is reasonable to believe that, in his first breathing-space, he will rescue our diplomatic service from its ridiculous ineffectiveness and make it the tempered tool of that consistent, righteous, and forceful diplomacy which no doubt he plans to establish for America as the climax of his administration. The President whose foreign relations place this country in a position of dignity and influence among nations will, in the eyes of Europe at least, pass into history as one of the greatest Americans.

Quite a different light is thrown on the picture by Professor Ross's disquieting findings concerning the vitiation of our nation's blood by the character of recent immigration. Twenty years ago British immigrants stopped coming to us, and since then the desirable blood of northern Europe has almost altogether ceased flowing into our veins. American conditions no longer appeal to the sturdy men and women of those nations which contributed to our early mighty growth. Yet immigration has, in bulk, enormously increased. America has become, in brief, the waste-bucket for the relief of southern Europe, and, more and more, of Asia.

Will not the same brave, independent Congress that passed the tariff bill undertake the still nobler, more imperative task of purging the nation's clotting blood?

IN LIGHTER VEIN

HOW MODERN MEN MAY HOPE TO PLEASE WOMEN

BY HARRISON RHODES

IN the old days—which means only yesterday or the day before—there used to be considerable speculation both in the publicity of print and in the privacy of conversation as to what kinds of women most pleased men. The quaint phrase conjures up at once a delicious nineteenth-century picture of a kind of king upon his throne actually choosing the damsel upon whom he shall cast a favorable eye. In the twentieth century, which is so definitely receiving that famous "touch of a woman's hand," all that matters is what kinds of men, if any, can please *women*.

There are even pessimists who go so far as to declare that the ladies will soon be quite happy without men at all. Statistics, however, would seem to indicate the contrary. At the watering-places last summer there even appears to have been an actual scarcity of men to meet the female demand, presentable young fellows especially being quoted very high in an active market. Of course women no longer feel, as they used, disgraced if they have no men about. But when they have finished the hard work of the day, they like a little relaxation with men, just as men in the old days liked relaxation with women. They like a pleasant conversation with a well-groomed, well-dressed man; it amuses them and makes them forget their responsibilities.

Women want men, but the point is that nowadays they want only the kind of men they want; the once stronger sex had better look lively. Women are no longer tremblingly watching for men to throw them their handkerchiefs. They already figuratively stand, at their ease, in the restaurant "lounges" and appraise the pretty gentlemen as they pass in review before them.

The consequences are easy to prophesy. We are in danger of soon seeing in the newspapers such articles as "Do Men Dress to Please Women or to Please Other Men," or even "Shall Men Propose?"

Don Juan with his wiles and seductions has unhappily been forgotten for some decades. In America men have always been thought too busy to bother about women. But now perhaps Byron may be taken off the dusty shelves, and men may apply themselves to see how his hero's methods can be improved upon and brought up to date. If they cannot or will not do this, they must resign themselves to the inevitable, give up all right of choice, and sit with hands folded—as it were, "in maiden meditation, fancy-free"—until Donna Juana shall flaunt by and cast the eye of favor upon them.

A crisis has come in the history of the sex.

Some slight survey of the situation may be worth while, some little attempt to discover indications of how modern men may hope to please women.

In the way of romantic and impassioned love-making, which includes home-wrecking, poetry-quoting, and other allied activities, American men have now for a long time been considered hopeless failures; you have only to read the many novels concerning the unhappy and misunderstood wives of our captains of industry to know that. American men may as well recognize this; if they cannot do the work themselves, women will provide people who can. To a mind of any international breadth of vision their remedy will suggest itself at once—the increased importation of foreign noblemen, who work well and willingly at such amorous jobs. They are easily kept in good condition by a careful diet of lunches and dinners (rich food is perhaps best to heighten their emotions); they have plenty of leisure for those small politenesses which please women; and they are easily satisfied with an occasional marriage with an heiress, or even with a harmless little affair with a lady whose husband can help them in a business way. Now that the tariff is down it is probable that titled adepts at these gentler forms of pleasing will soon be fawning in still greater numbers at our ladies' feet. Happily there still remain for the native-born other possible means of softening the female heart.

Chief among blandishments at which it might be hoped that the rougher male of this hemisphere would excel is physical violence. It is loudly asserted that nowadays woman is no longer like the dog and the walnut-tree, better for being more beaten. And yet, somehow, one would like to see the walnut-tree theory tried again before it is definitely discarded. There may still be something in primitive man, dressed in the picturesque costume of the cow-boy of the plains or the miner

"WOMEN ALREADY APPRAISE THE PRETTY GENTLEMEN AS THEY PASS"

of the Yukon, beating his mate into a mellow mood. And if by any chance woman really regrets the passing of the turbulent passions of the primeval world, man should go straight out and cut a club. A committee of wife-beaters should at least experiment in the matter in the interests of their fellow-males.

The club, however, is only offered as a forlorn hope, for physically women are growing more powerful every year.

Of course some of the finest figures of women will always be won through their protective instincts, their wish to take care of a weaker and more helpless man,—a kind of pet-dog or lap-husband,—yet it will probably be safer for us to hope to gain the kind of love which they have for a great burly uncouth Newfoundland. Such a rôle, the amiable, kindly, willing slave, is suggested to men as still a possibility, still a path open to the female heart.

As to real physical beauty, *that* will probably, in the future, find favor and a warm reception by the State Eugenic Committee. It is, however, denied, alas! to most of us.

It is very probable that man's best chance for regaining a foothold is to make himself in some true sense woman's comrade, to raise himself if possible to her intellectual and artistic level. Here, of course, the foreigner with his cultivated artistic tastes has already an advantage over the native-born son, but it need not be permanent. For many decades now the American man has had his nose to the commercial grindstone, while the American woman has held hers uplifted to the stars. She has read the books, seen the pictures, attended the concerts, and taken the trips abroad. But now, distasteful as literature is, and repellent as art and music will always be to the tired business man of our country, it is probable that in the rôle of Don Juan transformed he must address himself to the sorrowful task of making their acquaintance.

During the past summer the somewhat ominous rumor came from Newport that no woman of fashion there would think of appearing without her intellectual male attendant. This is a signal that must be attended to. The supply of "intellectuals" is, in our American community, extremely limited; they will soon be bleating in terror upon the slopes of Parnassus while marauding bands of ravenous tigresses of fashion pursue them to and fro. If the American man wishes to avoid further importations of foreign competitors, he must hustle on the trail of culture.

He must realize that the day has gone by when women treat men merely as toys. Women nowadays are genuinely gratified at the discovery of intelligence in men. They like to hear them talk, however badly, about art and music and letters, and they are glad to indicate books and give helpful hints about courses of study. They are even pleased to see men interested in political and economic questions.

It is the firm opinion of the writer that when, with the suffrage, women obtain control of the machinery of government, they will still be pleased to have masculine support and aid; he believes that the first female President will be glad, even in the White House, to have some one sit by her side and hold her hand. He is optimistically sure that women will go on encouraging, helping, and uplifting man for years to come. But man must buckle to and prove himself worthy of her faith in him.

Once all this is realized, there will be a fresh intellectual stimulus applied to the whole structure of masculine existence. How easy would the task of the college professors become if the students understood that only with their degrees in hand would they inherit the right to hope for favor in female eyes, while failure to be graduated condemned them, as it were, to a physical and intellectual celibacy! Let the young men occupy their days, if they will, with athletics, but as night falls, and Venus hangs soft and brilliant in the evening sky, let them turn to their books. There is no need to despair: men once went to college to study; they can do so again.

The classic figure of speech concerning the American relation of the sexes has been that man had put woman on a pedestal. She will not come down from it, that is certain, so the sooner he climbs up by her side the better. Once there he may again strut and preen himself, and, with his impassioned intellectual suit, again cause her cheek to mantle with a blush.

Is it not, at any rate, a pretty, romantic picture for the twentieth century?

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY

VISITOR TO NEW YORK: "Cabby, take me to a really good show!"
THE NIGHTHAWK: "Can't do it, sir, all the *good* ones have been stopped by the police."

THOSE SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAMS

PROGRAM OF THE METROPOLITAN SYMPHONY

Conductor: OTTO CULMBACHER *Soloiste of the evening:* FÉLICE ELEFANTINE

I. GASTRONOMIC SYMPHONY *Kovik-Bordunov*
(*a*) Allegretti (*b*) Pistachio (*c*) Chianti (*d*) Risotto, con aglio
II. LARGHETTO *Culmbacher*
III. ARIA FROM "IL CAMPANILE" *Gondola* (SIGNORINA ELEFANTINE)
(*The Hardwood Piano is used*)

CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE NUMBERS

I. *Gastronomic Symphony.* It is not certain when Ptior Kovik-Bordunov was born. His parents, being thrifty peasants, put him in a basket and left him on the steppes of Russia. Adopted by a Russian Princess, named Caviar Vodka, he was raised as if he had been her own dog. His early musical inclination was so pronounced that he was sent to the Warsaw Conservatory, where he served three terms. Soon after being released from this institution he wrote "Samovar," the opera that made him famous. "Samovar" so pleased the Czar that young Bordunov was given a pension and a bath. But alas! either his sudden success or the bath so affected his mind, that from that time on the authorities were obliged to keep him in confinement. The above symphony was written on the walls of his cell, from which it was transcribed after his suicide. It depicts the blight of all his hopes, the sorrows of Russia, the drowning of his fiancée, the height of the steppes, and the agonies of indigestion.

HERR CULMBACHER

The Allegretti opens with an arabesque tone-poem of somber sweetness, under which strange and varied delights are hidden. Then comes the minor Pistachio, weirdly oriental in color. This is followed by the tempestuous and maddening Chianti. Last of all comes the terrible Risotto, con aglio. Here we have an example of the insight of genius! By itself, the Risotto con Aglio would be almost mild; but coming as it does on top of the Allegretti, the Pistachio, and the Chianti, it is bound to produce a truly tragic finale.

II. *Larghetto.* This étude is by the conductor. (He thought this would be a good place to work it in, the orchestra and audience being powerless to restrain him.)

Herr Otto Fédor Ivan Culmbacher was born of noble parents in Hofbräu, Silesia. He was discovered and imported to America by the brilliant patronesses of the Metropolitan Symphony Society.

A larghetto is a little largo—one without a handel. A composer writes a larghetto when he feels something like writing a largo but is n't, on the whole, quite up to it.

III. *Aria from "Il Campanile."* This opera, though well known in Budapest and South America, is practically unknown in the United States. The aria, "O belli spaghetti," is so vocally exacting that to sing its bird-like notes a prima donna should diet for weeks on bird-seed. Here are the words—which are repeated fourteen times in the course of the aria.

THE ITALIAN	THE TRANSLATION
O belli spaghetti,	Had I the wings of a dove,
O bianchi confetti.	I would fly, I would fly to my love.
Bananni, bananni,	I would fly, I would fly,
E tutti frutti—	Through the sky, through the sky,
O bianchi confetti!,	I would fly, I would fly to my love!

(*She waddles off*)

Lawton Mackall.

Drawing by Held

NEW YORK SOCIETY NOTE

"An innovation in New York society usage will be introduced to-morrow. A number of prominent matrons will then, instead of waiting for any of the Junior Cotillions or Cinderella Dances, informally introduce their daughters to society at the New York Horse Show. Boxes for this purpose have already been secured by Mrs. Schuyler ————, Mrs. Van Rennselaer ————, Mrs. Ogden ————, etc., etc." *The New York T——*

After reading the above note "Lighter Vein" hurriedly despatched its staff artist to the opening of the Horse Show. Here is our artist's impression of a group of the season's most refined, high-bred, and aristocratic débutantes hesitatingly and demurely making their initial bow to Metropolitan Society.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

CLUB THOUGHTS

I—THE OLD FASHIONED WIFE

An escaped husband ran into the club last night, came to my window, and sank into a chair, sighing like an exhausted seltzer siphon.

"In regard to woman," said he, "I have no sympathy whatever with anti-feminist fears of the neglect of the family. If, with the march of mechanical improvement, housekeeping grows easier and easier, what is to be done with the released housekeeping force? Turn it back, say the anti-feminists to the expanding woman, and housekeep more fiercely. Let that great managing talent which once ranged from corn-field to nursery, rocked the cradle, smoked the ham, reaped, spun, milked, stewed, chopped, and sewed up everybody, wreak itself on one man, two children, five rooms, and a bath.

"Think of the households in which domesticity boils in its too narrow channel with a disproportionate force, the souls which go out into wall-paper, the excesses of conjugal scrutiny and child-care, the surplus of anxieties, the many needless strenuosities of wedded life. An active-minded married woman in these days without outlet is bound to overdo her own marriage. Suppose you married a very efficient person, and the only object of that efficiency were *you*. Take a woman of marked executive, though latent, ability—a woman who might have been Zenobia if she had had the chance. Would you, in a small suburban home, care to be Zenobia's Palmyra? Anti-feminists like Mr. G. K. Chesterton and other sentimental epigrammatists have much to say of the home as woman's kingdom and the sanctity of woman's sphere. But would any one of them wish to be a woman's sphere? Husbands of able but old-fashioned wives are worn to the bone by their wives' unduly limited activities. They would gladly see them dissipated in public affairs. Forces no longer needed to rock the cradle may well be turned to the ruling of the state."

II POLITICAL DISCUSSION

Not once in the fifteen years of political discussion that I have witnessed in this club have I seen a political opinion removed from one member by another, yet not a day has passed without some one's trying it.

In some corner of this building, I believe, there has always been a tall gentleman towering over a little one and exclaiming, "What are the facts?" or two stout members, like embattled chickens, revolving beak to beak in simultaneous refutation, or one of those strange colloquies going on, which seem so hopeless to the bystander, wherein the two minds move obviously in parallels, never to meet, how far so ever prolonged. I have had a man tug for five years at one of my political opinions, and it never budged. I have tugged for five years at one of his, and despite my harsh laugh of verbal victory, I knew it was in him still.

As I look back on it, it seems a mad sort of dentistry, and not only barren of results, but cruel in intention. It is well known, for example, that if you plucked his opinion from a certain type of stand-patter, the man would bleed to death. In middle life politics are not a mental acquisition; they are a temperament. If a party mind ever does any thinking, it does it behind closed doors. Nobody changes an opinion in any public room of this club. The rule is, divide facts promptly into friends and foes, and fire at the latter on sight. You have to know only the uniform. Of course some of us do lose opinions as time goes on, but that is because they drop out or decay; no fellow-member has the pleasure of extracting them.

Nor, as things go in this club, is there any safety in those ancient rules about hearing both sides and steering a middle course, and splitting the difference, and *medio tutissimus ibis*, and so forth. Between Robinson, who is passionately fond of the recall of judicial decisions, and Jones, who passionately hates it, is no safe place for any inquiring mind. The inquiring mind cannot be made up as a mutton-chop is cooked, by broiling it first on one side and then on the other.

THE WEEKLY HARPER

Drawing by Delehanty

"THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH COLLIER'S HALLS,
THE SOUL OF MUSIC SHED"

THE COMING FASHIONS IN BOOK JACKETS

BY OLIVER HERFORD

NOWADAYS no properly dressed novel leaves its publishers without a Book Jacket.

A Book Jacket, it may be explained, is a sort of loose paper overcoat bearing on its cover the book-maker's name together with a highly colored picture of the heroine sitting in a canoe, an opera box, a railway train, or an airship. She is attired in an inappropriate but fashionable costume —an alpine suit for the opera, a décolleté dress for an airship, and an "all-over" white lace gown for a railway train.

This picture (it may almost be called a pattern) is always accompanied by a brief résumé of the book outlining the plot and the most [illegible] incidents of the story. This résumé is usually written by the foreman of the press-room, the wife of the cashier, or, in some cases, sometimes by the publisher himself.

So great has been the success of these abbreviated novels which, dispensing as they do with the tedious necessity of turning the pages, or even of opening the book, can be read between swallows at a quick-lunch counter or during the waits at a moving-picture show, that it is proposed by some of our leading publishers to print their book jackets *without* the novels.

Each of these new jackets will cover a pasteboard box the shape and size of a book, and containing such articles as bonbons, writing-paper, cigars, breakfast food or sardines, according to the class of readers to which the message of the book is likely to make its most forceful appeal.

Drawing by George Wolfe Plank

IN THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE

(Drawn by one of "Lighter Vein's" younger and more impressionable artists)

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

©

MRS. WOODROW WILSON AND HER DAUGHTERS

Miss Margaret Wilson is facing her mother at the tea-table, Miss Eleanor is standing by the window, and Miss Jessie, now Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, is seated behind her mother.

PAINTED AT CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, IN THE SUMMER OF 1913

BY ROBERT VONNOH

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 87 JANUARY, 1914 NO. 3

THE COLLECTOR

BY MAY SINCLAIR

Author of "The Divine Fire," "The Creators," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRY RALEIGH

I HAVE known many collectors of celebrities, but none of them have been a patch on Mrs. Folyat-Raikes.

She was an old friend of my mother's; that was how I came to know her. I may have made it a little too apparent that it was filial piety that brought me to Cadogan Gardens, for she put me in my place at once by assuring me that I should always be welcome there for my dear mother's sake. If I had any illusions as to my footing, she destroyed them by the little air of mournful affection that explained my obscure presence, and condoned it. That was one of the ways by which she maintained her unspeakable prestige.

Yet I happened to know that she had inquired into my activities sufficiently to assure herself that I might ultimately have value. She was an infallible appraiser of values; she had the instinct of the auction-room, and I do not think that in a lifetime of collecting she had ever wasted as much as one "At Home" card.

She had been at the game for years when I first met her, so I can't tell you much about her beginnings, except that she was a daughter of Lord Braintree, and the widow of a man who had distinguished himself in the diplomatic service, which may have helped her.

Her success began in the early eighties, when going straight, with her flair, for the rarest, she secured Ford Lankester. He never could resist a woman if she was young, well born, and handsome, and when the daughter of Lord Braintree held out the laurels, he stooped his head and played very prettily at being crowned. After that, collecting became easy. She had only to write on her card, "To meet Mr. Ford Lankester," and she filled her big drawing-room in Cadogan Gardens. At one time she was said to have the finest collection in London. Only ten years ago everybody who was somebody was sure to be seen in it; not to be seen argued that you were nobody. Thus you were fairly terrorized into being seen. Even now, when most celebrities are smaller and the few big ones are getting shy, by dint of playing off one against the other she continues to collect.

But she is not so young as she was, nor yet so handsome, and other hostesses are in the business; she knows that one or two of the younger men—Grevill Burton, for instance—will not be seen inside her house, and she is getting nervous.

That is why her last adventure, the hunting of Watt Gunn, became the violent, disastrous, yet exciting spectacle it was.

Copyright, 1913, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

In the beginning she had no trouble in getting hold of him; it was far easier than her first triumph, the capture of Ford Lankester. As you know, Watt Gunn's greatness dropped on him suddenly, after he had been toiling for eight years in obscurity. Nobody, he said, was more surprised at it than himself. For eight years he had been writing things every bit as good as "The New Aspasia" without getting himself discovered. He was the son of a little draper at Surbiton, and had worked for eight years as his father's cashier. He used to say mournfully that he supposed his "grand mistake" was not going in for journalism. It was n't his grand mistake; it was his grand distinction, his superhuman luck. It kept him turning out one masterpiece after another, all fresh, with the dew on them, at an age when the talent of most novelists begins to turn gray. It kept him pure from any ulterior motive. Above all, it kept him from the clutches of the collector.

But it had this disadvantage, that when he did emerge, he emerged in a state of utter innocence, as naked of sophistication as when he was born. He had no suspicion of the dangers that lurked for him in Mrs. Folyat-Raikes's drawing-room. He did n't know that there were two kinds of celebrities, those who were too small to be asked there, and those who were too big to go. There was nobody to tell him that he was much too big. He went because he understood that he would meet the sort of people he had wanted all his life to meet.

He met first of all Furnival and me. It was touching how from the very first, and afterward in his extremity, he clung to us. Positively, it was as if then, before he had lost his crystalline simplicity, he had had some premonition of disaster, and felt subconsciously that we might save him. But it went, that pure and savage sense of his, in his first year.

I can see him now, sitting beside Mrs. Folyat-Raikes at the head of her beautiful mahogany table, always impeccably dressed, bright eyed, and a little flushed. I can see his hair,—he had never trained it,—which rose irrepressibly in a crest or comb from back to front along the top of his head, and his innocent mustache, which drooped as if it deprecated the behavior of his hair. I can see his shy, untutored courtliness, his jerky aplomb, his little humorous, interrogative air, which seemed to say, "I 'm carrying it off pretty well for a chap that is n't used to it—my greatness, eh?" I seem to hear his guileless intonations; I follow, fascinated, the noble, reckless rush of his aitches as they fell through space; I taste the strange and piercing flavor of the accents that were his.

It seemed to me horrible, inconceivable, that he liked being there. And yet there can be no doubt that he did like it just at first. It gave him the things that he had missed, the opportunities. It satisfied his everlasting curiosity as to contemporary manners and the social scene. And just at first it did n't hurt him. He continued to produce, with a humor and a freshness unimpaired, those inimitable annals of his class.

In his second year Watt Gunn had made his way everywhere. He did n't push. He was so frightfully celebrated that he had no need to. He was pushed. The mass bore down on him. Competition had set in. All the collectors in the western and southwestern districts contended with Mrs. Folyat-Raikes for the possession of Watt Gunn. But she held her own, for he was grateful to her. You saw her sweep by, haggard with pursuit, but trailing Watt Gunn on the edge of her sagging, voluminous, Victorian gowns.

It was pitiful to watch the gradual sophistication of the naïf creature, his polishing and hardening under the social impact, and the blunting of his profound and primal instincts. They clipped his wings, among them, and the wings of his wild aitches. Very soon he lost his shyness and his tingling cockney flavor.

Presently his work began to suffer. It was becoming more brilliant, more astoundingly intellectual, but the dewiness and the divine simplicity were going.

We, Grevill Burton, Furnival, and I, told him so.

He knew it, and he knew the cause of it, but he defended himself. When we said, "For God's sake, keep out of it!" he said he could n't.

"I want," he said, "to get the hang of the thing. If I 'm going to draw the upper classes, I must see what they 're like. I can't invent 'em. Who could?"

And when Furny told him for his good that he was a snob at bottom, he merely said: "Of course I am. Who is n't?"

Drawn by Harry Raleigh

"IF ONLY, HE MOANED, HE COULD CURL UP AND CREEP BACK INTO OBSCURITY AGAIN"

And there was some truth in it. I do not think that, except at the very last, he was ever able to forget that Mrs. Folyat-Raikes was a daughter of Lord Braintree.

But he had his moments of terrible lucidity. What was the matter with him, he would say, was simply his damned celebrity. He could n't get rid of it. If only, he moaned, he could curl up and creep back into obscurity again. But he could n't. It was, he said, as if a rose should shut and be a bud again.

And so the rose went on expanding till it began to fade, and its leaves fell one by one on Mrs. Folyat-Raikes's drawing-room floor.

His publishers saw nothing wrong with the novel he brought out in his third year. It sold all right; but he was thoroughly frightened. As if it had been the first symptom of a retributive malady, that novel sobered him. You see, he was not a snob at bottom, only at the top. At bottom he was a very serious artist, and he had realized his appalling danger.

And then the great fight began. It lasted two years, and was made hideous by an element of personal virulence on both sides, secret, but profound. Secret, that is, at first. At first Mrs. Folyat-Raikes was merely unscrupulous, and Watt Gunn merely evasive. He lied, but with no hope of really deceiving her. He would refuse three invitations running on the plea that he was out of town. He was n't, and she knew it, and he knew that she knew it, and that she would forgive him anything. Then because he was a kind little chap at heart and hated to hurt people, he would dine with her twice running to make up. And their mutual fear and hostility would smolder. Then her clutches would tighten, and he would break loose again madly. His excuses became disgraceful, preposterous, fantastic. A child could have seen through them.

So I was n't in the least surprised when he came to me one day and told me that he 'd got appendicitis. He was going into a nursing home, he said, on the fourteenth.

"You mean," I said, "that Mrs. Raikes has a dinner-party on the fifteenth to which you are invited."

He said he meant that he was going.

He said it in that rather hoarse, rather squeaky voice of his that carried conviction. There was about him a morbid exaltation and excitement. I was to tell everybody that he was going.

And he went. I called to see him three days after. His nursing home—I 'm not going to tell you exactly where it was, but it was in a beautiful green square, with lots of trees in it. I found him established in a lofty room on the first floor. He was sitting up in bed by the window, flushed and bright-eyed, looking at the trees, simply looking at them.

I could n't at first detach him from his contemplation of the square garden. He said he liked it; it was "so jolly bosky." "And, oh, Simpson, the peace, the blessed peace of it!" He had his fountain-pen and writing-pad in bed with him, but he had n't written a line. He said he was too happy.

I inquired about his appendicitis. He shook his head gravely, and said that an operation was not considered necessary at present; but that he would have to stay in the nursing home for five or six weeks to make sure.

"Five or six weeks, Simpson; longer, perhaps. In fact, I don't know when I shall be out."

I told him he 'd be bored to death and that he could n't stand it. But he said no; he was happier in that nursing home than he had been for years. They did n't treat him a bit like a celebrity, and all he wanted was to lie there and have his hair brushed.

He lay there three weeks, and I suppose he had his chair brushed, for it lay flatter, which gave him a look of extraordinary well-being and peace. And at the end of three weeks he came to me in my studio by night. Grevill Burton and Furnival were there, and he simply threw himself on our mercy. He said he was still supposed to be in the nursing home. Yes, I was right. He had n't been able to stand it. It was all very well at first. He 'd liked having his hair brushed,—the little nurse who brushed it was distinctly pretty,—but he 'd got tired of it in a week. He 'd squared the sister and the nurses and the doctor—squared 'em all round, and if anybody inquired for him at the home, they 'd hear that Mr. Watt Gunn's condition was about the same, and that he was not allowed to see anybody. If Furny liked to put a paragraph in that rag of his about his condition being the same, he might.

Thus, with a delicious, childlike joy in his own ingenuity, he spun the first threads of the tangle that afterward immeshed him.

He went down into the country to write a book. Nobody but Burton and I (we could n't trust Furny) knew where he was. Officially, he was in the nursing home. Mrs. Folyat-Raikes called there every day, and brought back the bulletin, and published it all round. He 'd reckoned on that.

Well, he kept it up for weeks, months. Burton and I went down to see him in September. We found him chuckling over the success of his plot. He admitted it had been a bit expensive. His three weeks in the home, at fifteen guineas a week, had come to forty-five pounds. With doctors and one thing and another the game had cost him over seventy. But it was, he said, money well invested. It would mean hundreds and thousands of pounds in his pocket—a hundred pounds, he 'd calculated, for every week he was supposed to be still there. He 'd finished his book, and if he could keep it up only a few months longer, he thought he could easily do another. He was so fit, he said, he could do 'em on his head.

It struck me there was something ominous in his elation. For the thing presently began to leak out. I swear it was n't through me or Burton or even Furny; but, you see, the entire staff of the nursing home was in the secret, and the nurses may have talked to patients; you don't have Watt Gunn in a nursing home for nothing. Anyhow, I was rung up one day by Mrs. Folyat-Raikes. I heard her uncanny telephone voice saying, "Do you know what has become of Mr. Watt Gunn?" I answered as coolly as I could that I did n't.

And then the voice squeaked in my ear, "I hear he 's broken down completely and gone away, leaving no address."

I called a taxi then and there, and went round to Cadogan Gardens. I found the poor lady wilder and more haggard than ever. You may imagine what it meant to her.

She dropped her voice to tell me that her information was authentic. Mr. Watt Gunn was not in the nursing home. He never had been in a nursing home at all. She had not written to him because she understood that letters were not allowed in the institution.

That was where Watt Gunn's ingenuity had landed him. The story was all over London in three days. She was bound to spread it to account for his non-appearance at her parties. You could n't stop it. It had got into the papers. And though Watt Gunn's publisher, in view of his forthcoming novel, published emphatic

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

"THERE WAS A LONG, CLEAR SPACE BETWEEN HER AND WATT GUNN, AND SHE WAS BEARING DOWN ON US"

contradictions, nobody believed them. And when the book, his masterpiece, came out, the effect on his royalties was lamentable. In America it simply ruined him.

He tried desperately to recover, to live it down. He had some scheme of going on a lecturing tour in the States; but his agents made inquiries, and advised him not to. A lecturing tour in the States, they said, at the present juncture would prove a miserable fiasco, even if he could effect a landing. He, the darling of the American public, whose triumph on "the other side" had been a gorgeous fairy-tale, saw himself returned on his country's hands as an insane alien.

His American publisher, terrified by these rumors, came over himself for the sole purpose of seeing what was the matter with Watt Gunn, and despite all that Burton, Furnival, and I could tell him, he was not altogether reassured. He went about too much. Besides, by this time Watt Gunn had got so nervy over it all that his behavior lent itself to suspicion.

Then the poor little chap persuaded himself that his only chance was to be seen again at Mrs. Folyat-Raikes's. For the next three months he was seen there and everywhere. Furny published a funny account of the whole thing, and Watt Gunn was ultimately reinstated. And the struggle and the agony began all over again.

It was sharper because of the peace that he had known. I can't tell you all Mrs. Folyat-Raikes's ruses, and Watt Gunn's revolts and flights, his dastardly and pitiable shifts. He had, I believe, a matrimonial project which he abandoned as too drastic, besides being probably ineffectual. And then he did a really clever thing. It served him for a whole season.

I ought to tell you that Mrs. Folyat-Raikes was the most straight-laced hostess of her generation. Nobody was admitted to her house who had once figured in a scandal. And Watt Gunn had never figured, had never desired to figure; he could n't, he used to say, be bored. Really, he had preserved the virtues and traditions of his class, besides being constitutionally timid in seductive presences. Then suddenly and conspicuously, in the beginning of the season, he figured. He appeared—you may remember it—as co-respondent in a rather bad divorce case. There were three other co-respondents, but they had been kept out of it in the interests of Watt Gunn. I don't know how he had worked it; anyhow, the little chap appeared, wearing his borrowed purple with an air of reckless magnificence in sin. I can see him now, solemn and flushed with the weight and importance of it, stalking slowly up the staircase of the Old Marlborough Club, trailing that gorgeous

Drawn by Harry Raleigh

"ALL HE WANTED WAS TO LIE THERE AND HAVE HIS HAIR BRUSHED"

iniquity. He had the look of a man who has completely vindicated himself.

He spoke of it in the smoke-room,—we were dining with him,—and he said it had been an awful bore, but he did n't grudge the time and trouble. He had been a benefactor to two miserable people who wanted to get rid of each other, he had saved three happy homes from a devastating scandal,—the three other co-respondents were married men,—and incidentally he had saved himself.

He had, but not for long. His next book had a furious success on the strength of the divorce suit. He was ten times more celebrated and ten times more valuable. Somebody told Mrs. Folyat-Raikes that it had been a put-up job, and that Watt Gunn had been made use of. She found extenuating circumstances. She said to Furnival and me, "We must save him from those dreadful people." She meant that she must.

And then Watt Gunn turned nasty. He refused every invitation, not taxing his invention in the least, and sometimes employing a secretary. Mrs. Folyat-Raikes was reduced to hunting him in other people's houses and at public dinners. She was to be seen rushing through vast reception-rooms when they were emptying, haggard in her excitement, trailing her Victorian skirts and shawls and laces. Or you found her wedged in the packing crowd, lifting her eternal lorgnon. And she would seize you as you passed and cry: "They tell me Mr. Watt Gunn is here. I 'm looking for Mr. Watt Gunn."

He had become dangerous to hunt. He stuck at nothing. Poor hunted thing, he showed his origin by brutal "noes," irritable snarlings, and turnings of his little round back. But he had managed to write and publish "Revolution." He had escaped her clutches for a whole year.

At last she tracked him down at the Abadam's. He was there because I 'd brought him. I 'd found old Abadam worth cultivating. I had a one-man show on that week, and he 'd bought three of my things the year before. Besides, they 'd engaged some Russian dancers, and we could n't resist that.

Furnival and Grevill Burton came with us, and when we caught sight of Mrs. Folyat-Raikes, we closed round Watt Gunn. He is n't tall, but she was bound to spot him in the crowd, his hair was so funny.

I don't think he saw her all at once. It was in the big reception-room up-stairs, after the dancers had gone, when people were trickling down to supper. There was a long, clear space between her and Watt Gunn, and she was bearing down on us.

Furny got hold of his left arm, and by exerting a gentle pressure we hoped to get him decorously away. But that startled him,—he was fearfully jumpy,—and he looked round. She was then within five yards of him.

You never saw more frantic terror on any human face. I don't know exactly what he did; but he broke loose from Furnival somehow,—I think he ducked,—and then he bolted. We saw him going clean through people, and making for a door there was on his right.

Furnival and I took Mrs. Folyat-Raikes down to supper by way of covering his retreat. There was only one other thing to do, and that was to sacrifice Grevill Burton—to throw him to her. This, I can see now, was what we ought to have done,—it was the only thing that would have taken her mind off Watt Gunn,—but at the time it seemed too hard on Burton.

So Furny and I took her down to supper. We 'd got the same plan in our heads, quite a good one. We were to land her well inside the dining-room. Furny was to hold her in play while I foraged for iced coffee and fruit salad and pâté de foie gras. The idea was to keep her feeding long enough to give Watt Gunn a chance.

Well, it did n't come off. In the first place, the room was crammed, and we could n't get her far enough in. Then, after she 'd sent me for iced coffee, she changed her mind and wanted champagne cup, and told Furny to go and get it. Like a fool, he went; and before we could get back to her, if you 'll believe me, she 'd slipped out.

What must have happened next we heard afterward from Watt Gunn.

I ought to tell you that she had this advantage over him, that she knew the house, and he did n't. It 's in Great Cumberland Place, and Abadam had pulled half of it down, and built it up again over

the back garden. There were galleries in it, and bedroom suites, and twisty corridors, and little staircases where you least expected them. The door Watt Gunn had disappeared through led into the library, and the library led into the Italian room, and the Italian room into the Japanese room, and the Japanese room into Mrs. Abadam's boudoir.

Mrs. Folyat-Raikes's first movement was comparatively simple. It was to go back up the big front staircase, and, avoiding the reception-room, enter the library where Watt Gunn was, through the door that gave upon the landing.

Watt Gunn was all alone in the library. He had found a comfortable arm-chair under the electric ring, and he was reading. He had his back to the door Mrs. Folyat-Raikes went in by, but he says he felt it in his spine that she was there. That door was near and at right angles to the door of the reception-room, so that he had only one way of escape—the door into the Italian room. He took it.

He says that the rest of his flight through Abadam's house was like an abominable dream. He was convinced that Mrs. Folyat-Raikes was following him. He closed every door behind him, and he felt her following him. He went slap through the Italian room, at a hard gallop, into the Japanese room. The Japanese room was difficult to negotiate because of the screens that were about. He saw Buddhas smiling and frightful gods and samurais grinning at him as he dashed into Mrs. Abadam's boudoir. He had had the presence of mind to switch the electric light off behind him as he went; but there was no light in the boudoir. He went tumbling over things; he trod on a cat, and upset a table and a cage with Mrs. Abadam's parrot in it. He says he thought that he heard a screen go down in the Japanese room as he left it, and that frightened him.

At the far end of the boudoir there was a little door. It was ajar, and a light showed in the opening. He rushed through, slamming the door behind him, and found himself on a narrow landing at the foot of a little spiral staircase. On his left, another little staircase went twisting away to the floor below. Watt Gunn did n't know it, but these were the almost secret stairs leading to Mrs. Abadam's private apartments. He said he thought they were the back stairs.

We asked him later on whether at any moment of his flight, after he had broken loose from us, he had seen Mrs. Folyat-Raikes pursuing him. And he said no, not exactly; not, that was to say, with his eyes. He saw her with his spine. He says that, as far as he could describe his sensations, long, wriggling, fibrous threads—feelers, he called them—went streaming out backward from each one of his vertebræ, and that by means of them he knew that she was after him. He says that when he slammed the door of the boudoir, these feelers recoiled, and lashed him up the spiral staircase. He came out, at the corner of a long corridor, into what he took to be the servants' quarters, where, if anywhere, he would be safe.

There was a door at each end of the corridor. The nearer one was open, disclosing a housemaid's cupboard; but the passage through it was obstructed by the housemaid. The corridor gave him a clear course for sprinting, so he made at top speed for the farther door.

It took him straight into Mrs. Abadam's bath-room.

His first thought was wonder at the marvelous luck that had landed him just there, in the most secret, the most absolutely safe position, in the whole house, where, without incurring grave suspicion, he could lock himself in.

There were three doors, the one he 'd come by, one leading into Abadam's dressing-room, and one into Mrs. Abadam's bedroom. He locked them all, the outer door first, then the bedroom door, then, to make himself, as he put it, impregnable, the inner door of the dressing-room. Beyond it was Abadam's bedroom.

He says he never saw anything like that bath-room, neither could he have imagined it. It was worth the whole adventure just to have seen it once. He could have spent hours in it, going round and looking at things. It was all white tiles, white porcelain, and silver fittings. There was a great porcelain bath in one corner, and a shower-bath in another, with white-silk mackintosh curtains all round it; and a recess all fitted up with sprays—rose sprays, and needle sprays that you could direct on to any part of you you chose. There was a couch where you could lie

and be massaged; oh, and an immense linen cupboard let into the wall, with hot water-pipes running up and down it.

There was n't a detail of that bath-room that he missed, and he seems to have made considerable explorations in Abadam's dressing-room, too.

But just at first he kept pretty quiet. He lay on the couch, and gave himself up to the great white peace and purity of it all. He had n't any idea in his head, or any plan. It was only when the maid came to get Mrs. Abadam's bath ready, and began trying all the doors, that he acted, and then it was by an ungovernable impulse.

It was the sight of the beautiful white porcelain bath that made him do it, and possibly the feeling that he had got to account for being there. Anyhow, before he really knew what he was about, he 'd turned on the hot water, undressed, and got into the bath.

It might have been better, he said afterward, if he 'd got into the linen cupboard and kept quiet; but the rushing of the hot water covered him, and made him feel so safe. More than all, he wanted to wash those infernal feelers off his spine.

So he splashed about; and when he was tired of splashing, he just lay and soaked, turning on the water hot and hot. And when he was tired of the big bath, he tried the shower-bath, just to see what it was like.

It was what the shower-bath did to him that put his idea into his head.

You see, he 'd got to get out of the house somehow, and he did n't quite know how. He supposed it would have to be through one of the bedrooms, down the big front staircase, through the great hall where everybody would be collected, and he did n't want to be recognized.

Remember, he had the range of Abadam's dressing-room.

He could n't have been up there more than five and twenty minutes when Abadam came to me in the supper-room and took me aside mysteriously. When I saw his face, I knew it was all up with my picture-show. He was followed by a young footman. He said:

"It was you who brought that fellow, Watt Gunn, here, was n't it?"

I said it was, and that Mrs. Abadam—but he cut me short. He said:

"He 's been having supper."

I stared, because that was precisely what he had n't had, poor chap!

"He 's *been having supper,* and he 's got into my wife's bath-room and he won't come out."

We sneaked out of the dining-room, Abadam and Furnival and I. The young footman led us up the back stairs and through a door—the door by the housemaid's cupboard where Watt Gunn had seen the housemaid standing, and so into the corridor.

We found a small crowd gathered before the bath-room door. There was Mrs. Abadam's maid, with a nightgown and a loose wrapper over her arm, and a pair of gorgeous slippers in her hand. She was trying to look indignant and superior. There were the upper housemaid, the under housemaid, and Abadam's valet. The girls were sniggering and giggling, while the valet endeavored to parley respectfully with Watt Gunn through the bath-room door. And you could hear Watt Gunn's voice, all irascible and squeaky, coming through the door:

" 'Ang it all, I can't come until you tell me—"

Abadam said: "What 's that he says?"

The valet put his ear to the door.

"He says he can't come out, sir. He says he wants to know if Mrs.—Mrs.—What 's the name, sir?—Mrs. Folyat-Raikes is still here, sir. He seems to have got her on his mind, sir."

"Tell him he can't see Mrs. Raikes. He is n't in a fit state."

You could hear Watt Gunn still squeaking frantically and the valet parleying and interpreting.

"He says he does n't want to see her, sir. And—what 's that, sir? Oh, he does n't want her to see him, sir."

Abadam said he was glad he was sober enough for that. We could n't hear what Watt Gunn said, but we heard the valet.

"I 'm sure I can't tell you, sir. He won't open the door for me, sir."

Then Abadam turned savagely on me.

"Here, see what you can do, Simpson. You brought him in, and it 's up to you to get him out."

I wriggled through to the door.

"It 's all right, old chap," I said. "You can come out now." I could just hear his small, thin voice saying:

"That you, Simpson? Is *she* there?"

I said:

"Of course she is n't. Can't you see where you are? You 're in Mrs. Abadam's bath-room."

He said:

Drawn by Harry Raleigh

"MRS. FOLYAT-RAIKES WAS REDUCED TO HUNTING HIM IN OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES"

"I know that. If you 'll swear it 's all right, I 'll open the door."

I did swear, and he opened the door, and we all saw him.

That 's to say, we saw a figure. You could n't have known it was Watt Gunn. His hair was parted in the middle, and lay flat down, all sleeked by the shower-bath and by some odorous oil that he 'd found in Abadam's dressing-room. He 'd got hold of the wax that Abadam uses, and he 'd twisted up the ends of his little mustache till it looked as ferocious as the German emperor's. And he was wearing Abadam's dressing-gown, blue brocade with cerise collar and cuffs. I daresay it was n't a bit too big for Abadam,—he 's the tall kind, all legs and arms, over and above his nose,—but it had swallowed up Watt Gunn at one mouthful, all but his sleek little head and the terrifying, upturned mustache, and it trailed on the floor behind him.

I don't suppose he knew what he looked

Drawn by Harry Raleigh

"WATT GUNN STILL STOOD IN THE BATH-ROOM DOOR AND GLARED AT US OVER HIS MUSTACHE"

like, but from the expression of Abadam's face as he gazed at him I conceived a faint hope for my show.

The servants, being well-trained, had fled at the first sight of him; all except the valet, who was officially entitled to remain.

Watt Gunn still stood in the bath-room door and glared at us over his mustache.

He said, when we 'd quite done laughing, perhaps we 'd tell him how he was to get out of that confounded place without being seen. We told him first of all to get into his own clothes; but when he 'd got into them, he still insisted that he did n't want to be seen. His mind was running on Mrs. Folyat-Raikes.

Abadam said it would be very unpleasant for everybody if he *was* seen; and we said of course he must n't be. Abadam, with the idea he had and his fear of unpleasantness, played beautifully into our hands.

And so we got him away, down the back stairs, through the basement, and out up the area steps, wearing the butler's light covert-coat over his own dress-suit.

Burton declares that he saw Mrs. Folyat-Raikes in the distance, sweeping through the reception-room and crying: "I 'm looking for Mr. Watt Gunn. Has anybody seen Mr. Watt Gunn?"

And the Abadams go about saying that Watt Gunn drinks. They say he has it in bouts, and that he retires periodically to a home for inebriates somewhere near Leith Hill.

But even that has n't done him any good. He is more celebrated than ever.

THE TRAP TO CATCH THE SUN

A PROPHETIC TRILOGY

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "Tono Bungay," "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," etc.

I

THE SUN-SNARERS

THE history of mankind is the history of the attainment of external power. Man is the tool-using, fire-making animal. From the outset of his terrestrial career we find him supplementing the natural strength and bodily weapons of a beast by the heat of burning and the rough implement of stone. So he passed beyond the ape. From that he expands. Presently he added to himself the power of the horse and the ox; he borrowed the carrying strength of water and the driving force of the wind; he quickened his fire by blowing; and his simple tools, armed first with copper and then with iron, increased and varied and became more elaborate and efficient. He sheltered his heat in houses and made his way easier by paths and roads. He complicated his social relationship and increased his efficiency by the division of labor. He began to store up knowledge. Contrivance followed contrivance, each making it possible for a man to do more. Always down the lengthening record, save for a set-back ever and again, he is doing more.

THE SPARSELY PEOPLED WORLD OF PRIMITIVE MAN

A QUARTER of a million years ago the utmost man was a savage, a being scarcely articulate, sheltering in holes in the rocks, armed with a rough-hewn flint or a fire-pointed stick, naked, living in small family groups, killed by some younger man as soon as his first virile activity declined. Over most of the great wildernesses of earth you would have sought him in vain; only in a few temperate and subtropical river valleys would you have found the squatting lairs of his little herds, a male, a few females, a child or so.

He knew no future then, no kind of life except the life he led. He fled the cave-bear over rocks full of iron ore and the promise of sword and spear; he froze to death upon a ledge of coal; he drank water muddy with the clay that would one day make cups of porcelain; he chewed the ear of wild wheat he had plucked; and gazed with a dim speculation in his eyes at the birds that soared beyond his reach. Or suddenly he became aware of the scent of another male, and rose up roaring, his roars the formless precursors of moral admonitions. For he was a great individualist, that original; he suffered none other than himself.

So through the long generations, this heavy precursor, this ancestor of all of us, fought and bred and perished, changing almost imperceptibly.

THE GROWTH OF INTELLIGENCE

YET he changed. That keen chisel of necessity which sharpened the tiger's claw age by age and fined down the clumsy *Orohippus* to the swift grace of the horse, was at work upon him, is at work upon him still. The clumsier and more stupidly fierce among him were killed soonest and oftenest; the finer hand, the quicker eye, the bigger brain, the better balanced body prevailed. Age by age the implements were a little better made, the man a little more delicately adjusted to his possibilities. He became more social; his herd grew larger; no longer did each man kill or drive out his growing sons. A system of taboos made them tolerable to him, and they revered him alive, and soon even after he was dead, and were his allies against the beasts and the rest of mankind.

But they were forbidden to touch the

women of the tribe; they had to go out and capture women for themselves; and each son fled from his stepmother, and hid from her lest the anger of the old man should be roused. All the world over, even to this day, these ancient, inevitable taboos can be traced. And now instead of caves came huts and hovels, and the fire was better tended, and there were wrappings and garments; and so aided, the creature spread into colder climates, carrying food with him, storing food, until sometimes the neglected grass-seed sprouted again and gave a first hint of agriculture.

THE BEGINNINGS OF LEISURE

AND already there were the beginnings of leisure and thought.

Man began to think. There were times when he was fed, when his lusts and his fears were all appeased, when the sun shone upon the squatting-place, and dim stirrings of speculation lit his eyes. He scratched upon a bone and found resemblance, and pursued it and began pictorial art; molded the soft, warm clay of the river-brink between his fingers, and found a pleasure in its patternings and repetitions, shaped it into the form of vessels, and found that it would hold water. He watched the streaming river, and wondered from what bountiful breast this incessant water came; he blinked at the sun, and dreamed that perhaps he might snare it and spear it as it went down to its resting-place amid the distant hills. Then he was roused to convey to his brother that once, indeed, he had done so; at least that some one had done so. He mixed that, perhaps, with another dream almost as daring that one day a mammoth had been beset; and therewith began fiction, pointing a way to achievement, and the august, prophetic procession of tales.

For scores and hundreds of centuries, for myriads of generations, that life of our fathers went on. From the beginning to the ripening of that phase of human life, from the first clumsy eolith of rudely chipped flint to the first implements of polished stone, were two or three thousand centuries, ten or fifteen thousand generations. So slowly by human standards did humanity gather itself together out of the dim intimations of the beast. And that first glimmering of speculation, that first story of achievement, that story-teller, bright-eyed and flushed under his matted hair, gesticulating to his gaping, incredulous listener, gripping his wrist to keep him attentive, was the most marvelous beginning this world has seen. It doomed the mammoths, and it began the setting of that snare that shall catch the sun.

THAT dream was only a moment in a man's life, whose proper business it seemed was to get food and kill his fellows and beget after the manner of all that belongs to the fellowship of the beasts. About him, hidden from him by the thinnest of veils, were the untouched sources of power, whose magnitude we scarcely do more than suspect even to-day —power that could make his every conceivable dream come real. But the feet of the race were in the way of it, though he died blindly unknowing.

AT last, in the generous levels of warm river valleys, where food is abundant and life very easy, the emerging human, overcoming his earlier jealousies, becoming, as necessity persecuted him less urgently, more social and tolerant and amenable, achieved a larger community. There began a division of labor; certain of the older men specialized in knowledge and direction, a strong man took the fatherly leadership in war, and priest and king began to develop their rôles in the opening drama of man's history. The priest's solicitude was seed-time and harvest and fertility, and the king ruled peace and war. In a hundred river valleys about the warm temperate zone of the earth there were already towns and temples a score of thousand years ago. They flourished unrecorded, ignoring the past and unsuspicious of the future, for as yet writing had still to begin.

Very slowly did man increase his demand upon the illimitable wealth of power that offered itself to him on every hand. He tamed certain animals; he developed his primordially haphazard agriculture into a ritual; he added first one metal to his resources, and then another, until he had copper and tin and iron and lead and gold and silver to supplement his stone; he hewed and carved wood; made pottery; paddled down his river until he came to the sea; discovered the wheel, and made the first roads.

But his chief activity for a hundred centuries and more was the subjugation of himself and others to larger and larger societies. The history of man is not simply the conquest of external power; it is first the conquest of those distrusts and fiercenesses, that self-concentration and intensity of animalism, that tie his hands from taking his inheritance. The ape in us still resents association. From the dawn of the age of polished stone to the achievement of the peace of the world, man's dealings were chiefly with himself and his fellow-man, trading, bargaining, law-making, propitiating, enslaving, conquering, exterminating; and every little increment in power he turned at once, and always turns, to the purposes of this confused, elaborate struggle to socialize. To incorporate and comprehend his fellowmen into a community of purpose became the last and greatest of his instincts.

THE COMING OF POLITICAL LIFE

ALREADY before the last polished phase of the stone age was over he had become a political animal. He made astonishingly far-reaching discoveries within himself, first of counting, and then of writing and making records, and with that his town communities began to stretch out to dominion. In the valleys of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the great Chinese rivers, the first empires and the first written laws had their beginnings. Men specialized for fighting and rule as soldiers and knights. Later, as ships grew seaworthy, the Mediterranean, which had been a barrier, became a highway, and at last, out of a tangle of pirate polities, came the great struggle of Carthage and Rome. The history of Europe is the history of the victory and breaking up of the Roman Empire. Every ascendant monarch in Europe up to the last aped Cæsar, and called himself Kaiser or Czar or Imperator or Kasir-i-Hind. Measured by the duration of human life, it is a vast space of time between that first dynasty in Egypt and the coming of the aëroplane; but by the scale that looks back to the makers of the eoliths it is all of it a story of yesterday.

Now, during this period of two hundred centuries or more, this period of the warring states, while men's minds were chiefly preoccupied by politics and mutual aggression, their progress in the acquirement of external power was slow; rapid in comparison with the progress of the old stone age, but slow in comparison with this new age of systematic discovery in which we live. They did not very greatly alter the weapons and tactics of warfare, the methods of agriculture, seamanship, their knowledge of the habitable globe, or the devices and utensils of domestic life between the days of the early Egyptians and the days when Christopher Columbus was a child. Of course there were inventions and changes, but there were also retrogressions; things were found out, and then forgotten again.

It was on the whole a progress, but it contained no steps. The peasant life was the same; there were already priests and lawyers and town craftsmen and territorial lords and rulers, doctors, wise women, soldiers, and sailors, in Egypt and China and Assyria and southeastern Europe at the beginning of that period, and they were doing much the same things and living much the same life that they were in Europe in 1500 A.D. The English excavators of the year 1900 A.D. could delve into the remains of Babylon and Egypt and disinter legal documents, domestic accounts, and family correspondence that they could read with complete sympathy.

There were great religious and moral changes throughout the period; empires and republics replaced one another; Italy tried a vast experiment in slavery; and, indeed, slavery was tried again and again, and failed and failed, and was still to be tested again and rejected again in the New World. Christianity and Mohammedanism swept away a thousand more specialized cults, but essentially these were progressive adaptations of mankind to material conditions that must have seemed fixed forever. The idea of revolutionary changes in the material conditions of life would have been entirely strange to human thought through all that time.

THE COMING OF THE DREAMER

YET the dreamer, the story-teller, was there still, waiting for his opportunity amidst the busy preoccupations, the comings and goings, the wars and processions, the castle-building and cathedral-building, the arts and loves, the small diplomacies

and incurable feuds, the crusades and trading journeys of the Middle Ages. He no longer speculated with the untrammeled freedom of the stone-age savage; authoritative explanations of everything barred his path: but he speculated with a better brain, sat idle, and gazed at circling stars in the sky, and mused upon the coin and crystal in his hand.

Whenever there was a certain leisure for thought throughout these times, then men were to be found dissatisfied with the appearances of things, dissatisfied with the assurances of orthodox belief, uneasy with a sense of unread symbols in the world about them, questioning the finality of scholastic wisdom. Through all the ages of history there were men to whom this whisper had come of hidden things about them. They could no longer lead ordinary lives or content themselves with the common things of this world once they had heard this voice. And mostly they believed not only that all this world was as it were a painted curtain before things unguessed at, but that these secrets were power.

Hitherto power had come to men by chance but now there were these seekers, seeking, seeking among rare and curious and perplexing objects, sometimes finding some odd, utilizable thing, sometimes deceiving themselves with fancied discovery, sometimes pretending to find. The world of every day laughed at these eccentric beings; or found them annoying, and ill-treated them; or was seized with fear, and made saints and sorcerers and warlocks of them; or with covetousness, and entertained them hopefully: but for the greater part it heeded them not at all. Yet they were of the blood of him who had first dreamed of attacking the mammoth—every one of them was of his blood and descent; and the thing they sought all unwittingly was the snare that would some day catch the sun.

SUCH a man was that Leonardo da Vinci who went about the court of Sforza in Milan in a state of dignified abstraction. His commonplace books are full of prophetic subtlety and ingenious anticipations of the methods of the early aviators. Dürer was his parallel, and Roger Bacon, whom the Franciscans silenced, of his kindred. Such a man again in an earlier city was Hero of Alexandria, who knew of the power of steam nineteen hundred years before it was first brought into use. And earlier still was Archimedes of Syracuse, and still earlier the legendary Dædalus of Cnosus. All up and down the record of history, whenever there was a little leisure from war and brutality, the seekers appeared. And half the alchemists were of their tribe.

When Roger Bacon blew up his first batch of gunpowder, one might have supposed that men would have gone at once to the explosive engine. But they could see nothing of the sort. They were not yet beginning to think of seeing things; their metallurgy was all too poor to make such engines, even had they thought of them. For a time they could not make instruments sound enough to stand this new force, even for so rough a purpose as hurling a missile. Their first guns had barrels of coopered timber, and the world waited for more than five hundred years before the explosive engine came.

Even when the seekers found, it was at first a long journey before the world could use their findings for any but the roughest, most obvious purposes. If man in general was not as absolutely blind to the unconquered energies about him as his paleolithic precursor, he was at best purblind.

THE latent energy of coal and the power of steam waited long on the verge of discovery before they began to influence human lives.

No doubt there were many such devices as Hero's toys devised and forgotten, time after time, in courts and palaces, but it needed that coal should be mined, and burning with plentiful iron at hand, before it dawned upon men that here was something more than a curiosity. And it is to be remarked that the first recorded suggestion for the use of steam was in war; there is an Elizabethan pamphlet in which it is proposed to fire shot out of corked iron bottles full of heated water. The mining of coal for fuel, the smelting of iron upon a larger scale than men had ever done before, the steam pumping-engine, the steam-engine, and the steamboat, followed one another in an order that had a kind of logical necessity.

It is the most interesting and instructive chapter in the history of the human

"UNDER THIS TREMENDOUS DAWN OF POWER AND FREEDOM, UNDER A SKY ABLAZE WITH PROMISE, IN THE VERY PRESENCE OF SCIENCE STANDING LIKE SOME BOUNTIFUL GODDESS OVER ALL THE SQUAT DARKNESSES OF HUMAN LIFE, HOLDING PATIENTLY IN HER STRONG ARMS, UNTIL MEN CHOSE TO TAKE THEM, SECURITY, PLENTY, THE SOLUTION OF RIDDLES, THE KEY OF THE BRAVEST ADVENTURES"

DRAWN FOR THE CENTURY BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

(*See "The Trap to Catch the Sun"—page 344*)

intelligence, the history of steam from its beginning as a fact in human consciousness to the perfection of the great turbine-engines that preceded the utilization of intra-molecular power. Nearly every human being must have seen steam—seen it incuriously for many thousands of years. The women in particular were always heating water, boiling it, seeing it boil away, seeing the lids of vessels dance with its fury; millions of people at different times must have watched steam pitching rocks out of volcanoes like cricket-balls and blowing pumice into foam, and yet you may search the whole human record through, letters, books, inscriptions, pictures, for any glimmer of a realization that here was force, here was strength, to borrow and use. Then suddenly man woke up to it; the railways spread like a network over the globe, the ever-enlarging iron steamships began their staggering fight against wind and wave.

THE BEGINNING OF THE AGE OF ENERGY

STEAM was the first-comer in the new powers; it was the beginning of the Age of Energy that was to close the long history of the Warring States.

But for a long time men did not realize the importance of this novelty. They would not recognize, they were not able to recognize, that anything fundamental had happened to their immemorial necessities. They called the steam-engine the "iron horse," and pretended that they had made the most partial of substitutions. Steam machinery and factory production were visibly revolutionizing the conditions of industrial production, population was streaming steadily in from the countryside and concentrating in hitherto unthought-of masses about a few city centers, food was coming to them over enormous distances upon a scale that made the one sole precedent, the corn ships of imperial Rome, a petty incident, and a huge migration of peoples between Europe and western Asia and America was in progress, and nobody seems to have realized that something new had come into human life, a strange swirl different altogether from any previous circling and mutation—a swirl like the swirl when the lock-gates begin to open after a long phase of accumulating water and eddying inactivity.

The sober Englishman at the close of the nineteenth century could sit at his breakfast-table, decide between tea from Ceylon or coffee from Brazil, devour an egg from France with some Danish ham, or eat a New Zealand chop, wind up his breakfast with a West Indian banana, glance at the latest telegrams from all the world, scrutinize the prices current of his geographically distributed investments in South Africa, Japan, and Egypt, and tell the two children he had begotten (in the place of his father's eight) that he thought the world changed very little. They must play cricket, keep their hair cut, go to the old school he had gone to, shirk the lessons he had shirked, learn scraps of Horace and Vergil and Homer for the confusion of cads, and all would be well with them.

ELECTRICITY, though it was perhaps the earlier of the two to be studied, invaded the common life of men a few decades after the exploitation of steam. To electricity also, despite its provocative nearness all about him, mankind had been utterly blind for incalculable ages.

Could anything be more emphatic than the appeal of electricity for attention? It thundered at man's ears, it signaled to him in blinding flashes, occasionally it killed him, and he could not see it as a thing that concerned him enough to merit study. It came into the house with the cat on any dry day, and crackled insinuatingly whenever he stroked her fur. It rotted his metals when he put them together. There is no single record that any one questioned before the sixteenth century why the cat's fur crackles or why hair is so unruly to brush on a frosty day. For endless years man seems to have done his very successful best not to think about it at all until this new spirit of the seeker turned itself to these things.

How often things must have been seen and dismissed as unimportant before the speculative eye and the moment of vision came! It was Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's court physician, who first puzzled his brains with rubbed amber and bits of glass and silk and shellac, and so began the quickening of the human mind to the existence of this universal presence. And even then the science of electricity remained a mere little group of curious facts for nearly two hundred years, connected

perhaps with magnetism,—a mere guess that,—perhaps with the lightning. Frogs' legs must have hung by copper hooks from iron railings and twitched upon countless occasions before Galvani saw them. Except for the lightning-conductor, it was 250 years after Gilbert before electricity stepped out of the cabinet of scientific curiosities into the life of the common man. Then suddenly, in the half-century between 1880 and 1930, it ousted the steam-engine and took over traction; it ousted every other form of household heating, abolished distance with the perfected wireless telephone and the telephotograph.

At the close of the nineteenth century, as a multitude of passages in the literature of that time witness, it was thought that the fact that man had at last had successful and profitable dealings with the steam that scalded him and the electricity that flashed and banged about the sky at him was an amazing and perhaps a culminating exercise of his intelligence and his intellectual courage. The air of "Nunc Dimittis" sounds in some of these writings. "The great things are discovered," wrote Gerald Brown in his summary of the nineteenth century. "For us there remains little but the working out of detail."

The spirit of the seeker was still rare in the world; education was unskilled, unstimulating, scholarly, and but little valued, and few people even then could have realized that science was still but the flimsiest of trial sketches and discovery scarcely beginning. No one seems to have been afraid of science and its possibilities. Yet now, where there had been only a score or so of seekers, there were many thousands, and for one needle of speculation that had been probing the curtain of appearances in 1800, there were now hundreds. And already chemistry, which had been content with her atoms and molecules for the better part of a century, was preparing herself for that vast next stride that was to revolutionize the whole life of man from top to bottom.

One realizes how crude was the science of that time when one considers the case of the composition of air. This was determined by that strange genius and recluse, that man of mystery, that disembowelled intelligence, Henry Cavendish, toward the end of the eighteenth century. So far as he was concerned, the work was admirably done. He separated all the known ingredients of air with a precision altogether remarkable; he even put it upon record that he had some doubt about the purity of the nitrogen. For more than a hundred years his determination was repeated by chemists all the world over, his apparatus was treasured in London, he became, as they used to say, "classic," and always, at every one of the innumerable repetitions of his experiment, that sly element argon was hiding among the nitrogen (and with a little helium and traces of other substances, and indeed all the hints that might have led to the new departures of the twentieth-century chemistry), and every time it slipped unobserved through the professorial fingers that repeated his procedure.

Is it any wonder, then, with this wide margin of inaccuracy, that up to the very dawn of the twentieth century scientific discovery was still rather a procession of happy incidents than an orderly conquest of nature?

Yet the spirit of seeking was spreading steadily through the world. Even the schoolmaster could not check it. For the mere handful who grew up to feel wonder and curiosity about the secrets of nature in the nineteenth century, there were now at the beginning of the twentieth myriads escaping from the limitations of intellectual routine and the habitual life in Europe, in America, North and South, in Japan, in China, and all about the world.

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT SEEKER

It was in 1910 that the parents of young Holsten, who was to be called by a whole generation of scientific men, "the greatest of European chemists," were staying in a villa near Santo Domenico, between Fiesole and Florence. He was then only fifteen, but he was already distinguished as a mathematician, and possessed by a savage appetite to understand. He had been particularly attracted by the mystery of phosphorescence and its apparent unrelatedness to every other source of light. He was to tell afterward in his reminiscences how he watched the fireflies drifting and glowing among the dark trees in the garden of the villa, under the warm,

blue night sky of Italy; how he caught and kept them in cages, dissected them, first studying the general anatomy of insects very elaborately, and how he began to experiment with the effect of various gases and varying temperature upon their light. Then the chance present of a little scientific toy invented by Sir William Crookes, a toy called the spinthariscope, on which radium particles impinge upon sulphide of zinc and make it luminous, induced him to associate the two sets of phenomena. It was a happy association for his inquiries. It was a rare and fortunate thing, too, that any one with the mathematical gift should have been taken by these curiosities.

AND while the boy Holsten was mooning over his fireflies at Fiesole, a certain professor of physics named Rufus was giving a course of afternoon lectures upon radium and radioactivity in Edinburgh. They were lectures that had attracted a very considerable amount of attention. He gave them in a small lecture-theater that had become more and more congested as his course proceeded. At his concluding discussion it was crowded right up to the ceiling at the back, and there people were standing—standing without any sense of fatigue, so fascinating did they find his suggestions. One youngster in particular, a chuckle-headed, scrub-haired lad from the Highlands, sat hugging his knee with great sand-red hands and drinking in every word, eyes aglow, cheeks flushed, and ears burning.

THE SPREADING NET OF KNOWLEDGE

"AND so," said the professor, "we see that this radium, which seemed at first a fantastic exception, a mad inversion of all that was most established and fundamental in the constitution of matter, is really at one with the rest of the elements. It does noticeably and forcibly what probably all the other elements are doing with an imperceptible slowness. It is like the single voice crying aloud that betrays the silent breathing multitude in the darkness. Radium is an element that is breaking up and flying to pieces. But perhaps all elements are doing that at less perceptible rates. Uranium certainly is; thorium, the stuff of this incandescent gas mantle, certainly is; actinium. I feel that we are but beginning the list. And we know now that the atom, that once we thought hard and impenetrable and indivisible and final and lifeless—lifeless, is really a reservoir of immense energy. That is the most wonderful thing about all this work. A little while ago we thought of the atoms as we thought of bricks, as solid building material, as substantial matter, as unit masses of lifeless stuff, and, behold! these bricks are boxes, treasure-boxes, boxes full of the intensest force. This little bottle contains about a pint of uranium oxid, that is to say, about fourteen ounces of the element uranium. It is worth about £1—about five dollars. And in this bottle, ladies and gentlemen, in the atoms in this bottle, there slumbers at least as much energy as we could get by burning a hundred and sixty tons of coal. If at a word in one instant I could suddenly release that energy here and now, it would blow us and everything about us to fragments; if I could turn it into the machinery that lights this city, it could keep Edinburgh brightly lit for a year. But at present no man knows, no man has an inkling of, how this little lump of stuff can be made to hasten the release of its store. It does release it, as a burn trickles. Slowly the uranium changes into radium, the radium changes into this emanation, and that again to what we call radium A; and so the process goes on, giving out energy at every stage, until at last we reach the last stage of all, which is, so far as we can tell at present, lead. But we cannot hasten it."

"I take ye, man," whispered the chuckle-headed lad, with his red hands tightening like a vise upon his knee. "I take ye, man. Go on! Oh, go on!"

The professor went on after a little pause. "Why is the change gradual?" he asked. "Why does only a minute fraction of the radium disintegrate in any particular second? Why does it dole itself out so slowly and so exactly? Why does not all the uranium change to radium, and all the radium change to the next lowest thing at once? Why this decay by driblets? Why not a decay en masse? . . . Suppose presently we find it is possible to quicken that decay?"

The chuckle-headed lad nodded rapidly. The wonderful, inevitable idea was com-

ing. He drew his knee up toward his chin and swayed in his seat with excitement. "Why not?" he echoed. "Why not?"

The professor lifted his forefinger.

"Given that knowledge," he said, "mark what we should be able to do. We should not only be able to use this uranium and thorium. Not only should we have a source of power so potent that a man might carry in his hand the energy to light a city for a year, fight a fleet of battle-ships, or drive one of our giant liners across the Atlantic; but we should also have a clue that would enable us at last to quicken the process of disintegration in all the other elements, where decay is still so slow as to escape our finest measurements. Every scrap of solid matter in the world would become an available reservoir of concentrated force. Do you realize, ladies and gentlemen, what these things would mean for us?"

The scrub-head nodded. "Oh, go on! Go on!"

"It would mean a change in human conditions that I can compare only to the discovery of fire, that first discovery that lifted man above the brute. We stand to-day toward radioactivity exactly as our ancestor stood toward fire before he had learned to make it. He knew it then only as a strange thing utterly beyond his control, a flare on the crest of the volcano, a red destruction that poured through the forest. So it is that we know radioactivity to-day. This—this is the dawn of a new day in human living. At the climax of that civilization which had its beginning in the hammered flint and the fire-stick of the savage, just when it is becoming apparent that our ever-increasing needs cannot be borne indefinitely by our present sources of energy, we discover suddenly the possibility of an entirely new civilization. The energy we need for our very existence, and which nature still supplies us with so grudgingly, is in reality locked up in inconceivable quantities all about us. We cannot pick that lock at present, but—" He paused; his voice sank so that everybody strained a little to hear him—"we will."

He put up that lean finger again, his solitary gesture.

"And then," he said—"then that perpetual struggle for existence, that perpetual struggle to live on the bare surplus of nature's energies, will cease to be the lot of man. Man will step from the pinnacle of this civilization to the beginning of the next. I have no eloquence, ladies and gentlemen, to express the vision of man's material destiny that opens out before me. I see the desert continents transformed, the poles no longer wildernesses of ice, the whole world once more Eden. I see the power of man reach out among the stars." He stopped abruptly with a catching of the breath that many an actor or orator might have envied.

The lecture was over, the audience hung silent for a few seconds, sighed, became audible, stirred, fluttered, prepared for dispersal. More light was turned on, and what had been a dim mass of figures became a bright confusion of movement. Some of the people signaled to friends, some crowded down toward the platform to examine the lecturer's apparatus and make notes of his diagrams. But the chuckle-headed lad with the scrub-hair wanted no such detailed frittering away of the thought that had inspired him. He wanted to be alone with them; he elbowed his way out almost fiercely, he made himself as angular and bony as a cow, fearing lest some one should speak to him, lest some one should invade his glowing sphere of enthusiasm.

He went through the streets with a rapt face, like a saint who sees visions. He had arms disproportionately long and ridiculous big feet. He must get alone, get somewhere high out of all this crowding of commonness of every-day life.

He made his way to the top of Arthur's Seat, and there he sat for a long time in the golden evening sunshine, still, except that ever and again he whispered to himself some precious phrase that had stuck in his mind.

"If," he whispered—"if only we could pick that lock!"

The sun was sinking over the distant hills. Already it was short of its beams, a globe of ruddy gold hanging over the great banks of cloud that would presently engulf it.

"Eh!" said the youngster. "Eh!"

He seemed to wake up at last out of his entrancement, and the red sun was there before his eyes. He stared at it, at first without intelligence and then with a gathering recognition. Into his mind came

strange echo of that ancestral fancy—that fancy of a stone-age savage, dead and scattered bones among the drift two hundred thousand years ago.

"Ye auld thing," he said, and his eyes were shining, and he made a kind of grabbing gesture with his hand—"Ye auld red thing, we 'll have ye *yet.*"

II

THE NEW SOURCE OF ENERGY

THE problem which was already being mooted by such scientific men as Ramsay, Rutherford, and Soddy in the very beginning of the twentieth century—the problem of inducing radioactivity in the heavier elements, and so tapping the internal energy of atoms, was solved by a wonderful combination of induction, intuition, and luck by Holsten as early as the year 1933. From the first detection of radioactivity to its first subjugation to human purpose measured little more than a quarter of a century. For twenty years after that, indeed, minor difficulties prevented any striking practical application of his success; but the essential thing was done, this new boundary in the march of human progress was crossed, in that year. He set up atomic disintegration in a minute particle of bismuth; it exploded with great violence into a heavy gas of extreme radioactivity, which disintegrated in its turn in the course of seven days, and it was only after another year's work that he was able to show virtually that the last result of this rapid release of energy was gold.

But the thing was done, at the cost of a blistered chest and an injured finger, and from the moment when the invisible speck of bismuth flashed into riving and rending energy, Holsten knew that he had opened a way for mankind, however narrow and dark it might still be, to worlds of limitless power. He recorded as much in the strange diary biography he left the world—a diary that up to that particular moment was a mass of speculations and calculations, and which suddenly became for a space an amazingly minute and human record of sensations and emotions that all humanity might understand.

He gives, in broken phrases and often single words, it is true, but none the less vividly for that, a record of the twenty-four hours following the demonstration of the correctness of his intricate tracery of computations and guesses. "I thought I should not sleep," he writes—the words he omitted are supplied in brackets—[on account of] "pain in [the] hand and chest and [the] wonder of what I had done. . . . Slept like a child."

THE INTERPRETER OF NATURE

HE felt strange and disconcerted the next morning. He had nothing to do; he was living alone in apartments in Bloomsbury, and he decided to go up to Hampstead Heath, which he had known when he was a little boy as a breezy playground. He went up by the underground tube, which was then the recognized means of travel from one part of London to another, and walked up Heath Street. He found it a gully of planks and scaffoldings between the hoardings of house-wreckers. The spirit of the times had seized upon that narrow, steep, and winding thoroughfare and was in the act of making it commodious and interesting according to the remarkable ideals of neo-Georgian esthetics. Such is the illogical quality of humanity that Holsten, fresh from work that was like a petard under the seat of current civilization, saw these changes with regret.

He had come up Heath Street perhaps a thousand times, had known the windows of all the little shops, spent hours in the vanished cinematographs theater, and marveled at the high-flung early-Georgian houses upon the westward bank of that old gully of a thoroughfare; he felt strange with all these familiar things gone. He escaped at last with a feeling of relief from this choked alley of trenches and holes and cranes, and emerged upon the old familiar scene about the White Stone Pond. That at least was very much as it used to be.

There were still the fine old red-brick houses to left and right of him. The reservoir had been improved by a portico of marble, the white-fronted inn with the clustering flowers above its portico still stood out at the angle of the ways, and the blue view to Harrow Hill and Harrow spire, a view of hills and trees and shining waters and wind-driven cloud shadows, was like the opening of a great window to

the ascending Londoner. All that was very reassuring. There was the same strolling crowd, the same perpetual miracle of motors dodging through it harmlessly, escaping headlong into the country from the Sabbatical stuffiness behind and below them. There was a band still, a women's suffrage meeting, for the suffrage women had won their way back to the tolerance, a trifle derisive, of the populace again; socialist orators, politicians, a band, and the same wild uproar of dogs, frantic with the gladness of their one blessed weekly release from the back yard and the chain. And away along the road to the Spaniards strolled a vast multitude, saying as ever that the view of London was exceptionally clear that day.

Young Holsten's face was white. He walked with that uneasy affectation of ease that marks an overstrained nervous system and an underexercised body. The people about him looked fairly prosperous, fairly happy, well adapted to the lives they had to lead, a week of work and a Sunday of best clothes and promenading, and he had launched something that would disorganize the entire fabric that held their contentments and ambitions and satisfactions together. "Felt like an imbecile who has presented a box full of loaded revolvers to a crèche," he notes.

He met a man named Lawson, an old school-fellow, of whom history now knows only that he was red-faced and had a terrier. He and Holsten walked together, and Holsten was sufficiently pale and jumpy for Lawson to tell him he overworked and needed a holiday. They sat down at a little table outside the County Council house of Golders Hill Park and sent one of the waiters to the Bull and Bush for a couple of bottles of beer, no doubt at Lawson's suggestion. The beer warmed Holsten's rather dehumanized system. He began to tell Lawson as clearly as he could to what his great discovery amounted. Lawson feigned attention, but indeed he had neither the knowledge nor the imagination to understand. "In the end, before many years are out, this must eventually change war, transit, lighting, building, and every sort of manufacture, even agriculture, every material human concern."

Then Holsten stopped short. Lawson had leaped to his feet.

"Damn that dog!" he cried. "Look at it now. Heigh! Here! *Phewoophewoophewoo! Come here,* Bobs! Come *here!*"

The young scientific man, with his bandaged hand, sat at the green table, too tired to convey the wonder of the thing he had sought so long; his friend whistled and bawled for his dog; and the Sunday people drifted about them through the spring sunshine. For a moment or so Holsten stared at Lawson in astonishment, for he had been too intent upon what he had been saying to realize how little Lawson had attended.

Then he remarked, *"Well!"* and smiled faintly, and finished the tankard of beer before him.

Lawson sat down again.

"One must look after one's dog," he said, with a note of apology. "What was it you were telling me?"

In the evening Holsten went out again. He walked to St. Paul's Cathedral, and stood for a time near the door listening to the evening service. The candles upon the altar reminded him in some odd way of the fireflies at Fiesole. Then he walked back through the evening lights to Westminster. He was oppressed, he was indeed scared, by his sense of the immense consequences of his discovery. He had a vague idea that night that he ought not to publish his results, that they were premature, that some secret association of wise men should take care of his work and hand it on from generation to generation until the world was riper for its practical application. He felt that nobody in all the thousands of people he passed had really awakened to the fact of change; they trusted the world for what it was, not to alter too rapidly, to respect their trusts, their assurances, their habits, their little accustomed traffics, and hard-won positions.

He went into those little gardens beneath the overhanging brightly lit masses of the Savoy Hotel and the Hotel Cecil. He sat down on a seat and became aware of the talk of the two people next to him. It was the talk of a young couple evidently on the eve of marriage. The man was congratulating himself on having regular employment at last.

"They like me," he said, "and I like the job. If I work up, in 'r dozen years

or so I ought to be gettin' somethin' pretty comfortable. That 's the plain sense of it, Hetty. There ain't no reason whatsoever why we should n't get along very decently—very decently indeed."

The desire for little successes amidst conditions securely fixed! So it struck upon Holsten's mind. He added in his diary, "I had a sense of all this globe as that."

By that phrase he meant a kind of clairvoyant vision of this populated world as a whole, of all its cities and towns and villages, its highroads and the inns beside them, its gardens and farms and upland pastures, its boatmen and sailors, its ships coming along the great circles of the ocean, its time-tables and appointments and payments and dues, as it were one unified and progressive spectacle. Sometimes such visions came to him; his mind, accustomed to great generalizations and yet acutely sensitive to detail, saw things far more comprehensively than the minds of most of his contemporaries. Usually the teeming sphere moved on to its predestined ends, and circled with a stately swiftness on its path about the sun. Usually it was all a living progress that altered under his regard. But now fatigue a little deadened him to that incessancy of life; it seemed now just an eternal circling. He lapsed to the commoner persuasion of the great fixities and recurrencies of the human routine. The remoter past of wandering savagery, the inevitable changes of tomorrow, were veiled, and he saw only day and night, seed-time and harvest, loving and begetting, births and deaths, walks in the summer sunlight, and tales by the winter fireside, the ancient sequence of hope and acts and age perennially renewed, eddying on forever and ever, save that now the impious hand of research was raised to overthrow this drowsy, gently humming, habitual, sunlit spinning-top of man's existence.

For a time he forgot wars and crimes and hates and persecutions, famine and pestilence, the cruelties of beasts, weariness and the bitter wind, failure and insufficiency and retrocession. He saw all mankind in terms of the humble Sunday couple upon the seat beside him who schemed their inglorious outlook and improbable contentments. "I had a sense of all this globe as that."

His intelligence struggled against this mood, and struggled for a time in vain. He reassured himself against the invasion of this disconcerting idea that he was something strange and inhuman, a loose wanderer from the flock returning with evil gifts from his sustained, unnatural excursions amidst the darknesses and phosphorescences beneath the fair surfaces of life. Man had not always been thus; the instincts and desires of the little home, the little plot, were not all his nature; also he was an adventurer, an experimenter, an unresting curiosity, an insatiable desire. For a few thousand generations, indeed, he had tilled the earth and followed the seasons, saying his prayers, grinding his corn, and trampling the October wine-press, yet not for so long but that he was still full of restless stirrings.

"If there have been home and routine and the field," thought Holsten, "there have also been wonder and the sea."

He turned his head and looked up over the back of the seat at the great hotels above him, full of softly shaded lights and the glow and color and stir of feasting. Might his gift to mankind mean simply more of that?

He got up and walked out of the garden, surveying a passing tram-car, laden with warm light against the deep blues of evening, dripping and trailing long skirts of shining reflection; he crossed the Embankment, and stood for a time watching the dark river and turning ever and again to the lit buildings and bridges. His mind began to scheme conceivable replacements of all those clustering arrangements.

"It has begun," he writes in the diary in which these things are recorded. "It is not for me to reach out to consequences I cannot foresee. I am a part, not a whole; I am a little instrument in the armory of Change. If I were to burn all these papers, before a score of years had passed some other man would be doing this."

Holsten, before he died, was destined to see atomic energy dominating every other source of power, but for some years yet a vast network of difficulties in detail and application kept the new discovery from any effective invasion of ordinary life. The path from the laboratory to the workshop is sometimes a tortuous one; electro-magnetic radiations were known

and demonstrated for twenty years before Marconi made them practically available, and in the same way it was twenty years before induced radioactivity could be brought to practical utilization. The thing, of course, was discussed very much, more perhaps at the time of its discovery than during the interval of technical adaptation, but with very little realization of the huge economic revolution that impended.

What chiefly impressed the journalists of 1933 was the production of gold from bismuth and the realization, albeit upon profitable lines, of the alchemist's dreams. There was a considerable amount of discussion and expectation in that more intelligent portion of the educated publics of the various civilized countries which followed scientific developments; but for the most part the world went about its business, as the inhabitants of those Swiss villages which live under the perpetual threat of overhanging rocks and mountains go about their business, just as though the possible was impossible, as though the inevitable was postponed forever because it was delayed.

THE NEW AGE OF POWER

It was in 1953 that the first Holsten-Roberts engine brought induced radioactivity into the sphere of industrial production, and its first general use was to replace the steam-engine in electrical generating-stations. Hard upon the appearance of this came the Dass-Tata engine, the invention of two among the brilliant galaxy of Bengali inventors the modernization of Indian thought was producing at this time, which was used chiefly for automobiles, aëroplanes, water-planes, and similar mobile purposes. The American Kemp engine, differing widely in principle, but equally practicable, and the Krupp-Erlanger came hard upon the heels of this, and by the autumn of 1954 a gigantic replacement of industrial methods and machinery was in progress all about the habitable globe.

For many years the price of coal and every form of liquid fuel had been clambering to levels that made even the revival of the draft-horse seem a practicable possibility, and now with the abrupt relaxation of this stringency the change in appearance of the traffic upon the world's roads was instantaneous. In three years the frightful armored monsters that had hooted and smoked and thundered about the world for four awful decades were swept away to the dealers in old metal, and the highways thronged with light and clean and shimmering shapes of silvered steel.

At the same time a new impetus was given to aviation by the relatively enormous power for weight of the atomic engine; it was at last possible to add Redmayne's ingenious helicopter ascent-and-descent engine to the vertical propeller that had hitherto been the sole driving force of the aëroplane without overweighting the machine, and men found themselves possessed of an instrument of flight that could hover or ascend or descend vertically and gently as well as rush wildly through the air. The last dread of flying vanished. As the journalists of the time phrased it, this was the epoch of the Leap into the Air. The new atomic aëroplane became indeed a mania; every one of means was frantic to possess a thing so controllable, so secure, and so free from the dust and danger of the road; and in France alone in the year 1953 thirty thousand of these new aëroplanes were manufactured and licensed, and soared, humming softly into the sky.

And with an equal speed atomic engines of various types invaded industrialism. The railways paid enormous premiums for priority in the delivery of atomic traction-engines; atomic smelting was embarked upon so eagerly as to lead to a number of disastrous explosions due to inexperienced handling of the new power, and the revolutionary cheapening of both materials and electricity made the entire reconstruction of domestic buildings a matter merely dependent upon a reorganization of the methods of the builder and the house-furnisher.

Viewed from the side of the new power and from the point of view of those who financed and manufactured the new engine and material it required, the age of the Leap into the Air was one of astonishing prosperity.

THE BLIGHT OF SUCCESS

This spectacle of feverish enterprise was productivity, this crowding flight of happy and fortunate rich people—every great city was as if a crawling ant-hill had

By permission of C. W. Kraushaar

THE BEGGAR MUSICIAN

ETCHED IN ZINC BY FRANK BRANGWYN. LONDON, 1911

By permission of C. W. Kraushaar

A GATE OF NAPLES

ETCHED IN ZINC, FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING

A Group of Four Etchings by Frank Brangwyn

By permission of C. W. Kraushaar

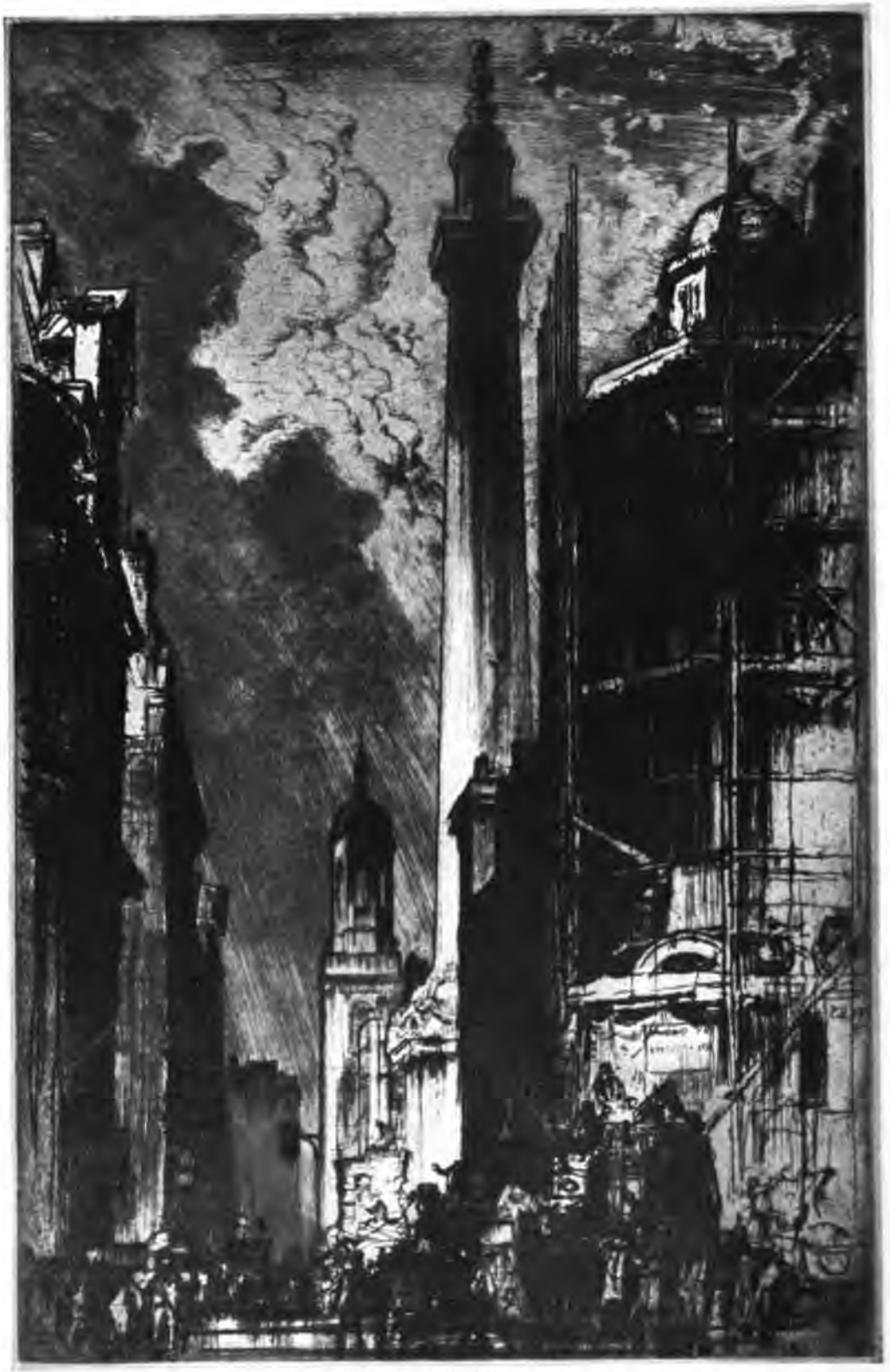
THE BEGGAR MUSICIAN

ETCHED IN ZINC BY FRANK BRANGWYN. LONDON, 1911

By permission of C. W. Kraushaar

A CAFÉ IN FURNES, BELGIUM

ETCHED IN COPPER BY FRANK BRANGWYN, FURNES, 1916



By permission of C. W. Kraushaar

THE MONUMENT, LONDON

FROM THE TOP OF FISH STREET, LOOKING WEST

ETCHED IN ZINC BY FRANK BRANGWYN. LONDON, 1912

OUR CHILDREN

BY WELLS HASTINGS

THERE is one quarrel which is as old as humanity itself—the ancient and pitiful misunderstanding between age and youth, or, more pitifully and more particularly, between parent and child. Theoretically, these two should be in the closest alliance, save one, upon earth; but in sad generality they are covertly or openly antagonistic. Through a freakish fault of memory, most of us miss what is most dear.

Obviously, the primary blame rests with the parent. Good people, fond of each other, their country, and their fellow-men, look forward, when children are born to them, to pleasant years of companionship, and while their children are small they are given, for the most part, some fulfilment of this hope. The average child is docile through its very dependence, and affectionate by reason of its unspoiled humanity. It is only when children cease to be childish and begin to take on maturity that this immemorial tragedy begins to make itself plain. It is possible chiefly because Time, like a wicked enchanter, wipes the clear memory of youth from the adult mind. Most dogmatic statements must be generalities, and to say that the parents in happy alliance with their children are those men and women who remember minutely the vivid emotions of their own childhood, and that unsuccessful parents belong to the majority who have forgotten, is of course a generality; nevertheless, it is a tremendous truth.

A quarrel is most vividly defined as a misunderstanding. One of the sorry jests of life is that most children know, as most parents do not, how children should be brought up. It is born in them, as imagination is born, and, like imagination, is lost with maturity. They know that for confidence they will give confidence; for obvious justice, justice; for true love and sympathy they will walk through fire.

American young people are notoriously ill-bred. Their flippancy and lack of respect for their elders is a byword to the rest of the world. It is not to be marveled at, for they *are* ill-bred, badly brought up. They have been guided neither by the loose reins of the French or Japanese, nor by the tight ones of the Germans or the English; but rather by a series of jerks. They are the logical product of unusual severities and unusual indulgences, the sport of fads and whims and fancies, unchecked by any determinate philosophy. Any settled method is better than none at all, and the Germans' stiff insistence upon respect accomplishes something, because it is built upon a definite philosophy; just as the French love and camaraderie accomplish something for the same basic reason. Therefore in both these countries grown children are in far closer alliance with their parents than they are in America.

Both French and German parents have some measure of success because they have some idea of what they want, though the French are the more successful. I have no intention of holding a brief for indulgence, but it is a fact, on first consideration rather startling, that those nations where children are most greatly indulged show the most happy percentages of family concord. To a casual American glance neither Japanese nor French children are disciplined at all; yet these children are paragons of politeness, holding their elders and parents in deep respect, and all their lives strongly bound in the glad ties of family affection. French parents really do enjoy the privilege of intimacy with their grown-up children. It seems to us paradoxical that systematic indulgence should have bred this great respect; but if we examine more closely, we shall find that it came not from indulgence, but despite it; it is not a cause, but simply another effect of a primary something behind it—the power the French people have of keeping at any age something of the child's point of view. It is utterly confusing to us to meet a grave man of acknowledged attainments upon one day, and to meet him on the next in silk hat and frock-coat cavorting down the Champs-Élysées at the end of a pair of red worsted reins, shying

and snorting at blowing pieces of paper. We wonder how such a man can keep the respect of his children until the time when they, too, are also throwing dignity to the winds with children of their own, and forget that love breeds respect much more often than respect love, and that no one of any age will do or think anything that intentionally injures a beloved comrade.

We really want to be good parents, or almost want to. I am constantly stumbling into groups who have childhood under discussion. Should children be punished? Should n't they be encouraged in personality? Should n't progress be stimulated by a system of rewards? Is the Montessori or the Froebel method the better; or, after all, is n't the good old-fashioned, ding-dong way the best? These are questions that all of us are constantly hearing asked; and they do show interest, if no very great amount of intelligence or understanding. There are few women who would ask how hot an oven should be for baking or what kind of material is used to make a hat, and few men who beg their friends to tell them how big a kennel will do for a dog. Children's lives can be shaped to some extent, but they are not positively liquid, and no mold can be invented into which they all may be individually and profitably poured.

It is a mechanical age, and we have grown into placing an insane dependence upon machinery. We like to connect our storage-batteries, and find them charged when we return; we like to wind our clocks, and have them keep running until next Sunday; we expect, when we take the telephone-receiver from the hook, to get some ultimate answer to our summons; and we are always talking about starting children right. But the machine which takes care of a soul is not a modern one; we cannot start it, and leave it with any hope of success. And this saddens and disappoints us; for other machinery has so minimized our duties that we are apt to feel a vague impatience with those duties which are left, as rich men feel most the pinch of small deprivations. It is hard for us to say, "I have these important children, and I shall give them a really important part of my life." It is much easier to determine that they shall be well provided for; for to most of us, however much we may groan and grumble about it, earning, sometimes even saving, is an exciting and stimulating game. We are temperamentally impatient, and eager that enjoyment shall immediately follow effort. Future rewards have grown too distant to fill our churches, and future companionships too dim for sacrificing any great amount of valuable time in their cultivation.

The fault is a national one, and not confined to any particular class. The society woman has often been accused of turning her children over to strangers; but the farmer's wife, the tradesman's wife, and the women of the tenements are not much more patient than she. When there are not nurses and governesses and tutors, children are driven out of doors that they may not be "underfoot"; schools are a welcome factor in getting them out of the way. When they cease to be toys, they are always discovering themselves to be troublesome.

The intelligence of their children is a constant matter of pride to good parents. They are forever pointing out how their little boy or girl notices this or that; but they seem to feel that they themselves are surrounded by some mystical blaze of glory which renders their own particular actions imperceptible, and although they are constantly worrying lest their children may be contaminated by some outside sight, they seem naïvely certain of their own invisibility. Where they themselves are concerned, their children are blind and also deaf. It is understood by both parent and child that the parent is the traditional pattern of conduct, but parents are apt to make the unconscious reservation that this means good conduct. The tremendous majority of American families are arranged like two stages which face each other. On one stage the parents sit as critics in an audience, watching and prompting the play of the marionettes they have created; and upon the other the children, conceiving themselves as audience, watch their two great stars in the morality play of life. They are the more kindly critics, but loose passion, dissension, and little meannesses cannot altogether escape them in a performance which lasts for years. Heredity's back must be bowed under the just burdens of intimate environment.

But by far the worst fault of this phase

of the attitude of the American parent is that, in ignoring the intelligent existence of their children, they do create some sort of barrier between children's lives and their own. Children cannot be ignored, or listen to comments or discussions upon or about them, without a growing sense of remoteness from their elder's minds and hearts; for they rarely hear a grown intimate of the family discussed in the same impersonal way in the presence of the intimate. No parents can expect their intelligent child to feel truly in their confidence when the child's intelligence and very humanity are persistently ignored. "Children should be seen and not heard," is an idle enough maxim of unintentional cruelty and ignorance, but the custom of expanding this tacitly into "Children should be seen, and neither hear nor see," is far too common and far too costly.

We are rather apt to feel that we are giving a good deal and receiving very little. What we give is support, a responsibility which we have obviously incurred; precept and advice, which all human beings spend with a passionate generosity; and an objective love, for which we expect an unqualified return. We receive the inspiration and joyousness of fresh youth, a love that is reluctantly critical, a persistent worship, and, in most cases, an ultimate physical service which is at least proportionate to that which we have expended. In general, parents get great or little, rather according to their receptivity than to their own gifts. But few of them are willing to give up the key to that sanctuary where their very selves are enshrined.

It is not surprising, therefore, that children, as they grow older, retire more into themselves, and develop that reserve which so greatly puzzles and distresses their elders. Anglo-Saxons have a horror of wearing their hearts upon their sleeves, and even when their hearts are warm and innocent, they are apt to wall them away, like cold and guilty things, not only from the world at large, but from those most dear to them, to whom these hearts are supposedly of most importance. Little children give their confidences freely, and retire them only when they find them socially condemned. There is a wide difference between being laughed at and laughed with, and a child who has found that an innocent confidence has caused a perplexing embarrassment grows wary lest he again fall into mysterious sin. Whatever his desires may be, the discovery dawns daily on his subconscious soul that he is living in a world of familiar strangers, that society is divided not only by caste, but by age, and that he must find his true intimates among his juvenile peers. Not only do his attempts at intimacy often seem to cause embarrassment, but his very relation to the grown-up world is shrouded in the veils of taboo. Americans have a prudish habit of referring to the newly born as "the little stranger"; the phrase is a cruelly apt one.

Our trouble is not that we do not care, but that racially we are more inclined to act than to think. There is only one comprehensive rule for bringing up children, and that is that we must honestly rack our reluctant minds until they give us back something of our own forgotten emotions; that we must give in measure as we expect to receive; that we must acknowledge the child's mind and emotions to resemble our own in scarcely limited counterpart. Subjective teaching is the only teaching worth while, and sympathy the only kind of love which will buy us the best. Children learn most by example, and they throw open the doors of their hearts to those who have shown them that hearts have doors. The old quarrel is the most wasteful and unnecessary one. It is human to desire some friendship, and those of us who have children, and in whom the desire is strong, may really know at least one or two men and women a decade or so from now.

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"HER ARM WAS SEIZED IN A PARALYZING GRIP"

THE EMOTIONS OF MARÍA CONCEPCIÓN

BY MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "John of God," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. LUIS MORA

MARÍA CONCEPCIÓN, having a favor to ask of her papa that morning, listened at the door of his dressing-room, which adjoined her own, and tried to augur an auspicious mood from the accent of the abstruse little cough with which he punctuated every delicate task. She heard his measured pacing to and fro, his opening and shutting of drawers, and the clash of dainty cup and saucer as he sipped his black coffee. Her delicate nose identified the aroma generated by papa's hair under the cordial embraces of a curling-iron, and the lilac perfume of the cosmetic with which those rampant waves and the heavy mustache and imperial were licked into lustrous immobility. At last—welcome sound!—a cough of finality, and Senator Montes de Oca marched forth, serene in spotless, frock-coated, patent-leathered perfection.

Not yet, however, would his daughter present herself before him. First he must make his morning *reflexiónes,* a solemnity which involved his pacing for five minutes the circuit of the gallery, with head bent, and hands clasped behind his back, sometimes pausing to glance over the flower-decked railing into the patio, or to order his *mozo* to remove some linnet or canary whose pipings interfered with his cerebral operations. According to domestic tradition, the senator, during that daily perambulation, exercised his intellect to a degree beyond the capacity of less formidable mortals to comprehend. Watching him furtively from the shelter of her room, María Concepción applied an extra coat of powder to her already well-whitened features, and dexterously encircled her large eyes with artificial shadows, those *ojeras* which promote luster and spiritu-

ality. She found time, too, to rehearse a languid comportment, and she gave some consideration to the project of sinking at her papa's feet in a graceful swoon, a manœuver sometimes effective as a stimulant to the granting of special indulgences.

Intense in all things, she had an intense desire to attend a brilliant affair at the Plaza de Toros on the following Sunday. All society would be there, and El Mañoso was to kill—El Mañoso, the youngest and greatest swordsman of Spain, who was now to make his first bow to the cream of Mexican fashion. María Concepción had never been present at a bull-fight. Before her arrival at an age for such fiestas her mother had died, and for five years the house of Montes de Oca had dragged through the successive stages of ceremonious mourning prescribed by Mexican etiquette. The senator had testified his grief *á lo gran señor,* causing the finest chamber in his house to be converted into an exquisite private chapel, duly consecrated, where masses were celebrated daily in memory of the beloved. Upon his daughter, during those springtime years of hers, he had imposed the most rigid austerities. If ever a young gallant found opportunity to make "eyes of deer" at her, though he might possess all the virtues of St. Thomas, the indignant senator would suddenly discover in him all the hypocrisies of Judas. María Concepción often declared with tears to her adored twin-brother, Enrique, that if it were not for her expansions of soul with him, and with the heroines of innumerable surreptitious novels, she would have perished in the bud. Soon she would be eighteen. That very morning she had discovered a wrinkle, a very little one, it was true, and possibly no deeper than the powder; but it had made her weep. *Qué fatalidad!*

Decisive as a signal-gun was the cough with which El Senador Don Enrique Montes de Oca y Quintana Ruiz announced to all the world that he had concluded his *reflexiónes.* The household sprang into audible activity. The great doors of the coach-house rolled open, and the senator's coupé swung into the patio. Now was the ordained moment for the bestowal of his benediction upon his daughter.

Even as the thought came to him, she approached—pale as a gardenia, her humid, dark eyes fixed upon him in a faint smile of reverence, submission, and affection. At what cost of vigilance and self-discipline she had studied to obliterate herself until the instant of need, and then to sparkle from oblivion with a smile, her papa never reflected, not deeming it any concern of his to discover the technic by which women compass the proprieties of their sex. But it did occur to him that she was growing every day more like her lamented mother, and that observation brought him an access of paternal tenderness as she kissed his hand.

She had brought a flower for his coat, a single violet selected from the mass which Refugio, the coachman's daughter, had placed on her dressing-table.

"But thy papa is too old for these fiestas," he protested indulgently as she sought to put it in his buttonhole. "Have more formality, Conchita!"

"It is so little and so pale," she pleaded —"so pale, dear Papa, that I think it must have grown in the moonlight."

Touched on his poetic side, he unbent so far as to permit himself to be decorated. But then—then, before she could frame the tactful phrases which were to lead up to the theme of the bull-fight, he made an announcement which swept that festival from her thoughts, and canceled every check that her imagination had ever drawn upon the bank of destiny. With an air of conferring an honor far beyond her aspirations, he said:

"Daughter of my soul, thou hast been this morning the subject of my reflections, with the consequence that God has illumined me to guide thee to happiness by making thee the companion and consolation of my remaining years on earth."

Her eyes and breathless mouth rounded in a trinity of O's. Pleased that his words had produced a palpable impression, and proud of the discretion with which he had attacked that delicate task, the making of an old maid, he coughed rhetorically and continued:

"Thou wilt rejoice that I have made thy future secure by liberating thee from the anxieties of youth and, above all, from the banalities of coquetry. Study to make thyself worthy of the consecration to which thou art elected. Invoke the sanctified spirit of thy mama, who doubtless is in heaven commending us to God. Pre-

serve thy health, taking with diligence thine emulsion of oil of liver of codfish, that thou mayest be a comfort and not a care to thy desolate papa, who in a short time will have fulfilled half a century of this life, and who requires thy gentle ministrations to alleviate the dolorous path which he must follow to the tomb."

These words, pronounced in a deep and vibrating tone, affected María Concepción so piteously that, without one thought of artifice, she sank sobbing to the floor and embraced the paternal knees, entreating the senator to abandon such gloomy thoughts and to believe that she, his child, thanked Heaven for the privilege of dedicating her life to her beloved *papacito*. Touched at this proof of a becoming feminine spirit, he raised her to her feet, and rewarded her with an affectionate embrace. His heart expanded, and it occurred to him that he was feeling uncommonly young and lively; nevertheless he thought it proper to utter a few pensive reflections on mortality.

When he had given her his benediction and departed for the palace, María Concepción ran to change her dress. She had a habit of changing her dress under the stimulus of every new emotion, whether derived from life or from a novel. Papa's ministering angel! Never had she experienced an emotion so difficult to fit with the psychological frock. She must design a costume, something very spiritual, with a Sarah Bernhardt collar. In the meantime she would put on her habit of the Daughters of Mary, which she had worn at the College of the Sacred Heart—black silk, with a silk cord about the waist, the only touch of color being the broad ribbon of blue sackcloth by which the blessed medal of the order was suspended from the devotee's neck.

Feeling particularly angelic in that demure but bewitching costume, María Concepción sought the chapel of her mama, and earnestly invoked the Virgin to purify her heart and to make her as worthy as possible of her tender and distinguished mission. And she felt herself uplifted as on wings. Returning to her own apartments and consulting the mirrors, she was impressed by the unearthly, soft splendor of her eyes, turned upward under their sweeping lashes in this new rapture of devotion. The contemplation of her own delicate beauty moved her to tears of appreciation. Papa should see that he had not been mistaken in her, that she did indeed rejoice at his having set her free from —what were his words? The "anxieties of youth," yes, yes, and the "banalities of coquetry." Coquetry, with those eyes of hers! What sacrilege!

She was startled by a whistle, shrill and peremptory. It was her brother's summons to his *mozo,* and a moment later she heard Enrique's eager voice arousing the Indian from his siesta with voluble instructions for the care of his English mare, heated after a long trot through the forest roads of fashionable Chapultepec. María Concepción's first impulse was to run into some ambush; then, when he had searched for her in vain, to dart out upon him, kitten-like, with a bombardment of kisses and questions—questions about his ride, and the people he had seen, and the gossip at the club, and all the agreeable variety of things constantly going on in that portion of the world exterior to the walls of the mansion of Montes de Oca. But Enrique must learn that her playing days were over.

Hearing him approach, calling her, she sank on her knees at her prie-dieu, and hastily swept her habit into graceful folds. The outline of her classic head and delicate features was etched against the shadows as with a pencil of phosphorus. So ethereal was the picture that Enrique halted in the doorway, and did not speak until his sister had signed herself with reverence and risen sedately to greet him. Then, his vivacity returning, he demanded:

"Conchita, what news? Hast thou spoken to papa about Sunday? Will he engage a box? Shall we see El Mañoso kill, Conchita of my life?"

With a grave and beautiful gesture she thereupon proceeded to make known to him the momentous rôle she had been appointed to play upon the stage of life. She chose her words kindly, anxious that he should not consider her puffed up in spirit or imagine that she loved him less because she could no longer share his frivolous preoccupations. On the contrary, she assured him, she would always piously remember that he and she had been born in the same hour, and that only through the trifling accident of sex was he, Enrique, ineligible for the post of papa's ministering angel.

Enrique was silent for some moments. Then, to her amazement and indignation, he laughed.

"By Santa Inez, little sister," he exclaimed, "I am glad thou art happy over thy celibacy. Every one to his taste, as the donkey-driver said after a dinner of hay. But this is not such news to me as thou thinkest, for I always believed that papa would find it convenient to cause thee to remain to dress the saints."

What feeling was this that dilated the fine nostrils of María Concepción, and chilled the sacrificial ardor of her heart?

"But to bad weather a good face," Enrique continued. "Old age will come soon enough without our running to meet it, little sister of my soul."

She smiled with her lips, but her eyes fled sidewise, searching among the shadows about the floor.

"All the world will be there," Enrique went on in a fume of boyish enthusiasm, "the De la Vega, the Castro, the Gorricochéa. Americans are paying fabulous prices for *entradas,* doubtless because El Mañoso killed before Spanish royalty, and received such rare recognition from Alfonso's angel-faced English queen. See, I have his photograph."

"The king's?"

"Bah! who cares for a king's portrait? No, no, the great swordsman's. See his eyes, pale and distended like a cat's, as no doubt they look when he poises to deliver the fatal thrust which halts the ensanguined bull in its querulous assault and abases its proud neck beneath his conquering foot!"

María Concepción studied the face of the famous matador—a young face, as smooth as a priest's or an American's, but alight with the passion and innocent boldness of Spain. The pale, printed eyes seemed to penetrate her own. She shut hers with a frown. Enrique was saying:

"Papa may talk as he will about the vulgarity of Spain's great amusement, as if the Montes de Oca were of pure Indian blood; but even the proudest of unmixed Mexicans cannot be indifferent to such fame as El Mañoso has earned with his sword."

María Concepción opened her eyes and looked again at the picture. She seemed to have lived a long time since she had seen it first, and she felt astonished that it had not changed. *Qué simpático!* Would Enrique never stop talking?

"Are we to drop out of the world just because papa chooses to make a reputation as a serious man? It would serve nothing for *me* to speak to him; he would only come out with, 'To-day is Thursday,' and present me with a sermon and his benediction at the end of it. But thou, Conchita, thou hast little ways of thy own with papa, whom thou hast trained so cleverly to have anxieties about thy health. Come, show thine invention! A timely *ataque,* eh? A few fainting-fits, a day or two of hysteria—what dost thou say, my little bird?"

"I say," she exclaimed in a ringing voice, "and I swear, Enrique, that we go! We will not continue to be zero at the left for papa. As surely as my name is María Concepción, we will see El Mañoso kill!"

Enrique clapped his hands; but in that very instant he received a stinging box on the ear. *Cáspita!* what did she mean? They faced each other like two angry game-chickens, exactly alike in feature, except for the crisp rigor of Enrique's chiseling, his tawnier color, and his thread of a mustache. She stormed at him. Why had he come to torment her with fiestas and with photographs at a time when she was experiencing a beautiful emotion over papa? How could she be a ministering angel without the emotion belonging to that rôle? Sustained by the appropriate emotion, she could contest with pitiless tigers, yes, or with bulls; but unless so sustained, she could not live. Moreover, how dared he intimate that her *ataques* were a delusion and her fainting-fits a mockery? To all of which Enrique, of the burning ear, hissed tragically:

"Hipócrita! Hipócrita! Hipócrita!"

And then she had an *ataque* which was anything but a delusion. It left her bathed in tears of remorse, declaring that she was good for nothing and would kill herself, since her beloved Enrique would never forgive her. Enrique forgave her, and there were kisses. But that was not sufficient. She must make atonement for the blow by procuring him some greatly desired good. Apart from getting a box at the bull-fight, which was already settled in her mind, what was his dearest present desire? *Ay! ay!* a thing beyond her power

to obtain, he assured her, a gift jealously sought after as a trophy and decoration—nothing less than one of the blood-stained banderillas from El Mañoso's bull.

María Concepción lowered her eyes.

THE black silk habit was laid away, for María Concepción had once more changed her dress. The greatest emotion of life had come to her. She loved. How she loved! *Ay, Dios! qué amor!* Most faintly and inadequately was the condition of her heart symbolized by her newest, loveliest, and worldliest afternoon gown, a Paris model in tea-rose peau-de-soie, as coherent as a veneer to her fifteen-inch waist, abetted by an agitating leghorn bonnet, with hand-painted streamers coaxed into an amorous bow against one cheek.

Yes, she loved El Mañoso, whom she had not yet seen. But very soon she would see him. That was her present business in the landau, by Enrique's side, an hour or two after her first view of the portrait which had altered the aspect of life to her. Yet *she* had not proposed this drive. No, she had merely engineered it, and so delicately that Enrique imagined that he had tempted her out upon an escapade. He thought, poor innocent, that it was he who had instigated a certain simulated *ataque* so alarming to all the servants and the "keeper of the keys" that his hurried ordering of the carriage to give the sufferer some air seemed a perfectly proper proceeding. But instead of seeking the Alameda or the Paseo, the Montes de Oca carriage was threading the narrow business streets of the Centro, Enrique's design being to pass a certain café much frequented by bull-fighters for a glimpse—just a glimpse, he pleaded—of El Mañoso. And María Concepción played to perfection her rôle of fastidious reluctance, insisting on the top of the landau being closed, and keeping Enrique in a ferment of eager persuasion lest she should insist at any moment on turning back.

El Mañoso was sunning himself with other *toreros* outside the Café of the Cardinal Virtues. A conspicuous group, with hats very wide and flat, jackets a little short of the waist-line, attitudes affected and graceful, faces carefully shaven and powdered, they viewed the moving spectacle with the eager frankness of children, and caused no little blushing and quick-stepping by the outspoken compliments they launched in their clipped Andalusian speech at every pretty woman that met their appraising eyes. Only El Mañoso failed to avail himself of this immemorial privilege of their gild, perhaps dreaming of some bouncing Sevillana who could have tossed these mincing nymphs over her shoulder, or perhaps bewildered and disheartened by the insincerity of this alien capital, with its ostentatious polish and furtive barbarism, its swarthy complexions and elaborate hand-shakings.

"That is he!" Enrique hissed in his sister's ear.

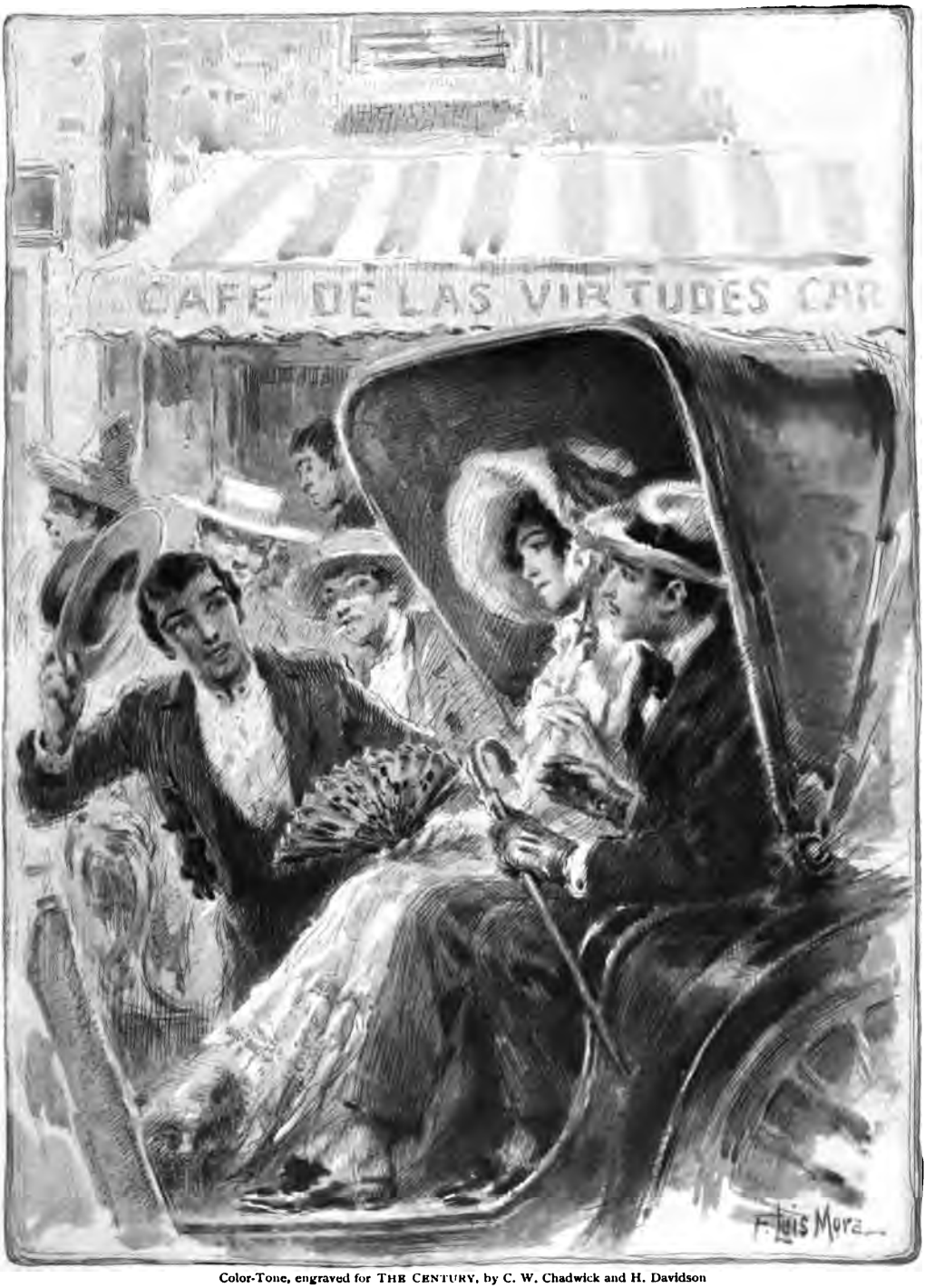
He! As if she were not already baptizing the object of her *gran pasion* with liquid *ojitos*—those "little eyes" which confess while affecting to conceal, which invite, inflame, provoke, pacify, scorn, rebuke, and plead, all in a few instants' fall and deflection under marbled lids, perhaps to conclude in a sweet stare of unseeing indifference.

"There, the one that moved," Enrique continued out of the corner of his mouth, "the one with blue eyes, looking this way. *Pst! Disimula!*"

And, in a sudden reaction of propriety, quickened by fear of his father's wrath, should this adventure reach the paternal ears, he spoke sharply to the Indian coachman, who had pulled up his horses, partly delayed by the traffic and partly engrossed in contemplation of the bull-fighters.

El Mañoso had indeed moved. Detaching himself from his companions, he made his way toward that vehicle with the silver plaque, so distinguished, freighted with that beautiful youth and maid, the latter of whom had honored him, El Mañoso, with *ojitos* more intoxicating than any of which he had hitherto been the target, and he the idol of Spain! Enrique trembled; María Concepción was calm.

Sweeping off his hat with the flourish of a troubadour, El Mañoso addressed to the Mexican señorita a suite of Andalusian compliments, opening with a blessing on the mother that had given her birth, continuing with praises for various parts of her person, coupling each with the name of some charming saint, and soaring prophetically to sentiments of distinguished consideration toward the numerous children of whom she would doubtless become the mother.



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by C. W. Chadwick and H. Davidson

"EL MAÑOSO ADDRESSED TO THE MEXICAN SEÑORITA A SUITE OF ANDALUSIAN COMPLIMENTS"

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA

Enrique, blind with embarrassment and haughty rage, made a motion to strike at the respectful and breathless swordsman with his cane; but the carriage resumed its course with a suddenness which swayed him backward, almost dislodging his hat, to which he was compelled to give instant attention. Throughout the remainder of the drive he was extremely agitated, begging his sister's forgiveness for having exposed her to such an affront from a low-born *coleta* (epithet allusive to the queue in which all *toreros* proudly braid their hair), but advancing ingenious reasons why she should not permit this annoyance to revolt her against Sunday's fiesta. María Concepción fanned herself slowly and said nothing. She had seen him! *Simpatiquísimo!* His eyes, of an intense and fiery blue—how they recalled the eyes she had adored in a certain picture of St. Michael, the archangel of the flaming sword! His voice, in that energetic patois, with its scorning of troublesome consonants, its softening of *madre* into *ma're,* and *Dios* into *Dio'*, surely she had heard it in dreams, subdued to the tender whisper, *"Concepcio', mi amo'!"* Her eyelids fluttered, and she wondered whether El Mañoso had seen and retrieved the tightly folded morsel of paper that had shot from her fan as she opened it just before the starting of the carriage. Heaven sends it that brothers are the blindest of mortals. It was nothing, a mere entreaty, such as he doubtless received by the score, for one of the coveted banderillas. That was all; and yet—

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"THE OUTLINE OF HER FEATURES WAS ETCHED AGAINST THE SHADOWS"

That night she saw him, under the stars, wrapped in his Spanish cape, looking up at the windows of the house. What madness! He was standing beneath her father's balcony. And she—what madness!—she almost tossed him a camellia. Not yet, thou gallant youth! Soon enough thou shalt learn that María Concepción Montes de Oca y Quintana Ruiz knows how to love, that for thee she will reject every earthly allurement, including even the rôle of ministering angel to the most beloved and distinguished of papas.

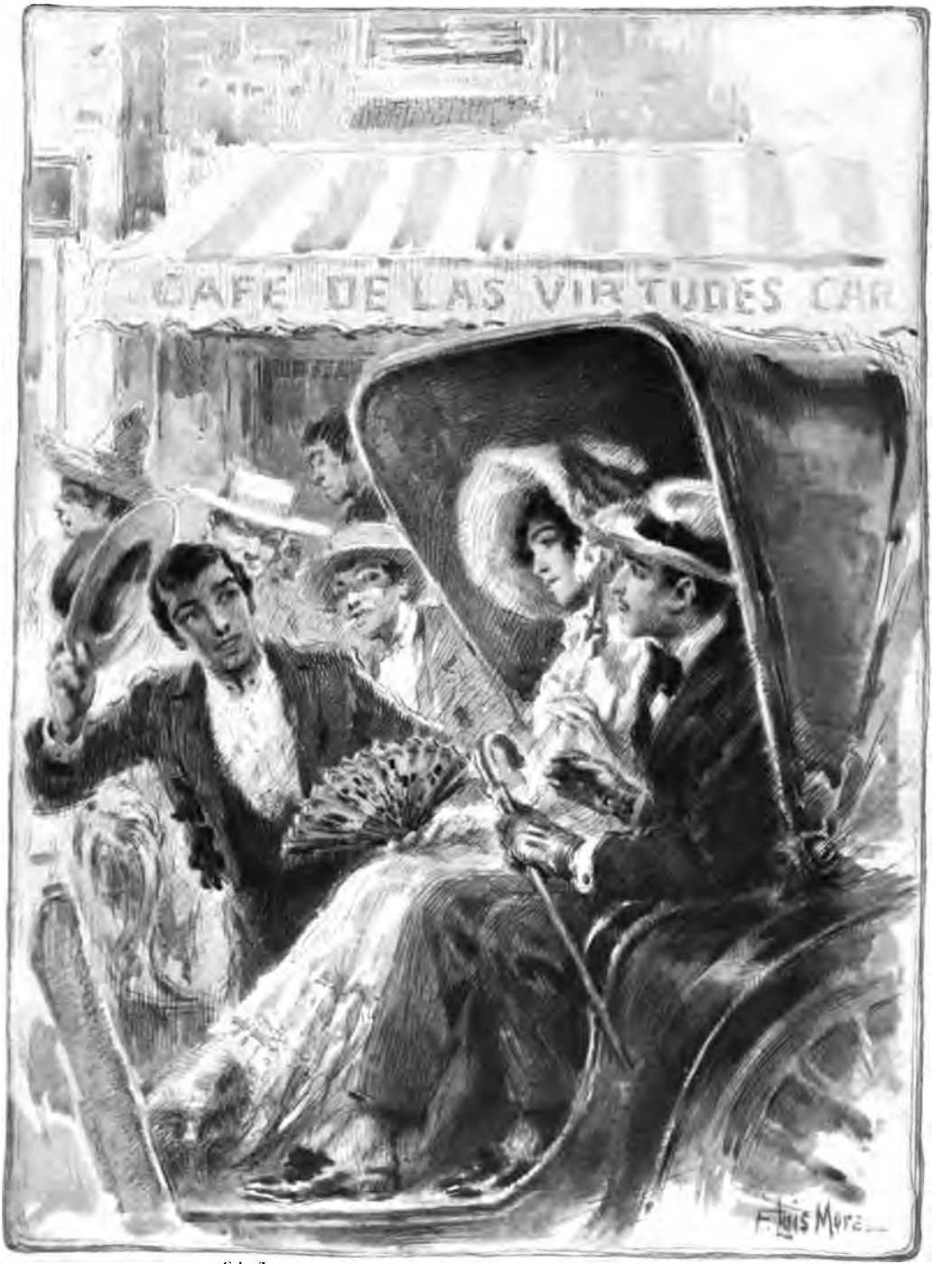
A romantic elopement by the light of those Southern stars? No. Not for her that safety-valve of the Northern land, so serviceable to democratic equality in bestowing rich fathers-in-law upon young chauffeurs of comeliness and wit; not for her, or for any señorita of her race, her class, her unacquaintance with the barest conception of female liberty. She loved without a hope of ever touching her lover's hand; and the thought of contact with his lips would have troubled her with a sense of passion desecrated—passion all powerful, but also all delicate, immaterial, and remote compared with that which the North too confidently assumes to read in the smoldering eyes of the South.

María Concepción was suffering. Once more she changed her dress, this time for a vestal robe of white. It symbolized the virgin death to which she now resigned herself. In Mexico to die of love is something more than a dream of poets. Consumed by love—*consumida de amor*—the phrase has all the sobriety and authority of a coroner's verdict, and few families are so poor in romance as to

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"HE WHEELED BEFORE THE BOX AND PROFFERED THE FRUIT OF HIS VALOR"

treasure no experience or tradition of the mortal reality it expresses. Thus to be consumed, María Concepción looked forward with an ardor similar to that of an evangelist on the eve of martyrdom. Her story would be an example to lovers. She thought of Héloïse, Boccaccio's Isabella, and other much-loving ladies of history and legend, and her throat swelled at the daring dream that she, who had but peeped out upon life from the doors of her father's house, might prove worthy of promotion into their noble company. But her own world, the fastidious world of fashion, what would it say when the little daughter of Montes de Oca died for love of an *espada?* The scandal of it! *Cuánta murmuración!* She shuddered with delight. Before dying, she would manifest her consuming flame to him who had kindled it, and, if necessary, to all the world. And she would be a witness of



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by C. W. Chadwick and H. Davidson

"EL MAÑOSO ADDRESSED TO THE MEXICAN SEÑORITA A SUITE OF ANDALUSIAN COMPLIMENTS"

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA

serve thy health, taking with diligence thine emulsion of oil of liver of codfish, that thou mayest be a comfort and not a care to thy desolate papa, who in a short time will have fulfilled half a century of this life, and who requires thy gentle ministrations to alleviate the dolorous path which he must follow to the tomb."

These words, pronounced in a deep and vibrating tone, affected María Concepción so piteously that, without one thought of artifice, she sank sobbing to the floor and embraced the paternal knees, entreating the senator to abandon such gloomy thoughts and to believe that she, his child, thanked Heaven for the privilege of dedicating her life to her beloved *papacito*. Touched at this proof of a becoming feminine spirit, he raised her to her feet, and rewarded her with an affectionate embrace. His heart expanded, and it occurred to him that he was feeling uncommonly young and lively; nevertheless he thought it proper to utter a few pensive reflections on mortality.

When he had given her his benediction and departed for the palace, María Concepción ran to change her dress. She had a habit of changing her dress under the stimulus of every new emotion, whether derived from life or from a novel. Papa's ministering angel! Never had she experienced an emotion so difficult to fit with the psychological frock. She must design a costume, something very spiritual, with a Sarah Bernhardt collar. In the meantime she would put on her habit of the Daughters of Mary, which she had worn at the College of the Sacred Heart—black silk, with a silk cord about the waist, the only touch of color being the broad ribbon of blue sackcloth by which the blessed medal of the order was suspended from the devotee's neck.

Feeling particularly angelic in that demure but bewitching costume, María Concepción sought the chapel of her mama, and earnestly invoked the Virgin to purify her heart and to make her as worthy as possible of her tender and distinguished mission. And she felt herself uplifted as on wings. Returning to her own apartments and consulting the mirrors, she was impressed by the unearthly, soft splendor of her eyes, turned upward under their sweeping lashes in this new rapture of devotion. The contemplation of her own delicate beauty moved her to tears of appreciation. Papa should see that he had not been mistaken in her, that she did indeed rejoice at his having set her free from —what were his words? The "anxieties of youth," yes, yes, and the "banalities of coquetry." Coquetry, with those eyes of hers! What sacrilege!

She was startled by a whistle, shrill and peremptory. It was her brother's summons to his *mozo*, and a moment later she heard Enrique's eager voice arousing the Indian from his siesta with voluble instructions for the care of his English mare, heated after a long trot through the forest roads of fashionable Chapultepec. María Concepción's first impulse was to run into some ambush; then, when he had searched for her in vain, to dart out upon him, kitten-like, with a bombardment of kisses and questions—questions about his ride, and the people he had seen, and the gossip at the club, and all the agreeable variety of things constantly going on in that portion of the world exterior to the walls of the mansion of Montes de Oca. But Enrique must learn that her playing days were over.

Hearing him approach, calling her, she sank on her knees at her prie-dieu, and hastily swept her habit into graceful folds. The outline of her classic head and delicate features was etched against the shadows as with a pencil of phosphorus. So ethereal was the picture that Enrique halted in the doorway, and did not speak until his sister had signed herself with reverence and risen sedately to greet him. Then, his vivacity returning, he demanded:

"Conchita, what news? Hast thou spoken to papa about Sunday? Will he engage a box? Shall we see El Mañoso kill, Conchita of my life?"

With a grave and beautiful gesture she thereupon proceeded to make known to him the momentous rôle she had been appointed to play upon the stage of life. She chose her words kindly, anxious that he should not consider her puffed up in spirit or imagine that she loved him less because she could no longer share his frivolous preoccupations. On the contrary, she assured him, she would always piously remember that he and she had been born in the same hour, and that only through the trifling accident of sex was he, Enrique, ineligible for the post of papa's ministering angel.

Enrique was silent for some moments. Then, to her amazement and indignation, he laughed.

"By Santa Inez, little sister," he exclaimed, "I am glad thou art happy over thy celibacy. Every one to his taste, as the donkey-driver said after a dinner of hay. But this is not such news to me as thou thinkest, for I always believed that papa would find it convenient to cause thee to remain to dress the saints."

What feeling was this that dilated the fine nostrils of María Concepción, and chilled the sacrificial ardor of her heart?

"But to bad weather a good face," Enrique continued. "Old age will come soon enough without our running to meet it, little sister of my soul."

She smiled with her lips, but her eyes fled sidewise, searching among the shadows about the floor.

"All the world will be there," Enrique went on in a fume of boyish enthusiasm, "the De la Vega, the Castro, the Gorricochéa. Americans are paying fabulous prices for *entradas,* doubtless because El Mañoso killed before Spanish royalty, and received such rare recognition from Alfonso's angel-faced English queen. See, I have his photograph."

"The king's?"

"Bah! who cares for a king's portrait? No, no, the great swordsman's. See his eyes, pale and distended like a cat's, as no doubt they look when he poises to deliver the fatal thrust which halts the ensanguined bull in its querulous assault and abases its proud neck beneath his conquering foot!"

María Concepción studied the face of the famous matador—a young face, as smooth as a priest's or an American's, but alight with the passion and innocent boldness of Spain. The pale, printed eyes seemed to penetrate her own. She shut hers with a frown. Enrique was saying:

"Papa may talk as he will about the vulgarity of Spain's great amusement, as if the Montes de Oca were of pure Indian blood; but even the proudest of unmixed Mexicans cannot be indifferent to such fame as El Mañoso has earned with his sword."

María Concepción opened her eyes and looked again at the picture. She seemed to have lived a long time since she had seen it first, and she felt astonished that it had not changed. *Qué simpático!* Would Enrique never stop talking?

"Are we to drop out of the world just because papa chooses to make a reputation as a serious man? It would serve nothing for *me* to speak to him; he would only come out with, 'To-day is Thursday,' and present me with a sermon and his benediction at the end of it. But thou, Conchita, thou hast little ways of thy own with papa, whom thou hast trained so cleverly to have anxieties about thy health. Come, show thine invention! A timely *ataque,* eh? A few fainting-fits, a day or two of hysteria—what dost thou say, my little bird?"

"I say," she exclaimed in a ringing voice, "and I swear, Enrique, that we go! We will not continue to be zero at the left for papa. As surely as my name is María Concepción, we will see El Mañoso kill!"

Enrique clapped his hands; but in that very instant he received a stinging box on the ear. *Cáspita!* what did she mean? They faced each other like two angry game-chickens, exactly alike in feature, except for the crisp rigor of Enrique's chiseling, his tawnier color, and his thread of a mustache. She stormed at him. Why had he come to torment her with fiestas and with photographs at a time when she was experiencing a beautiful emotion over papa? How could she be a ministering angel without the emotion belonging to that rôle? Sustained by the appropriate emotion, she could contest with pitiless tigers, yes, or with bulls; but unless so sustained, she could not live. Moreover, how dared he intimate that her *ataques* were a delusion and her fainting-fits a mockery? To all of which Enrique, of the burning ear, hissed tragically:

"Hipócrita! Hipócrita! Hipócrita!"

And then she had an *ataque* which was anything but a delusion. It left her bathed in tears of remorse, declaring that she was good for nothing and would kill herself, since her beloved Enrique would never forgive her. Enrique forgave her, and there were kisses. But that was not sufficient. She must make atonement for the blow by procuring him some greatly desired good. Apart from getting a box at the bull-fight, which was already settled in her mind, what was his dearest present desire? *Ay! ay!* a thing beyond her power

to obtain, he assured her, a gift jealously sought after as a trophy and decoration—nothing less than one of the blood-stained banderillas from El Mañoso's bull.

María Concepción lowered her eyes.

THE black silk habit was laid away, for María Concepción had once more changed her dress. The greatest emotion of life had come to her. She loved. How she loved! *Ay, Dios! qué amor!* Most faintly and inadequately was the condition of her heart symbolized by her newest, loveliest, and worldliest afternoon gown, a Paris model in tea-rose peau-de-soie, as coherent as a veneer to her fifteen-inch waist, abetted by an agitating leghorn bonnet, with hand-painted streamers coaxed into an amorous bow against one cheek.

Yes, she loved El Mañoso, whom she had not yet seen. But very soon she would see him. That was her present business in the landau, by Enrique's side, an hour or two after her first view of the portrait which had altered the aspect of life to her. Yet *she* had not proposed this drive. No, she had merely engineered it, and so delicately that Enrique imagined that he had tempted her out upon an escapade. He thought, poor innocent, that it was he who had instigated a certain simulated *ataque* so alarming to all the servants and the "keeper of the keys" that his hurried ordering of the carriage to give the sufferer some air seemed a perfectly proper proceeding. But instead of seeking the Alameda or the Paseo, the Montes de Oca carriage was threading the narrow business streets of the Centro, Enrique's design being to pass a certain café much frequented by bull-fighters for a glimpse—just a glimpse, he pleaded—of El Mañoso. And María Concepción played to perfection her rôle of fastidious reluctance, insisting on the top of the landau being closed, and keeping Enrique in a ferment of eager persuasion lest she should insist at any moment on turning back.

El Mañoso was sunning himself with other *toreros* outside the Café of the Cardinal Virtues. A conspicuous group, with hats very wide and flat, jackets a little short of the waist-line, attitudes affected and graceful, faces carefully shaven and powdered, they viewed the moving spectacle with the eager frankness of children, and caused no little blushing and quick-stepping by the outspoken compliments they launched in their clipped Andalusian speech at every pretty woman that met their appraising eyes. Only El Mañoso failed to avail himself of this immemorial privilege of their gild, perhaps dreaming of some bouncing Sevillana who could have tossed these mincing nymphs over her shoulder, or perhaps bewildered and disheartened by the insincerity of this alien capital, with its ostentatious polish and furtive barbarism, its swarthy complexions and elaborate hand-shakings.

"That is he!" Enrique hissed in his sister's ear.

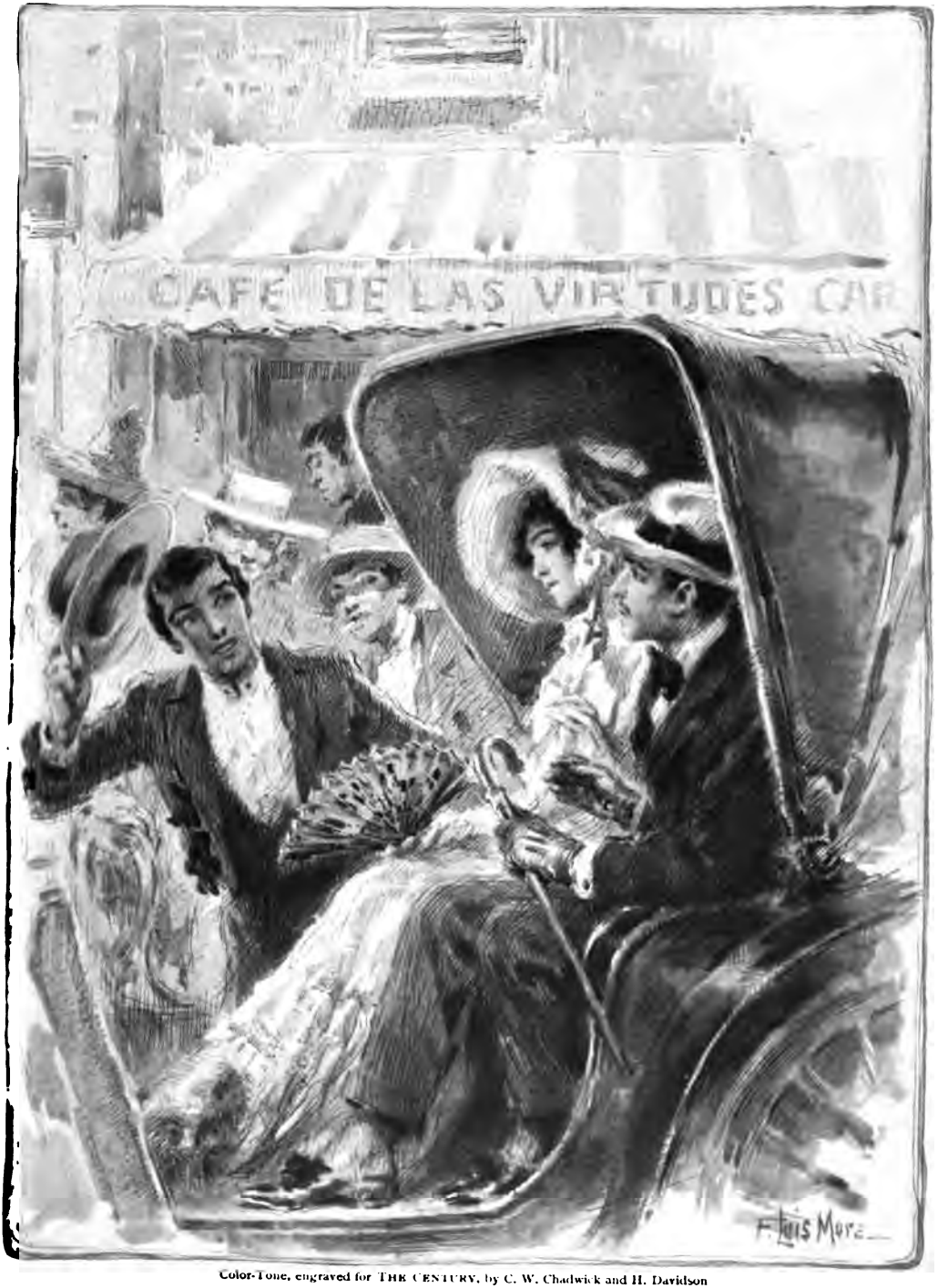
He! As if she were not already baptizing the object of her *gran pasion* with liquid *ojitos*—those "little eyes" which confess while affecting to conceal, which invite, inflame, provoke, pacify, scorn, rebuke, and plead, all in a few instants' fall and deflection under marbled lids, perhaps to conclude in a sweet stare of unseeing indifference.

"There, the one that moved," Enrique continued out of the corner of his mouth, "the one with blue eyes, looking this way. *Pst! Disimula!*"

And, in a sudden reaction of propriety, quickened by fear of his father's wrath, should this adventure reach the paternal ears, he spoke sharply to the Indian coachman, who had pulled up his horses, partly delayed by the traffic and partly engrossed in contemplation of the bull-fighters.

El Mañoso had indeed moved. Detaching himself from his companions, he made his way toward that vehicle with the silver plaque, so distinguished, freighted with that beautiful youth and maid, the latter of whom had honored him, El Mañoso, with *ojitos* more intoxicating than any of which he had hitherto been the target, and he the idol of Spain! Enrique trembled; María Concepción was calm.

Sweeping off his hat with the flourish of a troubadour, El Mañoso addressed to the Mexican señorita a suite of Andalusian compliments, opening with a blessing on the mother that had given her birth, continuing with praises for various parts of her person, coupling each with the name of some charming saint, and soaring prophetically to sentiments of distinguished consideration toward the numerous children of whom she would doubtless become the mother.



Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by C. W. Chadwick and H. Davidson

"EL MAÑOSO ADDRESSED TO THE MEXICAN SEÑORITA A SUITE OF ANDALUSIAN COMPLIMENTS"

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA

Enrique, blind with embarrassment and haughty rage, made a motion to strike at the respectful and breathless swordsman with his cane; but the carriage resumed its course with a suddenness which swayed him backward, almost dislodging his hat, to which he was compelled to give instant attention. Throughout the remainder of the drive he was extremely agitated, begging his sister's forgiveness for having exposed her to such an affront from a low-born *coleta* (epithet allusive to the queue in which all *toreros* proudly braid their hair), but advancing ingenious reasons why she should not permit this annoyance to revolt her against Sunday's fiesta. María Concepción fanned herself slowly and said nothing. She had seen him! *Simpatiquísimo!* His eyes, of an intense and fiery blue—how they recalled the eyes she had adored in a certain picture of St. Michael, the archangel of the flaming sword! His voice, in that energetic patois, with its scorning of troublesome consonants, its softening of *madre* into *ma're*, and *Dios* into *Dio'*, surely she had heard it in dreams, subdued to the tender whisper, *"Concepcio', mi amo'!"* Her eyelids fluttered, and she wondered whether El Mañoso had seen and retrieved the tightly folded morsel of paper that had shot from her fan as she opened it just before the starting of the carriage. Heaven sends it that brothers are the blindest of mortals. It was nothing, a mere entreaty, such as he doubtless received by the score, for one of the coveted banderillas. That was all; and yet—

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"THE OUTLINE OF HER FEATURES WAS ETCHED AGAINST THE SHADOWS"

That night she saw him, under the stars, wrapped in his Spanish cape, looking up at the windows of the house. What madness! He was standing beneath her father's balcony. And she—what madness!—she almost tossed him a camellia. Not yet, thou gallant youth! Soon enough thou shalt learn that María Concepción Montes de Oca y Quintana Ruiz knows how to love, that for thee she will reject every earthly allurement, including even the rôle of ministering angel to the most beloved and distinguished of papas.

A romantic elopement by the light of those Southern stars? No. Not for her that safety-valve of the Northern land, so serviceable to democratic equality in bestowing rich fathers-in-law upon young chauffeurs of comeliness and wit; not for her, or for any señorita of her race, her class, her unacquaintance with the barest conception of female liberty. She loved without a hope of ever touching her lover's hand; and the thought of contact with his lips would have troubled her with a sense of passion desecrated—passion all powerful, but also all delicate, immaterial, and remote compared with that which the North too confidently assumes to read in the smoldering eyes of the South.

María Concepción was suffering. Once more she changed her dress, this time for a vestal robe of white. It symbolized the virgin death to which she now resigned herself. In Mexico to die of love is something more than a dream of poets. Consumed by love—*consumida de amor*—the phrase has all the sobriety and authority of a coroner's verdict, and few families are so poor in romance as to

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"HE WHEELED BEFORE THE BOX AND PROFFERED THE FRUIT OF HIS VALOR"

treasure no experience or tradition of the mortal reality it expresses. Thus to be consumed, María Concepción looked forward with an ardor similar to that of an evangelist on the eve of martyrdom. Her story would be an example to lovers. She thought of Héloïse, Boccaccio's Isabella, and other much-loving ladies of history and legend, and her throat swelled at the daring dream that she, who had but peeped out upon life from the doors of her father's house, might prove worthy of promotion into their noble company. But her own world, the fastidious world of fashion, what would it say when the little daughter of Montes de Oca died for love of an *espada?* The scandal of it! *Cuánta murmuración!* She shuddered with delight. Before dying, she would manifest her consuming flame to him who had kindled it, and, if necessary, to all the world. And she would be a witness of

his triumph and glory in the arena. Which reminded her that she had yet to work her will with papa.

For three days—Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—the house of Montes de Oca suffered much alarm over the health of María Concepción. *"La pobre niña!"* the servants spoke of her in hushed tones, while tears ran down their dark faces. Never had she been the victim of *ataques* so frequent and so prostrating. Her pretty, round body seemed to lose its form and become *raquítico* before one's eyes. The family doctor looked as wise as he could, and applied leeches (his art was of the old school, as befitting old families) the sanguinary extortions of which the sufferer endured with a sweet fortitude that excited Enrique to gratitude and the senator to tears. Aside, the good physician made it plain to the anxious father that the malady baffled his skill. He would strongly advise the immediate gratification of any caprice that his honored patient might manifest, and in particular he would stake his professional reputation on the excellent results to be expected from any diversion sufficiently animated to arouse her out of herself. In saying which, the excellent man believed that he was expressing his own ideas, whereas they were the ideas of María Concepción, instilled into his mind by suggestive processes too insidious for detection.

On Saturday afternoon Enrique, at his father's command, hastened to secure the last box available for the great occasion at the Plaza de Toros, and the senator was beguiled into believing that he was acting on his own initiative.

She chose to be exacting in her caprices, this little girl who was going to die. She did not spare her papa's foibles, one of which was an abhorrence of anything conspicuous about a woman, but insisted on appearing at the bull-fight *á la española,* her head and shoulders draped in a delicate mantilla arranged over a very high comb. It was white, like the rest of her costume, and beneath it her eyes seemed of startling darkness and size, while her little face looked like mother-of-pearl. The only mantilla on the side of the arena called "the shade,"—there were plenty on the side called "the sun," where the common people sat,—it caused much *murmuración* and pointing of opera-glasses; and the sensitive senator perspired freely. María Concepción reflected that he would forgive her all when the end came.

That measured clamor, swelling until it drowned the strains of Bizet's music, what was it? Rising from "the sun," that agitated coast of sweeping color, all a tossing confusion of fans, parasols, headdresses, scarfs, and faces, it extorted from the self-conscious occupants of "the shade" a more than indulgent echo. *"Otro toro! Otro toro!"* María Concepción felt it tighten her throat and send the blood jumping to her temples. Of the six bulls dignified with a share in the entertainment, one had played his part and made his exit, dragged by four gaily decked mules, and deaf to the funeral march played jocosely in his honor; and now, this monotonous chorus, timed with a beating of multitudinous feet, *"Otro toro! Otro toro!"* Imperious as a cry for bread, rhythmic as drums of war, persistent, good-humored, ferocious, that sonorous cadence proclaimed the popular exigency for "Another bull!" The chant did not vary until it lost itself in a joyous storm of acclamation for the junior *espada* of the occasion, and its supreme attraction, El Mañoso, "The Full-of-Tricks," the favored of royalty, the master-swordsman of his time.

Even the appearance of her love, princely in blue silk, overlaid with a complexity of gold embroidery, fringes, and galloons, his supple legs delicately sheathed in white stockings, could not add to the emotion that possessed María Concepción. Her heart was fluttering as if preparing to escape between her lips. She scarcely breathed. So strongly was life fermenting in her that she felt as if any further excitation would expel it suddenly, leaving only a tired little body. As the time for that had not yet arrived, she concentrated the whole force of her will to prevent the tension from increasing; and by this means she brought herself to a trance-like condition, in which sights and sounds were extremely diminished, as if she were perceiving them from a great distance. El Mañoso became the graceful leader of some inexplicable fairy gambol: the *capeadores,* waving their capes, were scarlet butterflies; the bull was no more than a shiny beetle, blundering and desultory, fair game for the mockery of

"HE KNEELS, EL MAÑOSO, BEFORE HER EYES! THE BULL CHARGES!"

those exquisite sprites. As for the hubbub of the crowd,—the warnings, suggestions, criticisms, taunts, acclamations, upbraidings, and commands with which it assumed to direct every step of the conflict—it swept by her ears unheeded, as a gusty wind. Scarcely more attentive was she to Enrique's running fire of explanation. His gratification over the ferocity and cunning of the bull seemed to her inadequately grounded. His comments on the accuracy and iron muscle of a picador, in holding the plunging bull from his horse with the short point of his lance planted against the beast's shoulder, seemed overdrawn praise for such child's play; and even when the second picador went down with his gored mount, necessitating hasty tactics on the part of El Mañoso and the fluttering *capeadores* to divert from him the menace of the dripping horns, it was no more to her than a fantastic frolic over a fallen chessman. She had almost a sense of detachment in a certain esthetic enjoyment of the young matador's harmony of movement, his joyous activity, and his masterly manner of directing every detail of the performance according to the exacting rules of bullfighting, at the same time losing no opportunity to delight the crowd with some daring and insolently graceful exploit.

Without comprehension she witnessed the mortal peril of one of the banderilleros, those fleet-footed artists, second in popularity to the matador himself, who suc-

ceed the picadores in the arena, and whose business it is to implant each his pair of beribboned darts on each side of the ridge of the victim's neck. Twice the trick had been played without fault; but the decorated monster had gained in cunning. At first he feigned a reluctance to charge his challenger,—it is only while man and beast are running toward each other that the feat may be performed,—then he tried to take him unaware by darting forward with short and speedy stride. The youth ran likewise, arms uplifted, and hurled his banderillas, but whirled aside an instant too late. He was rolled in the dust like a rubber ball, and lay bleeding, while the cool gallantry of El Mañoso once more averted death from a fallen comrade. There were hisses for the unlucky one as he was carried off to the infirmary; a *torero* has no more right to get himself hurt than a tenor to sing a false note.

However, the offense was wiped out by a brilliant ensemble in which every performer vied with every other in piquing and bewildering the common enemy, even to vaulting over his back with a pole, at the climax of which, all with one accord scaled nimbly from his view, leaving him to thunder against the palisade, and turn, bellowing through his foam, to attack the impartial sunshine.

A flourish from the judge's trumpet, the signal for death! A stir, a long sigh. The ladies ceased fanning themselves and leaned forward. All save María Concepción! A great pride kept her very indifferent and queenlike. El Mañoso's love must be above anxiety. With a laugh that rang silvery in that moment of suspense, she rallied Enrique on the tensity with which he stared at one of the doors in the palisade. It opened for an instant, that stout door, and closed decisively behind El Mañoso. With the confidence of a knight and the elastic step of a ballet-dancer, he presented himself before the box of the president, who had risen to his feet. In a few words, with a gallant gesture, he dedicated himself to the deed he was about to perform. The president bowed. "The sun" acclaimed, expecting that the great *espada* would now favor it with his countenance for the purpose of designating the lucky beauty to whom he elected to pledge his victim, now snuffing the dust and peering at him with red eyes.

But the hero had higher aspirations. Still with his back to "the sun," he wheeled before the box of Senator Montes de Oca, and in ringing tones proffered the fruit of his valor to the lovely and virtuous daughter of that astounded dignitary. María Concepción smiled dreamily, unaware of the startled silence, and of the *murmuración* which followed it. Ages in the past, it seemed to her, this same thing had happened just thus. She raised her bouquet to throw it at the feet of her champion; but her arm was seized in a paralyzing grip. It was the senator, with face of bronze, only his congested eyes, the cording of his forehead, and the bruising power of his grasp, betraying what was passing within him. El Mañoso, bewildered, turned away without the customary "favor" from the object of his homage —turned to face a reversal of mob sentiment, which he perceived as definitely as an odor even before the populace buzzed at him like a hive of exasperated bees. Misguided man! Intoxicated by *ojitos* extraordinary, love instantaneous, dreams presumptuous, he had scandalized "the shade" and slapped the face of "the sun."

And himself betrayed to public mockery, his love scorned, his proud blood of *torero* made to boil by the slighting of the fruit of his sword! His sword—he shook it free of the enwrapping red cloth, hung flagwise on a little staff for which he had discarded his cape, and poised it in his trembling hand. A stinging taunt from "the sun" pierced him like a bullet; then another, followed by a shout of laughter; at the height of which the bull, which had sidled toward him inquisitively, gave a flirt of its tail, and ran at him from behind.

His nerves of *torero* caught, through all the clamor, the vibration of the hoofs, and, unaided by a glance, goaded him to an amazing leap, which swung him just clear of that galloping death: it brushed him as it passed. In the yell that greeted his escape relief was almost submerged in censure. Sobered, bottling his rage in his heart, he addressed himself to his work of *espada*. He followed the bull, provoked it, played with it, coaxed and eluded its horns in a hundred capricious feints and manœuvers. He had changed, this El Mañoso. He had lost his belief in justice, his kinship with the people, his gaiety, his dreams—all but his skill, which was

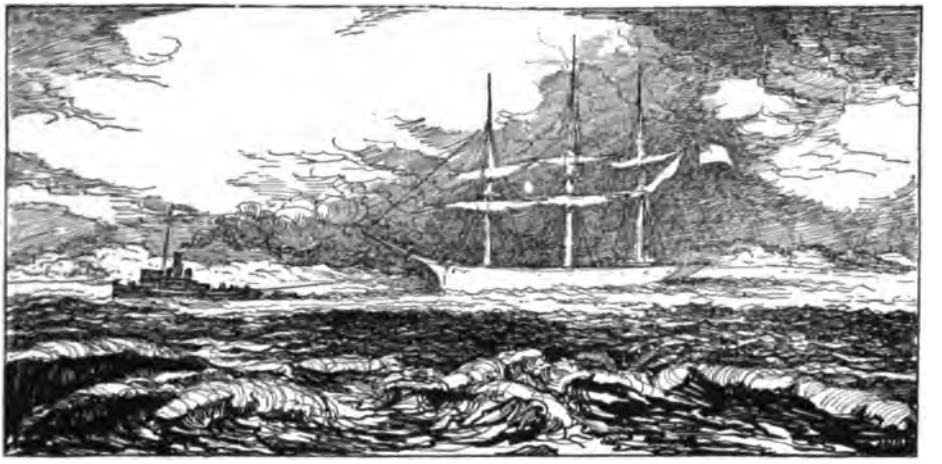
diabolical. Never had the Plaza de Toros witnessed such *atormentamiento.*

María Concepción was among the stars. Her spirit soared in revolt, magnificent and comprehensive, against circumstances, society, destiny, against papa himself. Unfortunately, her body could neither soar nor revolt, as it was still held tightly in its seat by papa's grasp upon her arm, his one desperate idea being to simulate unconsciousness of the appalling disgrace which had overtaken the house of Montes de Oca. But papa could not pinion her soul. It was as free at that moment as it would be on the triumphant day when her body should have no more life in it. Already she felt upon her the delicious languor of death,—possibly the good doctor's leeches had something to do with that,—and while her swimming eyes followed each movement of El Mañoso, her imagination swiftly pictured the course of her closing days on earth. Papa would undoubtedly condemn her to return to her beloved College of the Sacred Heart, there to be edified by the good sisters, under durance, and with appropriate penances, until such time as the *escándalo* she had caused in the world might be partly forgotten, and herself graced with sufficient *sobriedad* to restrain her from a repetition of behavior fit only, in papa's judgment, for tourists *de los Estados Unidos.* And quite unexpectedly, probably in a week or ten days, she would breathe her last. El Mañoso would hear that news, of course. She hoped that he would live on; but would her spirit have power to dissuade him from following the example of all the love-crossed matadors of romance, who in tragic immolation had presented their breasts to the devastating horns of bulls?

But, see, he kneels, El Mañoso, before her eyes! The bull charges! *Qué horror!* She prepared in that instant to expire. But no! The monster's head struck the unresisting cloth. There arose a shout from the crowd, its resentment long since swallowed up in noisy delight. El Mañoso showed his teeth in a caustic smile. He had beaten that two-faced mob to his feet! Royally he had entertained it, far beyond its expectations or deserts, and now it clamored respectfully for the supreme act in the ritual of the bull-ring. So be it! But first he would give those pigs a lesson in manners.

María Concepción heard his voice, addressed to "the sun," to all the world. She heard the stream of Sevillan scurrility, bitterly personal and shockingly frank, with which he lashed the populace who had turned against him, and then turned again. *This* her hero, this bandier of abuse with the unclean mob! Icy cold all over, she saw his sinister laugh as he tempted his victim to embark upon the charge of death. And at the moment of moments, when the bull's agitated heart at last received the sword, and four thousand human mouths gasped as one—then, in the spasm of supreme effort that transfigured his countenance as he celebrated the sacrament of his order, she divined the soul of a high priest of the abattoir. Die of love, she? Rather let her die of shame!

His triumphal march around the arena, with effeminate swagger and conceited smile, acknowledging the gifts showered upon him—cigars, money, trinkets, and what-not, to be gathered up for him by his attendants; hats and caps to be tossed back to their owners; a ceremonious bag of gold from the president—she saw it all. She looked at her papa. He had grown old. Her *papacito,* her handsome little papa of the many foibles! She saw him as an ill-used child, to whom she should have been a mother—she, far older now than he. Instead of which, what thing had she done? A trickle of discreet laughter in "the shade" made her heart leap. What if papa should be compelled to challenge some one, to fight a duel for the honor which *she* had exposed to mockery? With anguish she implored the Virgin to avert that peril by causing the journals and the gossips at the Jockey Club to be polite and reticent about this affair! Without turning her head, she felt people's eyes playing on her skin like points of fire. She tried to rise, to escape from that abominable place and go home, where she could at least change her dress. But papa was exchanging diplomatic bows and smiles with neighboring friends, and pinching her to follow his example. Papa's pinches were of a severity to stimulate the most despairful to a renewed interest in life. Four more bulls remained to be despatched, two by the senior matador, and two by that insufferable junior. And hark! "The sun" was beginning again: *"Otro toro! Otro toro!"*



THE RIVER

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES HUARD

ALL other waters have their time of peace,
Calm, or the turn of tide, or summer drought:
But on these bars the tumults never cease;
In violent death this river passes out.

Brimming she goes, a bloody-colored rush,
Hurrying her heaped disorder, rank on rank,
Bubbleless speed so still that in the hush
One hears the mined earth dropping from the bank,

Slipping in little falls whose tingeings drown,
Sunk by the waves forever pressing on,
Till with a stripping crash the tree goes down;
Its washing branches flounder and are gone.

Then, roaring out aloud, her water spreads,
Making a desolation, where her waves
Shriek and give battle, tossing up their heads,
Tearing the shifting sand-banks into graves;

Changing the raddled ruin of her course
So swiftly that the pilgrim on the shore
Hears the loud whirlpool laughing like a horse
Where the scurfed sand was parched an hour before.

And always underneath that heaving tide
The changing bottom runs or piles or quakes,
Flinging immense heaps up to wallow wide,
Sucking the surface into whirls like snakes.

If anything should touch that shifting sand,
All the blind bottom sucks it, till it sinks.
It takes the clipper ere she comes to land;
It takes the thirsting tiger as he drinks.

And on the river pours. It never tires;
  Blind, hungry, screaming, day and night the same
Purposeless hurry of a million ires,
  Mad as the wind, as merciless as flame.

  There was a full-rigged ship, the *Travancore,*
    Towing to port against that river's rage—
  A glittering ship, made sparkling for the shore,
    Taut to the pins in all her equipage.

Clanging, she topped the tide; her sails were furled,
  Her men came loitering downward from the yards,
They, who had brought her half across the world,
  Trampling so many billows into shards,

  Now, looking up, beheld their duty done,
    The ship approaching port, the great masts bare,
  Gaunt as three giants striding in the sun,
    Proud, with the colors tailing out like hair.

So, having coiled their gear, they left the deck;
  Within the fo'c'sle's gloom of banded steel,
Mottled like wood with many a painted speck,
  They brought their plates and sat about a meal.

  Then pushing back the tins, they lit their pipes,
    Or slept, or played at cards, or gently spoke.
  Light from the port-holes shot in dusty stripes,
    Tranquilly moving, sometimes blue with smoke.

These sunbeams sidled when the vessel rolled;
  Their lazy, yellow dust-strips crossed the floor,
Lighting a manhole leading to the hold—
  A manhole leaded down the day before.

  Like gold the solder on the manhole shone;
    A few flies, threading in a drowsy dance,
  Slept in their pattern, darted, and were gone.
    The river roared against the ship's advance.

And quietly sleep came upon that crew;
  Man by man drooped upon his arms and slept.
Without, the tugboat dragged the vessel through,
  The rigging whined, the yelling water leapt,

Till blindly a careering wave's collapse
Rose from beneath her bows and spouted high,
Spurting the fo'c's'le floor with noisy slaps.
A sleeper at the table heaved a sigh,

And lurched, half drunk with sleep, across the floor,
Muttering and blinking like a man insane,
Cursed at the river's tumult, shut the door,
Blinked, and lurched back, and fell asleep again.

Then there was greater silence in the room;
Ship's creakings ran along the beams and died;
The lazy sunbeams loitered up the gloom,
Stretching and touching till they reached the side.

Yet something jerking in the vessel's course
Told that the tug was getting her in hand,
As at a fence one steadies down a horse,
To rush the whirlpool on Magellan Sand.

And in the uneasy water just below,
Her mate inquired "if the men should stir
And come on deck?" Her captain answered: "No.
Let them alone; the tug can manage her."

Then, as she settled down and gathered speed,
Her mate inquired again "if they should come,
Just to be ready there in case of need,
Since, on such godless bars, there might be some."

But, "No," the captain said. "The men have been
Boxing about since midnight; let them be.
The pilot 's able, and the ship 's a queen;
The hands can rest until we come to quay."

They ceased; they took their stations; right ahead
The whirlpool heaped and sucked; in tenor tone
The steady leadsman chanted at the lead;
The ship crept forward, trembling to the bone.

And just above the worst a passing wave
Brought to the line such unexpected stress
That, as she tossed her bows, her tow-line gave,
Snapped at the collar like a stalk of cress.

Then for a ghastly moment she was loose,
Blind in the whirlpool, groping for a guide;
Swinging adrift without a moment's truce,
She struck the sand, and fell upon her side.

And instantly the sand beneath her gave,
So that she righted, and again was flung,
Grinding the quicksand open for a grave,
Straining her masts until the steel was sprung.

The foremast broke; its mighty bulk of steel
Fell on the fo'c's'le door and jammed it tight;
The sand-rush heaped her to an even keel.
She settled down, resigned; she made no fight.

But, like an overladen beast, she lay
Dumb in the mud, with billows at her lips,
Broken where she had fallen in the way,
Grinding her grave among the bones of ships.

At the first crashing of the mast, the men
Sprang from their sleep to hurry to the deck.
They found that Fate had caught them in a pen:
The door that opened out was jammed with wreck.

Then as, with shoulders down, their gathered strength,
Hove on the door, but could not make it stir,
They felt the vessel tremble through her length:
The tug, made fast again, was plucking her—

Plucking, and causing motion, till it seemed
That she would get her off. They heard her screw
Mumble the bubbled *riprap* as she steamed.
"Please God, the tug will shift her," said the crew.

"She 's off," the seamen said. They felt her glide,
Scraping the bottom with her bilge, until
Something, collapsing, clanged along her side;
The scraping stopped; the tugboat's screw was still.

"She 's holed," a voice without cried—"holed and jammed,
Holed on the old *Magellan,* sunk last June.
I lose my ticket, and the men are damned.
She 'll fill up fast unless we free them soon.

"Never; they shall not." And the speaker beat
Blows with a crow upon the foremast's wreck.
Minute steel splinters fell about his feet;
No tremor stirred the ruin on the deck.

Then, as their natures bade, the seamen learned
That they were doomed within that buried door.
Some cursed, some raved, but one among them turned
Straight to the manhole leaded in the floor,

And sitting down astride it, drew his knife,
And staidly dug to pick away the lead,
While at the ports his fellows cried for life:
"Burst in the door, or we shall all be dead."

For, like a brook, the leak below them clucked;
They felt the vessel settling; they could feel
How the blind bog beneath her gripped and sucked.
Their fingers beat their prison walls of steel.

And then the gurgling stopped. The ship was still;
She stayed; she sank no deeper; an arrest
Fothered the pouring leak; she ceased to fill;
She trod the mud, drowned only to the breast.

And probing at the well, the captain found
The leak no longer rising; so he cried:
"She is not sinking; you will not be drowned;
The shifting sand has silted up her side.

"Now there is time. The tug shall put ashore
And fetch explosives to us from the town;
I 'll burst the house or blow away the door.
It will not kill you, if you all lie down.

"Be easy in your minds, for you 'll be free
As soon as we 've the blast." The seamen heard
The tug go townward, butting at the sea.
Some lit their pipes; the youngest of them cheered.

But still the digger bent above the lid,
Gouging the solder from it as at first,
Pecking the lead, intent on what he did.
The other seamen mocked at him or cursed.

And some among them nudged him as he picked.
He cursed them, grinning, but resumed his game.
His knife-point sometimes struck the lid and clicked;
The solder pellets shone like silver flame.

And still his knife-blade clicked like ticking time,
Counting the hour till the tug's return;
And still the ship stood steady on the slime
While Fate above her fingered with her urn.

Then from the tug beside them came the hail:
"They have none at the stores, or at the dock,
Or at the quarry; so I tried the jail.
They thought they had, but it was out of stock.

"So then I telephoned to town. They say
They 've sent an engine with some to the pier.
I did not leave till it was on its way;
A tug is waiting there to bring it here.

"It can't be here, though, for an hour or more;
I 've lost an hour in trying, as it is.
For want of thought, commend me to the shore.
You 'd think they 'd know their river's ways by this."

"So there is nothing for it but to wait,"
The captain answered, fuming. "Until then
We 'd better go to dinner, Mr. Mate."
The cook brought dinner forward to the men.

Another hour of prison loitered by.
The strips of sunlight stiffened at the port,
But still the digger made the pellets fly,
Paying no heed to his companion's sport;

While they, about him, spooning at their tins,
Asked if he dug because he found it cold,
Or whether it was penance for his sins,
Or hope of treasure in the forward hold.

He grinned and cursed, but did not cease to pick.
His sweat dropped from him when he bent his head;
His knife-blade quarried down till, with a click,
Its grinded thinness snapped against the lead.

Then, dully rising, brushing back his sweat,
He asked his fellows for another knife.
"Never," they said. "Man, what d' ye hope to get?"
"Nothing," he said, "except a chance for life."

"Havers," they said, and one among them growled:
"You 'll get no knife from any here to break.
You 've dug the manhole since the door was fouled,
And now your knife 's broke. Quit, for Heaven's sake!"

But one who smelt a bargain changed his tone,
Offering a sheath-knife for the task in hand
At twenty times its value, as a loan
To be repaid him when they reached the land.

And there was jesting at the lender's greed,
And mockery at the digger's want of sense,
Closing with such a bargain without need,
Since in an hour the tug would take them thence.

But "Right," the digger said. The deal was made.
He took the borrowed knife, and, sitting down,
Gouged at the channeled solder with the blade,
Saying, "Let be; it 's better dig than drown."

And nothing happened for a while. The heat
Grew in the stuffy room, the sunlight slid,
Flies buzzed about and jostled at the meat,
The knife-blade clicked upon the manhole lid;

And one man said, "She takes a hell of time
Bringing the blaster," and another snored;
One, between pipe-puffs, hummed a smutty rhyme,
One, who was weaving, thudded with his sword.

It was as though the ship were in a dream
Caught in a magic ocean, calm like death,
Tranced, till a presence should arise and gleam,
Making the waters conscious with her breath.

It was so drowsy that the river's cries,
Roaring aloud their ever-changing tune,
Came to those sailors like the drone of flies,
Filling with sleep the summer afternoon,

So that they slept, or, if they spoke, it was
Only to worry lest the tug should come,—
Such power upon the body labor has,
That prison seemed a blessed rest to some,—

Till one man, leaning at the port-hole, stared,
Checking his yawning at the widest stretch,
Then blinked and swallowed, while he muttered, scared,
"That blasting-cotton takes an age to fetch."

Then swiftly passing from the port, he went
Up and then down the fo'c's'le till he stayed
Fixed at the port-hole, with his eyes intent,
Round-eyed and white, as if he were afraid,

And muttered as he stared: "My God! she is.
She 's deeper than she was; she 's settling down.
That palm-tree top was steady against this,
And now I see the quay below the town.

"Look here at her. She 's sinking in her tracks.
She 's going down by inches as she stands.
The water 's darker, and it stinks like flax;
Her going down is churning up the sands."

And instantly a panic took the crew;
Even the digger blenched. His knife-blade's haste,
Cutting the solder, witnessed that he knew
Time on the brink, with not a breath to waste.

While far away the tugboat at the quay,
Under her drooping pennon, waited still
For that explosive which would set them free—
Free, with the world a servant to their will.

Then from a boat beside them came a blare,
Urging that tugboat to be quick; and men
Shouted to stir her from her waiting there:
"Hurry the blast, and get us out of pen.

"She 's going down. She 's going down, man. Quick!"
The tugboat did not stir; no answer came.
They saw her tongue-like pennon idly lick
Clear for an instant, lettered with her name,

Then droop again. The engine had not come;
The blast had not arrived. The prisoned hands
Saw her still waiting, though their time had come;
Their ship was going down among the sands—

Going so swiftly now that they could see
The banks arising as she made her bed.
Full of sick sound she settled deathward; she
Gurgled and shook; the digger picked the lead.

And, as she paused to take a final plunge,
Prone like a half-tide rock, the men on deck
Jumped to their boats, and left ere like a sponge
The river's rotten heart absorbed the wreck.

And on the perilous instant, ere Time struck,
The digger's work was done; the lead was cleared.
He cast the manhole up; below it muck
Floated; the hold was full; the water leered.

All of his labor had but made a hole
By which to leap to death; he saw black dust
Float on the bubbles of that brimming bowl;
He drew a breath, and took his life in trust,

And plunged head foremost into that black pit,
Where floating cargo bumped against the beams.
He groped a choking passage, blind with grit;
The roaring in his ears was shot with screams.

So, with a bursting heart and roaring ears,
He floundered in that sunk ship's inky womb,
Drowned in deep water for what seemed like years,
Buried alive, and groping through the tomb.

Till suddenly the beams against his back
Gave, and the water on his eyes was bright.
He shot up through a hatchway foul with wrack
Into clean air and life and dazzling light,

And striking out, he saw the fo'c's'le gone,
Vanished, below the water, and the mast
Standing columnar from the sea. It shone
Proud, with its colors flying to the last.

And all about, a many-wrinkled tide
Smoothed and erased its eddies, wandering chilled,
Like glutted purpose trying to decide
If its achievement had been what it willed.

And men in boats were there; they helped him in.
He gulped for breath, and watched that patch of smooth,
Shaped like the vessel, wrinkle into grin,
Furrow to waves, and bare a yellow tooth.

Then the masts leaned until the shroud-screws gave;
All disappeared, her masts, her colors—all.
He saw the yard-arms tilting to the grave;
He heard the siren of a tugboat call,

And saw her speeding, foaming at the bow,
Bringing the blast-charge that had come too late.
He heard one shout, "It is n't wanted now."
Time's minute-hand had been the hand of Fate.

Then the boats turned; they brought him to the shore;
Men crowded round him, touched him, and were kind.
The mate walked with him, silent, to the store.
He said, "We 've left the best of us behind."

Then, as he wrung his sodden clothes, the mate
Stood him a tot of grog and talked awhile
Of men and ships and unexpected Fate;
And darkness came and cloaked the river's guile,

So that its huddled hurry was not seen,
Only made louder, till the full moon climbed
Over the forest, floated, and was queen.
Within the town a temple-belfry chimed.

Then, upon silent pads, a tiger crept
Down to the river-brink, and, crouching there,
Watched it intently till you thought he slept
But for his ghastly eye and stiffened hair.

Then trembling at a lust more fell than his,
He roared and bounded back to coverts lone,
Where, under moonlit beauty, slaughter is,
Filling the marvelous night with myriad groan.

THE CARIBBEAN TROPICS

A RICH MAN'S HEAVEN AND A POOR MAN'S HELL

BY JULIUS MULLER

WITH PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

"THINK what one of our progressive Northern farmers could do down here with a few thousand dollars!"

Of all the remarks made by tourists through the Caribbean tropics, this is one that is heard most frequently. It is a natural remark. It is almost inevitable. They have steamed along mountain coasts like green clouds under the white ones that smoke on their summits. They have seen monster valleys that were like resistless rivers of vegetation. They have seen tree and flower springing from rock as bare of soil as the pavement of a city street. They have seen that not even the salt sea can blast the prodigal plant life, for cocoanut groves stand on the very surf-line.

That prodigal life has proved a cruel, beautiful lie to many a Northern farmer with "a few thousand dollars." Those mountain-sides, so living that flowering creepers pour down them in cascades, may refuse to produce a crop as obstinately as does the most barren Northern land. The valleys that almost seem to spout trees and blossoms may refuse to produce a banana, a stalk of cane, a single pod of cacao.

The Caribbean tropics are a garden of delight for the rich man, and an El Dorado. In sugar, in cotton, in cattle pastures, that world holds treasure to-day greater than the treasure shipped by the Spaniard through Panama the golden. The Caribbean tropics are good, indeed, to the man strong enough to be master. They are good, too, to their own poor, for they curse their natives with no cold and rarely with famine; but for the poor white man from the North they are hell.

It is not due only to the risks of the crop. It is due to the social conditions that forbid the white man in the tropics from laboring with the hands. No white man can do it in the islands or in Central America and keep his caste. Only in Panama, where an entirely artificial and unique condition has been made by the creators of the wonder of the isthmus, can it be done.

In the Caribbean tropics there is no such white class as that of our Northern farmer, who works in the fields shoulder to shoulder with his men. The tropical planter does not lay hand to tool, harness, or plow. A man holds his horse when he dismounts. A man must hold his stirrup when he mounts. Anything that requires more than the motion of a hand must be done for him. In the British colonies the master would not demean himself to stoop for anything that he drops. A laborer must pick it up for him.

It is not because he is lazy. He may work harder than a dozen of his men together; but he must not do work that seems menial, if he would maintain his superiority. He holds his place because he is a ruler. He would wither you if you called him a farmer. In the Caribbees the farmer is a peasant or peon who cultivates a small patch. In the British tropics the peasant is black or brown, or an East Indian coolie. In the Spanish tropics he is more often half-breed or Indian.

Such a peasant farmer lives in a hut just large enough for shelter. If it is pretentious, its sides are made of wattles, woven in basket-pattern. Where there is coral stone, the wattle is daubed with lime obtained by burning the coral. The roof is of cocoanut-leaves. The commoner hut is not made even of wattles. It is simply a bower made by braiding cocoanut-fronds for roof and sides.

The owner needs nothing except food, and he desires food only for sustenance, not for the pleasure of eating. His clothes are cotton trousers and a cotton shirt. His household furniture is a cotton hammock or a litter of cocoanut-husks for bed, an iron pot, and a few vessels made of calabash- or cocoanut-shell.

The Northern white man may dream that his superior knowledge or industry or breeding will make a wall between him and the tropical caste of laborer. Unless he is exceptionally lucky, the conditions of life will overpower him as surely as the eternal jungle eternally overpowers the land. In the glorious tropics there is doom for him that is not less terrible because it is so sordid. The tourist who occasionally sees a white man in rags slink through the streets of a Caribbean port does not realize that what he sees is not so much a personal tragedy as a tragedy of his race.

For years, but especially since the Spanish-American War, attempts have been made to overcome this condition by forming white men's colonies. Many have succeeded, some brilliantly. The unsuccessful ones cannot be counted or ever will be. They have vanished—vanished in the jungle or vanished in the black or half-breed population.

The successful colonies are those that contained exceptional members or members that had money enough to buy really good land, and plenty of it, to build good houses in a land where house-building is unexpectedly expensive, and to exist during those first few years during which the Northern farmer, however expert he may be, must unlearn much that he has learned at home.

The farmer with "a few thousand dollars" cannot survive these expenses of learning. The vast parade of the unchanging, wildly beautiful days passes over his fields and leaves them burned dry. The painted jungle, so lovely to see, pours forth armies of ants to eat his seed or the leaves of the crop, and sends forth rats to eat his corn and sugar-cane. The rains may come too heavily, and there will be river-beds where his plowed fields were. The plantation cannot withstand what the jungle can. The jungle, left alone, is imperishable; but when man's hand touches the jungle and turns it into plantation, it is as though the touch brought mortality.

Last April, while riding to a sugar-plantation where I was to visit, I passed through one of these colonies that was going back to the jungle. Air-plants sat, like the shaggy nests of disorderly birds, on the citrus-trees. The convolvulus twisted its hangman's rope about bananas and sugar-canes. Over the plantations of pineapple the *viene parar se*, the "come, you, and stop," vine, trailed its tentacles, beset with vegetable snake-fangs.

The perfect alinement of the well-set trees, the straight tracks of good plowing, the signs everywhere, told what real skill these people had brought, and what a fight they had made before they let the jungle in. The gardens about the houses told the same story. Their hedges were rainbow hedges of croton-plants. Bougainvillea-vines shed their purple rain. Flower-beds and borders told of the joyous enthusiasm with which the people had established their new homes. But the houses were Northern farm-houses. They did not belong to the tropics. They were pinched things in a land where men build generously for the sake of comfort. They were houses of small rooms and ordinary window-spaces in a frostless climate that permits huge openings and great room spaces.

Part of this was due to narrow means, but part was due to habit. It was habit that made them put their kitchens in the houses in a hot world where people build their kitchens in separate structures. It was habit that made them use glazed sashes in a climate where jalousies are cheaper, more comfortable, and more convenient.

A little old woman sat on one of the little verandas. I rode in through the open garden gate, and asked for a drink in English. She jumped up with a smile on her brave, worn face.

"Are you an American?" she cried. Would I let her call her husband? Would I be so kind as to talk with him a little? It had been many months, she said eagerly, since they had seen any stranger who spoke anything but Spanish.

The husband, leather-skinned, lean-faced, did not need to tell me that he was from the Middle West. Others joined him soon, hungry to talk to an American, any American. They were all from the same region, and they were all alike, stiff-necked, shrewd, and yet simple, unalterably honest, and unalterably set in their ways.

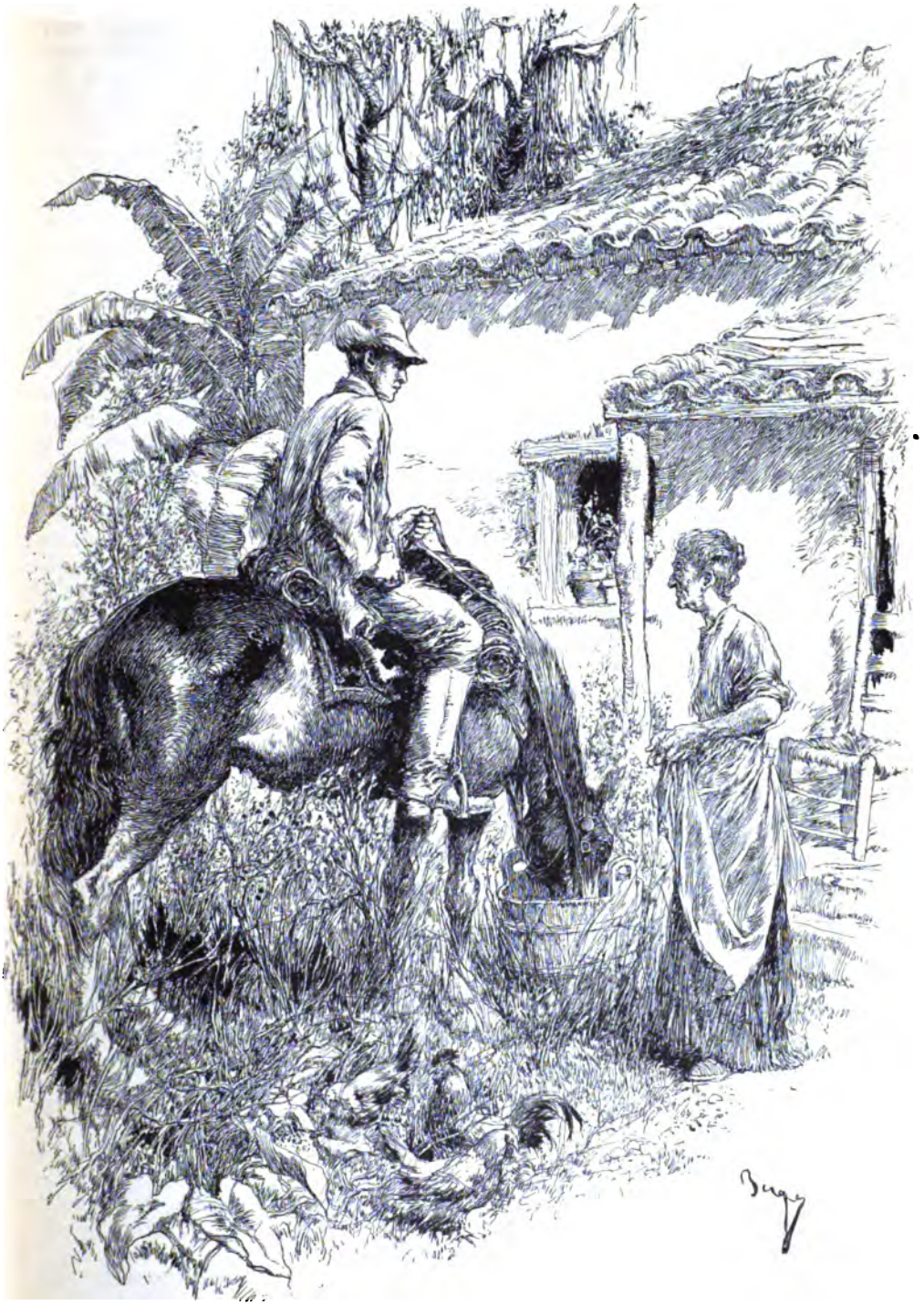
Their story was the story that can be heard in all the Caribbean lands from Cape San Antonio to the Gulf of Paria. They had sold out their Northern farms to buy land in the magic tropics, where fruit grew all the year and where the land needed only modern cultivation to produce three crops of corn every twelve months. They had figured carefully, and they had brought enough money to keep them till the citrus-trees were in bearing. They had borne well, too. But then they found that there was no market. They had shipped to the United States, but transportation to the coast, lighterage to the steamers, and steamer charges to America had eaten up the profit and more.

Drought had wasted their corn. They were only beginning to learn just how and when the best seasons for planting occurred. Their bananas did not produce full bunches. They had found out that though banana-trees will spring up everywhere, they will do commercially well only on a special soil, and now an expert had told them that their soil was useless for the culture. They had wasted three years and much money in planting and replanting. Their sugar-cane was poor. The big mills and big colonies had cut down thousands of acres of primeval forest, and were raising mighty crops of huge canes on the fat, black soil. They could not compete, even if the mills were willing to bother about the crop of a few acres, when they commanded enormous shipments every day to feed their enormous machinery.

They did not complain. There was something more sad than complaint in their seamed, weary faces and their surroundings. The slackness that is picturesque or amusing only in native holdings was mournful here, because it existed side by side with forlorn efforts to maintain old customs of precision. It was the slackness of men beaten.

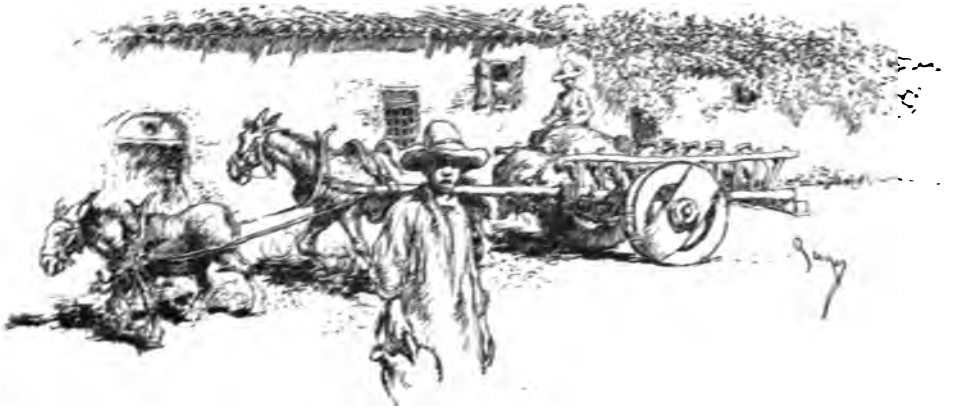
They were people of strong roots. They never could cease to be Northerners. They did not accommodate themselves to the life, the customs, or the speech of this new land. They never would, now that it had mastered them. Penniless, they must remain alien among an alien people. They asked me incredulously if I liked the land. When I said, "Yes," they shook their heads, and said that all they desired was to get back to God's country.

"God's country!" The expression is heard so constantly from loud-talking,



Drawn by W. M. Berger

"'ARE YOU AN AMERICAN?' SHE CRIED"



emptily boastful tourists that it makes a dweller in foreign lands sick. It did not make me sick when these men and women used it. Whatever their condition may have been at home, now they look toward home longingly, and it is God's country to them, indeed.

Perhaps in time some of them will manage to drift back home, to curse the tropics, the "land of the nigger, the land of the Dago." More of them must stay till they are buried under the parasite-hung trees that they have come to hate. That, said the little old woman to me, was the worst thought of all to her—that she and her husband must be buried down there. She pointed down the trail.

When I rode on, I stopped to look at it down there. It was a little cemetery, half hidden in the bush. The floods of the rainy season had cut ugly gorges into the graves. Wooden crosses and lovingly planted flowers were being swallowed by the vegetation that writhes and creeps and twines and crawls with almost reptilian life. There were ugly things scuttling in and out of burrows in the little mounds. They were land-crabs.

That afternoon I rode into the sugar-plantation. My way was under plumed Egyptian pillars of royal palms, with gardens on each side. I reached a long, stately house, its graceful, peaked roof red with fluted Moorish tiles. The great verandas were flanked with palm and blossom. A servant ran out to hold the horse, another to lead it to the stable. Half a dozen merry men, in cool white linen or silks, roared welcome. One clapped his hands, and a white-clad butler brought a long, golden drink.

I was taken to a mighty room, with raftered ceiling twenty feet high, paneled with lustrous, velvet-green wood. On both sides it opened upon broad verandas that looked on gardens. The trade-wind swept it with its lusty storm.

A servant took off my riding-clothes and led the way to the private bath, tiled and perfectly appointed. When I emerged, more men were coming in. Some were sauntering up the flower-lined paths from the mill and plantation offices, red-roofed buildings set in gardens of their own. Others were riding in from the fields that stretched in all directions to the circle of the horizon. At the side of the house some were playing tennis, furiously, as if they were playing anywhere but under the tropic of Cancer.

We sat down to a dinner served by men-servants arrayed in radiant white. There were Castile melons, picked at their choicest moment. There was green-turtle soup. The turtle had been brought alive from the coast, fifty miles away, that morning. There was a gorgeous crimson silk-fish from the same place. There were wild blue pigeons and wild guinea-fowl. There were mounds of desserts. I remember a fairy of a pudding, with cream, pressed out of green cocoanuts, as thick and rich as the cream from a pedigreed Jersey cow. There were great dishes of fruit—oranges and grape-fruit ripened on the tree, mangos, pineapples, bananas, star-apples, naseberries.

With the coffee came cigars that awed me. They were the kind that cost a dollar each in the States.

The men ate their dinners like giants. Afterward, in hammocks and wicker

lounging-chairs, they had fun like boys. It was easy to see that life was glorious for them.

Toward nine o'clock they drifted away, some to the offices, some to the mill, some to telephone to field-men and lay out the next day's cutting. Long after midnight I awoke to hear men coming in; before five o'clock in the morning I heard men riding away.

They were working like giants, for the grinding season on a big plantation is a giant's work. Every man was at his post night and day. There was a telephone instrument at every man's pillow. I learned during my stay that they awoke automatically if the steady roar of their battle-ship of mill was checked for even a moment in the night.

It was desperate work, but it was done under the right conditions. Every mail brought to the great house the latest books and periodicals from England and America. They had fine horses to ride. There was no luxury that the world could afford that was not theirs if it could be transported to them.

They had come into the land with knowledge, and with money behind them. They had fed the money to the tropics, and the tropics were returning it to them a hundredfold. It is no figure of speech. The modern sugar-mill and plantation are a gold-mine richer than any that the followers of Pizarro found in the mountains of Peru.

The land could not master them. They were masters of it, and only as a master can the white man survive in the tropics as they are.

A month later I was in a great Jamaican "pen," or cattle ranch. It was in one of the most exquisite parts of that exquisite island. My host could not quite say that he counted his cattle on a thousand hills, but he could count ten mountain peaks from his veranda, and the cattle on them all were his.

Here life was not so prodigal as on the Gargantuan sugar-plantation of the Spanish-American land, but there were men and women to do every service that savored of manual work.

Barefooted black maids in stiffly starched dresses and snow-white turbans ran to meet the guests and wait on them from morning till night. The choicest delicacies of an island rich in delicacies were pressed on one. There were mounts and remounts in the stables at the service of guests.

One morning, as my horse threaded its way among the horde of black laborers, I saw one of a somewhat lighter complexion, the color betokening that slight percentage of white blood that is known as "Sambo" in Jamaica.

I stopped and spoke to him because he had a singular characteristic for one of black blood: his hair was not kinky and had a decided red tinge, and he had a reddish stubble of beard. More singular still, he had perfectly light-blue eyes. His speech, however, when he answered me, was no different from the dialect of the other mountain negroes—a dialect part English, part African, and part purely

Jamaican growth, making almost unintelligible language even to the Jamaican of the lowlands.

I asked my host about him.

"Oh, he?" was the reply. "He 's a German negro; that is, he 's a descendant from a colony of German peasants that somebody brought here sixty or seventy years ago and planted in the mountains yonder. It was after slavery was abolished, and it was thought that white farmers could work small holdings. Of course they could n't pull through. They 've disappeared, been swallowed up in our black population. What else could happen? They were poor people, and the English owners of big estates were away above them. There were no white people of their own class, so they went black. Now and then one of 'em, like that chap, still shows his parentage."

East of Jamaica, in the Windward Islands, is a little island where the dialect has a strong Irish brogue. The population is black. There is another black island where the inhabitants use a Dutch dialect. Even to this day their costume is faintly suggestive of old Holland. The original colonists have merged. Every Central American state has its tale of lost white colonies.

"What else could happen?" as my Jamaican host asked. Barred from the society of his white kind, for no poor man or one dependent on daily labor can afford to associate with the white men who live in the style in which the ruling white class must live in the tropics, he is forced against his will to associate more or less with blacks or mixed breeds.

Then the time comes when he learns to like them, or at least not to dislike them; for, speaking generally, the poor peasants or peons of the Caribbean tropics are a gentle and amiable people, not at all deserving the reputation of ready bloodshed that the Northern mind associates with the unquiet Spanish Americas. At first the poor Northern white man may loathe them with all the fierce prejudice of the North; but sooner or later tolerance is bound to come, if not to the original colonists, to their children.

Some old enough to have listened to their parents' impassioned talk about God's country may try by hook or crook to reach the States. The others, in whom the call of blood is not so strong, will remain. When they cease to struggle for the white man's share, and are content to take the native's, life becomes easy for them. The tropics that killed their fathers will always give them food. There is no wolf of winter to prepare for. They take the easiest way. It is the law of the survival of the fittest, acting not in slow ages, but in swift generations. It is the law of the imperishable jungle.

HOPE

BY OLIVER HERFORD

I HEARD a bird sing
In the dark of December,
A magical thing,
And sweet to remember:
"We are nearer to spring
Than we were in September."
I heard a bird sing
In the dark of December.

SKOBELEFF, RUSSIA'S CHIEF WAR-HERO

THE *BEAU SABREUR*, WHOSE LOSS MEANT MORE TO RUSSIA THAN THE ANNIHILATION OF AN ARMY

BY RICHARD BARRY

HE was a great *ébauche*, a rude draught never completed; as indeed what great man is other? Left in *too* rude a state, alas!—CARLYLE

I

SKOBELEFF has tortured my imagination ever since the afternoon of the fourth grand bombardment on Port Arthur when Nogi rode conspicuously into the line of the Russian fire on a white horse, and Frederic Villiers crouched back among the rocks where we were hiding as he said, "That man will be the Skobeleff of this war."

"Who was Skobeleff?" I asked.

"The greatest general the Russians ever had; in my opinion the first, and in general opinion the second, soldier of Europe during the past generation," replied Villiers. "Incidentally, his spirit is behind those Russians over there, for Kuropatkin, their generalissimo, was Skobeleff's chief

GENERAL MIKHAIL DMITRIVITCH SKOBELEFF

THE LAST OF THE *BEAUX SABREURS*

of staff, and all that he knows about war he learned from Skobeleff."

Fifteen months later, in the streets of Moscow, I saw a strange procession;—many thousands of the poor following a decrepit old white charger while a military band with reversed instruments played Tschaikovsky's dirge. It was the anniversary of Skobeleff's death, and they were performing the rites customary for that day. Millions of ignorant Russians refuse to believe that Skobeleff is dead. It is whispered among them that at the propitious moment he will appear to lead them to victory; that he disapproved of the Japanese war, and therefore did not appear then.

A few days before he sailed for Europe on the trip which ended with his death on the *Titanic,* Frank D. Millet said to a friend in his studio:

"Skobeleff! How well I remember him! We used to call him 'The Madcap.' That was when he swam the Danube against orders, dashed into Plevna without reinforcements, and committed other little indiscretions of that sort which only a madman or a genius would attempt. Later I came to recognize him as almost a reincarnation of Napoleon. His ambition was literally about the same as Napoleon's. He wanted Russia to conquer the world. I stood with him once on the heights above Constantinople—it was in March, 1878, just before the Treaty of San Stefano—when he outlined to me his schemes, which began with the absorption of the Ottoman Empire, then extended to a conquest of India, and concluded with piratical designs on England in Europe. It was unbelievably naïve, and I should have dismissed the talk as the veriest moonshine had I not been a witness during the preceding months to the man's rise from an inferior position, where he was under a cloud, to a lieutenant-generalship, with which he had become the hero of the war. He was then the practical hand which Russia held on Turkey's throat. He died only a few years later, miserable, wasted, futile. A strange man, a great man; I think the most remarkable man I have ever known."

For years I have been collecting this material, published and unpublished, about Skobeleff from those who knew him and from those who wrote about him. I remember one sultry summer night in Denver when I was timidly halted by the head porter as I was leaving my hotel. He had seen a Russian mark on my luggage and had learned my occupation. He told me a strange tale of his connection with the Russian police and of his exile. Finally I mentioned the name of Skobeleff. Tears came to his eyes, and he told me what I shall later relate—the story current in the underworld of Europe as to the true cause of Skobeleff's death.

Skobeleff himself rises before my imagination as the last of the great *beaux sabreurs,* those romantic chieftains whose careers have illumined all ages of warfare except the present. His avatars were Alcibiades, Mark Antony, Chevalier Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, Marshal Saxe, and Marshal Ney. Skobeleff ended the line, for modes of warfare and civilization have so changed since his time that there is slight chance of followers.

II

MIKHAIL DMITRIVITCH SKOBELEFF was born on his father's estate near Moscow in 1843. Thirty-nine years later, in 1882, he expired miserably in a hovel in the slums of Moscow. If forty marks the beginning of middle age, Skobeleff died still a youth. In fact, the flame of youth inspired his whole life, which was one long boyish escapade, passionately eager, unafraid, illogical, inspired, fatalistic, sublime.

He did not come of noble blood, though his mother was a beautiful woman of cultivated distinction, with forebears among the lesser nobility. His father was a man of the people, son of a self-made merchant whose grandfather had been a Scotch immigrant named Scobie.

The elder Skobeleff served forty years in the Russian army, and was on the active list as a major-general when Mikhail was born. He had his son educated on his estate by a French tutor, from whom the boy learned English, German, French, and Italian. He became an expert linguist, and later mastered, in addition to the five major languages, seventeen dialects of Turkish, Russian, and Caucasian. His boyhood was spent largely on horseback, and he early became a master of the sword and pistol.

At twenty-one the father secured Mikhail an appointment as an officer in the czar's body-guard, and he went to St. Petersburg for five years. He was a general favorite. His men idolized him; his comrades loved him devotedly. He aroused jealousy only among those who did not know him personally, and women invariably spoiled him.

When Kaufmann started on his hazardous and brilliant campaign along the Oxus to Khiva, Skobeleff begged to be allowed to join him. The easy life of the capital had palled on him. He wanted action, and for the next ten years he saw little else.

Kaufmann's object was the subjugation of the Turkomans chiefly through the capture of their citadel at Khiva. For the latter half of the march the column was obliged to cut its communications, and subsist on the country. Skobeleff, then a major, had command of the rear-guard. One night a band of Turkomans savagely attacked his two companies, and for a moment threatened to annihilate them. Armed only with his sword, and at the head of his men, Skobeleff not only routed the Turkomans, but pursued them to a walled inclosure far up in the mountains, where he arrived so precipitately on their heels that no resistance was given to his impetuous advance. Whereupon he broke into the inclosure and raided some sheep and cattle, which furnished the army with unexpected fresh meat for several days.

For this Kaufmann brevetted him colonel, though for the time Skobeleff was obliged to content himself with only two companies. Yet with these two companies he accomplished in a single brilliant manœuver what Kaufmann and his whole army of ten thousand men were planning to waste weeks or even months in doing.

The column had reached the environs of Khiva, where Kaufmann was proceeding, in an accepted, workmanlike manner, to set about the reduction of the citadel. He was training his cannon on the ramparts and preparing for an assault in form when suddenly on the fortress wall above the closed gate which Kaufmann was threatening there stood displayed against the sky-line the tall figure of Colonel Skobeleff. With his handful of Cossacks—about 175—the heroic "madcap" had ridden quietly around to the rear gate of Khiva, had carried it with a quick and desperate assault, had then taken the town by surprise, and was now beckoning to Kaufmann to limber up his batteries and countermand the detachments told off for the assault of the place already won.

Kaufmann rested for some months in Khiva, waiting for reinforcements to be sent him. One column which he expected failed to appear, and it became imperative to know its fate, for they were surrounded on one side by the desert, on three sides by mountains, and on all sides by savage Turkomans. Skobeleff volunteered to get the information.

Disguised as a Turkoman, accompanied by three friendly Turkomans, and laughing and singing as though off for a holiday, the young adventurer passed into the desert on his perilous journey. Two weeks later he reappeared, alone, on foot, half dead. He had lost his horses and his companions, but he had learned what he went for.

News of the Khivan exploits caused the Russian staff at St. Petersburg to appoint Skobeleff a major-general. He was barely twenty-nine years old, the youngest major-general in any of the world's armies at that time.

The following year Kaufmann intrusted Skobeleff with the command of a comparatively small force which was to operate against the khanate of Khokand. That country, with a population of two million, he conquered and annexed in three months. The campaign was so fiercely pressed that when the vanquished khan surrendered, his first words to Skobeleff were, "Before we begin to talk, let me sleep, for I have not had a night's rest or a sound sleep in more than a month."

For two years Skobeleff was the governor of Khokand. Youthful, thorough, vigorous, and ambitious, he ruled the country with a despotic, though kindly, hand. He never visited St. Petersburg, where he had no friends in high circles. In fact, he knew no one except in the army. There he had no personal enemies; yet he encountered the envy and criticism that every spectacularly successful young man must meet. Finally these distant and unknown enemies reached the ear of the emperor, and poisoned his mind against Skobeleff. The governor of Khokand was recalled

in disgrace, charged with having committed certain ruthless acts of cruelty and with having appropriated two million rubles from the state fund.

As he arrived in St. Petersburg penniless, and as he apparently never had any money, the graft charges were doubtless fabrications. Nor is there any reliable testimony that he was ever cruel. In fact, the exact opposite seems to have been his character. Among a people noted for inhuman treatment of underlings, he was loved by soldiers and peasants. He was the first commander to introduce correct modes of sanitation in the Russian army, and he was one of the few who never permitted his soldiers to be flogged as a punishment.

Hastening to St. Petersburg with vouchers and witnesses to disprove the charges against him, Skobeleff found the official world cold and uncivil. In central Asia he had been a hero, the dominant man among millions. At the capital of the empire he was treated like a suspected criminal. Yet his pride sustained him, and he showed no signs of hurt, but insisted on an immediate hearing before the official auditors. He was soon acquitted of the charge of peculation, and the charge of cruelty was never pressed.

He then asked for an audience with the emperor. It was refused. He even humbled himself to beg in writing for the audience. It was of no avail. He was not only stripped of his civil appointment, but he was left without a military command, though he retained his commission. Crushed, he retired to his father's estate near Moscow.

There, at the beginning of the Russo-Turkish War, in 1877, Skobeleff was moping, his career evidently blighted, a frank, intrepid, primeval nature thwarted by the machinations of flunkys.

III

WITH fighting at hand Mikhail Skobeleff was too good a man to overlook. He was not taken into imperial or even into official favor, but he was allowed to go to the front as chief of staff to his father, who was a general of division. This gave him a sort of free-lance commission, and he made himself a welcome guest at many headquarters, from that of Dragomirov, the commander-in-chief, down.

At length the army was assembled on the right bank of the Danube, preparing to cross that mighty river, a virtually disorganized array of a quarter of a million men. How different might have been the history of that war had Skobeleff been in command from start to finish!

Dragomirov was timid. He did not know how to proceed. He had never before crossed a great river with an army. To Skobeleff, at his side, he expressed his uncertainty.

"Cross to-night in boats, and let me lead," said Skobeleff. It was characteristic of him, especially the "let me lead." He invariably wore a white coat in action, "so that my men may make no mistake in knowing where to follow."

However, Dragomirov accepted the advice, and that night Skobeleff's was the first Russian foot to reach the farther bank. The next morning the army was drawn up on the left bank of the Danube to receive the congratulations of the emperor, who rode down the line. Reaching Dragomirov, he embraced him, and pinned on his breast the Cross of St. George. On the breast of Yolchine, who had commanded the first division over, he also pinned a Cross of St. George. Then he reached Skobeleff, and the eyes of the army were centered on the scene, for the disfavor of the hero of Khiva was well known.

That must have been a dramatic picture. Alexander was a very emperor in appearance, over six feet in height, of easy mien, flashing eye, courteous manners, but every inch the autocrat.

Skobeleff was no less a figure. Writing about that time, Archibald Forbes described him as "six feet two inches tall, straight as a pine, the head carried high with a gallant debonair fearlessness, square across the broad shoulders, deep in the chest, slender of waist, clean of flank, the muscular, graceful, supple figure set off to perfection by the white frock-coat and its gold decorations; with his frank, high bearing he looked a genial king."

For a moment Alexander hesitated as the two tall, proud, soldierly men confronted each other. Then the czar frowned, turned resolutely on his heel, and strode away. It was a deliberate affront before the whole army to the man who had led them across the Danube.

Skobeleff flushed, turned scarlet, then white, but showed no further notice of the incident, and never referred to it.

Ten weeks later he was to enjoy an unparalleled triumph. It was the day after his taking of Loftcha, the first time he had had a responsible command. His success had been due not only to splendid daring, but to skilful tactics as well, and it had crowned several lesser exploits intervening since the passage of the Danube. It was for this assault that Skobeleff wrote his "Scheme of Attack," which has since become the standard in the war schools of all continental Europe. That assault probably satisfied the czar, as it later satisfied Moltke and other grave critics, that Skobeleff was not only a dashing fighting man, but one of the chief thinking generals of modern times.

Certain it is that the next night, in the imperial marquee, ten weeks after the flagrant public affront on the banks of the Danube, Alexander stood up and bade his guests join him in the toast to "Skobeleff, the hero of Loftcha!"

Most men would have been satisfied with a vindication so full and triumphant, for it is not usually given to absolute monarchs to make such constructive apologies. Skobeleff said nothing openly, nothing that could be quoted, but there was always in his bearing a quiet little contempt for imperial favor.

Yet, beginning with Loftcha, he came into his own. He was promoted to be lieutenant-general, and was given independent command of a division, the sixteenth, which, under him, became famous.

In less than a week he was at Plevna, and had hurled himself into the Krishine Redoubt, one of the inner defenses, but at the loss of over half his men. At the crucial moment no reinforcements were sent him, and the last three hundred of his immediate following expired fighting on the scarp. That he escaped with his own life is one of the many extraordinary episodes which gave birth to the general belief in the army that he bore a charmed life, that no bullet could harm him.

MacGahan's pen-picture of Skobeleff at the moment of the loss of the Krishine Redoubt is justly celebrated as a very graphic bit of war correspondence:

> He was in a fearful state of excitement and fury. His uniform was covered with blood, mud, and filth; his sword broken; his Cross of St. George twisted round his shoulder; his eyes haggard and bloodshot; his voice quite gone. I never saw such a picture of battle as he presented. I saw him again in his tent at night. He was then quite calm. He said:
>
> "I have done my best. I could do no more. My detachment is half destroyed. My regiments do not exist. I have no officers left. They sent me no reinforcements. I have lost three guns."
>
> "Why did they refuse you reinforcements? Who is to blame?" I asked.
>
> "I blame nobody," answered Skobeleff; "it was the will of God."

It has been charged that Skobeleff was not reinforced on that occasion because of the jealousy of his rival divisional commanders, all of whom were his senior by at least fifteen years. At any rate, most military critics are agreed that the general organization of the Russian army at that time was very lax.

Skobeleff's was the last attempt to take Plevna by storm. The Russians then settled down, as did the Japanese later at Port Arthur, to a "scientific" siege of starvation. Skobeleff set himself to organize his staff and replenish his division.

Villiers told me that before Skobeleff entered a fight he brushed his hair and whiskers, donned his cleanest white uniform, and scented himself with a special Parisian perfume which he always carried. Yet he would have no dandies about him, and chose his staff chiefly from semi-civilized Circassian officers, not because he liked them, but because he thought they were the best fighting men in Asia. He had no faith in "scientific" soldiers. He himself supplied all the science needed. He wanted fighters to follow him, and if they were desperados, so much the better.

After Plevna fell, Skobeleff was detailed to "assist" in taking the Shipka Pass, and thus to open a way for the army to cross the Balkans and descend on Constantinople. While the other generals, Radetzky and Mirski, his equals in rank, and superiors by right of seniority, were groping for the way, manœuvering, and losing their battles, Skobeleff forced a lower part of the pass through ten feet of snow, fell on the Turks from the rear, and before any

one could guess what had become of him, had accomplished the surrender of an entire Turkish army of 36,000 men. Is it to be wondered at that he is the war-god of the Russians?

He was now off in the front of the straggling Russian army, and he hurried down the valley of the Tundja with his face set straight for Adrianople. By forced marches—once he went fifty miles in forty hours—he reached Adrianople before the Turks there knew of the loss of the Shipka Pass, captured the town, left a Russian governor, and pushed on at the top of his speed to the Bosporus. He was in front of Constantinople, all ready to assault the city, and beyond doubt would have taken it within a few days, when the armistice was signed on January 31, 1878.

That armistice and the Treaty of San Stefano, which followed, broke Skobeleff's heart, for he was compelled to watch the wonderful city by the Golden Horn slip from his grasp, and thus again faded into nothing Russia's dream of an open port.

He protested again and again against the work of the diplomatists; "Those old women," he called them. Once he proposed to disobey the orders of his emperor and take Constantinople. He would be willing then, he said, to give himself up to a court-martial and be shot, if only Russia would take Constantinople and keep it. It was not to be.

IV

He lived four years and two months longer. In that time, though he did not hold the title of commander-in-chief, he was recognized as the first soldier in the Russian Empire. In Berlin he was spoken of as the second soldier of Europe, Moltke being the first. In Paris he was known as the second soldier of Europe, MacMahon being the first. In London he was frequently referred to in the press as the "second soldier in Europe," the inference being that Wolseley was the first. Moltke, then a very old man, always spoke of him with fatherly affection, though the two represented utterly different schools of warfare.

Only in official Russia was he not regarded with favor. He was denied the highest rank, and he made no further effort to placate imperial favor. He went so far as to write a letter to a friend in Paris, in which he described the emperor as "a brute, a personal coward, and incapable of reigning." The letter was published, yet no official notice of it was taken in Russia. The czar's advisers doubtless were too well informed concerning Skobeleff's popularity.

For he *was* the idol of 60,000,000 fighting men. He so "typified the Russian character, so fulfilled the Russian ideal, so inspired the common Russian, that the masses of the soldiery not only loved him, but believed him the nobler man for sacrificing them in heaps." Such dog-like devotion could be found only in the Slav character. He wielded the authority not only of a general, but of a religious leader as well. To the Russian imagination he appeared as a fairy prince inviolate in war. They called him "The Poet of the Sword." "Is not a battle the soldier's ball?" he often asked, and therefore went into battle as if dressed for a ball, and then sought the thick of the fighting.

If careless of himself, he was careful of his men. His division was always the best clothed in the army, and it never suffered for lack of food. Moreover, it was the only division in which men were never flogged. Before going into action it was his habit to assemble his non-commissioned officers, and to sit on the ground with them about him in a circle, while he asked each in turn for counsel as to the method of attack.

No wonder his men idolized him. Once one of them was to have a leg amputated, and the surgeon offered chloroform. The soldier refused, asking only for a pipe.

"We must not take that stuff," he said; "it 's for women."

"Why not? All the other fellows do."

"Others may. Let them. But we are Skobeleff's!"

Not alone in St. Petersburg was Skobeleff feared. Germany feared him so genuinely that at his death the Berlin papers almost openly reveled in it. The Germans understand war well enough to know that no science can stand against such a military genius as Skobeleff. England, too, feared him, for he was never loath to talk about his plans for the conquest of India.

V

How came he to die so young, with the best years of his life before him? In Mos-

cow I was told that one black night in the early, rainy spring of 1882 the corpse of a tall, finely built man was brought to the morgue by unknown persons who escaped before they could be questioned. It was wrapped in a sheet, and there was nothing to identify it, and it was three days before the police discovered that they held all that remained of Russia's greatest general. Such is the official police account.

In his memoirs Archibald Forbes hints at the story which was circulated for a generation in the palaces and barracks of Europe:

The true account of his woeful and awfully sudden death has never been written, nor can it be written. He did not commit suicide, or, at all events, with intent; he was not assassinated; he did not die of heart disease. He sacrificed his life to a paroxysm of what was perhaps his chief weakness —sensuality.

But there is another account, to me more plausible, which also is circulated with persistent recurrence. I have heard it from several sources, from the porter in Denver, from a Russian sub-officer crossing the Pacific, from a journalist in St. Petersburg.

This account tallies with the others in certain physical details, but gives a more believable reason for his end. It appears that he spent his last night in a dance-hall in the slums of Moscow, whither he had gone to join a well-known Gipsy dancer. This Gipsy, it is believed, was in the pay of the secret police, who, inspired by supporters of the czar after they had been falsely informed that Skobeleff was plotting against him with the Nihilists, set her on to place poison in Skobeleff's drink.

Some of his utterances against the czar were certainly ill advised. It is certain he was cordially disliked in high circles; it is certain he was with the Gipsy the night of his death. It is also said that thereafter she immediately retired from Moscow, and lived in affluence in a southern country.

DOROTHEA'S DIARY OF LIFE

BY EVELYN VAN BUREN

Author of "Pippin," "Lil's Old Man," "The Martins," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY HERMAN PFEIFER

THE Great Man's daughter showed herself a deep thinker, a keen and critical observer. She wrote in her diary:

Life is the most interesting thing in the whole world. And in spring everything comes to life. It is spring now. Mowgli has five kittens. He has been off hunting for several days, and just got home with them to-day. We named him Mowgli, Jane Hyde and I, when he was a kitten himself. He began with field-mice, and soon learned to find many other things. But now, since the kittens, we realize Mowgli is a huntress and has become a mother. But he can never seem what she really is.

How often false starts are made in life!

Seldom can one make a new start. Annabelle hatched three weeny ducks yesterday, though a hen herself. I heard the new English coachman tell cook the ducks must be a blighting disappointment to a full-blooded hen. I dread the day the ducks take to water.

Life is sometimes cruel. Pinkie's five puppies are darling. She adores them. Life has been kinder—

As this was written, Miss Jane Hyde came into the room. She looked about her, but did not see the flaxen head propped among the pillows in the corner, or the long, slender legs mingling gracefully with the black stripes of the orange-covered divan.

Miss Hyde stood a moment resting on her parasol, looking seaward out through the open French window. Suddenly her eyes lost their dreaminess, fixed upon something or some one; then she turned slowly and left the room.

The chronicler of life continued:

Jane Hyde's eyes are like water in a deep well, and her flesh is like the petal of cherry-blossom. She has a silvery voice. I heard the new coachman tell cook that a woman had to have color to meet his ideal; for his part he can't stick anything as pale as the mistress.

Cook's color is very noticeable. The new coachman is regrettably fresh, but cook likes him, and Jane wishes to keep cook.

Dorothea paused, hearing footsteps on the gravel path.

"Hello, Mr. Wetherby," she hailed pleasantly from her cushions.

The tall, white-flanneled Mr. Wetherby became framed in the doorway. He shaded his eyes, looked about the room, and then back at Dorothea.

"I thought I saw Miss Hyde here," he said.

"She 's gone," said Dorothea, smiling. "Why did n't you hurry?"

Mr. Wetherby regarded two exits speculatively, looked again at Dorothea, then turned impatiently away, and went slowly out upon the veranda.

Again the diary:

We have a guest. His name is Richard Miles Wetherby. Father calls him Dick. He came home with father one evening, and went away next day; then he soon came again. So he is here now.

At first I did not see why he came back, but I fear I do now, alas! but too well.

Dick's clothes fit him perfectly. Has Jane noticed it? Alas! she must have. And must I lose her to D. Wetherby? Only father can stop it. Alas! he will not. Life—

"Dorothea!" called the silvery voice of Miss Jane Hyde. "Dorothea!"

Dorothea hugged her diary, and landed, after an upward circuitous leap, upon the floor. She skimmed gracefully to the hall.

"Yes, Jane Hyde," she responded.

"I 'm driving to the village," Miss Hyde said. "Don't you want to go along, dear? I have your hat. I 've looked everywhere for you."

Dorothea slipped one slim leg over the banister, and slid its curving line to the floor below.

"How sweet you look, Jane Hyde," she complimented earnestly. "You look like this whole day has seemed."

"How is that, dear?" Miss Hyde asked.

"Undescribable," sighed Dorothea. "I can never tell these pleasant things; sometimes I can write them more understandingly. That 's why I like a diary. I 'll take it along in case of wanting to make notes."

As the carriage passed the summer-house, Mr. Wetherby, book in hand, rose and saluted. Miss Hyde smiled and nodded cordially, but allowed the carriage to go on. Her hand engaged in the affectionate clasp of Dorothea was gently released. But Miss Hyde, preoccupied, did not notice. Dorothea looked behind, then she slid to the seclusion of the corner in the carriage seat and became privately occupied.

She entered in her diary:

Alas! D. is hurt, surprised, and mad. He looked as though Jane H. had spit at him, as Mowgli does at things. He expected to be invited into the carriage. She thought she ought to, but did n't want to. Her mind is on it now. I 'm glad, but wonder why she did n't.

"From the post-office we will drive to the station, just in case your father should come on the early express," said Miss Hyde. "The post-office first, Parker."

Dorothea went in for the mail. There was a budget from Australia for Miss Hyde. She ran over the letters quickly, and coming upon a particular handwri-

ting, now familiar to Dorothea for regularly arriving, Jane Hyde thrust it quickly among the others, and put them all behind her in the carriage seat.

"Now she 's unsettled," thought Dorothea, regretfully.

That handwriting always seemed to unsettle Jane Hyde, though only Dorothea observed this, and Jane always reserved the letter.

Dorothea seated herself closely beside Jane, clasping her hand in silent sympathy.

"To the station, Parker," she ordered, saving Miss Hyde the trouble.

There was a repetition of one entry in Dorothea's diary:

My father is one of the greatest men of his time.

The statement led up to various subjects.

There is a book written only about my father. It tells he is one of the greatest men of his time, a genius. He has invented many of the greatest, most useful things known to man of the present generation, all mentioned in the book. He was very poor in his youth, and kept a diary, like me. That is how things are known about his past, and can be handed down in history.

The train rushed into the station, and the Great Man was upon it. He waved his hat, seeing the occupants of the waiting carriage, and the intent solemnity of his face broke into sunny creases.

"When my father is glad he smiles all over him," Dorothea observed.

She signaled, and made room beside her.

"Well, daughter!"

Her father looked over her bobbing head as he took his seat.

"Well, Miss Hyde."

"Has it been a warm day in the city?" asked Miss Hyde.

The Great Man nodded and, while contemplating Miss Hyde, drew in a great breath from the sea.

"Do you see Jane's new hat?" inquired Dorothea.

The inventive mind centered instantly upon the pale-blue chiffon triviality crowning Jane Hyde's dusky hair. A flush of palest pink stole up over her cheek, turning it, observed Dorothea, from cherry petal to peachblow.

"It 's a fine little hat," the Great Man decided. "It becomes Miss Hyde; no stuffed birds or dried fruit on it, either." His deep-set eyes glowed and twinkled like small, blue, mischievous stars. The ladies laughed. "Why don't all women seek sane milliners?" pondered the great mind.

Dorothea laughed, and shut out his vision of Jane Hyde by drawing his face down to kissing level.

"Old goosey-gander! Why, Jane *invented* that hat, just as you invented steam or anything."

Her father's look suddenly informed Dorothea she had made a faux pas.

"Steam," he said—"remind me, daughter, we must have a talk on the invention of steam."

Over her head his eyes met Jane Hyde's.

Dorothea hurried to write:

I 've made a mistake. No man invented steam, only its uses. Steam is the result of nature.

Jane Hyde's arm drew her close, and Jane Hyde's soft cheek was laid caressingly against her hair. But while it was sweet and pleasant, the action betrayed to Dorothea how pitifully she lacked thoroughness in knowledge.

"Are there guests coming out for dinner?" asked Miss Hyde, for Dorothea's father continually forgot to say, though some nearly always came, and he hardly ever remembered how many.

"No," he said, scowling reflectively. "There 'll be several to-morrow night, but to-night we might take dinner in the summer-house, just we three. What?"

"Three? Four you mean," reminded Dorothea. "You forgot Dick."

Her father looked jolted, and, Dorothea observed, Jane Hyde again looked unsettled.

"Did you think Dick Wetherby would go off to-day, Father?" asked his daughter.

She eyed him keenly, only to be baffled by his inscrutable countenance. There was no accusing glance, indeed, no glance at all in Jane Hyde's direction.

"Well, then, we can dine four in the summer-house," he said.

"That 's not the same," objected Dorothea. "I wish Dick would go."

Copyright, 1894, by THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

"JANE HYDE LOOKED ABOUT HER, BUT DID NOT SEE THE FLAXEN HEAD PROPPED AMONG THE PILLOWS IN THE CORNER"

DRAWN BY HERMAN PFEIFER

"Once, when I was a young man, my daughter, with nothing in the world but an idea, I took it to Dick Wetherby's father. He was the first man I found in a weary search generous enough of his time to give a few minutes of it to an unlikely looking young *tramp*."

Dorothea laughed blatantly.

"He gave me the first helping hand I ever knew," the Great Man said solemnly.

"Then we 'll have to have Dick around," sighed Dorothea.

"How are Mowgli's kittens?" her father asked abruptly of Miss Hyde.

"Too cunning," Miss Hyde answered. "One of them has one eye open."

"And Annabelle's family?"

"All right so far," Dorothea could say. "But, oh, Father, when they take to water—"

"Perplexing," agreed he.

Dorothea was about to speak further of the trick on Annabelle, but the carriage turned into the drive just then, and at his window she detected, behind the latticed blinds, the peeking person of young Mr. Wetherby. She clasped her diary. Her father and Miss Hyde now talking about the new President, left the carriage, and went into the house. Dorothea did not leave her seat. Remaining there when Cupid and Spanker, the pair, had been taken from the carriage, she opened her diary and wrote:

Is father going to let D. Wetherby stay here and woo and win Jane Hyde away because D.'s father's memory is sacred? Alas! is he? Or is father blind to D.'s state, which was love at first sight? What can I do? My hands are tied on account of D.'s father's nobility. That would be all right, though, if father could only change his mind about marriage again.

Oblivious of the new coachman's polite inquiries as to whether she wished the carriage left out, or to be pulled in it into the stable, Dorothea moistened her pencil again and wrote:

He is up in his room now, fitting on lovely things to come down in and win Jane Hyde. Alas! the only thing that will save us will be D.'s pride of himself. Alas! will it?

She closed her book and looked round.

"Am I detaining you, Parker? Cook will be mad."

Parker laughed agreeably, and touched his cap.

His young mistress stepped from the carriage and walked away in thoughtful dignity.

Dorothea's fears were not unfounded. Mr. Richard Wetherby was in his room fitting on lovely things. In the midst of this the wheels of his host's returning carriage had taken him to his window, where he was there observed by the suddenly watchful Dorothea.

With surprise Mr. Wetherby had beheld his host, and thus accounted for Miss Hyde's omitting an invitation to him when the carriage set out. Then he had observed her animation; her laughter reached him. And his host, the usually sedate, preoccupied dreamer, was conversing humorously, observed Wetherby, and clearly not of rotary engines or storage-batteries either. Wetherby's eyes narrowed. Slowly a deep flush crept under his tan to where the hair was thinning on his temples. In that moment Wetherby awakened, and, like Dorothea, realized that pride of himself might prove a barrier to that which he coveted.

"Of course there 's no danger here," he muttered, thinking of his host, who was only a piece of machinery.

But there were others.

The Great Man's house was continually filled with his men friends. He, Wetherby, would perhaps better not dawdle. Though accustomed to being admired, he himself had never before been hard hit.

In his position, a good one socially, son, as he was, of the late, well-known Richard Wetherby, inventor, with a nice little income from the patents, young Wetherby had hesitated to declare what was proving a growing passion for a lady not socially his equal.

Miss Jane Hyde was only a salaried woman in the house of his father's friend. She really replaced the late housekeeper, only assuming more authority, of course. Wetherby hardly knew how to account for it. She was not the type to send a well-balanced man reeling headlong in love. It took a bit of study to pick out her points of beauty. You got them as you looked. And the instant he saw her, he

had begun to look. He had gone away; but the Great Man's house being always open to friends, Wetherby quickly paid this return visit. He had felt his reasons were obvious to Miss Hyde. He had felt, too, a little self-conscious. But now he finally decided to tell her.

He eyed his sartorial perfection in the cheval-glass and smiled self-indulgently.

"I 'll speak to Miss Hyde to-night," he promised himself finally, pocketing silver monogramed cigarette-case and accessories.

The clarion voice of Dorothea reached him startlingly from below:

"Oh, Father, a little calf! Come quick before it 's too pitch dark to see it. They 've just found it down in the pasture with Susie. And, Father, it 'll be such a pleasant surprise for Jane: I 've already named the darling Jane Hyde."

Wetherby stepped to the window, and saw his host hurried by Dorothea round the house.

"Idiotic," he muttered, "this naming business."

With a new feeling of agreeable responsibility, Mr. Wetherby went down to the veranda, where a cigarette could be enjoyed while he looked into his future.

Dorothea presently hailed him from sea-mist and darkness.

"Hello, Mr. Lightning-bug Wetherby," she called irreverently. "I know it 's you."

He answered absent-mindedly.

Dorothea swept up the veranda steps.

"Guess where I 'm just coming back from."

He did not trouble to reply.

"You have n't enough imagination," she sighed. "From a christening. Susie has a calf, a daughter."

"Look here, Dotty dear," Mr. Wetherby said kindly, "don't name the old calf—"

"Dinner is served in the summer-house." The butler's announcement was not unwelcome to Wetherby.

He felt suddenly disinclined for argument with Dorothea. She had a way of pinning one down to reasons.

"Oh," cooed she, "father said we 'd dine out there to-night. He has invited Jane Hyde and me, too."

Wetherby was not prepared for this. In a measure Miss Hyde had become his since his resolve to make her so. Sitting there beside her during dinner with this in his mind that he could not say until afterward, he found that it made him self-conscious, indisposed to join the talk. Anyhow, it struck him as silly.

"How do you like Jane Hyde's new dress, Father?" Dorothea began.

Wetherby's host sat back, and viewed Miss Hyde. His eye twinkled and wrinkled, and he pulled the nearly white lock of hair on his forehead.

Miss Hyde smiled, and, finger on her lips, looked across at Dorothea.

"It 's a fine dress," the Great Man said. "It is just the color of the new hat, and suits Miss Hyde."

Dorothea's laughter rang out riotously.

"The hat is pale blue, Father; the dress is pale green!"

Wetherby could not pretend the amusement they all evinced in this nonsense. He saw the gown was green, and it was greatly becoming to her. Her pale skin took on a pink tone under the light of the Japanese lanterns. Her beauty seemed less austere, softer; she seemed to-night younger, more approachable. He wished dinner ended.

"But Jane invented the dress, just as she did the hat," continued Dorothea. "It 's sea-green. Can't you tell it is, Father?"

He shook his head.

"I never could tell when the sea is blue and when green."

"You 're color-blind, Father dear," regretted the Great Man's daughter. "Most men are, though. I 've read it in a book. They 're blind to many other things, too."

Nobody inquired her meaning.

Wetherby was thinking how, when he had married her, there would be no need for Miss Hyde to invent her gowns. She could purchase them. He pictured her in things becoming and appropriate for his wife. He directed covert glances toward his host, observed his interest in Miss Hyde's glowing account of raising motherless and desolate baby lambs by hand on her father's ranch in Australia.

Wetherby was relieved when his host was called into the house to the telephone. He leaned toward Miss Hyde and asked her softly about the climate of Australia. As she replied, she looked encouragingly back at him, he believed, as who would not? He knew of course she had seen,

despite his natural reluctance to betray himself, how it was with him from the first. To-night he was glad she knew.

Speaking of raising the lambs had made her reminiscent.

"Just think," she mused, smiling, "when I embarked for America, I had only twenty-five dollars in my pocket!"

"I don't like to think of it," Wetherby said huskily. "What a risk! Suppose you had not—not—"

"Life is all a big risk," broke in Dorothea. "Think of Annabelle not knowing what laid the eggs before she hatched them. But risks often turn out all right."

She looked at him smilingly.

"This one has turned out all right," said Wetherby, his eyes back upon Miss Hyde.

She was sweet to-night. But Wetherby missed the inward response he was beginning to want. He wished Dorothea in her bed. She accommodatingly rose just then, and with a meaning look at Mr. Wetherby explained her intention of going into the house to read up something about some one in a book.

"I must excuse you, then," Wetherby replied wittily.

"And me," added Miss Hyde—"I must get some letters ready for the next Australian post."

Wetherby was piqued. She understood. Why, then, did she go? Could it be, he wondered, for an instant dismayed, that she was going *because* she understood? He rejected the preposterous thought.

"May I not see you again this evening?" he asked.

His look was ardent. She met it, and her eyes fell.

"I hardly think I shall be coming downstairs again this evening," she answered. Her tone was almost regretful to Wetherby. Then she looked at him and smiled.

"Good night," she said.

"Now, why the deuce?" Mr. Wetherby muttered when alone. "She understands me perfectly." Then he, too, smiled confidently. "She will come down when we can be alone, after the kid is abed."

He mouthed a cigarette, and strolled off toward the beach.

Miss Hyde went at once to her room. She did understand Mr. Wetherby perfectly. From the first she had comprehended his emotions, his state of mind. He could not forget that he was honoring her; but he had nobly resolved to do so. And she was not free.

From her desk Miss Hyde took the little packet of unopened mail and drew out the particular square envelop she had secreted among the others in the carriage seat. It was the periodical love-letter from a man in Australia. Their engagement had been a long one. It had begun when she was too young; but Jane was stoically faithful. When she broke away, and with little money ventured to America, it was for just a glimpse of things. By industry she had even hoped to acquire something of a modest dowry for starting her new life. She had looked out toward the year she asked for as one rising for the last time, resigned finally to go down in familiar and painlessly engulfing waters. Her time had now nearly come. She was ready, and her hope of acquiring a personal nest-egg was fulfilled.

She weighed the Australian's letter in her palm, thinking, not disloyally she told herself, but naturally, what an excellent opportunity Mr. Richard Wetherby was, if one were free. She sighed softly, resignedly. But, indeed, she could not allow him to propose, because she must decline.

Miss Hyde sat at her desk and opened her letter. It started with a new, less-intimate tone. She read, expecting the demand for her now due return. But abruptly began the pointed query:

Do you want to come back, Jenny? Are n't you more than satisfied over there? You were tired of this life on the ranches and of *me* when you left. And, Jenny, I took your going to mean your release from me. And did n't that leave me free?

Queries, dashes, underscorings followed, and at last he said:

So, Jenny, when this reaches you, I shall be already married.

Jane read no more. She dropped the letter and went to the window. The past was quietly, if abruptly, shut out and completely severed from her future. Her future? Jane could not just then separate her future from the present. She looked out at the winking little beacon-light at the end of the float.

SHALL THE FILIPINOS HAVE A FOURTH OF JULY?

ALTRUISM VERSUS PROFIT

BY W. MORGAN SHUSTER

Formerly Member of the Philippine Commission; author of "The Strangling of Persia," "Is There a Sound American Foreign Policy?" etc.

THIS paper submits to the American people a view of the Philippine situation which must command the serious attention even of those whose selfish interests or whose patriotic sentiments hold them in opposition. Mr. Shuster believes that this country is bound by interest and honor to define a policy in accord with its implied promises to the Filipinos and to name approximately a time for its fulfilment.—THE EDITOR.

IN the summer of 1912 a number of Spanish and American financiers and engineers were gathered at a dinner in Madrid. Toasts were drunk to the President of the United States and the King of Spain, and the utmost good feeling prevailed. Comment turned on the rapidity with which the scars of the late Spanish-American War had disappeared and on the prospects of an enduring peace and friendship between these two nations. It was with something of a shock, therefore, that a Spanish nobleman was heard to express the belief that another war between the United States and Spain was inevitable. A strained silence, then a chorus of "whys," followed his remark. The dignified Spaniard smiled through his cigar smoke.

"In the last war," he said, "America found herself fighting to take the Philippines from Spain. America will go to war with us again to make us take them back."

With Spain the holding of the Philippines as a colony was a practical, not a moral, question. Her own traditions and institutions seemed to demand the continuance of her oversea empire. When the Cubans and Filipinos broke into actual revolution against Spanish sovereignty, the only question confronting the Spanish Government was whether it could suppress the outbreaks, and by force of arms continue to hold its colonies. In Spanish eyes no doubts of an ethical nature clouded the issue.

With the United States, as self-constituted "sovereign trustee" of the Filipino people and territory, the case is different. Our legal position there, in an international sense, is perfectly sound, but our situation from a moral point of view is far from satisfying.

A SERIOUS SITUATION CONFRONTING THE UNITED STATES

I AM of the opinion that a serious situation now confronts American rule in the Philippines. The Filipino people believe that the platform of the Democratic party promised them their independence at an early date. Rightly or wrongly, they have thus interpreted the declarations of the leaders of that party, made publicly and in private. They are not sufficiently practised in self-government to draw any distinction between promises and platform promises.

Therefore, before we again actually face the prospect of ordering American soldiers to kill and burn in the Philippines, should we not give serious thought to our position? The writer is not unduly sentimental; he recognizes that sound government is fundamentally the just and judicious exercise of force. But in this case, before employing military force in all its bloody horror, a great people should be sure that its use is both imperative and judicious, meaning thereby that it is within the narrow lines of real justice and national morality. The present situation

"Hear the tide coming in!" came sepulchrally from the dusky corner.

"Dorothea!" cried Miss Hyde.

The relief and joy in her voice betrayed more agitation than the occasion seemed to warrant; yet Dorothea sprang protectingly to Miss Hyde's aid.

BEFORE 7:30 next morning Dorothea's diary contained a promising report and a new announcement:

Jane Hyde has two little bumps that will grow into horns, a white star on her forehead, and a cow-lick on her hip which is like shiny satin. She is the sweetest thing.

Mrs. Cunningham has six of the darlingest little grunty pigs in her pen this morning! I was first to find them. She does not lick or cry over them, but pronounces in grunts her love and happiness. D. Wetherby came along just as I was naming them. He got up because he 's going off on the 9:02. Are we saved? D. looked sleepy and cross, and, though I know mad at me, was polite enough. If only he never comes back! Rest his soul! He could n't think of any names but Mary, Nellie, and Bessie. I have named the Cunninghams Ivanhoe, Jane Eyre, David Copperfield, Coriolanus, Cleopatra, Froufrou. How beautiful spring is, with things born to life!

Immediately after breakfast the Great Man was rushed to the barn-yard. The new little Cunninghams lay in a sleepy row at the calm breast of Mrs. Cunningham. They submitted silently to being rechristened, each by the former name of brother or sister.

"It 's confusing remembering the black and white from the white and black ones," Dorothea said. "And perhaps, while these will be their names, I shall wait until they are older before I decide completely. You see what a mistake we made about Mowgli."

"Yes," nodded her father; "let them fight it out when they get older."

"Pigs don't fight," gibed Dorothea, and led him to the stable to be welcomed by Pinkie the spaniel in her adoring motherhood.

"And now," sighed Dorothea, "you will just get the 9:02 to town, dear Father."

But her father walked back and up the veranda steps slowly, and then stood looking off at the sea, pensively pulling the lock on his forehead.

"You must teach me to distinguish between sea-green and sea-blue, little daughter," he mused.

"Silly old curly-lock!" laughed she. "As though I could make you *see*. You 're perfectly blind to the difference."

She sighed heavily.

"Blind, Dorothea?"

"Yes, Father, and you 're blind to other things. I can't make you see."

"Blind as a bat, am I?" he laughed, without inquiring into her mood.

The fact was the Great Man was not his usual self this morning.

"I must n't make you miss your train, anyhow," remembered Dorothea. "Where 's your hat?"

"Never mind it," he said. "I 'll go by a later train. We 'll go a-canter this morning."

Dorothea was entranced.

"I 'll have the ponies brought round right off, dear Father."

"What about Jane Hyde?" he asked.

"Jane Hyde?" questioned Dorothea. "You mean you want to go to the pasture and see Susie's little Jane—"

"I mean Miss Hyde, Dorothea."

"Oh. You see, you always *say* Miss Hyde. You never say *Jane*."

"Ask her to ride with us."

Dorothea started, but her father recalled her.

"You 'd better find another name for that calf, daughter. I—"

"Father!" Dorothea fell back. "You don't think that, do you? Why, that 's what Dick Wetherby said." Then whisperingly, "Dear Father, do you feel that way, too?"

Slowly, subtle as it was, the Great Man caught her meaning. Dorothea gave him time. After a pause of realization, a shy glance of admission boyishly overspread his face. Suddenly he sobered.

"Dick, eh?" he said.

"Yes," answered Dorothea, "Dick. Now you get what I mean when I say you 're more than color-blind: you 've been Dick-Wetherby blind. And what could I do?"

"My daughter!" rebuked her father.

"Father," she said, "I will go and get Jane," and in a tumult of joy, she ran into the house.

The Great Man found a chair. He sank into it gratefully, and, when his daughter returned, was still there, eying a boat upon the water.

"Father," Dorothea said, "Jane Hyde is not in the house. Cook nor Felice don't know where she is."

"Get the glasses and see who 's in that boat." Her father pointed to the water.

"Jane," thankfully informed Dorothea when she had looked through binoculars—"Jane is out there, all alone, too."

"Oh, so that 's where Miss Hyde has got to, eh?"

It was Dick Wetherby's voice.

Dorothea turned upon him.

"You 've not gone!"

"I did not get the 9:02," he admitted.

He stood looking at his host. He was perfectly turned out. There was a crimson carnation in his buttonhole.

"But I am taking the *next* train up to town. Going along?"

The host shook his head; but he eyed Mr. Wetherby, plainly appreciative of his toilet. Then, with all the signs of honorable candor, Dick Wetherby explained his delay.

"I wanted a few words with Miss Hyde, and I determined to have them before I leave this morning; so I let the 9:02 go. I 'll run down there now and meet her at the landing."

He looked meaningly at his host and skipped off boyishly.

"There!" said Dorothea, limply.

She revived and peered into her father's face, looking him up and down. She went down into the garden and plucked a red geranium. She placed it in his coat.

"But there 's no use," she said again weakly.

Her father did not seem to hear. His eyes were distant. Jane Hyde's boat was coming in, but it had been guided by venturesome hands.

Dorothea looked toward the beach.

"That unplayful, dry, stuffed-up Dick Wetherby! Jane is nearly to shore. Father," burst from her, "are you going to let him—first? How is Jane to know you want her? Father, don't you hear me? I 'm not asking you to marry Mrs. Barnes, but Jane. Father, are—you—deaf! Oh, Jane Hyde is lost!"

"Hush, my child!" the Great Man said, and took his daughter in his arms.

She struggled.

"Father, I 'll go and bring Jane to you."

Quickly he released her.

"You might go to the landing and return with Miss Hyde," he agreed.

Eagerness twinkled in his keen eyes.

Dorothea went on quick light feet. In another moment the Great Man was up calling her back, calling vainly.

"Dorothea!" he roared, and, knowing well she heard, rumpled his hair and turned to pacing his veranda. "By heaven!" he wondered audibly, "can't I play square at my age! What child's game is this, anyway? Where 's my hat?"

He turned into the house, calling for his hat and the carriage to be brought round.

"The sea is a beautiful, calm blue, and it will soon be time to bathe," greeted Dorothea, joining Mr. Wetherby on the beach.

"I 'm waiting here for a private word with Miss Hyde, Dotty," Wetherby answered fussily.

Dorothea appeared to ponder; then said naïvely:

"That 's what I am here for, too. It 's our beach."

"What shall I bring you from town next visit?" suddenly asked Dick.

"Caramels," replied she.

"Anything else?"

Appearing to ponder again, Dorothea, advantageously facing that direction, observed Miss Hyde suddenly reversing her tactics.

"Yes, thank you, a new red collar for Pinkie," Dorothea answered Mr. Wetherby.

"All right," agreed he.

"But look," she cried, "Miss Hyde is landing back there at the old, nearly washed-away place."

"Why, then, she 's turned back," said Wetherby. "She was making straight for here—"

"Yes, sir, she deliberately turned round," agreed Dorothea. "That 's because she saw—*us.*"

Mr. Wetherby's eyes narrowed unbelievingly.

"She did not want to meet us," Dorothea prattled.

Mr. Wetherby stood silent, giving torturous twirls to his slender mustache.

"Ah-hum!" sighed Dorothea, resigned.

But her keen eyes saw Jane Hyde land. After that Mr. Wetherby, his face a painful hue, bent, picking up pebbles, which he hurled into the sea.

Miss Hyde hurried toward the house, eyes resolutely ahead. She told herself she was wasting her new-found freedom and, in the correct person of Mr. Richard Wetherby, renounced a wonderfully desirable and not easily attainable gift. Some regret, a little inner voice that accused her of foolhardiness, remindful of the uncertain future, disturbed her momentarily, but Miss Hyde looked resolutely ahead. She raised her eyebrows at the figure appearing suddenly in the doorway. She was surprised. She went on and ascended the steps.

"You did not take the 9:02, then?" she said.

"No," the Great Man answered. Glancing out to where his daughter and his guest were aiming pebbles into the sea, his recent resolution vanished, and smilingly he said, "I remained at home, essentially to be taught the difference between sea-green and sea-blue."

Miss Hyde smiled wonderingly, indulgently.

"Come into the library, Miss Hyde," the Great Man begged. "I 've something to tell you."

It was just then that Dick Wetherby looked and saw the slim, white figure of Miss Hyde and his notable host pass indoors together. Dorothea recorded the incident:

We looked up and saw father, in a cute way, getting Jane into the house. Dick stopped playing, and came back to himself with a snap. He kicked pebbles that scraped the shine all off his toes, and cursed almost as much as I 've heard any coachman—cursed more to himself than to me. His remarks would be a page of profane dashes. I called his attention to a cloud and the sea coming up, all white horses. He said would I be kind enough to leave him. I said no, thinking he might suicide and forever spoil bathing there, beside partly spoiling the day, which I shall never forget for happiness. I said no. Then I said: "Dick, father is in love with Jane Hyde, just as you and I are. He 's telling her so." I said: "Wait in the summer-house. I will go in and see how they are getting on, and come back and tell you." I said, while shuddering, "If Jane should n't take father, she will you." He showed surprise about father. Of course father was surprised himself when he let the cat out of the bag. Dear father! Dick seemed tired. He walked into the summer-house. I found father's arm round Jane, pressing her cheek against the red geranium in his buttonhole. I said, "Booh!" Father said, "Why daughter!" And Jane Hyde said in her silvery voice, "Little daughter." They took me in the window-seat with them. We will stay right here for the honeymoon. Nobody thought of Dick Wetherby. When I remembered, I hurried, but found the summer-house empty. I raised the alarm. I helped search grounds and house. None had heard a shot. It began to thunder. It lightened on the sea. It blew. The rain came. The telephone rang. I happened to be there. It was Dick. He was in the city. He wanted his portmanteau sent on. His white flannels were left hanging in his closet, he feared. I told him the news. I asked how he got away. "Walked," was all he said, and hung up. I told father. He said, "God bless Dick!" It still rains. We have no guests to-night. Father is explaining to Jane in the next room his hope of perfecting the rotary engine. There are one hundred units in coal; ninety are wasted. It is too bad, with so many poor families. But that is life. It is sometimes cruel, sometimes joyous. But life is always interesting.

Dorothea closed the book to bend over a lapful of Mowgli's kittens.

Lying back in her favorite seat, she munched her pencil in satisfied reflection on the day's events.

IMMIGRANTS IN POLITICS

THE POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF IMMIGRATION

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin

A CLEAR, carefully studied statement of the results of unrestricted immigration in the political life of a people too busy and too careless to govern its own cities or even to protect itself against plain, staring graft. Read in connection with Professor Ross's papers in the November and December CENTURYS, this should help the movement now spreading for the careful revision of our immigration laws.—THE EDITOR.

ON a single Chicago hoarding, before the spring election of 1912, the writer saw the political placards of candidates with the following names: Kelly, Cassidy, Slattery, Alschuler, Pfaelzer, Bartzen, Umbach, Andersen, Romano, Knitckoff, Deneen, Hogue, Burres, Short. The humor of calling "Anglo-Saxon" the kind of government these gentlemen will give is obvious. At that time, of the eighteen principal personages in the city government of Chicago, fourteen had Irish names, and three had German names. Of the eleven principal officials in the city government of Boston, nine had Irish names, and of the forty-nine members of the Lower House from the city of Boston, forty were obviously of Hibernian extraction. In San Francisco, the mayor, all the heads of the municipal departments, and ten out of eighteen members on the board of supervisors, bore names reminiscent of the Green Isle. As far back as 1871, of 112 chiefs of police from twenty-two States who attended the national police convention, seventy-seven bore Irish names, and eleven had German names. In 1881, of the chiefs of police in forty-eight cities, thirty-three were clearly Irish, and five were clearly German.

In 1908, on the occasion of a "homecoming" celebration in Boston, a newspaper told how the returning sons of Boston were "greeted by Mayor Fitzgerald and the following members of Congress: O'Connell, Kelihar, Sullivan, and McNary—following in the footsteps of Webster, Sumner, Adams, and Hoar. They were told of the great work as Mayor of the late beloved Patrick Collins. At the City Hall they found the sons of Irish exiles and immigrants administering the affairs of the metropolis of New England. Besides the Mayor, they were greeted by John J. Murphy, Chairman of the board of assessors; Commissioner of Streets Doyle; Commissioner of Baths O'Brien. Mr. Coakley is the head of the Park Department, and Dr. Durgan directs the Health Department. The Chief of the Fire Department is John A. Mullen. Head of the Municipal Printing Plant is Mr. Whelan. Superintendent of the Street Cleaning is Cummings; Superintendent of Sewers Leahy; Superintendent of Buildings is Nolan; City Treasurer, Slattery; Police Commissioner, O'Meara."

The Irish domination of our Northern cities is the broadest mark immigration has left on American politics; the immigrants from Ireland, for the most part excessively poor, never got their feet upon the land as did the Germans and the Scandinavians, but remained huddled in cities. United by strong race feelings, they held together as voters, and, although never a clear majority, were able in time to capture control of most of the greater municipalities. Now, for all their fine Celtic traits, these Irish immigrants had neither the temperament nor the training to make a success of popular government. They were totally without experience of the kind Americans had acquired in the working of democratic institutions. The ordinary American by this time had become tinctured with the spirit of legalism. Many voters were able to look beyond the

persons involved in a political contest and recognize the principles at stake. Such popular maxims as: "No man should be a judge in his own case," "The ballot a responsibility," "Patriotism above party," "Measures, not men," "A public office is a public trust," fostered self-restraint and helped the voters to take an impersonal, long-range view of political contests.

Warm-hearted, sociable, clannish, and untrained, the naturalized Irish failed to respect the first principles of civics. "What is the Constitution between friends?" expresses their point of view. In their eyes, an election is not the decision of a great, impartial jury, but a struggle between the "ins" and the "outs." Those who vote the same way are "friends." To scratch or to bolt is to "go back on your friends." Places and contracts are "spoils." The official's first duty is to find berths for his supporters. Not fitness, but party work, is one's title to a place on the municipal pay-roll. The city employee is to serve his party rather than the public that pays his salary. Even the justice of courts is to become a matter of "pull" and "stand in," rather than of inflexible rules.

A genial young Harvard man who has made the Good Government movement a power in a certain New England city said to me: "The Germans want to know which candidate is better qualified for the office. Among the Irish I have never heard such a consideration mentioned. They ask, 'Who wants this candidate?' 'Who is behind him?' I have lined up a good many Irish in support of Good Government men, but never by setting forth the merits of a matter or a candidate. I approach my Irish friends with the personal appeal, 'Do this for me!' Nearly all the Irish who support our cause do it on a personal loyalty basis. The best of the Irish in this city have often done as much harm to the cause of Good Government as the worst. Mayor C., a high-minded Irishman desiring to do the best he could for the city, gave us as bad a government as Mayor F., who thought of nothing but feathering his own nest. Mayor C. 'stood by his friends.' "

The Hibernian domination has given our cities genial officials, brave policemen, and gallant fire-fighters. It has also given them the name of being the worst-governed cities in the civilized world. The mismanagement and corruption of the great cities of America have become a planetary scandal, and have dealt the principle of manhood suffrage the worst blow it has received in the last half-century. Since the close of the Civil War, hundreds of thousands of city-dwellers have languished miserably or perished prematurely from the bad water, bad housing, poor sanitation, and rampant vice in American municipalities run on the principles of the Celtic clan.

On the other hand, it is likely that our British, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Jewish naturalized citizens—still more our English-Canadian voters—have benefited American politics. In politics men are swayed by passion, prejudice, or reason. By the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the average American had come to be on his guard against passion in politics, but not yet had he reached the plane of reason. This left him the prey of prejudice. Men inherited their politics, and bragged of having always "voted straight." They voted Democratic for Jefferson's sake, or Republican from love of Lincoln. The citizens followed ruts, while the selfish interests "followed the ball." Now, the intelligent naturalized foreigner, having inherited none of our prejudices, would not respond to ancient cries or war-time issues. He inquired pointedly what each party proposed to do *now*. The abandonment of "waving the bloody shirt" and the sudden appearance of the politics of actuality in the North, in the eighties, came about through the naturalization of Karl and Ole. The South has few foreign-born voters, and the South is precisely that part of the country in which the reign of prejudice in politics has longest delayed the advent of efficient and progressive government.

In 1910 there were certainly three million naturalized citizens in the United States. In southern New England and New York they constitute a quarter of all the white voters. The same is true of Illinois and the Old Northwest. In Providence, Buffalo, Newark, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, there are two foreign voters to three native white voters. In Milwaukee. Detroit, Cleveland, and Boston, the ratio is about one to two. In Paterson, Chicago, and New York, the

ratio is nearer three to five, and in Fall River it is three to four. When the foreigners are intelligent and experienced in the use of the ballot, their civic worth does not suffer by comparison with that of the natives. Indianapolis and Kansas City, in which the natives outnumber the naturalized ten to one, do not overshadow in civic excellence the Twin Cities of Minnesota, with three natives to two naturalized. Cleveland, in which the naturalized citizens constitute a third, is politically superior to Cincinnati, in which they are less than a sixth. Chicago, with thrice the proportion of naturalized citizens Philadelphia has, was roused and struggling with the python of corruption while yet the city by the Delaware slept.

THE NEW IMMIGRATION AND CITIZENSHIP

BETWEEN 1895 and 1896 came the great shift in the sources of immigration. In the former year, 55 per cent. of the aliens came from northwestern Europe; in the next year, southern and southeastern Europe gained the upper hand, and have kept it ever since. With the change in nationalities came a great change in the civic attitude of the immigrants. The Immigration Commission found that from 80 to 92 per cent. of the immigrants from northwestern Europe, resident five years or more in this country, have acquired citizenship or have taken out first papers. Very different are the following figures, which show the interest in citizenship of the newer immigrants:

	PER CENT. NATURALIZED
Russian Hebrews	57
Austrians	53
North Italians	46
Bulgarians	37
Poles	33
Lithuanians	32.5
South Italians	30
Russians	28
Magyars	27
Slovaks	23
Rumanians	22
Syrians	21
Greeks	20
Portuguese	5.5

In 1890 and in 1900, 58 per cent. of the qualified foreign-born men were voters; by 1910 the proportion had fallen to 45.6 per cent. The presence of multitudes of floating laborers who have no intention of making this country their home, a marked indifference to citizenship on the part of some nationalities, and the stiffer requirements for naturalization imposed under the act of 1906, have caused the number of non-naturalized qualified foreigners in this country to swell from approximately 2,000,000 in 1900 to 3,500,000 in 1910. As things are going, we may expect a great increase in the number of the unenfranchised. No doubt the country is better off for their not voting. Nevertheless, let it not be overlooked that this growth in the proportion of voteless wage-earners subtracts from the natural political strength of labor. The appeal of labor in an industry like the cotton manufacture of the North, in which, besides the multitude of women and children, 70 per cent. of the foreign-born men remain aliens after five years of residence, is likely to receive scant consideration by the ordinary legislature. Nor will such labor fare better at the hands of local authorities. The anti-strike animus of the police in Lawrence, Little Falls, and Paterson was voiced by the official who gave to the press the statement: "We have kept the foreign element in subjection before, and will continue to do so as long as I am chief of Little Falls' police." Thus, without intending it, some of our commonwealths are accumulating voteless workers, like those conservative European states which restrict manhood suffrage in the industrial classes.

THE NATURALIZED IMMIGRANTS AND THEIR LEADERS

"COME over here quick, Luigi," writes an Italian to his friend in Palermo. "This is a wonderful country. You can do anything you want to, and, besides, they give you a vote you can get two dollars for!" This Italian was an ignorant man, but not necessarily a bad man. It would not be just to look upon the later naturalized citizens as caring less for the suffrage than the older immigrants. Some of them appreciate the ballot all the more from having been denied it in the old country.

For the Declaration of Independence and the Fourth of July they show a naïve enthusiasm which we Americans felt a generation ago, before our muck had been raked. "The spirit of revolt against wrong," says a well-known worker among immigrants, "is stronger in the foreign-born than in the natives, because they come here expecting so much democracy, and they are shocked by the reality they find. It is they who insist upon the complete program of social justice." Granting all this, there is no denying, however, that many of the later immigrants have only a dim understanding of what the ballot means and how it may be used.

Twenty-five years ago we knew as little of the ways of the ward boss as we knew of the megatherium or the great auk. The sources of his power were as mysterious as were the sources of the Nile before Speke and Baker. Now, thanks to Miss Addams and other settlement-workers who have studied him in action from close at hand, we have him on a film. The ward boss was the discoverer of the fact that the ordinary immigrant is a very poor, ignorant, and helpless man, in the greatest need of assistance and protection. Nevertheless, this man has, or soon will have, one thing the politician greatly covets, namely, a vote. The petty politician soon learned that by befriending and aiding the foreigners at the right time, he could build up an "influence" which he might use or sell to his own enrichment. So the ward politicians became pioneers in social work. For the sake of controlling votes, they did many things that the social settlement does for nothing.

It is Alderman Tim who gets the Italian a permit for his push-cart or fruit-stand, who finds him a city-hall job, or a place with a public-service corporation, who protects him if he violates law or ordinance in running his business, who goes his bail if he is arrested, and "fixes things" with the police judge or the state's attorney when he comes to trial. Even before Giuseppe is naturalized, it is Tim who remembers him at Christmas with a big turkey, pays his rent at a pinch, or wins his undying gratitude by saving his baby from a pauper burial or sending carriages and flowers to the funeral.

All this kindness and timely aid is prompted by selfish motives. Amply is Tim repaid by Giuseppe's vote on election day. But at first Giuseppe misses the secret of the politician's interest in him, and votes Tim-wise as one shows a favor to a friend. Little does he dream of the dollar-harvest from the public-service companies and the vice interests Tim reaps with the "power" he has built up out of the votes of the foreigners. If, however, Giuseppe starts to be independent in the election booth, he is startled by the Jekyll-Hyde transformation of his erstwhile friend and patron. He is menaced with loss of job, withdrawal of permit or license. Suddenly the current is turned on in the city ordinances affecting him, and he is horrified to find himself in a mysterious network of live wires. With the connivance of a corrupt police force, Tim can even ruin him on a trumped-up charge.

The law of Pennsylvania allows any voter who demands it to receive "assistance" in the marking of his ballot. So in Pittsburgh, Tim expects Giuseppe to demand "assistance" and to take Tim with him into the booth to mark his ballot for him. Sometimes the election judges let Tim thrust himself into the booth despite the foreigner's protests, and watch how he marks his ballot. In one precinct 92 per cent. of the voters received "assistance." Two Italians who refused it lost their jobs forthwith. The high-spirited northern Italians resent such intrusion, and some of them threaten to cut to pieces the interloper. But always the system is too strong for them.

Thus the way of Tim is to allure or to intimidate, or even combine the two. The immigrant erecting a little store is visited by a building inspector and warned that his interior arrangements are all wrong. His friends urge the distracted man to "see Tim." He does so, and kind Tim "fixes it up," gaining thereby another loyal henchman. The victim never learns that the inspector was sent to teach him the need of a protector. So long as the immigrant is "right," he may put an encroaching bay-window on his house or store, keep open his saloon after midnight, or pack into his lodging-house more than the legal number of lodgers. Moved ostensibly by a deep concern for public health or safety or morals, the city council enacts a great variety of health, building, and trades ordinances, in order that

Tim may have plenty of clubs to hold over the foreigner's head.

So between boss and immigrant grows up a relation like that between a feudal lord and his vassals. In return for the boss's help and protection, the immigrant gives regularly his vote. The small fry get drinks or jobs, or help in time of trouble. The padrone, liquor-dealer, or lodging-house keeper gets license or permit or immunity from prosecution, provided he "delivers" the votes of enough of his fellow-countrymen. The ward boss realizes perfectly what his political power rests on, and is very conscientious in looking after his supporters. Of the Irish "gray wolves" in the Chicago council I was told, "Each of them is a natural ward leader, and will go through hell-fire for his people and they for him."

To the boss with a hold on the immigrant the requirement that the poor fellow shall live five years in this country before voting presents itself as an empty legal formality. In 1905 a special examiner of the Federal Department of Justice reported: "Naturalization frauds have grown and spread with the growth and spread of the alien population of the United States, until there is scarcely a city or county-seat town . . . where in some form these frauds have not from time to time been committed." In 1845 a Louisiana judge was impeached and removed for fraud, the principal evidence being that he had issued certificates to 400 aliens in one day. The legislature might have been more lenient could it have foreseen that in 1868 a single judge in New York would issue 2500 of such certificates in one day! The gigantic naturalization frauds committed in the Presidential campaign of 1868 resulted in an investigation by Congress and in the placing of congressional elections under Federal supervision. During the month of October two New York judges issued 54,000 certificates. An investigation in 1902 showed about 25,000 fraudulent certificates of naturalization in use in that city.

There is hardly need nowadays to recount what Tim and his kind have done with the power they filched through the votes of Giuseppe and Jan and Michael. They have sold out the city to the franchise-seeking corporations. They have robbed public works and pocketed a "rake-off" on all municipal supplies. They have multiplied jobs and filled them with lazy henchmen. By making merchandise of building laws or health ordinances, they have caused an unknown number of people to be crushed, or burned, or poisoned. Worst of all, by selling immunity from police interference to the vice interests, they have let the race be preyed on and consumed in the bud. Thanks to their "protection," a shocking proportion of the population of our cities of mixed population is destroyed by drinking, dissipation, and the diseases of vice.

It is in the cities with many naturalized foreigners or enfranchised negroes that the vice interests have had the freest hand in exploiting and degrading the people. These foreigners have no love for vice, but unwittingly they become the cornerstone of the system that supports it. The city that has had the most and the rawest foreign-born voters is the city of the longest and closest partnership of the police with vice. Tammany Hall first gained power by its "voting gangs" of foreigners, and ever since its Old Guard has been the ignorant, naturalized immigrants. Exposed again and again, and thought to be shattered, Tammany has survived all shocks, because its supply of raw material has never been cut off. Not the loss of its friends has ever defeated it; only the union of its foes. The only things it fears are those that bore from within—social settlements, social centers, the quick intelligence of the immigrant Hebrew, stricter naturalization, and restriction of immigration.

In every American city with a large, pliant foreign vote have appeared the boss, the machine, and the Tammany way. Once the machine gets a grip on the situation, it broadens and intrenches its power by intimidation at the polls, ballot frauds, vote purchase, saloon influence, and the support of the vicious and criminal. But its tap-root is the simple-minded foreigner or negro, and without them no lasting vicious political control has shown itself in any of our cities.

The machine in power uses the foreigner to keep in power. The Italian who opens an ice-cream parlor has to have a victualer's license, and he can keep this license only by delivering Italian votes. The Polish saloon-keeper loses his liquor license if he fails to line up his fellow-

countrymen for the local machine. The politician who can get dispensations for the foreigners who want their beer on a Sunday picnic is the man who attracts the foreign vote. Thus, until they get their eyes open and see how they are being used, the foreigners constitute an asset of the established political machine, neutralizing the anti-machine ballots of an equal number of indignant American voters.

The saloon is often an independent swayer of the foreign vote. The saloon-keeper is interested in fighting all legal regulation of his own business, and of other businesses—gambling, dance-halls, and prostitution—which stimulate drinking. If "blue" laws are on the statute-book, these interests may combine to seat in the mayor's chair a man pledged not to enforce them. Even if the saloon-keeper has no political ax of his own to grind, his masters, the brewers, will insist that he get out the vote for the benefit of themselves or their friends. Since liberal plying with beer is a standard means of getting out the foreign vote, the immigrant saloon-keeper is obliged to become the debaucher and betrayer of his fellow-countrymen. In Chicago the worthy Germans and Bohemians are marshaled in the "United Societies," ostensibly social organizations along nationality lines, but really the machinery through which the brewers and liquor-dealers may sway a foreign-born vote not only in defense of liquor, but also in defense of other corrupt and affiliated interests.

The foreign press is another means of misleading the naturalized voters. These newspapers—Polish, Bohemian, Italian, Greek, Yiddish, etc.,—while they have no small influence with their readers, are poorly supported, and often in financial straits. Many of them, therefore, can be tempted to sell their political influence to the highest bidder, which is, of course, the party representing the special interests. Thus the innocent foreign-born readers are led like sheep to the shambles, and Privilege gains another intrenching-tool.

THE LOSS OF POLITICAL LIKE-MINDEDNESS

If the immigrant is neither debauched nor misled, but votes his opinions, is he then an element of strength to us?

When a people has reached such a degree of political like-mindedness that fundamentals are taken for granted, it is free to tackle new questions as they come up. But if it admits to citizenship myriads of strangers who have not yet passed the civic kindergarten, questions that were supposed to be settled are reopened. The citizens are made to thresh over again old straw—the relation of church to state, of church to school, of state to parent, of law to the liquor trade. Meanwhile, ripe sheaves ready to yield the wheat of wisdom under the flails of discussion lie untouched. Pressing questions—public hygiene, conservation, the control of monopoly, the protection of labor, go to the foot of the docket, and public interests suffer.

Some are quite cheerful about the confusion, cross-purposes, and delay that come with heterogeneity, because they think the variety of views introduced by immigration is a fine thing, "keeps us from getting into a rut." The plain truth is, that rarely does an immigrant bring in his intellectual baggage anything of use to us. The music of Mascagni and Debussy, the plays of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, the poetry of Rostand and Hauptmann, the fiction of Jókai and Sienkiewicz were not brought to us by way of Ellis Island. What we want is not ideas merely, but fruitful ideas, fructifying ideas. By debating the ideas of Nietzsche, Ostwald, Bergson, Metchnikoff, or Ellen Key, American thought is stimulated. But should we gain from the introduction of old Asiatic points of view, which would reopen such questions as witchcraft, child-marriage, and suttee? The clashings that arise from the presence among us of many voters with medieval minds are sheer waste of energy. While we Americans wrangle over the old issues of clericalism, separate schools, and "personal liberty," the little homogeneous peoples are forging ahead of us in rational politics and learning to look pityingly upon us as a chaos rather than a people.

POLITICAL MYSTICISM VS. COMMON SENSE

If you should ask an Englishman whether the tone of political life in his country would remain unaffected by the admission to the electorate of a couple of million Cypriotes, Vlachs, and Bessarabians after five years' residence, he would take you for a madman. Suggest to the German that the plane of political intelligence in

reading and thinking Germany would not be lowered by the access to the ballot-box of multitudes of Serbs, Georgians, and Druses of Lebanon, and he will consign you to bedlam. Assure the son of Norway that the vote of the Persian or Yemenite, of sixty months' residence in Norway, will be as often wise and right as his own, and he will be insulted. It is only we Americans who assume that the voting of the Middle Atlantic States, with their million naturalized citizens, or of the east north central States, with their million, is as sane, discriminating, and forward-looking as it would be without them.

The Italian historian and sociologist Ferrero, after reviewing our immigration policy, concludes that the Americans, far from being "practical," are really the mystics of the modern world. He says: "To confer citizenship each year upon great numbers of men born and educated in foreign countries—men who come with ideas and sympathies totally out of spirit with the diverse conditions in the new country; to grant them political rights they do not want, and of which they have never thought; to compel them to declare allegiance to a political constitution which they often do not understand; to try to transform subjects of old European monarchies into free citizens of young American republics over night—is not all this to do violence to common sense?"

THE DREAM AND THE SONG

BY JAMES D. CORROTHERS

SO oft our hearts, beloved lute,
In blossomy haunts of song are mute;
So long we pore, 'mid murmurings dull,
O'er loveliness unutterable.
So vain is all our passion strong!
The dream is lovelier than the song.

The rose thought, touched by words, doth turn
Wan ashes. Still, from memory's urn,
The lingering blossoms tenderly
Refute our wilding minstrelsy.
Alas! we work but beauty's wrong!
The dream is lovelier than the song.

Yearned Shelley o'er the golden flame?
Left Keats, for beauty's lure, a name
But "writ in water"? Woe is me!
To grieve o'er flowerful faëry.
My Phasian doves are flown so long—
The dream is lovelier than the song!

Ah, though we build a bower of dawn,
The golden-wingèd bird is gone,
And morn may gild, through shimmering leaves,
Only the swallow-twittering eaves.
What art may house or gold prolong
A dream far lovelier than a song?

The lilting witchery, the unrest
Of wingèd dreams, is in our breast;
But ever dear Fulfilment's eyes
Gaze otherward. The long-sought prize,
My lute, must to the gods belong.
The dream is lovelier than the song.

ROMEO AND JULIET

SHAKSPERE ON THE STAGE

BY WILLIAM WINTER

I

Oh, lovers of Verona, fair and young,
Are ye indeed return'd? What spell sublime—
What effort, like the backward glance of time,
Hath borne ye hither?—Passionate still, and hung
Round with enchantment, like the days of yore,
When joy was one large dream, and life no more.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR.

UNLESS Shakspere wrote "Titus Andronicus," which, for cogent reasons, is incredible, though possibly he touched it here and there, the first tragedy that he composed is "Romeo and Juliet," and, notwithstanding errors of taste and blemishes of style,—meaning occasional vulgarity, a florid excess of fanciful images, and the dissonant artifice of many rhymed couplets,—it is one of the most profoundly affecting, and therefore most salutary, tragedies in existence. The precise date of its composition has not been ascertained, neither has the precise date of its first representation. Such testimony as diligent research has collected signifies that it was written not earlier than 1591 and not later than 1595.

The weight of the testimony tends to prove that it was written, and probably acted, in 1591, when Shakspere was twenty-seven years old, and eight years later was rewritten and much improved by him. It was first published in 1597, in quarto form, that publication being piratical and not bearing the author's name. It is positively known to have been acted prior to that publication, the dramatic company of which Shakspere was a member having presented it at The Curtain Theater, Holywell, London, in 1596. It succeeded at once, and, when competently performed, has ever since been successful. The second quarto, "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," appeared in 1599, and in that volume the tragedy stands as the world now possesses it. Two additional quartos were published in 1609. In the first folio, 1623, the play was reprinted from the "amended" quarto.

Even in his earliest writings Shakspere exhibits intuitive knowledge of human nature, but enthusiasts who have ascribed to him subtle, complex purposes in his "Romeo and Juliet" have forgotten, or been willing to forget, that in almost every fiber of it the play is a dramatic amplification of "The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet" (1562), a labored poem by Arthur Brooke. It is a marvelous amplification, indeed, ingenious, affluent, eloquent, fervent, beautiful, one which gives limbs to the story, causes it to move, and

thus to become dramatic; but, all the same, it is the elaborate expansion of an earlier work by another hand. The only new ingredients of invention in the play are the delightful character of *Mercutio* and the dramatic employment of *Paris* in the churchyard scene. In development of plot and arrangement of incidents the drama follows the poem. If any person had a darker design than that of telling a tragical love-story in a plain, straightforward manner, it was Brooke, not Shakspere. Brooke's poem was based on material derived from old Italian writings, and from an English play that had been produced prior to the making of his poem, and therefore prior to the composition of Shakspere's tragedy.

EARLY REPRESENTATIONS

THE first representative of *Romeo* was Richard Burbage, but no description of his performance is known. The contemporary "Elegy" on his death, which came to light in 1825, implies that his acting was effective, lamenting that

> Poor *Romeo* nevermore shall tears beget,
> For *Juliet's* love and cruel *Capulet.*

The first representative of *Juliet* was a male, and it is difficult to believe that the spectacle thus presented could have created the requisite illusion.

From the time of Richard Burbage, who died in 1619, to that of Thomas Betterton (1635–1710), "Romeo and Juliet" remained unacted; but on March 1, 1662, Sir William Davenant presented it at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with a fine cast, including the admired actor Henry Harris as *Romeo,* Betterton as *Mercutio,* and Mary Saunderson as *Juliet.* Harris's performance of *Romeo* is not described, but probably it was sympathetic and winning. Harris possessed the advantages of fine face and person, as is shown by an authentic portrait of him, and he was a versatile and accomplished actor, as indicated by the record, sparse though it be, of his professional achievements. Miss Saunderson, who, in December, 1662, became Mrs. Betterton, and was one of the first female players to appear on the English stage, is, in the old records, highly commended as an actress, and doubtless her *Juliet* was competent. Some time after effecting this revival of Shakspere's tragedy, Davenant produced, apparently with the same cast, an adaptation of it made by James Howard, brother-in-law of the poet Dryden, the peculiarity of which was "a happy ending," the lovers being preserved alive. Howard's play was not printed, and presumably it is lost. Davenant alternated that adaptation with the unchanged original of Shakspere, so that the performance was that of tragedy on one day, and that of tragi-comedy on another.

Eighty-two years passed before the next revival of Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet" was accomplished. The fine dramatic genius Thomas Otway (1652–1685) had meanwhile incorporated much of the language of Shakspere's tragedy into a play, comprehensive of political incidents in the life of the Roman consul Caius Marius, as related by Plutarch, which was acted at Dorset Garden in 1680, Betterton appearing as *Caius Marius* and Elizabeth Barry as *Lavinia.* The juvenile hero of that play, *Marius the Younger,* is virtually *Romeo,* while the juvenile heroine, *Lavinia,* is *Juliet.* Otway's tragedy, entitled "Caius Marius," held the stage intermittently for more than sixty years, Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet" remaining abeyant. It reappeared, however, September 11, 1744, at the Haymarket Theater, "revived and altered" by Theophilus Cibber, the son of old Colley. The adapter played *Romeo,* and Jenny Cibber played *Juliet.* The character of their performances is unknown. One of the memoirs of T. Cibber states that his person was "far from pleasing," his voice a "shrill treble," and his features "rather disgusting," in which case he could not have looked like *Romeo.* His adaptation excluded all that part of the original which relates to *Romeo's* passion for his first charmer, *Rosaline,* and all that relates to old *Capulet's* feast, and it used the expedient, taken from Bandello's novel about those lovers,—of causing *Juliet* to awaken in the tomb before the death of *Romeo,* who, meanwhile, had swallowed poison,—so that the wretched husband and wife were permitted to have a brief farewell, this being terminated by *Romeo's* decease and *Juliet's* suicide. That expedient was afterward adopted by David Garrick, to whom the invention of it has been incorrectly attributed. Garrick wrote and in-

Color-Tone by Henry Davidson

WILLIAM WINTER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, MADE FOR THE CENTURY, OCTOBER 30, 1913

serted a prosy, spasmodic colloquy of sixty-one lines, to close the tragedy.

RIVALRY OF GARRICK AND BARRY

GARRICK'S first presentment of "Romeo and Juliet"—not the original, which he never produced, but his alteration of it—was made on November 29, 1748, at Drury Lane. The cast included Spranger Barry as *Romeo,* Mrs. Cibber (Susanna Maria Arne, the most pathetic and tragical actress of her day) as *Juliet,* and Henry Woodward as *Mercutio.* Garrick had attended the rehearsals precedent to that production and, according to Arthur Murphy's "Life" of him (1801), "solicitous for the success of his alterations, had communicated all his ideas to the performers." Abundant success attended the revival, but dissension ensued, and Barry and Mrs. Cibber left Drury Lane and went to Covent Garden, where James Quin and Peg Woffington joined them, making Rich's company very strong. Then arose between Garrick and Barry a determined competition for the supreme popularity. On September 28, 1750, "Romeo and Juliet" was presented by both factions. At Covent Garden the *Romeo* was Barry, the *Juliet* Mrs. Cibber, the *Mercutio* Charles Macklin. At Drury Lane Garrick acted *Romeo,* Henry Woodward *Mercutio,* and George Anne Bellamy *Juliet.* The softer, more sensuous, and more convincing *Romeo* was that of Barry; the more intense, passionate, tragical *Juliet* that of Mrs. Cibber. The better *Mercutio* was Woodward, an exceptionally brilliant player. According to contemporary records, all the performances were good, and the chief of them, excepting that of *Mercutio,* by Macklin, whose forbidding aspect and manner marred the effect of his intelligent acting, were excellent. Barry surpassed in the expression of amorous rapture; Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in that of tragic passion. A contemporary female observer of the rival performances said that Garrick's animation in the garden scene was so eager that, had she been *Juliet,* she should have thought he was going to jump up to her, while Barry was so tender and magnetically attractive that, in the same position, she should have felt inclined to jump down to him. The anecdote has become trite in repetition, but it is too instructively significant to be omitted. Garrick's characteristic powers were exhibited in the scene in which *Romeo* is told of the sentence of "banishment," in the scene with the *Apothecary,* and in the tomb scene. Mrs. Bellamy, a handsome, blue-eyed young woman of the languishing, seductive, fascinating order, captivated the populace. She was not deficient in dramatic talent, but in feeling and the tragic expression of it she could not bear comparison with Mrs. Cibber. Her *Juliet* possessed the advantage of being younger and prettier than that of the better actress. Mrs. Cibber, according to honest Tom Davies, who often saw her, was not symmetrical in form; but her features were regular, her eyes dark and brilliant, her manner was elegant, her voice magical, and of the tender emotions her command was supreme.

COSTUME

THE scenic investiture anciently provided for this tragedy was meager, and the dressing, while opulent in some particulars, was never even approximately correct. In Shakspere's time it was customary to dress his characters in raiment of his period, and although for more than a century afterward some of those characters were invariably dressed as they had been when first shown on the stage, the practice of arraying them in accordance with contemporary English fashions was adopted in the time of King Charles the Second,—when the theaters, which had long been closed, were again opened,—and it prevailed in the time of Queen Anne and in the later times of King George the Second and King George the Third. Burbage, as *Romeo,* looked like Queen Elizabeth's Essex or Leicester. Harris, as *Romeo,* and Betterton, as *Mercutio,* looked like the ruffled, bewigged courtiers of the Merry Monarch. Barry's costume, as *Romeo,* consisted of a square-cut coat, a figured waistcoat, knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, a small sword, and a heavy periwig. Garrick, who arrayed *Hamlet* in a court-dress of the time of King George the Second, and *Macbeth* in the scarlet, white, and gold garb of an English military officer, adhered, as *Romeo,* to his invariable custom of clothing Shakspere's characters in English habiliments of his own time. Woodward's costume for

Mercutio comprised a periwig, a square-cut coat, an ample waistcoat, which depended over his thighs, knee-breeches, silk stockings, high-heeled shoes garnished with gold buckles, a muslin scarf trimmed with lace, a sword, and a three-cornered black hat, edged with gold lace.

According to Corte's "History of Verona," in which the story of "Romeo and Juliet" is related as true, the time of the catastrophe of their loves was 1303, and it is accordingly maintained by some authorities that the costumes used in presenting the play should accord with the fashions of dress prevalent in Italy about 600 years ago; but as Italian dresses of that period present in general a somewhat cumbersome appearance, inhibitory of graceful demeanor and detrimental to romantic seeming, the use of them is destructive of pleasing effect. Historical accuracy of costume is instructive and, within reason, desirable, but the paramount object in dressing "Romeo and Juliet" should be the creation of poetic atmosphere. A young man swathed in tunics, super-tunics, and cloaks, with rows of buttons sewed up and down the front and arms of his garments, with a capuchin shaped like a peddler's bag hanging down his back, and with his head incased in fantastic gear, might feel, and a good actor thus attired could simulate, the passion and agony of *Romeo;* but in theatrical representation such a costume would seem grotesquely absurd, and it would distract attention from both play and acting. The right way, manifestly, is to take as a basis the ascertained fashion of the known or accepted period of any specific old play, and then, wherever essential for effect, vary the costume and accoutrement sufficiently to insure picturesque, romantic, effective semblance for all the characters. That is substantially the method of the best modern productions of Shakspere's plays, notably, in the case of the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," in the productions made by Edwin Booth (1869), Henry Irving (1882), Mary Anderson, after she had become established (first in London, 1884, then in New York, 1885), and E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe (1904).

LATER ENGLISH REVIVALS

In the long interval between the Garrick period and that of Henry Irving and Johnston Forbes-Robertson, many presentations of "Romeo and Juliet" have been made on the British stage, and in the list of distinguished performers who have assumed *Romeo,* and who, in theatrical chronicles, have been variously commended or condemned, conspicuous names are those of Richard Wroughton, John Philip Kemble, Robert William Elliston, William Augustus Conway, Edmund Kean, William Charles Macready, Charles John Kean, William Abbott, Charles Kemble, James Robert Anderson, Henry Irving, William Terriss, and Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Wroughton, who played many parts, ranging from *Jaques* to *Young Mirabel,* was "a sterling, sound, sensible performer," and his *Romeo* was respectable. John Philip Kemble, one of the most intellectual of actors, a man of philosophic, meditative habit of mind, proved too massive for *Romeo.* "Youthful love," says his reverent, admiring biographer, James Boaden, "was never well expressed by Kemble: the thoughtful strength of his features was at variance with juvenile passion." His brother Charles, on the contrary, as *Romeo,* filled a perfect ideal of a youthful lover, precisely as, when acting *Mercutio,* he filled a perfect ideal of the gay comrade and galliard gentleman. The critical opinion of his time, indeed, without a dissenting voice, accounted him supreme in both those characters. His daughter, Fanny Kemble, testified that "He was one of the best *Romeos,* and incomparably *the* best *Mercutio,* that ever trod the English stage."

Edmund Kean did not like the part of *Romeo,* and his appearance in it at Drury Lane, January 2, 1815, made against his inclination, was not successful. He was indifferent and tame until he reached *Romeo's* apprehension of the *Prince's* edict, but in that scene he gave startling effect to the lines:

> Ha, banishment! be merciful, say "death";
> For exile hath more terror in her look,
> Much more than death!

In the tomb scene, likewise, he put forth his utmost skill in the use of pathos, and deeply moved his audience. Hazlitt, an enthusiast of Kean, greatly admired the performance, and said that the actor's utterance of the word "banished" was, in

particular, of transcendent dramatic value; adding, "He treads close indeed upon the genius of his author," meaning Shakspere. Kean, in fact, used Garrick's perversion of the original play. It is probable that, in the course of his performance of *Romeo,* he gave a moving presentment of Edmund Kean in a frenzy, and a signally effective portrayal of the agonies of death by poison. He could be overwhelmingly pathetic and he could be irresistibly terrific. His aspect of brooding melancholy, when he sat silent as the *Stranger,* caused spectators to weep, and Byron, who greatly admired him, actually fainted at one point in his personation of *Sir Giles Overreach.*

VARIOUS NOTABLE *ROMEOS*

ELLISTON, a dashing comedian, a paragon of effrontery, and, as a stage lover, coarsely animal, could not have been a good *Romeo.* Conway was an *actual Romeo:* he loved Eliza O'Neill, famous as *Juliet,* with whom he acted, and loved her in vain. His performance was much admired. Disappointment in love and the malignantly hostile criticisms of Theodore Hook drove him from the English stage and from his native land. He came to America, and, a confirmed victim of melancholia, in 1828 he committed suicide by leaping overboard from a steamship, at the mouth of Charleston Harbor. As to Charles Kean as *Romeo,* critical praise is languid. My vivid remembrance of his personality and his acting persuade me that he was constitutionally unfit for that character. Abbott was the *Romeo* on the memorable occasion when Fanny Kemble, as *Juliet,* made her first appearance on the stage, October 10, 1829, at Covent Garden, London, saving the fortunes of that theater, then imperiled, by 120 consecutive performances, which elicited general admiration and earned much money. Abbott's *Romeo* was a failure. Long afterward, Fanny Kemble wrote of him:

> Mr. Abbott was not a bad actor, though a perfectly uninteresting one in tragedy. . . . His performance [of *Romeo*], not certainly of the highest order, was nevertheless not below inoffensive mediocrity.

Anderson, who acted at the old Park Theater, New York, in 1844, was the conventional *Romeo,* handsome, fervent, correct, and pleasing.

It was as *Romeo* that Macready made his first appearance on the stage, June 7, 1810, at Birmingham, and he long retained the part in his repertory. His performance was comparatively little admired, except by himself. It must have been a fine study of the operation of love upon a romantic temperament in youth, because from the first and always there was discriminative mind in Macready's acting; and also it must have been powerful in the tragic portions and artistically formed and rounded. In the early part of his career that great actor had not adopted the peculiar method of elocution, marred by gasps, grunts, and long pauses, which he used in later years, but spoke naturally and freely. It is, however, difficult to believe that a man of Macready's austere visage, stalwart figure, dominant mentality, and sternly authoritative manner ever really caused the effect of being identified with *Romeo* or with any other juvenile lover. He was the original impersonator of *Alfred Evelyn,* in "Money," and in embodying the rather grim kind of lover indicated by that character he probably was facile and entirely successful.

Samuel Phelps, Macready's compeer and rival, always scrupulously careful to use as much as possible of the original text of Shakspere, effected a scholar-like revival of the tragedy at Sadler's Wells Theater, on September 16, 1846. *Romeo* was assumed by William Creswick, afterward well known on the New York stage as *Wolsey, Brutus,* and *Macbeth; Juliet* by Laura Addison; while Phelps acted *Mercutio,* a part in which he exulted and excelled. On a later occasion, September 10, 1859, the play was again presented by Phelps, *Romeo* being performed by Frederick C. P. Robinson (in 1865–66 a member of Lester Wallack's company, in New York, and lately deceased), and *Juliet* by Caroline Heath, afterward Mrs. Wilson Barrett.

IRVING'S PRESENTATION

THE most carefully made, the longest, and, I believe, the best version of "Romeo and Juliet" presented on the stage in our time is the one that was made by Henry Irving, and produced by him at the London Lyceum Theater, where I saw and

THE NEW STAGE-CRAFT IN AMERICA

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

FOR a little over a year a Viennese artist, Joseph Urban, has been revolutionizing the staging of opera in America. He has brought to the Boston Opera-House, and interpreted through his own fertile genius in color and line, the theories and practices in stage-settings which have transformed and reanimated the whole German theater. His scenery, costumes, and lights have given the productions of the opera-house a distinction which they could never have obtained through their singing and acting alone. His work has proved as beautiful as it is novel.

In the spring of 1912, Boston found among its conventional Italianate opera-settings a remarkable production of "Pelléas et Mélisande." It was made of strange, shadowed, and sun-flecked glimpses of wood and fountain, tower, grotto, and castle, vivid in varied color, full of the soft unworldliness of Debussy's music. The same spring came a jolly "Hänsel und Gretel," set behind a blue-checkered, toy-box curtain; and a spacious "Tristan und Isolde" of beautiful solemnity.

With the next season the man who had designed these happy accidents of an otherwise dull year came from Vienna to be the permanent stage-director of the Boston Opera-House. He began his work with a unique staging of "The Tales of Hoffmann." *Luther's* ruddy cellar, the blazing, golden ball-room of the opulent *Spalanzani,* a wonder-laden Venice of purples, greens, and ambers, the pale chamber of the dying *Antonia,* made the most beautiful and imaginative stage-pictures that America has seen. Upon this came a production of Charpentier's "Louise" that Monet might have painted, the first truly impressionistic setting shown in America. After that, "The Jewels of the Madonna" in a Naples of pulsing, yellow hill-streets and moonlit water-gardens; "Djamileh," a vision of the Orient in gold and blue; and finally a "Don Giovanni" as gracefully mannered in design as Mozart's technic, as vivid in color as his melodious song, and filled with the romance and glamour of Seville.

Settings as imaginative and as distinguished, though not, perhaps, so sharply individual, you may find in a score of German and Austrian opera-houses and theaters; this work is the first expression in America of a new, but well-founded, school in stage design.

Curiously enough, Mr. Urban did not find his schooling in those theaters, but came to them full trained from a career that began in an architect's office, and had made him a noted designer of exhibition-rooms in art museums and in international expositions. At the St. Louis World's Fair, in 1904, he designed the rooms for Austrian art. He had also decorated the interiors of other public buildings; he had furnished and decorated the Abdin Palace for the Khedive of Egypt; he had built castles and residences, and designed gardens, parks, monuments, and bridges, including the Czar Bridge across the Neva at St. Petersburg, for which an international prize had been offered. Out of this conglomerate work, but especially from his triumphs as an interior decorator, came commissions from the Imperial Burgtheater in Vienna to design settings for a dozen plays that ran from "Faust" to "The Blue Bird." From there he went on to work at noted opera-houses and theaters in the principal German cities. To come to America, he left his post as artistic adviser to the Imperial Opera-House in Vienna.

Behind his work are theories of scenic design so long and thoroughly practised in Europe that they are now definitely formulated in monographs on what is called "The New Stage-craft." As definitely formulated, let us hurriedly add, as an art can be which sets its face against convention; for that is its first article of faith.

No art was so thoroughly conventionalized as the making of scenery when the

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson. Photograph, copyright, by W. and D. Downey

MARY ANDERSON AS "JULIET"

and all else nothing. No two men could be more radically unlike in nature than are *Romeo* and *Hamlet,* the one all emotion, the other a saddened intellect, trembling on the verge of madness. *Romeo* could never inquire of *Juliet,* as *Hamlet* does of *Ophelia,* "Why would *you* be a breeder of sinners?" and passionately counsel her to go "to a nunnery."

JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

THE view of *Romeo* thus indicated is the one that was taken by Johnston Forbes-Robertson, whose impersonation of that representative lover was the most sympathetic, impressive, and winning that has been given in recent years. It was intense, fervidly emotional, profoundly sincere, subtly suffused with an elusive spiritual quality ominous of predestinate ruin, artistically finished in every detail of action, and conveyed through the medium of a clear, refined, exquisite elocution delicious to hear. That accomplished actor first played *Romeo* with Helena Modjeska as *Juliet* when that great actress was filling her first engagement in London, at the Princess's Theater, in 1880. Later, in 1885, he acted *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of Mary Anderson, and in 1897 to the *Juliet* of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

FEMALE *ROMEOS*

MANY women have tried to play *Romeo.* The most successful of them on the English stage was Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles John Kean), who appeared as *Romeo* to the *Juliet* of Fanny Kemble, and whose classical head, symmetrical features, and tall and shapely figure enabled her to "look the part," while her efficient art enabled her to act it in such a way as to create illusion. On the American stage an early female *Romeo* was Clara Ellis, who assumed the part on April 2, 1846, at the Richmond Hill Theater, a house which stood at the corner of Varick and Charlton streets, New York, on the site of what had been the residence of the American statesman Aaron Burr. The *Juliet* on that occasion was Mrs. Crisp, wife of the Irish comedian William Henry Crisp, as to whose fitness for the character history is silent: in comedy she was a dashing actress. Other notable female actors of *Romeo* were Mrs. Hamblin (Eliza Marian Trewar); Mrs. Wallack (Ann Waring); the exceptionally beautiful Mrs. Barnes (Miss Greenhill), renowned also as *Juliet;* Mrs. Coleman Pope; Mrs. Sefton; Mrs. H. Lewis; Mrs. John Drew, and Susan Denin.

The most famous American actress to appear as *Romeo* was Charlotte Cushman, who played the part, in 1843, at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, and who was for the first time seen in it in New York on May 13, 1850, at the Astor Place Opera-House, then managed by Charles Bass, with Fanny Kemble as *Juliet,* and Charles Walter Couldock as *Mercutio.* Miss Cushman was fond of assuming male characters; there is record of her *Hamlet, Wolsey, Claude Melnotte,* etc., and her personation of *Romeo* has acquired a certain traditional esteem through reiterated commendation of the performance by persons who never saw it. The truth on the subject, I believe, is set down in the "Journal" of her friend George Vandenhoff, an accomplished actor and a judicious critic:

April, 1843.—Passing through Philadelphia, played my second engagement, five nights, at the Walnut Street Theatre, and on one night for Marshall's (manager) benefit; on which occasion Charlotte Cushman played *Romeo,* for the first time, I believe. I was the *Mercutio.* I lent her a hat, cloak, and sword for the second dress, and believe I may take credit for having given her some useful hints for the killing of *Tybalt* and *Paris,* which she executes in such masculine and effective style—the only good points in this *hybrid* performance of hers.

She looks neither man nor woman in the part,—or both,—and her passion is equally epicene in form. Whatever her talent in other parts, I never yet heard any human being that had seen her *Romeo,* who did not speak of it with a painful expression of countenance, "more in sorrow than in anger." *Romeo* requires a man, to feel his passion and to express his despair. A woman, in attempting it, unsexes herself, to no purpose except to destroy all interest in the play and all sympathy for the ill-fated pair.

MERCUTIO

THE poet Dryden, 1688, recorded a tradition, which had lasted till his time, that

Shakspere had declared himself obliged to kill *Mercutio* in the third act of the play lest *Mercutio* should kill him, meaning that he felt himself unable to sustain beyond that point the exuberant animal spirits and the effervescent brilliancy of that manly, genial, jocund character. On this tradition Dr. Johnson sensibly remarks:

> *Mercutio's* wit, gaiety, and courage will always procure for him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play, nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence.

There is no record of the first performer of *Mercutio*. The most dazzling performance of the part given on the early English stage was that of Henry Woodward (1749), whose acting furnished a model for his successors. His temperament was gay, his action carelessly graceful, his person elegant. He possessed a fine voice, and his handsome face and vivacious demeanor enticed interest and prompted hilarity. He was the ideal comrade, and he lives in the dramatic chronicle as one of the most sympathetic and winning of comedy actors. Among Woodward's notable followers in *Mercutio,* on the English stage, were William Thomas Lewis, 1777; John Bannister, 1796; Richard Jones, 1814; Robert William Elliston, 1815, and Charles Kemble, 1829. Lewis reveled in the part. Bannister, manly, genial, humorous, pathetic, was charming in it. Elliston's performance was exuberantly gay with animal spirits, audacity of demeanor, sprightly speech, and vigorous action, but of that fine fiber of genius, that innate excellence of "one whom God hath made himself to mar" (so *Romeo* designates his friend), probably not even a remote suggestion.

On the American stage *Mercutio* has been assumed by many players of distinction, among them being John Singleton; David Douglass, 1762; Lewis Hallam, 1796; John Bernard, 1797; Edward Simpson, 1832; Lester Wallack, 1848; Charles Walter Couldock, 1850, and Edwin Adams, 1869. About sixty years ago, at the old Boston Museum, I saw with youthful delight the *Mercutio* of W. H. Smith (Sedley), and then and there obtained my first and lasting impression of the character as shown in action,—a character to be loved as well as admired,—which so delighted me that I adopted *Mercutio* as a pen-name, and for several years wrote dramatic criticism under it. Other fine actors of *Mercutio,* on our stage, were H. P. Grattan, William Wheatley, Charles Fisher, and the younger James William Wallack; but the best of them all, within my remembrance, was Edward Loomis Davenport. That exceptionally versatile actor possessed exactly the affluent spirit, the joyous, careless, breezy humor, the generous, cheery mind, and the kind heart which are *Mercutio's* attributes. His speaking of the dream speech was deliciously fluent and natural, and he was the incarnation of exultant audacity and freedom when he said:

> Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
> I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I!

JULIET AND HER PLAYERS

In drawing *Juliet* the dramatist placed the emphasis more on feeling than on character; but her attributes of character are nobility, which includes chastity, integrity, and fidelity, decision, courage, fortitude, inflexibility of purpose, and the capability of passionate devotion. She is a beautiful girl, of a pure spirit, an ardent temperament, and an imaginative mind. She loves, once and forever; she lives for love, and for that only. She is romantic, but also she is discreet, resolute, and expeditious; she possesses the courage of her love, and, however fettered by circumstance and thrilled by fear and dread, she can bravely confront all perils, and persist in her devotion even unto death. It is true of *Juliet,* as it is of *Romeo,* that she is an idolater, one who loves madly, blindly, excessively, and therefore disastrously; for the reason that amorous idolatry, since it does not admit of rational conduct, necessarily precipitates ruin. It is, I believe, an erroneous assumption which declares that the denizens of a tropical clime are more passionate than natives of the temperate zones. That faith owes much to the melodious numbers of Byron and Moore. As often as I read the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," I am more and more aware of its English atmo-

sphere and that those lovers are essentially English, fine types of a most steadfast yet most intensely passionate race.

On the old English stage the more or less distinguished successors to Mrs. Cibber have been numerous, but only a few of them can usefully be designated. Miss Pritchard, daughter of the renowned tragic actress Hannah Pritchard, acted *Juliet,* 1756, with Garrick as *Romeo,* her mother coöperating as *Lady Capulet.* The girl was a beauty. Miss Macklin, daughter of stalwart old Charles, the famous restorer of Shakspere's *Shylock,* acted *Juliet,* 1761, with David Ross as *Romeo.* In the same year Isabella Hallam, afterward Mrs. Mattocks, under which name she became highly distinguished as a comedian, essayed *Juliet.* Performances of the part were given by Miss Mansell, 1772; Mrs. Jackson, 1776; Mrs. Siddons, 1788; Dora Jordan and Mrs. Spencer, 1789; Mrs. Stephen Kemble, 1796; Eliza O'Neill, 1814; Mrs. Bartley (Sarah Smith) and Lydia Kelly, 1815; Frances Maria Kelly, who had been taught by Macready, 1822; Miss Jarman, 1827; Miss Phillips, 1828; and Fanny Kemble, 1829. Mrs. Siddons was in her thirty-fourth year when she played *Juliet,* and had become much too formidable in person and massive in style for the part of a loving girl. She was praised for her manner of humoring the petulance of the *Nurse,* and her adoring biographer, the poet Campbell, who defined *Juliet* as "a shrewd and precociously strong-minded woman," ventures the conjecture that if she had assumed the part fourteen years earlier it then "would have completely suited the youthful loveliness of her intelligent physiognomy." The most popular of the *Juliets* which have been named was that of Eliza O'Neill (1791–1872), an Irish actress, remarkable for personal beauty and inordinate sensibility. Miss O'Neill's professional life lasted only five years (from 1814 to 1819), when she was married and retired. She was a realistic player, not an artist. She said of herself, to Fanny Kemble, that she "could shed tears by the bucketful," and, according to that friend, a close observer, she was neither powerful nor passionate. Her *Juliet,* however, was a perfect image of loveliness in distress, and it evoked prodigious sympathy, as loveliness in distress always will. In her day, Fanny Kemble as *Juliet* was thought to have excelled all competitors. Her victory was gained by great beauty and complete abandonment to emotion. "I did not return into myself till all was over," so she afterward wrote concerning her acting of *Juliet.* My memory of this famous person recalls only her readings, which were deeply impressive. Her great success as an actress must have been exclusively that of *personality,* for she has recorded of herself that she "never liked or honored" the art of acting, and she appears not to have studied it. Helena Faucit, the latest of the old-time players of *Juliet,* gained and held the palm in England for many years. She, also, inclined to realism. Some performers are temperamentally unable to remember that acting is not nature, but the *imitation* of nature. On one occasion (recorded by herself) at Manchester, in 1871, this actress, at the end of the soliloquy which precedes *Juliet's* drinking of the potion, actually fainted from excess of fear and dread. George Vandenhoff, who had acted with Miss Faucit, bore this testimony to the quality of her acting: "Her expression of love is the most beautiful, confiding, truthful, self-abandoning in its tone that I have ever witnessed in any actress; it is intensely fascinating." On the English stage, within the last half-century, the most eminent performers of *Juliet,* aside from Ellen Terry and Mary Anderson, were Adelaide Neilson and Stella Colas.

ADELAIDE NEILSON

WHETHER it be true or not that *Juliet,* as drawn by Shakspere, is an English girl, it was an English girl, Adelaide Neilson, who gave the amplest, the most passionate, and the most enthralling personation of the character that has been shown on our stage within the last fifty years. There was in circulation at one time a false story, declaring Adelaide Neilson to have been the daughter of a Spanish father and an English mother. She was, in fact, a native of Yorkshire, and her parents were English. In face and person she was exceptionally adapted to the part of *Juliet.* Her figure was symmetrical and girlish; her face, although, and partly because, the features were slightly irregular, was strangely beautiful; her eyes were large,

dark, and lustrous, radiant as with inward light; her hair, originally chestnut-brown, had been dyed to a golden tint; her voice was deliciously musical; her action was full of grace. As *Juliet* she embodied a being all innocence, light, and loveliness, who yet was predestinated to sorrow and ruin, and who imparted an ominous impression of that predestination, while herself pathetically unaware of it. It was not so much what she said and did as what she *was* that permeated her personation and diffused enchantment. Her art, indeed, had been thoroughly considered. She knew what she intended to do, and she knew how to do it; but there was an inspiration about the woman which enthralled equally the senses and the imagination. The key-note of her *Juliet* was struck in her thrilling utterance of the words "Too early seen unknown, and known—*too late!*" and from that moment onward the magic of her passionate sincerity never relaxed.

MARY ANDERSON

THE setting of "Romeo and Juliet" which was made by Mary Anderson at the London Lyceum Theater, in 1884, under the advisement of the late Alma Tadema, was exceptionally sumptuous. The scenery, copied from sketches made in Verona, was minutely correct and much of it was magnificent. In Verona there is a tower visible from every part of the city, and that peculiarity was preserved in each exterior scene. Mary Anderson's performance of *Juliet* was one of intrinsic charm, superlative beauty of artistic form, and great energy of passion and power of pathos; and more than that of either Adelaide Neilson, Ellen Terry, or Helena Modjeska, it was saturated with the force and color of tragedy. She made up *Juliet* as a blonde. The felicity of her artistic method was particularly exhibited in the discriminative skill with which she marked the change from girl to woman, after *Juliet's* meeting with *Romeo*. Her expression of love, in the balcony scene, commingled tenderness with rapture, and yet with a gentle solicitude very sweet and touching. She was magnificent at such points as "Myself have power to die," and she reached the topmost height of pathos when she spoke, as no other actress within my knowledge has spoken, the despairing adjuration:

> Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
> That sees into the bottom of my grief?

COSTUME OF *JULIET*

MODERN performers of *Juliet* have usually attired the part according to their individual fancies. Mary Robinson, "Perdita," the lovely, hapless victim of the licentious prince regent, arrayed her *Juliet* in a pale pink satin frock, trimmed with white crape and spangled with silver, and a head-dress of white feathers, changing, for the last scene, to a garb which included a robe of plain white muslin, a long veil of white, transparent gauze, and a girdle of beads sustaining a golden cross. Fanny Kemble's first *Juliet* costume, 1829 (she contrived and used a more appropriate one in later years), was a plain white satin dress, having a low bodice, short sleeves, and a long train, and being ornamented with a belt of fine paste brilliants.

EARLY AMERICAN PRESENTMENTS

ON the New York stage "Romeo and Juliet" has been current for 160 years. It was performed at the theater in Nassau Street on January 28, 1754, —— Rigby, an uncommonly able and versatile actor, playing *Romeo,* Mrs. William Hallam *Juliet,* and John Singleton, author as well as actor (there is extant a volume of poems by him), *Mercutio.* On January 11, 1762, at the theater in Chapel, now Beekman, Street, it was acted with Lewis Hallam as *Romeo,* and his mother as *Juliet.* Mrs. Hallam had wedded a second husband, and was then Mrs. David Douglass. At the John Street Theater, on January 4, 1768, Lewis Hallam was the *Romeo,* while the *Juliet* was Margaret Cheer. At the same theater, on October 31, 1791, Mrs. Henry, wife of the respected actor and manager John Henry, acted *Juliet,* with Lewis Hallam as *Romeo.* The brilliant John Hodgkinson played *Romeo* on that stage, April 25, 1796, with Mrs. Johnson as *Juliet,* Lewis Hallam impersonating *Mercutio.* On September 11, 1797, at the theater in Greenwich Street, the *Romeo* was John Pollard Moreton, the *Juliet* the distinguished

Mrs. Merry (Anne Brunton), esteemed by contemporary judges the most richly gifted and accomplished actress of her time in America. The cast on that occasion was remarkably strong. John Bernard, a capital actor (the author of "Retrospections of the Stage"), was the *Mercutio,* William Warren, the Elder, played *Friar Lawrence,* the droll comedian Francis Blissett played *Peter,* and Thomas Wignell was the *Tybalt.* Those players were, in their day, highly distinguished. On March 9, 1798, *Romeo* was acted by Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, *Juliet* by Mrs. Johnson, and *Mercutio* by Lewis Hallam. The lovely and exceptionally talented Fanny Kemble, then in the perfect bloom of her beauty, acted *Juliet* on October 1, 1832, at the Park Theater (the first of the several New York playhouses which have borne that name), her father, Charles Kemble, acting *Romeo.* The showy and highly popular English actor James Robert Anderson acted *Romeo,* with Fanny Kemble as *Juliet,* at the old Broadway Theater, on May 15, 1848, Lester Wallack, Fanny's cousin, being the *Mercutio.*

EDWIN BOOTH'S PRODUCTION

EDWIN BOOTH, when he opened Booth's Theater, February 3, 1869, produced "Romeo and Juliet" in an elaborate and beautiful setting, such as, for that play, had not before been furnished on the American stage. The emblematic scene of the combat between the *Montagues* and the *Capulets* was made superbly effective at the beginning, and thereafter each successive stage picture surpassed its predecessor. Booth appeared as *Romeo,* Mary McVicker as *Juliet,* Edwin Adams as *Mercutio,* Mark Smith as *Friar Lawrence.* Booth was magnificently tragic in *Romeo's* killing of *Tybalt,* and in the frantic passion of *Romeo's* collapse in the *Friar's* cell, and he was deeply pathetic in the tomb scene. A subtle and striking merit of his performance was its deft showing, at the outset, of the impulsive wildness of youth in its period of capricious fancy, vague longing, and turbulent desire. One notable peculiarity of Booth's *Romeo* was that of personal appearance: he made up as a blond. Italians of fair complexion are unusual, and this was a novelty. Booth's *Romeo,* however, lacked articulation of parts and continuity of impersonation, and it was not impressive with sustained sincerity. Adams, by temperament, personality, appearance, and artistic style, precisely suited to *Mercutio,* gave a brilliant performance, particularly emphasizing the quality of comradeship. Mark Smith, one of the best of stage "old men," whether serious or humorous, was perfect as the ruminant, philosophical, kindly *Friar.* The *Juliet* of Mary McVicker was more notable for personal singularity than for either romantic aspect, persuasive feeling, poetic quality, or a finished artistic style. Booth did not esteem his performance of *Romeo,* and when his revival of the tragedy had run its course at Booth's Theater, he discarded the part from his repertory. In later days, the comedian Edward A. Sothern, talking with him about the vicissitudes of professional experience, chanced to say:

"The worst performance ever seen was my *Armand Duval.*" In youth Sothern had acted that part in association with Matilda Heron as *Camille.* Booth puffed at his pipe for a moment, and then gravely answered:

"The *worst?* Did you ever see my *Romeo?*"

SOME MODERN *ROMEOS*

MANY names are associated with *Romeo* in the annals of the American theater, and particularly in the teeming chronicle of the stage in New York. To revert to the time of the admired Snelling Powell and mention all the actors who have played the part since then, and in playing it have maintained the old traditions of stage business, would only be to make a prolix catalogue. Among conspicuous modern actors who have appeared as *Romeo* were James Edward Murdoch, William Wheatley, Lawrence Barrett, Eben Plympton, Kyrle Bellew, Robert Bruce Mantell, and Edward Hugh Sothern. Murdoch was a fine artist in all that he did. Wheatley was a sonorous and glittering actor, and in his *Romeo* there was much show, with little substance. Lawrence Barrett's *Romeo* was characterized by pervasive poetic spirit, melancholy temperament, burning ardor, fine elocution, and a spontaneous, high intellectuality, the latter element being inappropriate to the character. The *Romeo* of Eben Plympton was notable for

affluent enthusiasm, sustained identification, and vigorous physical vitality. Bellew presented a love-lorn condition in an effective way, but in the tragic passages he was feeble, and in the tearless despair of fatal grief, which is *Romeo's* final state, he was insignificant. He played the part with Mrs. J. B. Potter (Cora Urquhart), a nonentity in acting. Mantell, who still sometimes appears as *Romeo,* is possessed of the fire and feeling requisite for impersonation of the enraptured lover and the bereaved, dazed, distracted husband; but in his settled, solid maturity of mind and experience he overweights the part, as many fine actors have done, particularly those of much tragic power. *Romeo* requires the perfect simulation of youth. Sothern displays sincerity and professional skill in the character, but the soul is wanting. His impersonation, given with Julia Marlowe's *Juliet,* is overshadowed by that performance, the best that has been shown on our stage within the last twenty-five years; profoundly affecting by its tender gravity in the marriage scene, piteous in the agony of the parting with *Romeo,* and reaching to a poignant climax of tragic terror and frenzy in the potion scene.

THE TRAGEDY OF LOVE

AMONG the many qualities which have insured immortality to the works of Shakspere no one is more conspicuous than the *actuality* of his characters. Notwithstanding remoteness of time and place, antique garb, idealized condition, and versified and therefore artificial form of speech, those characters are, for the reader or spectator who truly knows them, as real as actual acquaintances, and the sympathies and antipathies which they excite are as intense as those resultant from contact with living persons. That illuminative truth is strikingly exemplified in his tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," which, to persons capable of comprehending the depth and sincerity of truly passionate love, conveys an afflicting and even startling sense of reality. Morning and midnight touch their lips in this truthful, pathetic play. No one who has had youth can think of it without remembering a sacred time when the flowers were sweeter than now and the winds were softer, and in the hush of the night there was a celestial mystery, and the stars seemed friends, and the affairs of other human beings were remote and trivial. Then one pair of eyes was worshiped, and one voice was all there is of music, and life was exalted into sanctity. That time can never be called back. In the turmoil of practical worldly affairs memory can scarcely realize that it ever existed. But Shakspere knew it, and he could surcharge his mind with its spirit, and he has poured that spirit through the current of his exquisite poem of love, disappointment, and hopeless grief. Sometimes, whether in reading those scenes or in viewing them, the world-worn dreamer feels a sudden throb of pain and seems to hear, as if in his heart, a distant, mournful voice speaking words of a half-forgotten language. Not to all persons comes that subtle message; but the nature is not to be envied which, under the stress of this tragedy, is not made more sympathetic with the terrible earnestness of true love, more tender toward youth, more wishful to sweeten and prolong its period of romance, and to shield it from contact with the dreary selfishness and utter commonplace of the world; nor is that nature enviable which is not touched by the awful closing picture of love's calamity and ruin. Never were passion, anguish, and death so enshrined as under the starless sky that bends over the broken tomb of the *Capulets,* while the cold night wind moans around it, and dark branches wave above the white, still faces of those true lovers who have died for love. Never was there a sadder spectacle, yet never did a spectacle so sad present at last a sense of relief so sweet, so absolute, so holy. I know not how many times I have witnessed that tragedy, nor how often I have mused over it in the printed page; but the feeling most often inspired by it in my mind is the feeling so beautifully expressed by the sad words of Swinburne, hopeless, yet full of comfort:

> From too much love of living,
> From hope and fear set free,
> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever gods there be,
> That no life lives forever;
> That dead men rise up never;
> That even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea!

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE BALKAN PEACE

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

"WHAT did the emperor do?" This was the conundrum propounded by the press of Europe when it became known that the day after the signing of the Balkan Peace Treaty at Bukharest, August 7, the King of Rumania had telegraphed most earnest thanks to the Emperor of Germany for his assistance in bringing about the final agreement.

All Europe was startled by this telegram, for in none of the negotiations had the hand of Germany been visible. In fact, quite to the contrary, Germany had been generally accused of temporizing with the situation by maintaining an aloofness which was ascribed to her desire to avoid antagonisms and to place herself in the path of future gains. The query as to what the Emperor of Germany did to call forth this exceptional and only telegram of thanks sent from Bukharest has never been fully answered, and it is time it was, for in many quarters it is not the fashion to give the German ruler full credit for the practical work he has accomplished toward maintaining the peace of the world.

GERMANY'S CYNICAL SCORN OF THE IDEAL OF PEACE

GERMAN aversion to arbitration treaties, the cynical attitude of her people toward the Hague Peace Conference, her recent vast increases in armament, her demand for a "place in the sun," and other apparently warlike measures and utterances, have created a general impression of aggressiveness which, for political reasons, has not been minimized, particularly in England and in France. That this attitude has been naturally or even wilfully misinterpreted at times is patent to any one who has given impartial study to the peaceful character and purposes of the German people, and has noticed the closeness with which the emperor now hews to the line of that character in all his words and actions.

It was Lord Haldane, the English High Chancellor, who, in a speech made nearly a year ago, said that the Emperor of Germany had held the peace of Europe in his hand for twenty-five years, and had not broken it. Immediately following this statement, the second storm broke in full fury in the Balkans, a disturbance which gave serious threat to the peace of the whole world, as it involved all of the so-called Balkan allies, each one having the well-defined sympathy of one or more of the great Powers, and expecting aid, or at least encouragement and possible diplomatic protection therefrom.

Bitter antagonism existed between Austria and Servia; Russia leaned toward Bulgaria and Servia through racial sympathies; and Italy still had questions of territory pending with Greece, and was jealous of an extension of Grecian maritime power. Turkey, prostrate under two disasters, gloated over the troubles of her late foes, and was hoping to slip back into lost territory during the mêlée. England and France, though non-committal, had vast interests at stake and jealousies to serve; while Germany, in close alliance with Austria and Italy, was apparently forced to absolute neutrality by conflicting interests.

THE CLASHING DEMANDS OF THE BALKAN STATES

THUS the stage was set when the Balkan States, exhausted by internecine war and hopelessly at odds over a new division of territory, sent their delegates to Bukharest to agree upon the terms of a much-wanted and much-needed peace. These delegates were instructed to get all they could, and their claims and contentions so overlapped that the situation was apparently hopeless.

The ambassadors of the great Powers advised, suggested, and even threatened, but no progress was made. Greece demanded virtually the whole of the southern half of the Balkan Peninsula and other far-flung boundaries toward the east and north. Servia's designs encroached upon Bulgarian territory and the ambitions of Greece. Bulgaria asked that she be not despoiled of hard-won ground. Rumania wanted a heavy fee for her interference, and the small voice of Montenegro refused to be stilled.

The concert of the great Powers still demanded peace, but yielded no solvent to the situation. No one of the Powers was willing to pull the chestnuts from the Balkan fire, even with the consent and approval of the concert.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR MOVES HIS HAND

THEN something happened. Unknown to any one except those most closely concerned, the personality of the German emperor was injected into the situation. He advised his brother-in-law, the King of Greece, to modify his demands, to yield to Bulgaria a proportion of the Mediterranean coast, and to play fair with Servia to the north. He notified all parties to the negotiations that, despite Austrian jealousy, Servia must be given of her demands sufficient to enable her to sign the treaty with fairness to herself. It was perhaps not difficult for Germany to curb the ambitions of Greece, but it was a delicate, dangerous, and courageous task to oppose the wishes of her ally, Austria, in an attempt to secure for Servia such a deal as would induce the latter country to sign the peace convention.

The German emperor was successful in his bold attempt to establish a balance of power in the Balkans, and the world owes it largely to him to-day that not only did the Balkan States cease warfare among themselves, for a time at least, but that the danger of a greater conflict was averted through the possible armed intervention of one or more of the great Powers. This German interference on behalf of Servia was a bitter pill for Austria to swallow, for Germany had supported the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and German neutrality might reasonably have been counted upon in any attempt of Austria to curb the territorial enlargement of Servia. Austria took her medicine, however, though not without making a wry face and with much grumbling, and the Triple Alliance still stands.

Thus did the German emperor once more justify Lord Haldane's estimate of his character and intentions as a war lord in whose growing strength lies increasing likelihood of peace in Europe, and therefore throughout the world. The Hague Conference would do well to study his methods from an impartial and practical point of view.

Following the treaty of Bukharest, a new war specter arose in the quiet, but determined and effective, return of Turkey into territory she had lost under the terms of the Treaty of London. The Powers were unanimous that Turkey must leave Adrianople and retreat beyond the Enos-Media line, established by the Treaty of London as the northern boundary of Turkey in Europe; but how to make her do it was quite another matter. Armed intervention by Russia was suggested and even planned, but Russia is not wanting war just now, and such intervention suggested future complications possibly still more serious than those already existing.

THE DIFFICULT TURKISH PROBLEM

BOTH Russia and Germany attempted diplomatic persuasion, but made little headway against the obstinacy and evasiveness of Turkish diplomacy. The financial starvation of Turkey was suggested by Russia, as the Turkish Government is ever in need of money, and notoriously ready to concede in return for a new loan; but French money lies ready in vast sums for just such opportunities as these, and while the French Government might discourage lending by French people or French banks direct, there was no way in which French money could be restrained from going to New York and returning to Turkey in the guise of an American loan. This project, therefore, fell through.

Meanwhile Turkey rested on her self-made boundaries, and preferred to treat with Bulgaria alone, at the moment a weak and exhausted country and government.

In certain quarters the financial needs of Turkey were regarded as a great opportunity for Americans to secure a hold upon the near-East which would yield

much diplomatic, financial, and commercial prestige in the future. There were several reasons why this opportunity could not be seized. One lies in the present ineffectiveness of American diplomacy, another in a lack of money to lend, and still another in that the United States could not afford to be instrumental in defeating the desire of Europe that Turkey should be brought to book. Any action on the part of America in this direction would have been tantamount to a breach of diplomatic neutrality in a European controversy.

THE BALKAN PEACE NOT LIKELY TO BE LASTING

It would be extreme optimism to believe that peace has now come to stay in the Balkans, for in all probability it has not. All of the states are jealous of one another. Their governments are given to intrigue, and neighboring European Powers are always ready to play the game. The Bulgarians, the strongest and most virile people in that part of the world, have been humiliated almost beyond endurance. They are sullen and revengeful. The temper of the people as a whole is that of the Bulgarian soldier who lost a leg in the war against Turkey. The Queen of Bulgaria, who was very active in charitable work among the soldiers, was visiting the hospital in which this soldier lay wounded, and, seeing his condition, attempted to cheer him up by the promise of a new leg. She told him that in course of time she would be able to give him a very good wooden leg; but as these particular legs had not yet arrived, she would in the meantime see that he had a peg-leg fitted to his stump. The soldier saluted his queen, and replied:

"Your Majesty, I do not want a peg-leg. I gave a perfectly good leg to my country, and I want a good one in return."

The people of Bulgaria feel that they have given a perfectly good leg for the victory they won over the Turks, as indeed they did, and they now feel that they have been cheated of what they should have had in return. The time will come when, having recovered their national strength, organization, and spirit, they will attempt to regain the position they held at the close of the Balkan war with Turkey. The sores of to-day will not heal until seared by a triumphant baptism of fire; but it will be some time yet before the stage is again set for serious "trouble in the Balkans."

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE UNITED STATES

In the meantime there exist great opportunities for the practice of the arts of peace, and the United States lags behind in the struggle for the advantages which will accrue to those who assist in the reconstruction work already begun. America is strong with the Balkan people; thousands of Greeks, Servians, Bulgarians, Montenegrins, and others have been to the United States and profited by the going. They have returned to their native land imbued with American ideas, and their pockets heavy with American money. English spoken with an American accent is heard in many out-of-the-way places and in the most unexpected circumstances. American charity and sympathy of a most practical kind have strengthened the liking of these peoples for a far-away land the Government of which has shown no desire to reap advantage from Balkan troubles, and which as a nation has evinced no greediness for Balkan territory.

Surrounded by nations each and every one concerned with territorial gain and "spheres of influence," the Balkan peoples can logically look to the United States for disinterested friendship. The American people cannot afford, for political reasons or those of good faith, to advance the cause of any one of these countries against the other. They cannot afford to play into the hands of any one of the great Powers by taking sides here or there. They can, however, by an intelligent understanding of conditions, give international publicity to the rights and wrongs of every question which may arise, they can tender their disinterested services in all controversies, and they can, by proper diplomatic and consular representation, impress the importance and interest of America upon the Balkan mind.

It was not so long ago that the American minister to Greece was also minister to Bulgaria, Servia, Rumania, and other states. At the present time there is an American minister to Greece who is also minister to Montenegro, and an American

minister to Rumania who is also minister to Bulgaria and Servia. The sole resident diplomatic representative of the United States in Servia, a country of over three million population, is a consul at Belgrade. In Bulgaria, with a population of over five million, the United States has no resident diplomatic representative, not even a consul at Sofia, the capital city. It is also true that these figures of population must now be largely increased, owing to the new boundaries resulting from the successful territorial war against Turkey. This war really originated in the brain of E. Venizelos, the Greek premier, who had a vision of a great Balkan federation which in time was to become one of the Continental powers. The war against Turkey, which was to lay the foundations of this federation, came true, but the great political and economic power that was to spring into life from the battle-fields on which joint victories were won by the Balkan States failed to materialize, owing to the jealousies of the different peoples and the criminally bad statesmanship of their leaders. It was a great conception, one which appeals to every traveler over that vast and fertile part of the world nearly equal in size to France, and inhabited, as it is, by approximately sixteen millions of sturdy and industrious people.

If the dream of Venizelos had come true, there would have been no hesitancy in providing strong and sufficient diplomatic representation at the Balkan capital on the part of every other country, including the United States. There would have been no more reason, however, for such increased representation than at the present time; in fact, not so much, for with existing jealousies and racial differences, there is all the more reason and necessity for America to be adequately represented in each and every political division.

During the last few months the American legation at Madrid was raised to the rank of an embassy for no cause other than that the man who wanted to go there had sufficient political influence to demand an appointment as ambassador rather than as minister. His final destination was changed, however, before his name was sent to the Senate for confirmation, and he went finally to a post already of the first rank. In the meantime the Spanish Government had been notified that the American legation at Madrid was to be changed to an embassy, and so it had to stand, regardless of the fact that it was unnecessary, and also that such a move could do the United States no good in South America. It would have been a far wiser move, if economy is the real reason for the scarcity of American diplomatic representation in the Balkan States, to have created legations in Bulgaria and Servia, where they are needed, and to allow the really unimportant post at Madrid to remain as a legation.

There is also pressing need of more United States consuls in the Balkan territory, and American interests will suffer greatly unless this need is promptly supplied. It is to be hoped that the American diplomat who, at the request of President Wilson, made a tour of the Balkan States last summer to report upon conditions, sensed the situation, notwithstanding his previous unfamiliarity with the countries and peoples in question. The opinion of those who have, in the interests of American diplomacy, spent weary days in constant travel from one Balkan country to another, performing a series of impersonations in the effort to satisfy interstate jealousies, might be even more useful in Washington at this time.

The present position of the American minister to the Balkan States is suggestive of that of a European ruler who, in journeying over his domain, changes his uniform before each train stops, in deference to local pride and patriotism. It might seem that a single legation would suffice for Bulgaria and Servia jointly; but this is not so, for while these people are of one race, there is not a great deal of sympathy between them, and at the present time a deadly enmity exists, owing to the recent disagreement and the defeat of Bulgaria by Servia. One minister for two neighboring countries is seldom a success, as has often been recognized by American diplomats in South America, and as was recently brought home to the Russian minister to Bulgaria, who is also minister to Servia. His position during the trying months of last summer was far from enviable, and his Government discovered that it was not always safe to count upon racial likeness or proximity in determining the sphere of influence to be attached to a single diplomatic post.

That the vast extent of these countries is hardly realized by the people of America was curiously illustrated in June of 1913, when an international gathering of suffragists was held in Budapest, Hungary. Shortly before the date set for the gathering, the American authorities at Bukharest, Rumania, over four hundred miles distant from Budapest, received instructions to engage rooms for the American delegates to the Budapest gathering, it being specially requested that the rooms secured be within convenient distance from the hall in Budapest in which the daily meetings were to be held.

FRIENDSHIP FOR THE UNITED STATES

THERE are thousands of native-born and naturalized citizens of the United States scattered throughout the length and breadth of the Balkan country. Many of these responded to the call to arms when the land of their fathers went to war against Turkey, and thousands more returned in the years preceding, bringing their earnings from America to use in establishing themselves on the land or in the towns. The development of the rich farming lands of Macedonia is due in no small part to this influence from America, and in this fact lies great hope for the future, both as to sentiment and material gain, in the relations of the American people at home with the people of these Balkan States. The burden of proof, however, so far as the Balkan peoples are concerned, lies with Washington, for unless the American Government itself shows intelligent appreciation of present needs and future possibilities, enthusiasm will die out and indifference prevail.

In the meantime the foreign traders of Austria, Russia, England, Germany, France, and Italy are at work upon the Balkan reconstruction problem. All of these countries are adequately represented by ministers and consuls, each and every one strengthening the hands of their fellow-countrymen in playing the game. Money is to be loaned, harbor works are to be constructed, railroad expansions projected, and the many needs of the people to be supplied. Armies are to be drilled and equipped, navies to be built and maintained, and, in course of time, treaties to be made, in which those countries best represented and most influential will secure special privileges for their citizens. It is not difficult to understand European jealousies, for Europe is just now assiduously courting Balkan favors. America constitutes a powerful neutral interest which might profit amazingly by this very neutrality, and at the same time give adequately in return, through a friendship which the Balkan people are quite ready to accept at full value as a refuge from the plots and counterplots of her neighbors.

A BEETHOVEN ANDANTE

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE wood wind warbled wisely
  Of how the dusk begins
Before the glow of sunset
  Had left the violins;
And a cool flute spoke purely,
  As though some spirit far,
Within the sunset's hollow,
  Had lit the evening star.

But when a simple oboe
  Sang low and shepherd-sweet
It was the awaited summons
  That made the dusk complete.
Oh, quietly it led us,
  With crook of slender gold,
Across the starry pastures
  Into the farthest fold.

naval force, transport service, and army as the United States has no thought of building or equipping. Therefore, if Japan is willing to risk a war with the United States, she can "paganize" the Philippine Government now; if she were a party signatory to a neutralization treaty, she would, on deciding to attack the Philippines, not only break faith with and offend the United States, but run the risk of offending England and other nations signatory to the treaty. If, as has never yet been suggested, Japan should refuse to sign such a treaty, nothing which we have at present would be lost, and we would gain a valuable insight into Japan's intentions toward the Philippines. Personally, I do not believe that Japan would adopt such an attitude. In other words, strategically, morally, internationally, and in every other way, we would be in a stronger position as one of five or six nations pledged to respect the independence and integrity of the new Philippine nation than as the sole legal, but self-constituted, sovereign there. Who lives by the sword dies by the sword. If we invoke merely the right of conquest to explain our retention of the islands, Japan may at any time do the same. Germany might do the same, and all superior moral strength, position, and influence which we could obtain through the neutralization-treaty plan would be lost to us.

To those who argue that the Filipino Government would not protect the life and property of foreigners residing or sojourning there, it may be answered, in the first place, that the Philippine nation would have no frontiers coterminous with other nations, such as Mexico and Persia have. Then the neutralization treaty could provide that if any international claims, properly adjusted, for loss of life or property did arise, the United States, as mandatory of the other powers, should, if necessary,—an unthinkable thing,—use force to collect the indemnity from the Filipino Government, including the expense of any collecting expedition or agencies. Certainly there is no great difficulty about such details, and to one who knows the Filipino people, with their peace-loving and hospitable qualities, the idea of their making a national custom of attacking the property or jeopardizing the lives of foreigners is grotesque. Foreigners are occasionally killed in every country, as in the Mafia affair at New Orleans, though such crimes are usually confined to large, populous, highly civilized centers like New York, Paris, London, and Chicago. But those accidents hardly justify or necessitate the invasion of the offending country; if so, we would have invaded all nations long ago. Then, too, the ordinary common sense and native prudence of the Filipinos, especially with such a neutralization treaty staring them in the face, would prevent them from risking their dearly prized liberty, and make them take good care, in the case of any little internal conflicts of a political nature, such as our Civil War, which they might not be able to settle by oratory and the ballot-box, to confine the martyred dead, the casualties, and the property losses to citizens of the Philippine republic, by doing which they would be entirely within their rights as a civilized people.

There are, of course, some practical questions to be worked out, the settlement of which should precede our actual withdrawal from the islands. Many of these points are foreseen in Mr. Jones's bill. The Filipinos should undoubtedly be given some years of training in actual legislative control and in the practical financial side of their government, in the higher posts in the treasury, in the revenue bureaus, etc. Then, in justice to legitimate investors, though in reality merely as a matter of form, our Congress should put its guaranty on every Philippine bond or governmental obligation which has been issued or undertaken, always with its sanction, during the last fourteen years by the Congress-made Americo-Philippine Government. The total amount of these bonds and guaranties is comparatively trifling, and not a cent from the United States treasury would ever have to be paid on them, as they constitute, in effect, a first lien on the revenues and lands of the Filipino state, which are more than ample to meet them without at all embarrassing the Philippine treasury.

If our exporters and manufacturers can convince Congress that free entry into the Philippines for all American goods and free entry into the United States for "some" [1] Philippine sugar, rice, and to-

[1] These limitations have recently been removed by the new tariff bill passed by Congress.

bacco are purely altruistic measures, and, on the whole, are beneficial to the Filipinos, Mr. Jones will doubtless be willing to insert in his provisional bill of rights a paragraph maintaining the existing status in that respect during the period of provisional control thereby established.

So far the pure altruism of our treatment of the Filipinos has been taken for granted; but an examination of certain features of our commercial relations with them as defined by Congress reveals some disquieting facts.

After several years of determined effort and appeal, Mr. Taft succeeded in getting Congress to grant free entry into the United States of limited amounts of sugar, rice, and tobacco. In return all American goods and products are admitted into the islands free of duty. This of course enables American goods to be sold there at a price just under the competing foreign product after it has paid the Philippine customs duty. This is an advantage to American manufacturers and exporters, though the entire volume of the trade is not large. It may not be a bad or unjust law, but is it a purely altruistic act?

The "hemp-duty rebate" on all hemp shipped to the United States has, however, been a stench in the nostrils of the Philippine Government during all the years that the Philippine Commission has been urging Congress to repeal it.[1] May we call that purely altruistic?

There are other and less palatable incidents of our control of the islands, perhaps inevitable under our political system, which time forbids us to discuss here. Suffice it to say that we are not the demigods to the Filipinos which some may think.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF GOVERNING THE PHILIPPINES

THE attitude of those who confidently assert that the Filipinos are unfit to govern themselves, and that many years must pass before such capacity can be developed in them, takes no heed of the great differences which rightly exist in the standards of a race of other stock, other ideas, other economic and other climatic conditions. The climate and topography of the islands are a handicap from one point of view; something below normal, requiring, even on the part of Americans and other foreigners of the temperate zones, a special effort to overcome. This feature likewise affects the Filipinos' philosophy of life, and we reproach them with it. It affects the foreigners no less, but in a somewhat different manner. The natural languor resulting from a warm and comparatively changeless climate has more than one peculiar influence on the average foreigner —let us say American—who dwells there for several years. He soon develops a deep conviction of his own superiority, the germ of imperialistic enterprise. Why this should be no one knows, but the fact is indisputable. Perhaps it is the effect of sharing in the government of what he deems an inferior race and of belonging to the few thousands of white skins among millions of brown ones. Or it may be that power unrestrained begets the craving for more, and that the democratic spirit of equality which naturally adorns a candidate at a county primary in this republic becomes superfluous in one called across the broad Pacific to help direct the destinies of millions of obsequious and patient "little brown brothers." At all events, we should guard against permitting our officials to view their careers in the islands as mere holiday jaunts, or the home of millions of human beings as an open-air stage on which petty potentates, mandatories of a great republic and clothed with brief authority, may strut and roar to the soothing applause of native sycophants and thirsty "claqueurs by force of official circumstance." In the Philippines one may see government in the making. Let us, then, have no embryonic dictators, backed by the authority of our army and navy, however agreeable the rôle may be to those for a time enacting it.

Opponents of Philippine independence never tire of citing the reply made years ago by a prominent Filipino when the congressional party which accompanied Secretary of War Taft to the islands was holding hearings at Manila. Asked why he thought the Filipinos were ready for self-government, this native witness said: "Because we have a governing class who know how to rule and a class who know how to obey." Gargantuan laughter shook the sides of our American officials. Here

[1] It has just recently been repealed by the Democratic Congress.

was the secret of Filipino aspirations. A "governing class" ha! ha! Shades of democracy! Could one find greater evidence of Filipino incompetence? Yet the phrase, while inept, did not convey such an entirely novel fact. Have we no governing class—no class which holds office permanently and unfalteringly? Have we no groups of men whose intelligence and ability win for them, by common consent, the power to shape our laws and policies?

Had he possessed less sense of decorum, the Filipino witness might have added that if his country was to be ruled by a "governing class," they might at least be native rulers, and not imported aliens.

The Moros of Mindanao and Jolo, to whose continuing menace, in the eyes of Bishop Brent, the ruined watch-towers on the coasts still testify, hardly constitute a valid objection to granting the Filipinos their independence. It is true that they ravaged the Filipino coast towns in the times when the inhabitants were armed principally with spears and knives. Within the Sulu Islands the Moros would continue to be, as they are to-day, a serious administrative problem; but that the Moros would launch very many marauding expeditions in their clumsy sailing-craft while the waters of Mindanao and Jolo were patrolled by a few swift naval tugs or gunboats, manned by Filipinos, and equipped with machine-guns and a one-pounder rapid-fire cannon or so, is hardly to be seriously feared. We might let the Filipinos try to get along with the Moros, since, according to Bishop Brent himself, the latter have "steadily baffled the attempts of our ablest officers and administrators" to pacify them.

Without wishing to discuss the wisdom of what is past, one may recall that the capture of Manila by Dewey and the United States Army, and their splendid achievements in the execution of orders, were no essential part of our program to free Cuba from Spain. The novelty of the situation created by Dewey's victory caused the administration at Washington very great hesitation and anxiety. Because of our own uncertainty of intentions, the Filipinos received, rightly or wrongly, at the outset of our relations with them the impression that our highest representative on the ground had agreed with General Emilio Aguinaldo that he and his troops were to be treated as allies and that Filipino independence was the sole goal of our ambitions in those parts. At that time the Filipinos, in their ignorance, had little respect for the fighting qualities of the American army, but great faith in our noble and generous designs; at this time, it is only fair to say, a decided reversal of opinion on each score has occurred.

THE STEPS THAT THE UNITED STATES SHOULD TAKE

Two things stand out which Congress may do immediately without prejudice to any further steps which may be taken to determine exactly when absolute independence may properly be accorded to the Filipinos. As I believe that it would be both just and wise to do so, I do not hesitate to urge that Congress should take the following action:

First, to pass a joint resolution, to be approved by the President, reciting that whereas the United States in its war with Spain did not seek territorial aggrandizement, and whereas the Filipino people is of natural right entitled to independence, it is the sense of the Congress of the United States that complete independence shall be granted at the earliest date consistent with reasonable prospects of the establishment of an orderly and stable government. Further, that, in the opinion of Congress, as a result of the progress made by the Filipino people in the practical exercise of self-government so far as the opportunity has been afforded to them up to the present time, the time required reasonably to fit them for assuming sole responsibility for the government should *not exceed* twelve years from date, unless insurrection or some similar wide-spread disturbance of public order or resistance to American sovereignty should in the meantime occur.

Second, Congress should so amend the Philippine Act of July 1, 1902, as to provide for an elective Senate to replace the Philippine Commission in all its legislative powers, giving to the governor-general the usual veto power, and to the President of the United States, acting through the Secretary of War, an absolute veto power over any acts which in his judgment might involve the United States in international complications. The gov-

ernor-general and secretaries of departments would then be free to devote themselves solely to their administrative tasks, and the Filipino people would receive some real training, still under our tutelage, in legislative work and responsibilities. This would also terminate the undignified spectacle which has existed for several years, wherein the Filipino Assembly "deadlocks" with the American-controlled Philippine Commission over annual appropriation bills, and, under an old statute, the appropriations of the preceding year are revived and allotted by executive decree.

These two actions by Congress would go far to facilitate our real task in the Philippines and to restore the waning confidence of the Filipinos in our national good faith. They would be attended with no serious danger, and if unforeseen and dire results should follow the additional grant of power to the Philippine electors which the second step involves, Congress, once so convinced, would have both the authority and the justification for revoking it.

During the last fourteen years I have come into close personal contact with three distinct races of people that were in what may be termed a pathological political state. In each case the fate of the patient hung on the treatment to be adopted by an alien political "doctor." One people received promptly its territory and independence; another had its national existence crushed out in a carnival of blood and torture. Is it wrong to hope that in the case of the Filipinos our nation may follow the earlier and nobler, even if the more hazardous, precedent?

The deep-seated and pernicious defect in our existing relations with the Philippines is that the Filipino people have no adequate means of even influencing the governmental policies or specific legislation which vitally affect their present and future welfare, happiness, and territory. Even locally they have only been allowed to play at government in matters affecting the islands as a whole. Yet the Philippine Assembly, elected by direct vote of the people, has consistently conducted itself with signal prudence, moderation, intelligence, and devotion to its ideals, often in the most difficult circumstances.

The two Filipino resident commissioners at Washington have no vote in Congress, and if they had, it would matter little. Filipino interests are almost entirely distinct from those of our mainland territory, the United States proper. How could they be otherwise? Congress has virtually absolute power to regulate every phase of Filipino life, political, social, and economic, and being amenable to no tribunal except the ill-informed opinion on this subject of the American public, Congress is hard to move from the status quo. Past experience the world over has shown exactly how much reliance may be placed on a foreign and necessarily biased legislative body to deal justly and sympathetically with a helpless and subject people. The relationship existing between the United States and the Philippines is both unsound and un-American, a veritable makeshift, at best the outcome of an accident, and totally abhorrent to both our theory and our system of government.

It is never difficult for a self-constituted guardian to persuade himself of the utter incapacity of his unwilling ward. The mere unwillingness raises in his legally buttressed mind a strong presumption of unfitness to deal with serious affairs. The virus of righteousness spreads quickly through a guardian's blood until the benevolent and lofty pose, once assumed, comes to glorify his every act and justify every repression as being necessary to his ward's salvation. Courts have learned this in the hard school of experience, but no human court sits in judgment on the American people.

Let Congress act while the case is still undecided by the inexorable magistrate of fleeting time.

Is it not better to risk restoring to the Filipinos their moral birthright too soon rather than to be too late? Better for them, and, merely *en passant*, better in every way for the American people.

THE IMPRISONED VOICE

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ

MARY SHELTON told no one of the discovery she had made when going through the old house with the agent. Your grown-up dreamer is as secretive as any child, and a secluded girlhood, followed by an opportunity to teach in her own college, had left the star-dust and prism-lights of Mary's dreams still thick about her.

Besides, this cloistered life had shut out those experiences which her lovely face and her quick warmth of nature would otherwise have made inevitable. She looked as young as the girls to whom she lectured on psychology, yet they never thought of introducing their men friends to her; and they could have given her points on feminine psychology which would have set her star-dust vapors spinning.

She told her friends she had taken the house because she had fallen in love with it, and because she needed just such a quiet retreat for her summer vacations; but beneath the reasons she gave was the reason she alone knew. It stirred her with exquisite excitement. She felt that she had come to the perfect, secret flowering of her life. The course of an adventure cannot be chartered beforehand, but Mary felt sure that the one she had embarked upon would carry her far from all the common highways of life.

The day she went to take possession of the old house was a June day of wind and sunshine. She walked from the station by the beach path because the stage-coach was crowded, and because she wanted to come to the house by way of the sea. She knew just where she would get her first glimpse of the chimney-tops. She took the cliff path jauntily, her eyes bright and her hair whipped by the wind. She looked and walked like a girl of twenty.

From the top of the cliff she was to see her chimneys, and there also she saw John Brooks's fine new cottage. It sprawled over the rocks and burst into peaks and gables. It was hideous; and John Brooks was the owner of the old house she had taken! Suddenly she smiled. Her landlord's taste for this had left her *that*. She had found her chimneys, solid and red, amid feathery tree-tops.

On one side of her were the flimsy structures that sheltered the summer colony; on the other, the primitive cottages and beach shanties of the moss-gatherers; and down the road that led from the sea was the old Brooks place, its dignity and charm enhanced by comparison. It had an air of withdrawing itself, an air of waiting.

It was waiting, Mary felt, for her. As she approached it, she saw neither the pleasant marsh to left and right nor the hills farther away. She was living over again her visit to the house with the agent.

From the moment they entered she had felt—something. At first it was only the teasing glimmer of an impression, darkening before she could make it out. But, by degrees, as they went through the rooms, it grew clearer and brighter. She forgot to listen to the agent, forgot about the facts she had come to note. She saw only the things that brightening impression illumined for her: the old violin on the piano, the grouped photographs in the library, the little study with the old desk.

Then she made her discovery, and everything the house had been trying to tell her became clear. The attic had been turned into a studio, the agent told her, for Rodman Brooks, John's brother. He 'd been a kind of artist. John tried to get him into the shoe business, but it was no use. Then at last John sent him to Paris, and there he died. The pictures he 'd left were in the attic.

The attic door was locked, but Mary said she could not take the house without seeing the studio; so the agent left her and went for the key. She waited for him in the little study, looked over the books and sat down at the desk. She began to feel well acquainted with Rodman Brooks. It was as if she had come upon a tenant in the tenantless house. Then, opening the desk, she found the note-book.

Its pages were covered with a strong, youthful handwriting. She read here and there, and before she thought to question her right, she had been carried far beyond such questioning. Her fellow-tenant had found a voice. He was speaking to her, and she was listening, or, rather, her thought sprang to meet his. Never, in all her life, had she felt a sense of such perfect, satisfying comradeship. An exquisite happiness rose within her.

The agent came back with the key, and she put the book away. She followed him up to the studio; but when he opened the door, she stood still on the threshold. She was looking into the face of her new friend; his eyes and hers had met.

"He painted it himself, looking in the glass. He never did a stroke of work, Rod did n't, only his painting, and none too much of that."

Thus spoke the agent. And John Brooks—John Brooks, who was building the fine, new cottage on the cliff—had tried to force his brother into a shoe factory! Mary looked a moment longer into the eager young face, the restless eyes, then she turned away, her hand at her throat.

That sudden ache in her throat brought her back to the present moment. She was almost at her own gate, and there was Hannah peering anxiously up and down. Hannah had served in the Brooks family for years, and was now to take care of her. She exclaimed in relief at sight of Miss Shelton:

"When the stage went by, I almost thought you had n't come."

"I am so glad to be here, and so glad *you* are here to take care of me!"

It was Mary's way to flash out like that, now a warm, near delight, now a distant star. Hannah was captured, of course, but she held fast to old loyalties.

"I would n't be here if Mr. John's new house was finished; I 'd have gone."

But already Mary was a distant star. Hannah felt it, and broke off. Nevertheless, she made Miss Shelton understand that there was time to wash up before supper. This meant to Mary time to rediscover her comrade, to make sure he was still there. She just glanced at the violin and the grouped photographs, then ran up to the old desk.

He *was* there; again they spoke together. But Mary had only a few moments; she must make herself ready to go down to Hannah's supper. If she had been lovely in wind and sunset light, she was lovelier in the glow of the lamplight. Hannah lingered over her serving.

"Did you see Mr. John's new house?" she asked.

Mary nodded. Even such as she must dispose of hot waffle. Then she said:

"But I 'd rather have his old house than his new one."

"That new house of John Brooks's," Hannah reproved her, "is the finest anywheres about here."

"Yes, but this one is so homelike."

"It ain't homelike to Mr. John since his brother died."

"He cared so much?"

It was not in Hannah to resist that voice.

"He was just set on him. He 'd have made him a partner in the business, but Rod kept on talking about how he must go to Paris. So at last Mr. John sent him there, and there he died. He got his way; but it did n't do him much of any good."

"Perhaps—" Mary's voice was still soft—"perhaps if he 'd gone sooner, before he was tired out fretting about it, he would have lived and been famous."

"Well, he never did much *but* fretting to tire him. Mr. John never wasted his time fretting. He *worked*. And now he 's got those factories acrost the river, full of men earning good wages; and Rodman—he left a few pictures up in the attic."

Mary rose from the table. The fog that shut in Hannah's outlook, John Brooks's, the world's, seemed to be closing about her. She wanted to get away. But at the door she turned, smiling. A clear shaft of light had pierced the murk. What did it matter, the verdict of such as these? Better to know, to live, whatever was left to show for it. In that shaft of light, piercing the outer darkness, she felt that she clasped hands with her comrade.

Before she went to bed that night Mary took her candle and crossed the hall to the little study. Her heart beat strangely. Never had she sought any other friend with such questing eagerness. Her comrade had awaited her there through the years; at her coming his silence had been broken. When she heard his voice, she

knew that she, too, had been waiting. What, then, would he have to say to her on this, her first night in the old house? She sat down at the desk and took the little book from its place.

If your guide be your inner, your true self, you need have no fear of venturing. That quick, intuitive prompting will be pretty sure to take you out of the beaten track. But what delights, what adventures, await you, what glimpses of things undreamed of!

"What delights, what adventures!" It was strange, this meeting of her own thought. Yet it was not strange; she might have known. She read on; and when she laid the book away her face was touched with wondering happiness. She looked precisely fitted to her experience; and, in truth, she felt herself to be so fitted. She went to sleep smiling over the thought that John Brooks owned the house only as he owned the pictures in the attic, the note-book in the desk. He owned mortar and wood, canvas and paper, that was all.

The next day, looking into the face of this prosperous man, all her impressions were confirmed. He had called in his rôle of landlord. He meant, thought Mary, to play that part conscientiously. Had he not been a conscientious brother, trying to force the artist into the shoe business; and was he not now a conscientious success, with his fine new cottage and his factories full of working-men? Every line of that solidly knit, comfortably proportioned figure, every tone of that unquickened voice, suggested to Mary the unswerving pursuit, and the realization, of material aims.

She had been with her comrade that morning in the little study, and a phrase he quoted haunted her mind while she talked with John Brooks: "Where there is no vision, the people perish!" Clearly, thought Mary, the vision had died out of those eyes through long gazing on money and leather. To be sure, they were kind; but it was easy to be kind after such fashion. John Brooks had been kind when he wished to force his brother into the shoe business.

Mary's landlord, happily unaware of her thoughts, appeared to take pleasure in finding the old place revived by her presence. "Anything you want done, just let me know," he said more than once. Mary was glad when he went into the kitchen to talk to Hannah.

However, she had no intention of letting her landlord mar her happiness. Its golden circle lay bright about her, its center was the comradeship she had found; but it included Hannah and the old house, the sea, and all the country about, cliff and beach and marsh; yes, and the moss-gatherers, whose boats tossed at the foot of the cliff, and whose garden-like patches of sea-moss were spread out on the beach to dry. But it did not include the summer colony. Mary had chanced upon two or three acquaintances, and knew how to avoid the petty social net spread for her feet. She took long rambles beside the sea and over the hills; she read among the rocks on the beach, went sailing with an old sea-captain, and took her daily swim in the ocean.

She never felt alone. Her comrade seemed always with her, whether she met him in the little study or treasured his words in her thought. She even sought to share his experiences, to be guided by him. She rose sometimes before daybreak, because he had said: "Get out of doors, and see how the day begins. In that vast emptiness, slowly filling with light, in the stir of the air and the colors of dawn, you will see what God means for you."

What Mary actually did see, when she went out into the dawn, was a deer. It stood motionless, stared at her, then bounded off in great leaps. She could hardly believe it had really happened. She felt like a naiad; like anything wild and near to primitive life. She would have liked to bathe in a pool in the woods, only there was none, and she would n't have dared.

On that same day John Brooks stayed to dinner. Hannah slyly begged the invitation, and he, of course, never suspected. Yet Mary Shelton's manner might have deceived the very elect. After all, she could not pay her landlord in rent for letting her have the old house, and he was eager to do everything possible for her comfort.

So she flashed nearer than usual—near enough for a hint of warmth and sweetness. She made him laugh by telling him how, the morning after her arrival, she had asked Hannah whether she knew the

name of those bushes with the sweet-smelling leaves, the ones that grew everywhere.

"To be sure I do," said Hannah.

"Well, what do you call them?"

"Sure," was the answer, "I never called them anything but just 'them bushes.'"

Then John Brooks told her that Hannah had taken care of him and his brother ever since their parents died. "She had no use for poor Rod's painting, though. One day he left a canvas to dry in the kitchen, and she put it in the stove. She *said* she thought he 'd thrown it away."

John laughed softly, but something in Mary's heart clicked shut against him. Certain words of her comrade came into her mind:

Each soul has its own road to take; but if the road is lonely or rough, the temptation comes to leave it for companionship and ease. Better stumble every step of the way along the true road, better faint again and again from weariness and pain; for to leave it is to be lost.

Useless to repeat those words to John Brooks, sitting there complacent, successful, aware only of the obvious. But if she could flash their meaning, their truth, into his mind! Mary looked at him a moment, then said quietly, "It must have been hard for your brother to work in such circumstances."

Instantly the reminiscent laughter died from her companion's face. It was a strong, masculine face; the dark hair about it was already turning gray; the lines ran deep. Now its expression was heavy and unlighted. "Perhaps," he answered, his eyes on the floor. Then, with a still duller intonation, "Perhaps it was."

The conversation flagged. Mary looked impatiently at the unlighted face opposite. How plainly it betrayed the man's service to the world of things, his lack of dreams and aspirations! That very morning her comrade had told her that "Dreams and aspirations are the motor forces of action." But of course he meant of noble action. No dreams and aspirations were needed for the building of factories and a hideous new cottage.

Meantime, Mary's guest presented a stolid front to the winged thoughts that hovered between them. Yet he lingered. He was clearly content with the silences that fell—content to sit there in the old parlor, with the sea-breezes blowing through the window, and Mary sitting where his eyes could rest upon her.

They rested upon her quite unaware: he seemed to have forgotten himself. And Mary grew increasingly impatient with his quiet satisfaction. Her presence, she felt, simply lent the touch which made those familiar surroundings once more cheerful and homelike. But Hannah, coming in with a pitcher of iced lemonade, and also with a woman's eyes in her head, took that look of John Brooks as she might have taken a stitch in the side—with a sharp breath and a change of color. For she had seen not only the look in the man's eyes; she had seen also the utter detachment of Miss Shelton. And though she loved the girl, she felt against her a quick, burning resentment.

But neither noticed Hannah, and Mary was glad when at last John Brooks said he must be going. He meant well. Perhaps when he was young— But Mary could not picture John Brooks when he was young.

For refreshment she went, as always, to her friend. To turn the pages of the notebook and find the thought that awaited her was to Mary a more intimate communion than would have been possible through speech. It was looking into the mind, the very soul. It was a contact so intimate and vital that she often felt that sense of merged personality, that losing of self which is really an exquisite finding.

And now, clearing the murk from her spirit, came this: "The only poverty we need fear is poverty of the inner man. For that to go hungry and cold and unsheltered is the great tragedy."

Now, Mary Shelton was not so unread as to suppose that this thought had never been expressed before. But, as always, she found in her friend's words something far more precious than literary or philosophic merit. She found the clear reflection of a spirit; in all that he said she found *him*.

To the portrait in the attic studio, however, she seldom went. She would have said that it made her sad. She saw in it the restlessness, the painful yearning, of the artist's struggle for development and expression. And the canvases he had left offered no comfort. They were ambitious, but crude, and mostly unfinished. How

lived there and had some opportunity to judge the facts have been serving under a Republican administration, it would not be remarkable if their published reports and utterances as to Filipino capacity should, to put it mildly, bear a certain tinge of imperialism.

The records of our congressional committees and of the War Department are filled with reports, speeches, letters, testimony, and statistics going to show what very few men in public life who have had, or were thought to have had, exceptional facilities for knowing the real facts and situation. Thus the views of ex-Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, of ex-Secretary of War Root, of ex-Senator Lodge, of the different Philippine governors and members of the Philippine Commission, of the commanding generals who have served in the islands, have been the real source of "American public opinion." As a matter

MANUEL L. QUEZON

Resident Commissioner of the Philippine Islands at Washington. A lawyer, orator, and statesman, laboring for the independence of his people.

the party then in power wanted the American people to think about the Filipinos. If any one thought differently, he became at once, in official eyes, a dreamer, an anti-imperialist, or a demagogue. His opinions were taboo in high government circles, and he was deemed an unsafe man to hold important office. This was only natural, and I recall it merely to show how the opinion of the American people on the question has really been formed. The opinion of the ordinary American citizen as to the Filipinos is largely influenced by the statements or pronouncements of the of fact, it is doubtful whether the views of any of these gentlemen were reached in a strictly impartial or judicial manner. With the possible exception of Mr. Taft, they took up the subject, as I did, with a previously formed conviction that the facts were going to sustain the accepted government belief and policy, which were that the Filipinos were not fit to be, and should not of right be, independent, at least for a very long time to come. How long, few ventured to predict. It is said that Mr. Taft, when invited by President McKinley to go to Manila as head of the

Again that chuckling laugh broke in upon her delicate perturbations. Mary longed to snatch the book from him; flashes of indignation scorched her. But under her burning eyes John Brooks laughed on. He was no longer reading; he was looking to her to share his amusement.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it 's like seeing a fellow get up out of his grave!"

Mary shuddered. She had not thought him so callous as that. Her eyes glowed with a sort of anger as she watched him.

But John Brooks was lost again in his reading, and as he read, his face changed. The deep lines softened, the mouth relaxed and grew tender. Little by little, layer by layer, the mask of the years seemed to be thinning, as if some divine hand were stripping it away. And now the light was shining through.

To Mary it was all a tribute to her comrade. It was his spirit that was stirring and awaking the torpid spirit of his brother. It was no longer futile to speak, to explain. She leaned eagerly forward.

"I want to tell you what that book has meant to me."

The man raised his head. Under the stress of her emotion, Mary's voice had taken an exquisite, resonant note. Her eyes, starry with tears, looked straight into the eyes of John Brooks.

"It gave me," she went on, "what I have never had before in all my life—a true comrade. When I read in it, I am talking with him; when I lay it away, he is still with me. Our thoughts always meet; he has awakened me to new life. In finding him I have found myself—oh, I think you will understand! As I watched you reading, I felt you would understand."

She broke off. John Brooks seemed struggling to speak. The heaviness, the stolidity, was stripped from his face now. It was sharp with feeling, tense with pain.

"Don't!" he said huskily. "It all comes back. I 'd forgotten about it; even the handwriting was unfamiliar. Those ideas used to come into my head; I 'd write them out at the old desk up-stairs in my little study. Then I 'd come down and play on my violin. It 's in there on the piano now. I have n't touched it in years.

"I used to think I was going to write books! Well, I made shoes instead. I had to do something of that sort. Rod could n't; at least it would n't have been right to force it on him. And I got too busy to write those things down, too busy even to think them, I 'm afraid."

He did not look at Mary, but at that smoke from his factories which stained the sky. And she sat quite still. Nothing was clear to her. She vibrated to some unbelievable shock—a shock that had changed the world. And through all the chaos of reconstruction two figures took shape: she saw John Brooks bending over the desk up-stairs, his young face alight; then she saw him toiling through the years, bearing the burden for himself and his brother.

The other figure was that of his brother. His portrait came to her as clearly as if she stood before it in the attic studio, and it seemed that a veil had been drawn away from the face. She saw it weak, selfish, dissatisfied. And then the canvases showed themselves: mute witnesses of wavering purpose and flagging zeal.

"He never did a stroke of work, Rod did n't, only his painting; and none too much of that."

The agent's forgotten words had flashed into Mary's mind, and they were followed by Hannah's unheeded testimony: "He never did much *but* fretting to tire him. Mr. John never wasted his time fretting. He *worked.*"

Mary hid her face in her hands. So suddenly had those vapors of star-dust and prism-lights been swept away that she could scarcely bear the frank, uncompromising revelation. It was the man before her whose presence she had felt when she first entered the house, whose voice had spoken to her when she found the notebook.

Lifting her face, she leaned suddenly forward. She laid a hand on John Brooks's arm. "I did n't know," she said. "I have been so blind! I did n't know."

Under her touch the man sat motionless, rigid; he seemed scarcely to breathe. Then the love he had shackled and denied leaped suddenly free, a visible thing. He turned, and Mary, trembling, rose to her feet. He rose also.

"No," he answered, "you did n't know. But those things you said—about what the book has meant to you—I 'll never forget

nished by the late lamented Lord Tollemache, and again upon a smaller scale by Mr. Gladstone himself in his day, in that earthly paradise Hawarden?

The cultivation of land is now a business conducted upon a commercial basis. The American citizen who is himself landlord, factor, tenant, and laborer, requiring from the land he owns and tills only the support of himself and family, has rendered impossible the maintenance of more than one class from the products of agricultural land anywhere in the world. Knowing the kind of citizen which this condition creates, and knowing the character of the Scotch farmer, as evolved through the operation of long leases which make him virtually independent, although the magic power of ownership, which counts for much, is lacking in his case, and estimating these classes as men and as citizens, I think that the advantage to the individual and the state is in favor of the change.

Should the abolition of primogeniture and entail come, large estates in Britain would probably be divided into farms and be owned by the people. The history of Denmark in this particular might then be that of Britain, and the temptation which now exists to leave territorial domains to eldest sons would thus be removed, and with it one great obstacle to the adoption of the gospel of wealth—the desire, futile and vain, to found or maintain hereditary families.

POVERTY AND HEALTH THE BEST HERITAGE

AMONG the many advantages arising from the transmission simply of "poverty and health," there is one that to my mind outweighs all others combined. It is not permitted the children of king, millionaire, or noble to *know* father and mother in the close and realizing sense of these sacred terms. The name of father, and the holier name of mother, are only *names* to the children of the rich and the noble. To the poor boy these are the words he conjures with, his guides, the anchors of his soul, the objects of his adoration. Neither nurse, servant, governess, nor tutor has come between him and his parents. In his father he has had tutor, companion, counselor, and judge. It is not given to the born millionaire, noble, or prince to dwell upon such a heritage as is his who has had in his mother nurse, seamstress, teacher, inspirer, saint—his all in all.

The difference in treatment of sons and daughters in lands of hereditary titles is cruel, unnatural, and unjust, and must die when hereditary titles and legislatures are abolished, as both must soon be; for democracy cannot stop short of one man's privilege in the state being every man's right, as it is wherever English is spoken to-day except in the old home.

Hereditary wealth and position tend to rob fathers and mothers of their children, and vice versa. It cannot be long before their disadvantages are felt more and more, and the advantages of plain and simple living more clearly seen.

Poor boys reared thus directly by their parents possess advantages over those watched and taught by hired strangers. They appear upon the world's stage trained as athletes for a contest, with sinews braced, indomitable wills, resolved to do or die. Such boys always have marched and always will march straight to the front and lead the world. They are the epoch-makers. Let one select the three or four most celebrated names of men supremely great in every field of human triumph, and note how small is the contribution of hereditary rank and wealth to the list of immortals who have lifted and advanced the race. It will, I think, be seen that the possession of rank and wealth is almost fatal to greatness and goodness, and that the greatest and the best of our race have necessarily been nurtured in the bracing school of poverty.

THE STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH POLITICS

THE present government of Great Britain proves this. Prime Minister Asquith, Lord Loreburn, Lord Haldane, Lord Morley, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, Harcourt, McKenna, and others have risen from the ranks of the people. The hereditary nobleman is conspicuous by his absence. Our republic is not more distinguished for men who have risen from the ranks than is the motherland.

It is safe to say that our American Presidents would never have occupied their high positions had they received fortune and position from their grandfathers, or had themselves acquired riches. No po-

THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF PROPERTY

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE subject of hereditary transmission of property is an important one. Mr. Gladstone, who was foremost in dealing with my "Gospel of Wealth," which I think he really christened, did not favor entails of money, but said: "It is another matter when in commerce or in manufacture or other forms of enterprise, such for example as the business of a great publishing house, where the work of the father is propagated by his descendants." This passage implies that the hereditary transmission of wealth and position and business is not detrimental, as I think them, but desirable; a good, not an evil thing.

Let us take the first form, that of sons following the occupations of their fathers. The time has passed when business, once established, can be considered almost permanently secured. Business methods have changed; good-will counts for less and less. Success in business is held by the same tenure as success in public life, at the cost of perpetual challenge to all-comers. The fond parent who invests his son with imaginary business qualifications, and places him in charge of affairs upon the successful management of which the incomes of thousands depend, incurs a grave responsibility. Most of our disastrous failures arise from this cause. It is as unjust to the son as it is to the community.

Out of seven serious failures during a panic in New York, five were traced to this root. One involved a son who became an exile to escape punishment for breaking a law he did not understand.

THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF A GREAT BUSINESS FATAL

THE duty of the head of a great enterprise is to interest as partners capable assistants who are without capital, but who have shown aptitude for affairs, and raise them to membership and management. The banker who hands over his business to sons because they are sons makes a great mistake. The transmission of wealth and rank, without regard to merit or qualification, may sometimes pass from one peer to another without serious injury, seldom involving the welfare or means of others; but the management of business never.

Even assuming that business enterprises can be handed over properly in deference to hereditary claims, is it wise or desirable that they should be? I think not. The millionaire business man rarely rates his vocation as a desirable career for his sons.

The sons of the wealthy have a right instinct which tells them that to engage in work the primary object of which is gain is unworthy of those who, relieved from the necessities of earning a living, are in a position to devote themselves to the good of the community. The sons of millionaires are to be regarded with approval who cannot be induced to take absorbing and incessant interest in their father's business. The day is over when even the richest can play at business, as rich men's sons almost invariably do. There are exceptions where the son shows tastes and decided ability which render him the natural successor, but these are rare. This ability, moreover, should be proved in some other establishment than that of the father.

THE DAY OF ENTAILED LAND ALSO PAST

WHEN we come to the question of the hereditary transmission of land, Mr. Gladstone's words are most touching. He paints a striking picture of the "wonderful diversity and closeness of the ties by which, when rightly used, the office of the landed proprietor binds together the whole structure of rural society . . . that cohesion, interdependence, and affection of the gens which is in its turn a fast-compacting bond of society at large." But is this a picture of to-day? Has not that day also passed except in a few instances, such as that fur-

nished by the late lamented Lord Tollemache, and again upon a smaller scale by Mr. Gladstone himself in his day, in that earthly paradise Hawarden?

The cultivation of land is now a business conducted upon a commercial basis. The American citizen who is himself landlord, factor, tenant, and laborer, requiring from the land he owns and tills only the support of himself and family, has rendered impossible the maintenance of more than one class from the products of agricultural land anywhere in the world. Knowing the kind of citizen which this condition creates, and knowing the character of the Scotch farmer, as evolved through the operation of long leases which make him virtually independent, although the magic power of ownership, which counts for much, is lacking in his case, and estimating these classes as men and as citizens, I think that the advantage to the individual and the state is in favor of the change.

Should the abolition of primogeniture and entail come, large estates in Britain would probably be divided into farms and be owned by the people. The history of Denmark in this particular might then be that of Britain, and the temptation which now exists to leave territorial domains to eldest sons would thus be removed, and with it one great obstacle to the adoption of the gospel of wealth—the desire, futile and vain, to found or maintain hereditary families.

POVERTY AND HEALTH THE BEST HERITAGE

AMONG the many advantages arising from the transmission simply of "poverty and health," there is one that to my mind outweighs all others combined. It is not permitted the children of king, millionaire, or noble to *know* father and mother in the close and realizing sense of these sacred terms. The name of father, and the holier name of mother, are only *names* to the children of the rich and the noble. To the poor boy these are the words he conjures with, his guides, the anchors of his soul, the objects of his adoration. Neither nurse, servant, governess, nor tutor has come between him and his parents. In his father he has had tutor, companion, counselor, and judge. It is not given to the born millionaire, noble, or prince to dwell upon such a heritage as is his who has had in his mother nurse, seamstress, teacher, inspirer, saint—his all in all.

The difference in treatment of sons and daughters in lands of hereditary titles is cruel, unnatural, and unjust, and must die when hereditary titles and legislatures are abolished, as both must soon be; for democracy cannot stop short of one man's privilege in the state being every man's right, as it is wherever English is spoken to-day except in the old home.

Hereditary wealth and position tend to rob fathers and mothers of their children, and vice versa. It cannot be long before their disadvantages are felt more and more, and the advantages of plain and simple living more clearly seen.

Poor boys reared thus directly by their parents possess advantages over those watched and taught by hired strangers. They appear upon the world's stage trained as athletes for a contest, with sinews braced, indomitable wills, resolved to do or die. Such boys always have marched and always will march straight to the front and lead the world. They are the epoch-makers. Let one select the three or four most celebrated names of men supremely great in every field of human triumph, and note how small is the contribution of hereditary rank and wealth to the list of immortals who have lifted and advanced the race. It will, I think, be seen that the possession of rank and wealth is almost fatal to greatness and goodness, and that the greatest and the best of our race have necessarily been nurtured in the bracing school of poverty.

THE STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH POLITICS

THE present government of Great Britain proves this. Prime Minister Asquith, Lord Loreburn, Lord Haldane, Lord Morley, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, Harcourt, McKenna, and others have risen from the ranks of the people. The hereditary nobleman is conspicuous by his absence. Our republic is not more distinguished for men who have risen from the ranks than is the motherland.

It is safe to say that our American Presidents would never have occupied their high positions had they received fortune and position from their grandfathers, or had themselves acquired riches. No po-

litical party would be so foolish as to nominate a rich man for the Presidency, much less a millionaire. The man must have worked for his bread to be an available candidate, and if, like Lincoln, he has been so fortunate as to be compelled to split rails, or, like Garfield, to drive mules upon a canal, and subsequently to clean the rooms and light the fires of a school in part payment for his tuition, or, like Blaine, to teach school, so much more successfully does he appeal to the people. This applies not only to the Presidency. One of the strongest aspirants for that office is said to have lost his renomination to the Senate because a house that he had erected in Washington was supposed to indicate tastes incompatible with republican simplicity of life.

Nothing is more fatal to the prospects of a public man in America than wealth or the display of wealth. The dangers of a plutocracy that Cardinal Manning once feared are purely imaginary. There is no country in which wealth counts for so little as in America. The current is all the other way. Is the influence of lineage less upon the President in binding him to honor and public virtue because neither hereditary rank nor wealth was transmitted? Because he is poor and a commoner, is he less sensitive to the promptings of honor and virtue?

I think it will be found that the best and greatest of Great Britain do not differ from the greatest and best of other lands. These have had a lineage which linked them to honor and to public virtue, but almost without exception the lineage of honest poverty, of hard-working, wage-receiving parents leading lives of privation, sacrificing comforts that their sons might be kept at school—lineage from the cottage of poverty, not the palace of hereditary rank.

But if the transmission of property to children and relatives is not the ideal, what shall be done with it? Surely great fortunes cannot be dispensed in private charity.

THE DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE GIVING

Upon the subject of giving Mr. Gladstone thought that I was severe in my judgment of private charity when I estimated that out of every thousand dollars spent in so-called charity, half of it might as well be thrown into the sea. Unless the individual giver knows the person or family in misfortune, their habits, conduct, and cause of distress, and realizes that help given will actually aid them to help themselves, he cannot act properly. And if he does act to save his own feelings, which he is very apt to do, he will increase rather than diminish the distress which appeals for his bounty. There is no true charity except that which helps others to help themselves, and places within the reach of the aspiring the means to climb. It is well to remember, however, that one cannot help another up a ladder who does not do some of the climbing himself.

Common humanity impels us to provide for the actual wants of human beings; to see, through our poor laws, that none die of starvation, and to provide comfortable clothing, shelter, and instruction, which, however, should always be dependent upon work performed. But in doing this our thoughts should also turn to the benefits that are to accrue to those who are yet sound and industrious, and are seeking through labor the means of betterment, by removing from among them the unhelpable, and placing the latter under the care of the state, in workhouses and on industrial farms. Every vagabond or idler supported by alms bestowed by the wealthy is a source of moral infection to the neighborhood.

The best use of wealth, indeed, the only highly creditable use, in my opinion, is in administering it during the lifetime of its possessor for the benefit of all poor, creditable, respectable citizens. In this way the wealth of the few will become in the best sense the property of the many, because administered for the common good. And this wealth, passing through the hands of the few, can be made a much more potent force for the elevation of our race than if distributed in small sums to the people themselves. Even the poorest can be made to see this, and to agree that great sums spent for public purposes, from which the masses reap the principal benefit, are more valuable to them than if scattered among each one in trifling amounts through the course of many years.

HOME

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

PART IV

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

By a turn of fate, Alix Deering married Gerry Lansing instead of Alan Wayne. Both men loved Alix, and perhaps she favored the wrong one, for marital relations with Gerry were discordant. At length Alix was on the point of eloping with Alan, but reconsidered in time to escape disgrace. Gerry, however, could not foresee the outcome, and, wishing to escape the scandal which seemed imminent, took passage for Brazil. After some time in South America he met a Portuguese girl who owned a tumble-down plantation, on the San Francisco River. He married this Margarita, a child was born, and, with the added interest of irrigating and cultivating the plantation, Gerry found his life severed from former associations. Furthermore, he became intimate with two other exiles, Lieber, a ranch-owner evading the law, and Kemp, an orchid-dealer.

During these years Alan Wayne had been engineering bridges in foreign countries, but had kept in touch with home through his little cousin, Clematis McAlpin, for whom he has a warm affection. In South America he was stricken with fever, and was carried to Lieber's ranch in a critical condition. Thus it was inevitable that Gerry and Alan should meet, and during Alan's convalescence Gerry learned that Alix had been constant in affection. He forgave Alan. His wife believed him still alive, and, with a roly-poly Gerry, Junior, awaited his return. For months there had been a deadening drought, and now came a raging flood from the head-waters of the San Francisco, sweeping all before it—the plantation, Margarita, and her child. Gerry tried desperately to save them, and barely escaped alive. The flood carried away all that made his exile tolerable, and we leave him undecided as to where he will turn.

Meanwhile Wayne, thanks to the care of Kemp and Lieber, was strong enough to start home. We find him en route.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IT was with some misgivings that Kemp left Alan at the coast. Alan was still very weak. Kemp stood, more incongruous than ever, against the rail of the little coaster bound for Pernambuco and eyed Alan, whom he had made comfortable in a camp-bed on the deck.

"It seems to me, Mr. Wayne," he said, "that there mought be business waitin' fer me at Pernambuco thet I don' know nothin' about. I 've got a hunch I 'd best go along of you and see."

Alan smiled.

"I know what your hunch is, Kemp, and it 's a wrong one. I 'm all right. Weak, but I 'll make it. Don't worry."

Kemp was standing in angles. His hands were thrust in his trouser-pockets, but even so his elbows were crooked. One foot was raised on a rail. He was coatless, as usual. His unbuttoned waistcoat stuck out behind. His broad-brimmed hat was pulled well down over his eyes. His eyes had taken on the far-away and slightly luminous look that always came into them when he was about to speak from the heart.

"Mr. Wayne," he said, "I 've tol' you some things about Lieber, an' you 've seen some more. You know how he stands. Lieber 's livin' in hell, like the rich Greaser in the Bible, with his tongue stuck out, beggin' for one drop of water. Only Lieber hain't got his tongue stuck out; he 's bitin' it."

Kemp paused, and Alan nodded.

"I was thinkin'," Kemp continued, "thet perhaps you 'n' Mr. Lansing, with yo' folks he'pin', mought chuck him that drop o' water when you get back to heaven

—meanin' Noo Yawk." Kemp brought his eyes slowly around and rested them on Alan.

"Kemp," said Alan, "don't you worry. If J. Y. Wayne & Co. have n't gone to smash or the world otherwise come to an end, you can be sure Lieber will get his water in a full bucket."

Kemp nodded, and with a "S'long and good luck," disappeared down the gangway.

At Pernambuco Alan found an accumulation of mail awaiting him and a liner bound for home. The liner was too big to get into the little harbor behind the reef. She rode the swell a mile out from shore.

Alan lost no time in making his transfer. Day after day he lay in his cabin, listless, before he thought of his batch of letters. They were still in the pocket of his coat. He asked the steward to hand them to him, looked through them, picked out one, and laid the rest aside. The one he picked out was Clem's.

With her own peculiar wisdom, Clem had written not about him or herself, but about Red Hill. Alan read, and then dropped the letter to his lap. His hands fell clenched at his sides. His eyes, grown large, stared out down the long vista of the mind. Walls faded away, and the sounds of a great ship at sea were suddenly dumb. To his ears came instead the carol-ing of birds in evening-song after rain, to his eyes a vision of Red Hill dripping light from its myriad leaves, and to his heart the protecting, brooding shelter of Maple House—of home.

It cleanses a man's soul to have been at death's door. Sickness, more than love, leads a man up. Alan was feeling cleansed, like a little child.

At times his thoughts turned to Alix. He could have cabled to her about Gerry from Pernambuco, but he had not done so. The note that he was carrying for Gerry was light—only a half-sheet, probably. The lightness of it told Alan that the things Gerry had to say to his wife could not be put on paper.

Then, without volition, his mind wandered from Alix and raced ahead to the goal of his journey. What was the goal of his journey? Whither was he bound? He reached for Clem's letter and held it in folded hands. He had no need to read it again. The words were nothing; the picture was all.

Once when Alan was wandering with an Englishman in the hills above Granada, a faint odor had brought them to a sudden halt. It was the Englishman who made the surprising discovery first. "Blackberries, by Jove!" he had exclaimed. "Good old blackberries!" And then they two had stood together, yet half a world apart, and stared long at the berry-laden bush. What vision of a tangled, high-walled garden burst upon the Englishman Alan never knew, but to himself had come a memory of East Mountain in autumn, so clear, so poignant, that it had brought his throbbing heart into his throat.

It was so now with Clem's letter. The words were but a hurried daub, but they touched his eyes with a magic wand. The daub became a scene, a picture, a world—his world.

Red Hill was spread out before him, a texture where the threads and colors of life were blended into a carpet soft, but enduring. Men walked and little children played on it. Alan closed his eyes and sighed. What had he been doing with life? Making sacking? Sacking was commercial. It paid in cash. It was the national industry. But what could one do with sacking on Red Hill?

Then almost suddenly the full spirit of Clem's letter seized him. One did not take gifts to Red Hill. To every one of its children Red Hill was the source of all gifts—the source of life. On that thought he slept.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE next morning a message came by hand to Alan's rooms. Alix had come to town, and wished to see him at once. Would he please come around? He replied that he was too ill. Half an hour later Swithson answered a ring at the door, and Alix slipped quickly past him into Alan's sitting-room. There was a flush of anger in her cheeks, but Alan was pleased to see no trace of tears in her eyes. A woman's crying always touched him on the raw and seldom awakened his pity.

At sight of him Alix forgot her concern for herself.

"Why, Alan," she cried, "what is the matter?"

THE IMPRISONED VOICE

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ

MARY SHELTON told no one of the discovery she had made when going through the old house with the agent. Your grown-up dreamer is as secretive as any child, and a secluded girlhood, followed by an opportunity to teach in her own college, had left the star-dust and prism-lights of Mary's dreams still thick about her.

Besides, this cloistered life had shut out those experiences which her lovely face and her quick warmth of nature would otherwise have made inevitable. She looked as young as the girls to whom she lectured on psychology, yet they never thought of introducing their men friends to her; and they could have given her points on feminine psychology which would have set her star-dust vapors spinning.

She told her friends she had taken the house because she had fallen in love with it, and because she needed just such a quiet retreat for her summer vacations; but beneath the reasons she gave was the reason she alone knew. It stirred her with exquisite excitement. She felt that she had come to the perfect, secret flowering of her life. The course of an adventure cannot be chartered beforehand, but Mary felt sure that the one she had embarked upon would carry her far from all the common highways of life.

The day she went to take possession of the old house was a June day of wind and sunshine. She walked from the station by the beach path because the stage-coach was crowded, and because she wanted to come to the house by way of the sea. She knew just where she would get her first glimpse of the chimney-tops. She took the cliff path jauntily, her eyes bright and her hair whipped by the wind. She looked and walked like a girl of twenty.

From the top of the cliff she was to see her chimneys, and there also she saw John Brooks's fine new cottage. It sprawled over the rocks and burst into peaks and gables. It was hideous; and John Brooks was the owner of the old house she had taken! Suddenly she smiled. Her landlord's taste for this had left her *that*. She had found her chimneys, solid and red, amid feathery tree-tops.

On one side of her were the flimsy structures that sheltered the summer colony; on the other, the primitive cottages and beach shanties of the moss-gatherers; and down the road that led from the sea was the old Brooks place, its dignity and charm enhanced by comparison. It had an air of withdrawing itself, an air of waiting.

It was waiting, Mary felt, for her. As she approached it, she saw neither the pleasant marsh to left and right nor the hills farther away. She was living over again her visit to the house with the agent.

From the moment they entered she had felt—something. At first it was only the teasing glimmer of an impression, darkening before she could make it out. But, by degrees, as they went through the rooms, it grew clearer and brighter. She forgot to listen to the agent, forgot about the facts she had come to note. She saw only the things that brightening impression illumined for her: the old violin on the piano, the grouped photographs in the library, the little study with the old desk.

Then she made her discovery, and everything the house had been trying to tell her became clear. The attic had been turned into a studio, the agent told her, for Rodman Brooks, John's brother. He 'd been a kind of artist. John tried to get him into the shoe business, but it was no use. Then at last John sent him to Paris, and there he died. The pictures he 'd left were in the attic.

The attic door was locked, but Mary said she could not take the house without seeing the studio; so the agent left her and went for the key. She waited for him in the little study, looked over the books and sat down at the desk. She began to feel well acquainted with Rodman Brooks. It was as if she had come upon a tenant in the tenantless house. Then, opening the desk, she found the note-book.

Its pages were covered with a strong, youthful handwriting. She read here and there, and before she thought to question her right, she had been carried far beyond such questioning. Her fellow-tenant had found a voice. He was speaking to her, and she was listening, or, rather, her thought sprang to meet his. Never, in all her life, had she felt a sense of such perfect, satisfying comradeship. An exquisite happiness rose within her.

The agent came back with the key, and she put the book away. She followed him up to the studio; but when he opened the door, she stood still on the threshold. She was looking into the face of her new friend; his eyes and hers had met.

"He painted it himself, looking in the glass. He never did a stroke of work, Rod did n't, only his painting, and none too much of that."

Thus spoke the agent. And John Brooks—John Brooks, who was building the fine, new cottage on the cliff—had tried to force his brother into a shoe factory! Mary looked a moment longer into the eager young face, the restless eyes, then she turned away, her hand at her throat.

That sudden ache in her throat brought her back to the present moment. She was almost at her own gate, and there was Hannah peering anxiously up and down. Hannah had served in the Brooks family for years, and was now to take care of her. She exclaimed in relief at sight of Miss Shelton:

"When the stage went by, I almost thought you had n't come."

"I am so glad to be here, and so glad *you* are here to take care of me!"

It was Mary's way to flash out like that, now a warm, near delight, now a distant star. Hannah was captured, of course, but she held fast to old loyalties.

"I would n't be here if Mr. John's new house was finished; I 'd have gone."

But already Mary was a distant star. Hannah felt it, and broke off. Nevertheless, she made Miss Shelton understand that there was time to wash up before supper. This meant to Mary time to rediscover her comrade, to make sure he was still there. She just glanced at the violin and the grouped photographs, then ran up to the old desk.

He *was* there; again they spoke together. But Mary had only a few moments; she must make herself ready to go down to Hannah's supper. If she had been lovely in wind and sunset light, she was lovelier in the glow of the lamplight. Hannah lingered over her serving.

"Did you see Mr. John's new house?" she asked.

Mary nodded. Even such as she must dispose of hot waffle. Then she said:

"But I 'd rather have his old house than his new one."

"That new house of John Brooks's," Hannah reproved her, "is the finest anywheres about here."

"Yes, but this one is so homelike."

"It ain't homelike to Mr. John since his brother died."

"He cared so much?"

It was not in Hannah to resist that voice.

"He was just set on him. He 'd have made him a partner in the business, but Rod kept on talking about how he must go to Paris. So at last Mr. John sent him there, and there he died. He got his way; but it did n't do him much of any good."

"Perhaps—" Mary's voice was still soft—"perhaps if he 'd gone sooner, before he was tired out fretting about it, he would have lived and been famous."

"Well, he never did much *but* fretting to tire him. Mr. John never wasted his time fretting. He *worked*. And now he 's got those factories acrost the river, full of men earning good wages; and Rodman—he left a few pictures up in the attic."

Mary rose from the table. The fog that shut in Hannah's outlook, John Brooks's, the world's, seemed to be closing about her. She wanted to get away. But at the door she turned, smiling. A clear shaft of light had pierced the murk. What did it matter, the verdict of such as these? Better to know, to live, whatever was left to show for it. In that shaft of light, piercing the outer darkness, she felt that she clasped hands with her comrade.

Before she went to bed that night Mary took her candle and crossed the hall to the little study. Her heart beat strangely. Never had she sought any other friend with such questing eagerness. Her comrade had awaited her there through the years; at her coming his silence had been broken. When she heard his voice, she

nished by the late lamented Lord Tollemache, and again upon a smaller scale by Mr. Gladstone himself in his day, in that earthly paradise Hawarden?

The cultivation of land is now a business conducted upon a commercial basis. The American citizen who is himself landlord, factor, tenant, and laborer, requiring from the land he owns and tills only the support of himself and family, has rendered impossible the maintenance of more than one class from the products of agricultural land anywhere in the world. Knowing the kind of citizen which this condition creates, and knowing the character of the Scotch farmer, as evolved through the operation of long leases which make him virtually independent, although the magic power of ownership, which counts for much, is lacking in his case, and estimating these classes as men and as citizens, I think that the advantage to the individual and the state is in favor of the change.

Should the abolition of primogeniture and entail come, large estates in Britain would probably be divided into farms and be owned by the people. The history of Denmark in this particular might then be that of Britain, and the temptation which now exists to leave territorial domains to eldest sons would thus be removed, and with it one great obstacle to the adoption of the gospel of wealth—the desire, futile and vain, to found or maintain hereditary families.

POVERTY AND HEALTH THE BEST HERITAGE

AMONG the many advantages arising from the transmission simply of "poverty and health," there is one that to my mind outweighs all others combined. It is not permitted the children of king, millionaire, or noble to *know* father and mother in the close and realizing sense of these sacred terms. The name of father, and the holier name of mother, are only *names* to the children of the rich and the noble. To the poor boy these are the words he conjures with, his guides, the anchors of his soul, the objects of his adoration. Neither nurse, servant, governess, nor tutor has come between him and his parents. In his father he has had tutor, companion, counselor, and judge. It is not given to the born millionaire, noble, or prince to dwell upon such a heritage as is his who has had in his mother nurse, seamstress, teacher, inspirer, saint—his all in all.

The difference in treatment of sons and daughters in lands of hereditary titles is cruel, unnatural, and unjust, and must die when hereditary titles and legislatures are abolished, as both must soon be; for democracy cannot stop short of one man's privilege in the state being every man's right, as it is wherever English is spoken to-day except in the old home.

Hereditary wealth and position tend to rob fathers and mothers of their children, and vice versa. It cannot be long before their disadvantages are felt more and more, and the advantages of plain and simple living more clearly seen.

Poor boys reared thus directly by their parents possess advantages over those watched and taught by hired strangers. They appear upon the world's stage trained as athletes for a contest, with sinews braced, indomitable wills, resolved to do or die. Such boys always have marched and always will march straight to the front and lead the world. They are the epoch-makers. Let one select the three or four most celebrated names of men supremely great in every field of human triumph, and note how small is the contribution of hereditary rank and wealth to the list of immortals who have lifted and advanced the race. It will, I think, be seen that the possession of rank and wealth is almost fatal to greatness and goodness, and that the greatest and the best of our race have necessarily been nurtured in the bracing school of poverty.

THE STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH POLITICS

THE present government of Great Britain proves this. Prime Minister Asquith, Lord Loreburn, Lord Haldane, Lord Morley, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, Harcourt, McKenna, and others have risen from the ranks of the people. The hereditary nobleman is conspicuous by his absence. Our republic is not more distinguished for men who have risen from the ranks than is the motherland.

It is safe to say that our American Presidents would never have occupied their high positions had they received fortune and position from their grandfathers, or had themselves acquired riches. No po-

name of those bushes with the sweet-smelling leaves, the ones that grew everywhere.

"To be sure I do," said Hannah.

"Well, what do you call them?"

"Sure," was the answer, "I never called them anything but just 'them bushes.'"

Then John Brooks told her that Hannah had taken care of him and his brother ever since their parents died. "She had no use for poor Rod's painting, though. One day he left a canvas to dry in the kitchen, and she put it in the stove. She *said* she thought he 'd thrown it away."

John laughed softly, but something in Mary's heart clicked shut against him. Certain words of her comrade came into her mind:

> Each soul has its own road to take; but if the road is lonely or rough, the temptation comes to leave it for companionship and ease. Better stumble every step of the way along the true road, better faint again and again from weariness and pain; for to leave it is to be lost.

Useless to repeat those words to John Brooks, sitting there complacent, successful, aware only of the obvious. But if she could flash their meaning, their truth, into his mind! Mary looked at him a moment, then said quietly, "It must have been hard for your brother to work in such circumstances."

Instantly the reminiscent laughter died from her companion's face. It was a strong, masculine face; the dark hair about it was already turning gray; the lines ran deep. Now its expression was heavy and unlighted. "Perhaps," he answered, his eyes on the floor. Then, with a still duller intonation, "Perhaps it was."

The conversation flagged. Mary looked impatiently at the unlighted face opposite. How plainly it betrayed the man's service to the world of things, his lack of dreams and aspirations! That very morning her comrade had told her that "Dreams and aspirations are the motor forces of action." But of course he meant of noble action. No dreams and aspirations were needed for the building of factories and a hideous new cottage.

Meantime, Mary's guest presented a stolid front to the winged thoughts that hovered between them. Yet he lingered. He was clearly content with the silences that fell—content to sit there in the old parlor, with the sea-breezes blowing through the window, and Mary sitting where his eyes could rest upon her.

They rested upon her quite unaware: he seemed to have forgotten himself. And Mary grew increasingly impatient with his quiet satisfaction. Her presence, she felt, simply lent the touch which made those familiar surroundings once more cheerful and homelike. But Hannah, coming in with a pitcher of iced lemonade, and also with a woman's eyes in her head, took that look of John Brooks as she might have taken a stitch in the side—with a sharp breath and a change of color. For she had seen not only the look in the man's eyes; she had seen also the utter detachment of Miss Shelton. And though she loved the girl, she felt against her a quick, burning resentment.

But neither noticed Hannah, and Mary was glad when at last John Brooks said he must be going. He meant well. Perhaps when he was young— But Mary could not picture John Brooks when he was young.

For refreshment she went, as always, to her friend. To turn the pages of the notebook and find the thought that awaited her was to Mary a more intimate communion than would have been possible through speech. It was looking into the mind, the very soul. It was a contact so intimate and vital that she often felt that sense of merged personality, that losing of self which is really an exquisite finding.

And now, clearing the murk from her spirit, came this: "The only poverty we need fear is poverty of the inner man. For that to go hungry and cold and unsheltered is the great tragedy."

Now, Mary Shelton was not so unread as to suppose that this thought had never been expressed before. But, as always, she found in her friend's words something far more precious than literary or philosophic merit. She found the clear reflection of a spirit; in all that he said she found *him*.

To the portrait in the attic studio, however, she seldom went. She would have said that it made her sad. She saw in it the restlessness, the painful yearning, of the artist's struggle for development and expression. And the canvases he had left offered no comfort. They were ambitious, but crude, and mostly unfinished. How

sorely he had needed to get away, to breathe a freer atmosphere, to feel the touch of kindred spirits!

Oddly enough, the note-book, that perfect reflection, gave no hint of thwarted aspiration, spoke no word of the cherished art. But Mary read between the lines; here clearly the man had escaped from all the fetters that bound him, even from the disappointment and struggle associated with his art.

Never in all her life had Mary Shelton been so beautiful as when, alone in the little study, she pored over the dim pages of the note-book. As she read, within her always quickened that delicate excitement, that wonder and delight of recognition. To be sure, when she emerged, she had to be retuned to the every-day contacts of life—to Hannah, inquiring about dinner, to John Brooks, dropping in more and more often on his way to the new cottage. They, good souls, never knew how jarringly they touched on the delicately strung Miss Shelton.

Yet, by so admirably playing their humble parts of housekeeper and landlord, these two made it possible for Mary to taste the perfect savor of her adventure. As the season waned she began to realize this. She lingered oftener in the kitchen, a pleasant place, and she felt less impatient with John Brooks. There was so little time left! She sometimes even flashed near in that quick way of hers—sweet fire instead of a distant star.

She thought of asking him to give her the note-book. Of course, to leave it behind would not be to leave her comrade. She might even copy the contents; and so she would if her landlord wished to keep it. But why should he? Forgotten for years in that dusty drawer, it had awaited her coming. If she had n't been a true daughter of her Puritan forebears, she would simply have taken it.

One day, when John Brooks was sitting at peace on the piazza, she made her request. "There 's an old note-book in a desk up-stairs. I 'm going to ask you to give it to me."

He looked at her out of puzzled eyes. He would have given her anything in the house, and she asked for an old note-book!

"I 'll bring it down," Mary volunteered. "I 've—I 've been reading it. And I 'd like to keep it."

She turned away hastily, the blood in her cheeks. She had suddenly realized that her reading of the note-book might not seem—well, exactly the right thing. And when John Brooks discovered it to be a record of his brother's thoughts, he might think her request a strange one. She actually lingered in the little study, half afraid to go down again. Then she braced herself against the man's complacent, material stolidity. He could not of course realize her spiritual ownership of this book. If she told him that through its pages she had met her predestined comrade, he would not even know what she meant.

While Mary went after her crystalline reflection of a spirit, John Brooks, a very palpable figure of a man, sat looking toward his factories over the river. Mary caught him at it when she came back. He probably enjoyed seeing their smoke sully the blue of the sky. A swift rush of impatience drove away all her hesitation. As he turned toward her she handed him the note-book.

Then she sat down and looked resolutely at the sea. But she heard the precious leaves turning. Oh, he would n't understand a word he read! Still, the handwriting might revive a certain sentiment.

"Upon my word, this fellow has Friend Emerson beaten to a standstill!"

John Brooks was chuckling—chuckling in heavy, stupid amusement. Mary, looking at him, flashed fire; but he did n't see. His eyes were on the written page. Then he said:

"Listen to this: 'Every soul must carry its own torch; but the lighted soul may kindle the unlighted.' "

"Don't! Oh, please, please don't!"

John Brooks looked at her in surprise.

"I can't bear to have you mock at it," Mary faltered. A sense of the futility of trying to explain checked further speech.

John Brooks gave his attention again to the page before him. He turned it, read, then read another. Gradually his face quickened. "He knows now," thought Mary. Her breath caught in her throat. The man had loved his brother, though in a dull, uncomprehending way. Perhaps he would not care to give her the book, perhaps he would feel disturbed at her calling it to his attention.

Again that chuckling laugh broke in upon her delicate perturbations. Mary longed to snatch the book from him; flashes of indignation scorched her. But under her burning eyes John Brooks laughed on. He was no longer reading; he was looking to her to share his amusement.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it 's like seeing a fellow get up out of his grave!"

Mary shuddered. She had not thought him so callous as that. Her eyes glowed with a sort of anger as she watched him.

But John Brooks was lost again in his reading, and as he read, his face changed. The deep lines softened, the mouth relaxed and grew tender. Little by little, layer by layer, the mask of the years seemed to be thinning, as if some divine hand were stripping it away. And now the light was shining through.

To Mary it was all a tribute to her comrade. It was his spirit that was stirring and awaking the torpid spirit of his brother. It was no longer futile to speak, to explain. She leaned eagerly forward.

"I want to tell you what that book has meant to me."

The man raised his head. Under the stress of her emotion, Mary's voice had taken an exquisite, resonant note. Her eyes, starry with tears, looked straight into the eyes of John Brooks.

"It gave me," she went on, "what I have never had before in all my life—a true comrade. When I read in it, I am talking with him; when I lay it away, he is still with me. Our thoughts always meet; he has awakened me to new life. In finding him I have found myself—oh, I think you will understand! As I watched you reading, I felt you would understand."

She broke off. John Brooks seemed struggling to speak. The heaviness, the stolidity, was stripped from his face now. It was sharp with feeling, tense with pain.

"Don't!" he said huskily. "It all comes back. I 'd forgotten about it; even the handwriting was unfamiliar. Those ideas used to come into my head; I 'd write them out at the old desk up-stairs in my little study. Then I 'd come down and play on my violin. It 's in there on the piano now. I have n't touched it in years.

"I used to think I was going to write books! Well, I made shoes instead. I had to do something of that sort. Rod could n't; at least it would n't have been right to force it on him. And I got too busy to write those things down, too busy even to think them, I 'm afraid."

He did not look at Mary, but at that smoke from his factories which stained the sky. And she sat quite still. Nothing was clear to her. She vibrated to some unbelievable shock—a shock that had changed the world. And through all the chaos of reconstruction two figures took shape: she saw John Brooks bending over the desk up-stairs, his young face alight; then she saw him toiling through the years, bearing the burden for himself and his brother.

The other figure was that of his brother. His portrait came to her as clearly as if she stood before it in the attic studio, and it seemed that a veil had been drawn away from the face. She saw it weak, selfish, dissatisfied. And then the canvases showed themselves: mute witnesses of wavering purpose and flagging zeal.

"He never did a stroke of work, Rod did n't, only his painting; and none too much of that."

The agent's forgotten words had flashed into Mary's mind, and they were followed by Hannah's unheeded testimony: "He never did much *but* fretting to tire him. Mr. John never wasted his time fretting. He *worked.*"

Mary hid her face in her hands. So suddenly had those vapors of star-dust and prism-lights been swept away that she could scarcely bear the frank, uncompromising revelation. It was the man before her whose presence she had felt when she first entered the house, whose voice had spoken to her when she found the notebook.

Lifting her face, she leaned suddenly forward. She laid a hand on John Brooks's arm. "I did n't know," she said. "I have been so blind! I did n't know."

Under her touch the man sat motionless, rigid; he seemed scarcely to breathe. Then the love he had shackled and denied leaped suddenly free, a visible thing. He turned, and Mary, trembling, rose to her feet. He rose also.

"No," he answered, "you did n't know. But those things you said—about what the book has meant to you—I 'll never forget

Alan laughed. There was a pleasant note in his laugh she had never heard before.

"I 'm all right, Alix. Don't make any mistake. I 'm a resurrection in the bud. Doing fine. I don't have to ask how you are. You 're well. You 're looking just as well as a little slip like you can ever look. Sit down, do."

Alix's thoughts went back to herself, and immediately the flame burned again in her cheeks. She pulled Gerry's crumpled note from her glove and tossed it open on the table before Alan. He read the two or three lines in which Gerry told her he would arrive shortly. The note was intentionally colorless.

"Well?" he asked.

Alix turned flashing eyes on him.

"Well? Is that all you have to say? Alan, it is *not* well. I 've come here because you must tell me—somebody must tell me *now*—all the things that that note hides behind its wonderfully blank, weazen, hypocritical little face."

Alan's eyes gleamed with amusement at the rippling words. Alix was certainly well. Then suddenly she collapsed into a chair.

"Three years!" she gasped. Her hands went up to hold her head and she began to cry in a way Alan had never heard a woman cry before. The gasping sobs racked his nerves.

"Alix,"—the word snapped out like the crack of a whip,—"you stop crying, or I 'll slap you, and when I slap I slap hard."

Alix choked, swallowed, and looked at him, outraged and unbelieving. Alan's eyes were blazing.

"You listen to me," he commanded—"listen to every word I say. You 've gone through a lot in three years, but just fasten your mind on to this: so has Gerry. That note is colorless because Gerry made it colorless. It does n't tell anything, because Gerry is n't a coward, and because there are things he must tell you face to face to get your answer clear in his own mind. I 'm making you curious with every word. All right, be curious. But you can be sure of one thing: if Gerry had wanted me to tell you his story, he 'd have asked me to; but he did n't. He did n't even ask me not to. He was standing in deep waters, but he had his head and shoulders out. He was n't asking for my or anybody else's hand to help him up the bank. He did n't ask me not to meddle, because he knew I was man enough to see where he stood without words. He trusted me." Alan's voice trailed off weakly. He closed his eyes.

"But, Alan," said Alix, "I must know *something*. Is he well? Is he—"

Alan held up his hand.

"Just one thing, and then I 'm going to sleep. I never thought the old Rock would ever loom so big."

Alix watched him doze off. She slipped out without waking him and sent a cable to Pernambuco. By night she had an answer. Gerry had not yet sailed!

Days passed. She went out only for exercise. Her mind was busy with wondering. The judge called regularly. He had put off going to Red Hill. He wanted Alix to feel that a friend was at hand and, besides, he had Alan on his hands. Alan was worrying him in a new way. Something had gone out of him. Sometimes he seemed to the judge a mere shell—a blown egg, robbed of the seed of life. The judge often talked of him to Alix, but she could not fasten her mind on Alan.

"Take him to the Hill," was her listless advice.

"I 've tried," said the judge, "and he says he 's not ready—not strong enough. I told him that 's what he ought to go for—to get strong, and he said a funny thing. 'There 's a kind of strength we must generate or borrow. I did n't borrow, so now I 'm generating. It takes time.' And then he dropped off to sleep. Before, he used to run you through with his tongue when he wanted to stop a conversation. Now he just goes to sleep. It 's just as effective and almost as original."

One afternoon the judge came in with a smile on his face.

"Alan is better," he announced.

"Is n't he better every day?" asked Alix.

"Not like this," said the judge. "You know Fleureur? Of course you don't. You would n't. Can't imagine how he ever got into the club, but he did. Well, it 's a long time since Mr. Fleureur has been asked to cut in at bridge at the club or anywhere else. Yesterday he came in and saw Alan for the first time since his return. 'Hallo, Wayne!' he said. 'Back

THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF PROPERTY

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE subject of hereditary transmission of property is an important one. Mr. Gladstone, who was foremost in dealing with my "Gospel of Wealth," which I think he really christened, did not favor entails of money, but said: "It is another matter when in commerce or in manufacture or other forms of enterprise, such for example as the business of a great publishing house, where the work of the father is propagated by his descendants." This passage implies that the hereditary transmission of wealth and position and business is not detrimental, as I think them, but desirable; a good, not an evil thing.

Let us take the first form, that of sons following the occupations of their fathers. The time has passed when business, once established, can be considered almost permanently secured. Business methods have changed; good-will counts for less and less. Success in business is held by the same tenure as success in public life, at the cost of perpetual challenge to all-comers. The fond parent who invests his son with imaginary business qualifications, and places him in charge of affairs upon the successful management of which the incomes of thousands depend, incurs a grave responsibility. Most of our disastrous failures arise from this cause. It is as unjust to the son as it is to the community.

Out of seven serious failures during a panic in New York, five were traced to this root. One involved a son who became an exile to escape punishment for breaking a law he did not understand.

THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF A GREAT BUSINESS FATAL

THE duty of the head of a great enterprise is to interest as partners capable assistants who are without capital, but who have shown aptitude for affairs, and raise them to membership and management. The banker who hands over his business to sons because they are sons makes a great mistake. The transmission of wealth and rank, without regard to merit or qualification, may sometimes pass from one peer to another without serious injury, seldom involving the welfare or means of others; but the management of business never.

Even assuming that business enterprises can be handed over properly in deference to hereditary claims, is it wise or desirable that they should be? I think not. The millionaire business man rarely rates his vocation as a desirable career for his sons.

The sons of the wealthy have a right instinct which tells them that to engage in work the primary object of which is gain is unworthy of those who, relieved from the necessities of earning a living, are in a position to devote themselves to the good of the community. The sons of millionaires are to be regarded with approval who cannot be induced to take absorbing and incessant interest in their father's business. The day is over when even the richest can play at business, as rich men's sons almost invariably do. There are exceptions where the son shows tastes and decided ability which render him the natural successor, but these are rare. This ability, moreover, should be proved in some other establishment than that of the father.

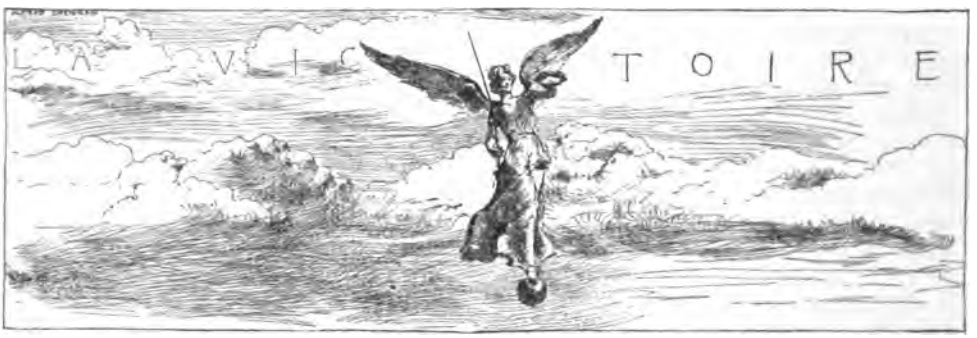
THE DAY OF ENTAILED LAND ALSO PAST

WHEN we come to the question of the hereditary transmission of land, Mr. Gladstone's words are most touching. He paints a striking picture of the "wonderful diversity and closeness of the ties by which, when rightly used, the office of the landed proprietor binds together the whole structure of rural society . . . that cohesion, interdependence, and affection of the gens which is in its turn a fast-compacting bond of society at large." But is this a picture of to-day? Has not that day also passed except in a few instances, such as that fur-

them! They 've given something back to me. If I ever feel I 'm losing it, I 'll say them over and over. Oh, I know to you it 's as if you had said them about another man—"

He stopped, gripped by the anguish of it; and Mary made a little involuntary movement. His pain hurt her intolerably. But with the hurt was something else, something overmastering and strange and sweet. She struggled against it, then put her hands out blindly.

"No," she whispered—"no. It was not another man; it was you!"



GODS AND HEROES OF THE GAEL

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX

FORTH in shining phalanx marching from the shrouding mists of time,
Bright the sunlight on their foreheads, bright upon their golden mail,
Lords of beauty, lords of valor, lords of earth's unconquered prime,
Come the gods, the kings, the heroes of the Gael.

Lugh the Mighty,[1] he who led us from the forest and the fen,
He whose smile at first illuming all the shadow-haunted space
Of the vast, primeval ranges, death-engirdled, shunned of men,
Over virgin seas to Erin led our race.

Mananaan, great lord of ocean, he whose fair domain outspread
Wheresoever tides, foam-flowered, to the moon's high mandate move.
Ængus, clothed in youth immortal, on immortal ardors fed,
Who of old, in golden Brugh, reigned lord of love.

And his name a knightly pennon on the ramparts of the world,
And his fame a fire unfailing on time's utmost purple height,
Erin's splendid gage of courage to the vaunting ages hurled,
Sunward evermore Cuchulain [2] holds his flight.

They are coming with the silver speech of Erin on their lips—
The speech that once of all the mighty Celtic race made kin,
They are coming with the laughter that has known no age eclipse,
They are coming with the songs beloved of Finn.

Yea, with gifts regenerating to all men of women born,
Flame of courage that shall fade not, flame of truth that shall not fail,
To the music of a thousand harps they 're marching through the morn,
Deathless gods and kings and heroes of the Gael.

[1] Lugh, the supreme sun-god of the Celts.

[2] Cuchulain (Coo-hoo'-lin).

THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF PROPERTY

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE subject of hereditary transmission of property is an important one. Mr. Gladstone, who was foremost in dealing with my "Gospel of Wealth," which I think he really christened, did not favor entails of money, but said: "It is another matter when in commerce or in manufacture or other forms of enterprise, such for example as the business of a great publishing house, where the work of the father is propagated by his descendants." This passage implies that the hereditary transmission of wealth and position and business is not detrimental, as I think them, but desirable; a good, not an evil thing.

Let us take the first form, that of sons following the occupations of their fathers. The time has passed when business, once established, can be considered almost permanently secured. Business methods have changed; good-will counts for less and less. Success in business is held by the same tenure as success in public life, at the cost of perpetual challenge to all-comers. The fond parent who invests his son with imaginary business qualifications, and places him in charge of affairs upon the successful management of which the incomes of thousands depend, incurs a grave responsibility. Most of our disastrous failures arise from this cause. It is as unjust to the son as it is to the community.

Out of seven serious failures during a panic in New York, five were traced to this root. One involved a son who became an exile to escape punishment for breaking a law he did not understand.

THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF A GREAT BUSINESS FATAL

THE duty of the head of a great enterprise is to interest as partners capable assistants who are without capital, but who have shown aptitude for affairs, and raise them to membership and management. The banker who hands over his business to sons because they are sons makes a great mistake. The transmission of wealth and rank, without regard to merit or qualification, may sometimes pass from one peer to another without serious injury, seldom involving the welfare or means of others; but the management of business never.

Even assuming that business enterprises can be handed over properly in deference to hereditary claims, is it wise or desirable that they should be? I think not. The millionaire business man rarely rates his vocation as a desirable career for his sons.

The sons of the wealthy have a right instinct which tells them that to engage in work the primary object of which is gain is unworthy of those who, relieved from the necessities of earning a living, are in a position to devote themselves to the good of the community. The sons of millionaires are to be regarded with approval who cannot be induced to take absorbing and incessant interest in their father's business. The day is over when even the richest can play at business, as rich men's sons almost invariably do. There are exceptions where the son shows tastes and decided ability which render him the natural successor, but these are rare. This ability, moreover, should be proved in some other establishment than that of the father.

THE DAY OF ENTAILED LAND ALSO PAST

WHEN we come to the question of the hereditary transmission of land, Mr. Gladstone's words are most touching. He paints a striking picture of the "wonderful diversity and closeness of the ties by which, when rightly used, the office of the landed proprietor binds together the whole structure of rural society . . . that cohesion, interdependence, and affection of the gens which is in its turn a fast-compacting bond of society at large." But is this a picture of to-day? Has not that day also passed except in a few instances, such as that fur-

nished by the late lamented Lord Tollemache, and again upon a smaller scale by Mr. Gladstone himself in his day, in that earthly paradise Hawarden?

The cultivation of land is now a business conducted upon a commercial basis. The American citizen who is himself landlord, factor, tenant, and laborer, requiring from the land he owns and tills only the support of himself and family, has rendered impossible the maintenance of more than one class from the products of agricultural land anywhere in the world. Knowing the kind of citizen which this condition creates, and knowing the character of the Scotch farmer, as evolved through the operation of long leases which make him virtually independent, although the magic power of ownership, which counts for much, is lacking in his case, and estimating these classes as men and as citizens, I think that the advantage to the individual and the state is in favor of the change.

Should the abolition of primogeniture and entail come, large estates in Britain would probably be divided into farms and be owned by the people. The history of Denmark in this particular might then be that of Britain, and the temptation which now exists to leave territorial domains to eldest sons would thus be removed, and with it one great obstacle to the adoption of the gospel of wealth—the desire, futile and vain, to found or maintain hereditary families.

POVERTY AND HEALTH THE BEST HERITAGE

AMONG the many advantages arising from the transmission simply of "poverty and health," there is one that to my mind outweighs all others combined. It is not permitted the children of king, millionaire, or noble to *know* father and mother in the close and realizing sense of these sacred terms. The name of father, and the holier name of mother, are only *names* to the children of the rich and the noble. To the poor boy these are the words he conjures with, his guides, the anchors of his soul, the objects of his adoration. Neither nurse, servant, governess, nor tutor has come between him and his parents. In his father he has had tutor, companion, counselor, and judge. It is not given to the born millionaire, noble, or prince to dwell upon such a heritage as is his who has had in his mother nurse, seamstress, teacher, inspirer, saint—his all in all.

The difference in treatment of sons and daughters in lands of hereditary titles is cruel, unnatural, and unjust, and must die when hereditary titles and legislatures are abolished, as both must soon be; for democracy cannot stop short of one man's privilege in the state being every man's right, as it is wherever English is spoken to-day except in the old home.

Hereditary wealth and position tend to rob fathers and mothers of their children, and vice versa. It cannot be long before their disadvantages are felt more and more, and the advantages of plain and simple living more clearly seen.

Poor boys reared thus directly by their parents possess advantages over those watched and taught by hired strangers. They appear upon the world's stage trained as athletes for a contest, with sinews braced, indomitable wills, resolved to do or die. Such boys always have marched and always will march straight to the front and lead the world. They are the epoch-makers. Let one select the three or four most celebrated names of men supremely great in every field of human triumph, and note how small is the contribution of hereditary rank and wealth to the list of immortals who have lifted and advanced the race. It will, I think, be seen that the possession of rank and wealth is almost fatal to greatness and goodness, and that the greatest and the best of our race have necessarily been nurtured in the bracing school of poverty.

THE STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS IN ENGLISH POLITICS

THE present government of Great Britain proves this. Prime Minister Asquith, Lord Loreburn, Lord Haldane, Lord Morley, Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, Harcourt, McKenna, and others have risen from the ranks of the people. The hereditary nobleman is conspicuous by his absence. Our republic is not more distinguished for men who have risen from the ranks than is the motherland.

It is safe to say that our American Presidents would never have occupied their high positions had they received fortune and position from their grandfathers, or had themselves acquired riches. No po-

litical party would be so foolish as to nominate a rich man for the Presidency, much less a millionaire. The man must have worked for his bread to be an available candidate, and if, like Lincoln, he has been so fortunate as to be compelled to split rails, or, like Garfield, to drive mules upon a canal, and subsequently to clean the rooms and light the fires of a school in part payment for his tuition, or, like Blaine, to teach school, so much more successfully does he appeal to the people. This applies not only to the Presidency. One of the strongest aspirants for that office is said to have lost his renomination to the Senate because a house that he had erected in Washington was supposed to indicate tastes incompatible with republican simplicity of life.

Nothing is more fatal to the prospects of a public man in America than wealth or the display of wealth. The dangers of a plutocracy that Cardinal Manning once feared are purely imaginary. There is no country in which wealth counts for so little as in America. The current is all the other way. Is the influence of lineage less upon the President in binding him to honor and public virtue because neither hereditary rank nor wealth was transmitted? Because he is poor and a commoner, is he less sensitive to the promptings of honor and virtue?

I think it will be found that the best and greatest of Great Britain do not differ from the greatest and best of other lands. These have had a lineage which linked them to honor and to public virtue, but almost without exception the lineage of honest poverty, of hard-working, wage-receiving parents leading lives of privation, sacrificing comforts that their sons might be kept at school—lineage from the cottage of poverty, not the palace of hereditary rank.

But if the transmission of property to children and relatives is not the ideal, what shall be done with it? Surely great fortunes cannot be dispensed in private charity.

THE DANGERS OF INDISCRIMINATE GIVING

Upon the subject of giving Mr. Gladstone thought that I was severe in my judgment of private charity when I estimated that out of every thousand dollars spent in so-called charity, half of it might as well be thrown into the sea. Unless the individual giver knows the person or family in misfortune, their habits, conduct, and cause of distress, and realizes that help given will actually aid them to help themselves, he cannot act properly. And if he does act to save his own feelings, which he is very apt to do, he will increase rather than diminish the distress which appeals for his bounty. There is no true charity except that which helps others to help themselves, and places within the reach of the aspiring the means to climb. It is well to remember, however, that one cannot help another up a ladder who does not do some of the climbing himself.

Common humanity impels us to provide for the actual wants of human beings; to see, through our poor laws, that none die of starvation, and to provide comfortable clothing, shelter, and instruction, which, however, should always be dependent upon work performed. But in doing this our thoughts should also turn to the benefits that are to accrue to those who are yet sound and industrious, and are seeking through labor the means of betterment, by removing from among them the unhelpable, and placing the latter under the care of the state, in workhouses and on industrial farms. Every vagabond or idler supported by alms bestowed by the wealthy is a source of moral infection to the neighborhood.

The best use of wealth, indeed, the only highly creditable use, in my opinion, is in administering it during the lifetime of its possessor for the benefit of all poor, creditable, respectable citizens. In this way the wealth of the few will become in the best sense the property of the many, because administered for the common good. And this wealth, passing through the hands of the few, can be made a much more potent force for the elevation of our race than if distributed in small sums to the people themselves. Even the poorest can be made to see this, and to agree that great sums spent for public purposes, from which the masses reap the principal benefit, are more valuable to them than if scattered among each one in trifling amounts through the course of many years.

HOME

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

PART IV

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

By a turn of fate, Alix Deering married Gerry Lansing instead of Alan Wayne. Both men loved Alix, and perhaps she favored the wrong one, for marital relations with Gerry were discordant. At length Alix was on the point of eloping with Alan, but reconsidered in time to escape disgrace. Gerry, however, could not foresee the outcome, and, wishing to escape the scandal which seemed imminent, took passage for Brazil. After some time in South America he met a Portuguese girl who owned a tumble-down plantation, on the San Francisco River. He married this Margarita, a child was born, and, with the added interest of irrigating and cultivating the plantation, Gerry found his life severed from former associations. Furthermore, he became intimate with two other exiles, Lieber, a ranch-owner evading the law, and Kemp, an orchid-dealer.

During these years Alan Wayne had been engineering bridges in foreign countries, but had kept in touch with home through his little cousin, Clematis McAlpin, for whom he has a warm affection. In South America he was stricken with fever, and was carried to Lieber's ranch in a critical condition. Thus it was inevitable that Gerry and Alan should meet, and during Alan's convalescence Gerry learned that Alix had been constant in affection. He forgave Alan. His wife believed him still alive, and, with a roly-poly Gerry, Junior, awaited his return. For months there had been a deadening drought, and now came a raging flood from the head-waters of the San Francisco, sweeping all before it—the plantation, Margarita, and her child. Gerry tried desperately to save them, and barely escaped alive. The flood carried away all that made his exile tolerable, and we leave him undecided as to where he will turn.

Meanwhile Wayne, thanks to the care of Kemp and Lieber, was strong enough to start home. We find him en route.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IT was with some misgivings that Kemp left Alan at the coast. Alan was still very weak. Kemp stood, more incongruous than ever, against the rail of the little coaster bound for Pernambuco and eyed Alan, whom he had made comfortable in a camp-bed on the deck.

"It seems to me, Mr. Wayne," he said, "that there mought be business waitin' fer me at Pernambuco thet I don' know nothin' about. I 've got a hunch I 'd best go along of you and see."

Alan smiled.

"I know what your hunch is, Kemp, and it 's a wrong one. I 'm all right. Weak, but I 'll make it. Don't worry."

Kemp was standing in angles. His hands were thrust in his trouser-pockets, but even so his elbows were crooked. One foot was raised on a rail. He was coatless, as usual. His unbuttoned waistcoat stuck out behind. His broad-brimmed hat was pulled well down over his eyes. His eyes had taken on the far-away and slightly luminous look that always came into them when he was about to speak from the heart.

"Mr. Wayne," he said, "I 've tol' you some things about Lieber, an' you 've seen some more. You know how he stands. Lieber 's livin' in hell, like the rich Greaser in the Bible, with his tongue stuck out, beggin' for one drop of water. Only Lieber hain't got his tongue stuck out; he 's bitin' it."

Kemp paused, and Alan nodded.

"I was thinkin'," Kemp continued, "thet perhaps you 'n' Mr. Lansing, with yo' folks he'pin', mought chuck him that drop o' water when you get back to heaven

—meanin' Noo Yawk." Kemp brought his eyes slowly around and rested them on Alan.

"Kemp," said Alan, "don't you worry. If J. Y. Wayne & Co. have n't gone to smash or the world otherwise come to an end, you can be sure Lieber will get his water in a full bucket."

Kemp nodded, and with a "S'long and good luck," disappeared down the gangway.

At Pernambuco Alan found an accumulation of mail awaiting him and a liner bound for home. The liner was too big to get into the little harbor behind the reef. She rode the swell a mile out from shore.

Alan lost no time in making his transfer. Day after day he lay in his cabin, listless, before he thought of his batch of letters. They were still in the pocket of his coat. He asked the steward to hand them to him, looked through them, picked out one, and laid the rest aside. The one he picked out was Clem's.

With her own peculiar wisdom, Clem had written not about him or herself, but about Red Hill. Alan read, and then dropped the letter to his lap. His hands fell clenched at his sides. His eyes, grown large, stared out down the long vista of the mind. Walls faded away, and the sounds of a great ship at sea were suddenly dumb. To his ears came instead the caroling of birds in evening-song after rain, to his eyes a vision of Red Hill dripping light from its myriad leaves, and to his heart the protecting, brooding shelter of Maple House—of home.

It cleanses a man's soul to have been at death's door. Sickness, more than love, leads a man up. Alan was feeling cleansed, like a little child.

At times his thoughts turned to Alix. He could have cabled to her about Gerry from Pernambuco, but he had not done so. The note that he was carrying for Gerry was light—only a half-sheet, probably. The lightness of it told Alan that the things Gerry had to say to his wife could not be put on paper.

Then, without volition, his mind wandered from Alix and raced ahead to the goal of his journey. What was the goal of his journey? Whither was he bound? He reached for Clem's letter and held it in folded hands. He had no need to read it again. The words were nothing; the picture was all.

Once when Alan was wandering with an Englishman in the hills above Granada, a faint odor had brought them to a sudden halt. It was the Englishman who made the surprising discovery first. "Blackberries, by Jove!" he had exclaimed. "Good old blackberries!" And then they two had stood together, yet half a world apart, and stared long at the berry-laden bush. What vision of a tangled, high-walled garden burst upon the Englishman Alan never knew, but to himself had come a memory of East Mountain in autumn, so clear, so poignant, that it had brought his throbbing heart into his throat.

It was so now with Clem's letter. The words were but a hurried daub, but they touched his eyes with a magic wand. The daub became a scene, a picture, a world—his world.

Red Hill was spread out before him, a texture where the threads and colors of life were blended into a carpet soft, but enduring. Men walked and little children played on it. Alan closed his eyes and sighed. What had he been doing with life? Making sacking? Sacking was commercial. It paid in cash. It was the national industry. But what could one do with sacking on Red Hill?

Then almost suddenly the full spirit of Clem's letter seized him. One did not take gifts to Red Hill. To every one of its children Red Hill was the source of all gifts—the source of life. On that thought he slept.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE next morning a message came by hand to Alan's rooms. Alix had come to town, and wished to see him at once. Would he please come around? He replied that he was too ill. Half an hour later Swithson answered a ring at the door, and Alix slipped quickly past him into Alan's sitting-room. There was a flush of anger in her cheeks, but Alan was pleased to see no trace of tears in her eyes. A woman's crying always touched him on the raw and seldom awakened his pity.

At sight of him Alix forgot her concern for herself.

"Why, Alan," she cried, "what is the matter?"

Alan laughed. There was a pleasant note in his laugh she had never heard before.

"I 'm all right, Alix. Don't make any mistake. I 'm a resurrection in the bud. Doing fine. I don't have to ask how you are. You 're well. You 're looking just as well as a little slip like you can ever look. Sit down, do."

Alix's thoughts went back to herself, and immediately the flame burned again in her cheeks. She pulled Gerry's crumpled note from her glove and tossed it open on the table before Alan. He read the two or three lines in which Gerry told her he would arrive shortly. The note was intentionally colorless.

"Well?" he asked.

Alix turned flashing eyes on him.

"Well? Is that all you have to say? Alan, it is *not* well. I 've come here because you must tell me—somebody must tell me *now*—all the things that that note hides behind its wonderfully blank, weazen, hypocritical little face."

Alan's eyes gleamed with amusement at the rippling words. Alix was certainly well. Then suddenly she collapsed into a chair.

"Three years!" she gasped. Her hands went up to hold her head and she began to cry in a way Alan had never heard a woman cry before. The gasping sobs racked his nerves.

"Alix,"—the word snapped out like the crack of a whip,—"you stop crying, or I 'll slap you, and when I slap I slap hard."

Alix choked, swallowed, and looked at him, outraged and unbelieving. Alan's eyes were blazing.

"You listen to me," he commanded—"listen to every word I say. You 've gone through a lot in three years, but just fasten your mind on to this: so has Gerry. That note is colorless because Gerry made it colorless. It does n't tell anything, because Gerry is n't a coward, and because there are things he must tell you face to face to get your answer clear in his own mind. I 'm making you curious with every word. All right, be curious. But you can be sure of one thing: if Gerry had wanted me to tell you his story, he 'd have asked me to; but he did n't. He did n't even ask me not to. He was standing in deep waters, but he had his head and shoulders out. He was n't asking for my or anybody else's hand to help him up the bank. He did n't ask me not to meddle, because he knew I was man enough to see where he stood without words. He trusted me." Alan's voice trailed off weakly. He closed his eyes.

"But, Alan," said Alix, "I must know *something*. Is he well? Is he—"

Alan held up his hand.

"Just one thing, and then I 'm going to sleep. I never thought the old Rock would ever loom so big."

Alix watched him doze off. She slipped out without waking him and sent a cable to Pernambuco. By night she had an answer. Gerry had not yet sailed!

Days passed. She went out only for exercise. Her mind was busy with wondering. The judge called regularly. He had put off going to Red Hill. He wanted Alix to feel that a friend was at hand and, besides, he had Alan on his hands. Alan was worrying him in a new way. Something had gone out of him. Sometimes he seemed to the judge a mere shell—a blown egg, robbed of the seed of life. The judge often talked of him to Alix, but she could not fasten her mind on Alan.

"Take him to the Hill," was her listless advice.

"I 've tried," said the judge, "and he says he 's not ready—not strong enough. I told him that 's what he ought to go for—to get strong, and he said a funny thing. 'There 's a kind of strength we must generate or borrow. I did n't borrow, so now I 'm generating. It takes time.' And then he dropped off to sleep. Before, he used to run you through with his tongue when he wanted to stop a conversation. Now he just goes to sleep. It 's just as effective and almost as original."

One afternoon the judge came in with a smile on his face.

"Alan is better," he announced.

"Is n't he better every day?" asked Alix.

"Not like this," said the judge. "You know Fleureur? Of course you don't. You would n't. Can't imagine how he ever got into the club, but he did. Well, it 's a long time since Mr. Fleureur has been asked to cut in at bridge at the club or anywhere else. Yesterday he came in and saw Alan for the first time since his return. 'Hallo, Wayne!' he said. 'Back

again, and doing the heavy swell as ever, only not quite so heavy inside the clothes now, eh?' Alan is getting touchy over being a weakling. That 's a good sign, too, by the way. He looked sidewise out of his sleepy eyes at Fleureur, and you bet everybody listened." The judge paused at thus forgetting himself; then he went on. "Alan said: 'Do clothes matter such a lot? Somehow it seems to me it does n't make any difference how much a man waxes his mustache as long as he does n't wax his finger-nails.' "

Alix's face lighted up.

"Oh, that *is* Alan." The judge's eyes twinkled.

"Yes," he said, "and then Alan went off to sleep like a shot, and Fleureur remembered an engagement. The whole club 's cheered up. The club did n't know what was the matter with itself, but it knows now. It was missing Alan after he had come back."

Alan had written to Mrs. J. Y. that he was planning to motor from town to Red Hill. Clem, as Mrs. J. Y.'s deputy, had answered his letter, promising him a warm and long welcome at Maple House. She gave him a way-bill.

"It 's the simplest way-bill in the world," she wrote, "out of town and along the sound till you come to *the* river, then up the valley till the bald top of East Mountain signals you from the left. Climb the mountain, and from there the old church will lead you home."

"The old church will lead you home," Alan repeated to himself as he let his relaxed body lounge across the tonneau, and trusted to cushions and springs to take up the bumps. His thoughts raced ahead of him to Red Hill. In memory he plodded over dusty roads and through mossy lanes; swam, fished, and loafed; wept and laughed. He was going back to the cradle of all his emotions.

The wind and the motion of the car made him sleepy. He dozed. He awoke to see East Mountain looming in the distance. Steadily the car drew into its lee. Alan sighted a climbing road, and called directions to the driver. From the bare top of the mountain he made out the old church, a white speck on a far-away hill. He stood up and traced the course they were to follow. He was filled with a strange excitement.

"Never mind the bumps; open her up," he ordered, and sat down and closed his eyes.

The car shot down into the valley, rattled across one bridge and then another, sped along the Low Road, overshot the embowered mouth of Long Lane. Long Lane was as cool as memory and as balmy with the twining odors of birch and sassafras and laurel as childhood's recollection. Alan drew a long, full breath, and then the car ran out upon the top of Red Hill, swerved to the right, and turned in under the low-hanging limbs of the maples.

It was early afternoon. The old homestead was very still. As the car drew up at the curb, a girl rose from a deep chair on the veranda and stepped forward. Alan caught his breath and stared. He felt himself a little boy. Nance, a mere rosebud of a girl, stood before him, and smiled at his bewildered face.

"You 're Uncle Alan, are n't you?" The soft voice sustained illusion, but the words brought him to himself—made him feel suddenly older by a generation. Then he smiled back at her and chaffed:

"You *have* been busy since I saw you last. Have I the honor of presenting myself to Miss Sterling?"

"The same," replied the girl, laughing, "and your niece."

"Come, that 's enough; don't rub it in. Besides, you 're only niece by courtesy. By the family tree we 're cousins."

"All right. I 'll be a cousin to you if you like it better," remarked Nance, Junior, demurely.

Alan had sprung out. He caught her hands and kissed her. Her fresh mouth brushed his cheek.

"Yes, I like it better," he said. "It 's some fun kissing a cousin."

Nance, Junior, snatched away her hands and dashed into the house.

"Mother, Clem, he 's here! Unc—Cousin Alan 's come!"

From up-stairs came a sullen, but feeble, roar, as though a bull had bellowed and only echo had come forth. From a hammock under the trees J. Y. tumbled his stiffening limbs, and with a quick shake of his broad shoulders strode across the lawn. There was a patter of women's feet. Clem burst out of the house, caught both of Alan's hands, and shook them. Her lips opened, but she said nothing. He

eyes and her heart were full of welcome. Alan felt them speaking for her. Then came Mrs. J. Y. and J. Y. and Nance, the mother of four. There arose a babel of hearty greetings, but through them all could be heard the rumble of the echolike bellowing.

"'S-sh!" said Alan, holding up his hand. "What 's that noise?"

Clem laughed.

"It 's the captain," she said. "Listen!"

In the silence the rumbling became vociferation. "Bring him up here! Bring him up here! Bring him up here, dammit!"

"You 'd better go quickly," remarked Nance, Junior. "He 's begun to swear, and mother does n't like us to hear it."

Alan hurried into the house and up to the captain's room. The grown-ups followed, but stopped below and waited. Nance, Junior, remained to direct the chauffeur to the barn.

"Excuse me, miss," said that worthy, "but Mr. Wayne has n't had a bite to eat since seven this morning. You might not think to ask him, you see, so I thought I 'd tell you."

"I see," replied the young lady, and added with ready wit and a smile, "Just find the kitchen and tell the cook."

Alan found the captain propped on many pillows. His bulging eyes had the same old glare, his close-cropped hair still made an effort, though feeble, to insurgency; but his corpulence was gone. He had collapsed at last, and was bedridden after his severe stroke. "Huh!" was his greeting.

Alan sat down beside the bed.

"How do you do, sir?"

"Do? I do all right. It 's the liquor in this country that 's gone off, sir. Corked whisky. That 's all that 's left. I 'll show you, Alan." And he roared, after a preliminary puff, "Two whiskies."

Mrs. Wayne appeared.

"Now, Captain," she said softly, "what 's this? Two at a time? You 're getting better."

The captain subsided.

"One for Alan," he grunted.

The drinks came. Alan welcomed his. He was tired and faint after the long journey. The captain gazed on his own glass defiantly, but ordered the maid to set it on the table at his side. Alan waited long for him to take it up, and then he saw that the captain had fallen asleep. Alan sipped his drink. The captain was right; it was flavorless. But Alan remembered that he had thrown away his last cigarette for the same reason. He sighed.

CHAPTER XXXVI

DESPITE the judge, Alix was feeling very lonely, abandoned, unloved. She sat on the little veranda at the back of the town house and day-dreamed. Across her knee lay the morning paper. A word caught her eye—*Elenic*. Half unconsciously she read, "Among the arrivals by the *Elenic*, the Honorable Percy Collingeford."

Collingeford! She started to her feet, and then with what seemed a perceptible click her mind repeated, *"Elenic."* She sat down again. The hand that held the paper was trembling. She sat for a long time looking at her hand. The telephone bell rang, but she did not hear it. Old John came and stood beside her.

"Mr. Collingeford telephones to know if you are in town."

A frightened gleam showed in Alix's eyes. It passed, and a flame of color came into her pale cheeks.

"Yes," she said, "I am at home. Tell him I will see him at any time to-day."

Collingeford lost no time. When he arrived, Alix was still sitting on the veranda. She received him there. He came upon her with a rush, like a fresh breeze. "What luck!" he cried. "Really in town on a hot summer's day? Which is it? Frocks or the dentist?"

Alix rose and held out her hand. A faint smile came to her face, lingered a moment, and passed.

"I am glad you have come," she said, and then paused. Her eyes wavered. Was she glad he had come?

Collingeford caught her mood.

"Just what do you mean by that?" he asked gravely.

Alix's eyes came back to his face.

"I—I don't know," she stammered.

They sat down. Collingeford dropped his hat and stick and leaned forward. A dull color burned in his cheeks.

"Alix," he said, "has—has anything happened?"

"No," said Alix, "not what you mean. Gerry is alive. He has written. He says he is coming back—sometime."

Collingeford sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing.

"*Some*time! Did he really write that? Sometime?"

There was a petulant look about Alix's mouth that belonged to an Alix of long ago. She tried to shake it off with her mood.

"No," she said dully, after a pause. "He did n't write just that, but it amounts to the same thing. He wrote, but he has not come."

Collingeford paced up and down the little veranda, his arms crossed, and one hand pulling nervously at his mustache. He came to a stop before Alix and stood looking down at her, his eyes eager, but questioning.

"Well?" he said.

Alix made a little gesture of despair with her two hands.

"I—I don't know," she repeated. Then she began to cry quietly.

Collingeford caught her hands and drew her to her feet. He put his arms about her. She laid her head against his shoulder and sobbed. Collingeford's heart was beating furiously. His arms trembled. He longed to strain her to him, but he only held her firmly and patted her back. Some instinct told him that this was not the moment of possession.

When Alix could talk, he knew that his instinct was true.

"Oh," she said, "what a little beast I am, unfair to you, unfair to myself!"

She disengaged herself and sat down. With a tiny square of cambric she dabbed at her eyes.

"Here," said Collingeford, and held out a big fresh handkerchief.

Alix took it and used it solemnly. Then its bulk struck a sudden note of humor. She laughed, and Collingeford smiled. As she gave back the handkerchief she pressed Collingeford's hand.

"I have been a little beast."

"No," said Collingeford, gravely, "you have been unspeakably lovable."

"It would have been that if I loved you, but I don't. That 's why I 've been a beast. To make you think—"

Collingeford interrupted her.

"You made me think nothing. Somehow I knew. I knew it was just loneliness running over from a full heart."

Alix nodded.

"How wonderful of you to understand!" she said. "Lonely? Yes, I 've been terribly lonely—never before so lonely."

"You shall not be lonely any more," said Collingeford. "Every day I 'll come and talk to you, take you out—anything. I 'm yours."

Alix shook her head from side to side. Her eyes refused him.

"Alix," cried Collingeford, hurt, "don't you want me even for a friend?"

"Don't mistake what I 'm going to say, will you?" said Alix.

Collingeford shook his head.

"Gerry is coming back," went on Alix, "but—I don't know what he is bringing back. Perhaps it is something he can't share with me; perhaps it is something I do not want. When you went away I had only faith; now I have only doubt—such a big doubt. That 's why I said to you, 'I don't know.' And while I don't know, I will not have you even for a friend." Alix flushed, and fixed her eyes on Collingeford's face. "Do you understand?"

Collingeford's eyes were glowing.

"Yes," he said, "I think I do. You mean that perhaps—later on—you will send for me."

"Perhaps—only perhaps," whispered Alix.

Collingeford picked up his hat and stick. He took Alix's hand and held it long. She would not look up. He stooped and kissed her fingers.

"I shall be waiting," he said.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE peripatetic, pathogenic agent of malarial fevers possesses the prime attribute of a bad penny: it comes back. Alan had often fatted himself to receive the prodigal, and he was not now at a loss to account for the sudden lassitude, the deadened palate, and the truant sense of smell that had come upon him. He turned to Mrs. J. Y.

"I 'm afraid I 'll have to lie down. I hate to be a nuisance, but I 've got a touch of fever."

To the initiated "a touch of fever" means anything from a slight indisposition to a knock-out blow delivered below the belt. It is the sole phrase of confession recognized by the malarial cult. Happily for Alan, the expression on this occasion

was no euphemism. He was suffering from a touch of fever and nothing more, brought on by too continued exertion. He was shown to his room—his old room.

A flutter and then a sigh of disappointment went through Maple House at Alan's immediate eclipse. The children foresaw an order for silence or a veto on the afternoon's excursion to the lake. J. Y. became restless, and wandered noiselessly about from room to room. Clem sat in the great window and dreamed and listened for Alan's bell. She would not go to the lake. The children were solemnly grave and then giggling by fits and starts.

The Eltons had come back from abroad. From Elm House, Cousin Frances Elton, commonly known as Tom, short for tomboy, came racing across the lawn, waving towel and bathing-clothes, and in a high treble giving a creditable imitation of an Indian war-whoop. At Tom's cry the children stampeded to the veranda with sibilant cries of *"'S-sh!"* Mrs. J. Y. looked at Nance, and Nance smiled resignedly. They put away their work, ordered the wagonette and the colts,—colts no longer, alas! save in name,—and departed with a wagon-load of suppressed youth. From Long Lane floated back peals of young laughter, breaking bounds as the overhanging trees hid the hill from view.

Clem sat on the vast window-seat and toyed with a book. J. Y. came and dropped down beside her.

"Well, Clem, he 's come back."

Clem nodded.

"Are you sure he does n't want anything, Uncle John? He has n't had a thing to eat since seven o'clock this morning." Alan's bell tinkled. Clem started to her feet and then sat down again. "You 'd better go," she said; but when J. Y. strode off, she followed.

"Why is the house so quiet? Is it on account of the captain?" asked Alan.

"Bless you, no. The captain sleeps for a week at a time. The children have gone over to the lake."

"I just wanted to tell you that I like their noises; they 're new. There 's nothing really the matter with me except that I 've got to take things in turn, and lying still and sweating come first. After that, perhaps to-morrow, I 'm going to eat. The penultimate act on my list is a cigarette, and the ultimate is to get up in the old belfry and yell." He turned over, and sank his head into the pillows.

"All right, my boy," said J. Y., smiling. "Only Clem and I are here, and we 'll go and try to make noises like the children." He came out of the door in time to catch sight of Clem's skirt as it whisked around the corner of the hall. He followed, and found her already seated at the piano. Her fingers wandered over the keys, and then her soft, full voice broke out in one old song after another. She was happy because she felt that, singing, she was with Alan:

Alan stirred in his bed and listened. He determined that to-morrow he must be well. Robbed of this afternoon, he was being robbed of half of life. He cursed the fever, and then, as he felt how near Clem's voice brought her to him, he blessed it.

At night, when all the rest of the household had gone to bed, J. Y. softly opened Alan's door and looked in. Alan was awake and nodded. J. Y. came in and pottered about the room. He rolled a bit of paper into an ampler shade and further veiled the night-lamp. The lines in J. Y.'s rugged face were softened to lines of sweetness. He asked if there was nothing he could do, and then turned to leave the room. With his hand on the door he paused, and smiled down on Alan.

"My boy, you have been far, far away."

"Far away," replied Alan, drowsily; "but I have come back."

The bracing air of Red Hill and a long night's sleep enabled Alan to keep his word with himself. He was up and out on the day following his arrival, but he still felt delightfully lazy and pitifully weak. Clem took charge of him. First she tried to settle him in a hammock with many pillows, but Alan shrank from the hammock. They spread rugs, instead, in a nook under the trees, and Alan stretched himself out amid a riot of many-colored cushions, while Clem sat close by in a low rocking-chair and talked and read and talked.

Talking or reading, Clem was a source of unvarying delight to Alan. Was it possible that one could live twenty years in an old world, rub elbows with life for twenty years, and remain so fresh, so un-

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"SHE SANK DOWN AGAIN AND BURIED HER FACE IN HER HANDS"

tainted? His own life rose up before him and mocked at him.

When Clem talked, it was like a child dreaming aloud; when she was silent, one felt the presence of womanhood, wise with the unconscious accumulations of generations, and unabashed. When Clem talked, Alan was at ease, but when she was silent, he was moved, troubled. A scarred man may play with a child with no harm to either. He can detach himself from his past as from the child, and at a safe moral distance turn to watch its unconscious gambols. But with a woman it is different. Womanhood is a force; its mission to embrace, to sacrifice. It is unreasoning. Like fundamental man, it demands a god, and worships the god that comes to its need. Alan felt this force hovering in Clem's silences, and was troubled.

The subjectivity of a sick man disarms woman; she knows she is safe, and abandons her weapons of attack and defense as long as the invalid is taken up with the state of his insides. Clem was unaffected, even tender, with Alan as long as he was weak, but as his strength returned to him, she withdrew, one by one, and gently, the intimate attentions a woman accords to babes and the related helpless. But there was nothing absolute in her withdrawal; it was more a temptation than a denial, born of woman's innate desire to be pursued.

Clem saw Alan build a barrier against her—a barrier of little things, each insignificant in itself, but each lending and borrowing the strength of accumulation. Alan spent hours with the old captain, walked, rode, and talked with J. Y. and the judge. Between them, J. Y. and the judge had fixed up Lieber's affair, and Alan had cabled.

In the midst of women, Alan seemed to be able to forget woman—to forget her

intentionally. There was nothing pointed in his avoidance. He kept his distance from Alix and Nance and Jane Elton in the same measure as from Clem. There was thus none of the single avoidance of the shy swain who lavishes attentions on all but her whom he would most dearly sue. Clem, least vain of beautiful women, sat long hours before her glass. Never before had the charms it revealed been questioned, never had she been forced to close in the ranks and call up the reserves, and now she felt at a loss. Unaccustomed to the ready moves of the coquette, Clem dropped her face in her hands and cried.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CLEM'S was not the only troubled heart on the Hill. At the Firs, Mrs. Lansing moved restlessly from room to room and stopped often to read and re-read a crumpled note—Gerry's note to Alix.

Alix was still in town. Mrs. Lansing had written to her and then wired. Alix replied, telling her not to come, that she wished to be alone. For hours at a time Mrs. Lansing took the place of the nurse at the side of Gerry, Junior. He helped her. She felt that he could help Alix.

She was almost glad when he developed some trifling ailment becoming to his years. She wired again, and this time Alix came, frightened. Alix was like a wilted flower, but she braced herself until Gerry, Junior, recovered into his healthy self. Then she drooped once more and refused to be comforted.

If it had not been for Alan, Alix's trouble would have cast a gloom over the rest of Red Hill; but it was known that Alan had sought out Mrs. Lansing and told her that not even he knew just how Gerry's battle stood, but that he did know that there was a battle, and that Gerry would surely come back as soon as he had fought his way clear.

So the Hill in general went almost untroubled on its way, trying to forget that it was still waiting a fulfilment, and even Alix began to glean a little comfort from the thought that hope was only deferred. Her heart was sick, her faith weak, but hope still lived. She clung through the long days to Gerry, Junior, and waited.

At Maple House the beating of young hearts amounted to a din, but it was suddenly stilled by a day of drenching rain. After the very tame excitement of seeing J. Y. and the judge off for the city, gloom settled in the faces of the children. Cousin Tom, in rubber boots and coat, came down the road from Elm House to find company for misery. The barn was requisitioned, and became the scene of a subdued frolic, but it afforded meager diversion. The hay was not in yet, the empty lofts were dreary. In the afternoon Mrs. J. Y. was besieged to surrender the house, and finally did. Alan had gone to his room and closed the door. The captain was plunged in invulnerable slumber.

Somebody rapped at Alan's door, and he called, "Come in." The door opened and revealed Nance, Junior. Behind her was a giggling, whispering throng. The spirit of fun danced in Nance's eyes. Her cheeks were flushed and her golden head was in disarray.

"O Cousin Alan," she cried, "grandma 's given us leave for hide-and-seek, and we 're all going to play except mother and grandma and the captain. Please come too, Cousin Alan."

From behind her came a modified echo: "Pleath do, Couthin Alan."

Alan smiled and laid down his book. "All right," he said.

Maple House was a rambling abode that had grown and spread like the giant maples that sheltered it. In what age the captain had demanded a wing or some bygone Nance a nursery for her children, was chronicled in the annals of the house itself, to be revealed only to the searching architectural eye. The key to the rambling structure lay in the thick-walled dining-room, the parlor, one bedroom, and the kitchen. From the nucleus of these four rooms Maple House had grown, imposed and superimposed, until it overflowed the arbitrary bourn of kitchens and front doors, and like some mounded vine rippled off on all sides in vast living-room, sunny nurseries, and a broken fringe of broad verandas.

Inside, the paths of daily life ran clearly enough through the maze, but on their flanks hung many a somber den for ambush or retreat. The gods of childhood's games themselves could not have builded a better scene for that most palpitating of sports, hide-and-seek on a rainy day.

Alan soon entered into the spirit of the

game. He found himself recollecting things about Maple House that he had more than half forgotten: strange byways under the roof; a vacant chamber, turned into a trunk-room because one by one it had been robbed of its windows; and lastly the little attic, which had been, as it were, left behind a wall.

Through this dreamland of a hundred children flitted the brood of the day, marshaled rather breathlessly by Clem and Alan. Anxious whispers, the scurrying of lightly shod feet, then a sudden silence except for the flute-like counting of some juvenile "it," were followed by sudden screams and a wild race for the goal. Maple House had never countenanced the effete and diluted sport of I-spy; it was all for hide-and-seek, where you had to hold your man when found or beat him to the goal.

Great was the excitement when the littlest "it" of all caught Cousin Alan by a tackle around the ankle that spoke a volume of promise for the littlest "it's" academic career. Alan was placed at the newel at the foot of the great staircase, and duly admonished in treble voices not to look. The treble voices rained excited instructions on him, carried away by youth's confidence in its ability to teach its grandmother how to suck eggs. Alan started to count slowly in sonorous tones. With a last shriek and the patter of many feet the trebles faded away into silence.

Alan crept stealthily up the stairs. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of the twitching jumpers of the littlest, who was too fat to fit the retreat he had chosen. But Alan did not see until it was too late. The littlest exploded the vast breath he had been holding in, and plunged headlong down the stairs. As he rolled by the newel he stuck out a sturdy arm and held fast. He shouted a pæan of victory, and once more palpitating silence fell on the house.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'HEIGH, FELLERS, LOOK WHAT 'S GOT AWAY FROM BUFFALO BILL!'"

Alan wondered if he could find the way to the little attic. He hurried along the twisted halls, up a tiny flight of steps, turned, dived through a low, narrow tunnel, and threw open the long-forgotten door. It was as though he had suddenly opened a portal on his own childhood. A great pensioned rocking-chair held the middle of the floor, as within his memory it always had held it. Ancient garments hung from pegs on the walls and from hooks on the rafters. A box or two and more disabled furniture littered the floor. The whole was faintly lighted by the light from a little dormer-window. Nothing stirred. Alan drew a long breath. He was not disappointed. No one had thought to come here but himself.

Suddenly a bit of the pendent wardrobe was flung aside, and an apparition dashed for the door. Alan sprang in front of it, threw his arms about it, held it tight. It struggled, laughed, ceased to struggle, and looked up as Alan looked down. Clem's face was very near to his. Her body, still throbbing with excitement, was in his arms. Alan felt such a rioting surge in his blood as he had never known before.

He wanted to kiss Clem. He felt that he must kiss her, that there was not strength enough left in him to do anything else. Then his eyes met hers, and he forgot himself and remembered Clem. His soul cried, "Sacrilege!" and he dropped his arms from about her and stepped back.

Clem stood before him, dazed. She was in her stockinged feet. In each hand she held a little slipper. Her eyes were big and full of the soft reproach of the mortally wounded. Alan felt ashamed, and looked away. He had to break the silence.

"Well, you 're caught," he said lamely.

Clem dropped one slipper, threw up her hand, and brushed the disordered hair from her forehead.

"Yes, I 'm caught," she said, and her lip trembled on the words.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ONE day in midsummer, Alan, to his disgust, was summoned peremptorily by McDale & McDale. Half an hour's consultation was all they required, and Alan was pleased to find as he left their offices that he still had plenty of time to catch the early train back to Red Hill. There were only two afternoon trains for that difficult goal.

As he strolled up the avenue he was arrested by the sight of a tall figure standing on the curb watching the swirl of the traffic. The figure was dressed in a heavy whipcord suit and a broad-brimmed hat, uncompromisingly domed in the very form in which it had been blocked by the makers. A street gamin yelled, "Heigh, fellers, look what 's got away from Buffalo Bill!" Kemp gazed sad-eyed, but unmoved, over his drooping mustaches, doubtless mourning the passing of the shooting-iron and the consequent, unanswerable affronts of a fostered civilization.

Alan elbowed his way across the stream of pedestrians and clutched him by the arm. Kemp whirled about as though to meet attack, but smiled when he saw Alan's face.

"I was jest calculatin' on roundin' you up," he drawled.

"Where did you come from? Where are you off to?" cried Alan, and without waiting for an answer, he hailed a cab, hustled Kemp into it, and ordered it to his club. He forgot his early train.

In the club lobby Kemp surrendered his hat reluctantly to the ready attendant, and followed Alan across soft carpets to a quiet corner where two enormous chairs seemed to be making confidences to each other. One could imagine them aggrieved at being interrupted and sat upon.

"Well, Kemp," said Alan, "I 'm glad to see you. What 's yours?"

"Rye 'nd a chaser," said Kemp.

"Same for me, waiter," ordered Alan. "Now, Kemp, tell me all about it."

"I jest blowed in from Lieber's, Mr. Wayne, and I 'm headed west."

"How 's Lieber and where 's Gerry? Did Lieber get my cable?"

Kemp looked sadly out through the window.

"Lieber 's dead," he said.

"Dead? Lieber dead?"

Kemp nodded.

"I found him with everything fixed for kickin' the bucket. He knew what was the matter, but he did n't tell me what it was. Said it had been comin' on him for some while, an' thet the' wa'n't no he'p for it. But he got your cable, Mr. Wayne, and he wanted I should tell you that what you done wa'n't wasted. He said there wa'n't nothin' thet could he'p him through the way that cable did. He said it was the passpo't he 'd been waitin' for, an' thet you wa'n't to think it come too late, because he reckoned he was goin' to use it. Said it kinder cleared his trail for him. Them was all the things he said I should tell you."

Kemp stopped talking and downed his drink. Alan sat silent and thoughtful. Lieber was gone and made a gap in his life that he never knew had been filled. He wanted to know more. He turned to Kemp.

"Well?"

"You remember the joa-tree at Lieber's, Mr. Wayne? One o' the lonesomest trees on earth, I reckon, except when the Booganviller comes out, an' then it 's a happy mountain o' red pu'ple that kind o' lights up the hull desert."

Alan nodded.

"Well, then, you remember the big boulder of graywacke under the tree? That 's Lieber's headstone. He had a mason up from the coast, and he made us carry him out under the tree to watch the man work. He give him a model cut into a boa'd to copy f'm. I 'm some reader, but

them words beat me every time. I corralled 'em on a bit o' paper, though, an' here they be." Kemp drew a slip of paper from the same old wallet that housed "The Purple City." He handed it to Alan. "Wish you 'd put me on," he said. "All I know is it ain't American an' it ain't Mex'."

The words on the slip looked as though they had been printed with painstaking care by a child. Alan stared as he saw them. "Qui de nous n'a pas eu sa terre promise, son jour d'extase, et sa fin en exil?" he read slowly to himself and then, with his eyes far away, translated for Kemp, " 'Who of us has not had his promised land, his day of ecstasy, and his end in exile?' "

Kemp nodded, and held out his hand for the slip of paper. He put it back in his wallet and said:

"I suppose the feller thet wrote that was thinkin' mostly of a man's mind, but when it comes to facts, them words don't fit Lieber. He got more exile than was comin' to him; it et up the ecstasy an' most of the promised land. But I don' know. They 's lots of folks that needs to worry more 'n Lieber over crossin' the divide."

They sat thoughtful for some time and then Alan remembered Red Hill.

"Where are you staying, Kemp?"

"Astor House."

Alan looked at his watch.

"Come on," he said. "We 've got to hustle; we 've just got time to rush down and get your bag."

"What for?" drawled Kemp.

"I was bound for our place out in the country when I found you. We 've got just forty minutes to catch the train. You 're coming with me."

A wary look came into Kemp's eyes.

"Your folks out there, Mr. Wayne?" he asked.

"Yes," said Alan, and then added, "Kemp, do you take me for a man that would steer you up against a game you don't hold cards in?"

"No," said Kemp, "I don't," and then found himself hatted and hurried into a taxi before he could protest further.

If Alan had any qualms about introducing Kemp to Red Hill, they were soon allayed. Kemp was duly presented on the lawn at Maple House. To everything in petticoats he took off his hat and said "ma'am," but before the men he stood hatted and vouchsafed a short "Howdy," accompanied by a handshake where it was invited.

Strange to Kemp must have seemed the group of which he found himself the center. At a tea-table under the biggest maple sat Mrs. J. Y. She called Kemp and motioned to a chair beside her. Kemp let his lanky frame down slowly on the fragile structure, took off his domed hat, and laid it on the grass at his side. For an instant Mrs. J. Y. fixed her soft, myopic gaze on him, and then looked away. Clem brought him a cup of tea and a biscuit. Kemp held the cup and saucer in the hollow of his hand and looked dubiously at their contents.

"Would you like something else, Mr. Kemp?" asked Mrs. J. Y., softly. "Some other drink, I mean?"

Kemp's quick eye roved over the group. He saw that nobody was taking anything but tea, and at the same time he noted gratefully that nobody was watching him.

Kemp turned a twinkling eye on Mrs. J. Y.

"I ain't sayin', ma'am, thet this mixture is my usual bev'rage, but a man don't expect to have his usual handed down f'm a pulpit, and likewise I see no call for folks turnin' their front lawns into a bar."

Kemp could feel a scene; his strange nature was moved at finding itself rubbing elbows with such a group, and when Kemp was moved, he always talked to hide his emotion. Mrs. J. Y.'s kindly eyes led him on, made him feel weirdly akin to these quiet, contented men and women and clean-frocked, rosy-cheeked children frolicking against the peaceful setting of shady trees, old lawns, and the rambling house that staidly watched them like some motherly hen, wings outspread, ever ready to brood and shelter. Kemp's eyes left Mrs. J. Y.'s face and swept over the scene again.

"Speakin' of bars," he went on in his soft drawl, "I don't think a missus ever has no call to handle drinks over an' above what goes in 'nd out of a milk-pail, which is n't drink in a manner o' speakin'. I can't rightly rec'llect that I ever seen a missus leanin' over either side of a bar in this country; but I 've strayed some from the home fence, an' you may be su'prised, Mis' Wayne, to know thet they 's lands

where no one ain't never heared tell on a barman, an' where barmaids is some commoner 'n the milkin' brand."

"Yes?" said Mrs. J. Y., encouragingly.

"Sho thing," replied Kemp; "I seen 'em. I won't forget the fust time, because I was consid'able embarrassed. I missed a steamer in Noo Yawk, an' the firm was in a hurry, so they sent me acrost to S'uthampton, an' while I was waitin' for the Brazil boat a feller I 'd picked up on boa'd showed me around some. Well, it wa'n't long before he corralled me, quite willin', in a bar. I pulled off my hat and he says, 'Why d' you take off yo' hat?' And I says, 'Why don't you take off yourn? Don't you see they 's a lady heeh?' Then he bu'st out laughin', and everybody that was nea' enough to hea' bu'st out laughin', an' the missus behind the bar laughed, too, though somehow it did n't sound as if she laughed because she could n't he'p it."

Kemp paused to blush over the memory. He did not notice that the judge and J. Y. had drawn quietly nearer and that the rest of the group of grown-ups were intent on his words.

"The' 's times," he continued, "when it 's fittin' that a man should be without shootin'-irons, an' that was one of 'em. I can't rightly say what would have happened, but guessin' 's easy. When he was through laughin', the feller that was showin' me around slapped me on the back and says, 'That ain't no lady; it 's a barmaid.' An' then they all laughed some mo', and the missus just kind o' laughed; an' I mought 'a' been dreamin', but I thought I seen a look in her eyes thet says she was n't laughin' inside at all. Ever sence then I 've been of opinion that a missus has nó call to handle drinks, an' I ce'tainly hope I 'll never see one a-doin' of it under the home fence."

Kemp stayed at Maple House for a week. Before he left he was known throughout the country-side. His lanky figure, drooping mustaches, domed hat, and the way he held out the reins in front of him when he rode, marked him from the start, and when the youth of the surrounding farms learned that he was a genuine cow-boy that had ridden everything with four legs, they worshiped from afar and gloried in casual approaches.

Just before he went away Kemp took it upon himself to call on Alix. Alan led him to where she sat on the lawn among the trees at the Firs and left him. Alix looked up in wonder at his tall, lank form. Kemp held his hat in his hands and twisted it nervously.

"Mis' Lansing," he said, "I want you should let me say a few words to ye. I seen Mr. Lansing 'bout five weeks ago."

Alix sprang to her feet, her pale cheeks aflame.

"Yes?" she said. "When—when is he coming?" She sank down again and buried her face in her hands. The shame of putting that question to a stranger overwhelmed her.

Kemp sat down near her.

"Sho, Mis' Lansing," he said, "don' you take it hard that you 're getting word of Mr. Lansing through me. Him an' me an' Lieber 's be'n 'most pardners."

Tenderness had crept into Kemp's drawl. Alix looked up.

"Please," she said, "tell me all about him—all about these years."

Kemp hesitated before he spoke.

"I ain't got the words ner the right to tell you all about them three years, Mis' Lansing, an' I can't tell you *all* about Mr. Lansing 'cause the biggest part o' some men don' meet the eye; it 's inside on 'em. Thet 's the way it is with Mr. Lansing. I c'n tell you, though, thet Mr. Lansing is well an' strong—strong enough to swing a steer by the tail.

"That 's what I know. Now I 'll tell ye some o' my thoughts. Mr. Lansing wa'n't born to be a maverick. Right now I 'm willin' to wager he 's headed fer home and the corral, but he ain't comin' on the run; he 's browsin' and chewin' his cud.

"When I seen him five weeks ago I thought on hog-tyin' him an' bringin' him along, 'cause Mr. Wayne had tol' me about you an' the two-year-old. But it come to me that a woman of sperit—one of *ourn*—would n't want her man should be *brought* in. She 'd sooner he 'd hog-tie *hisse'f.*"

Alix's head hung in thought. Her hands were clasped in her lap. As Kemp's last words sank in, the first smile of many days came to her lips.

Kemp rose and said good-by. With his hat pulled well over his brows and his hands in his pockets, he slouched toward the gate.

Alix jumped up, and followed him. She laid her thin, light hand on his arm.

"Thank you," she said a little breathlessly. Kemp's deep-set eyes twinkled down on her. He held out his big, rough hand, and Alix gripped it. "Not good-by," she said.

CHAPTER XL

MAPLE HOUSE was riding the crest of a happy wave. In a body it advanced on the lake to picnic and supper by moonlight, and in a body it returned, the little ones excited and wakeful, the grown-ups tired and reminiscent. Days followed that were filled with laziness and nights that rang with song. The cup of life was filled to the brim with little things. Sudden peals of unreasoning laughter, shrieks of children at play, a rumble of the piano followed by a rollicking college song, ready smiles on happy faces, broke like commas into the page of life, and turned monotony into living phrases. But beneath the gaiety ran the inevitable undertone. When joy paused to take breath, it found Alan half aloof and Clem wistful behind her unvarying sweetness.

One evening Alan found himself alone with Nance. She had frankly cornered him, then as openly led him off down the road toward Elm House.

"Alan," she said, "you 've turned into a great fool or a great coward. Which is it?"

Alan glanced at her.

"What do you mean?" he stammered.

"You know what I mean. Clem. You 're breaking her heart."

She felt Alan's arm stiffen. For a moment he was silent, then he said:

"Don't worry, Nance. You 're wrong, of course; but, anyway, no harm is going to come to Clem through me. I 'm going away. I 've meant to go for ever so long, but somehow I could n't. Something seemed to hold me. I tried to think it was just the Hill, and that it would be all right for me to stay on until the general break-up; but you have wakened me up, and the proof that I 'm not quite a coward yet is that I 'm going to get up and run."

They came to the entrance to the Elms, but Nance led him on down the road.

"Run? Why are you going to run? Alan, don't you love her?"

A tremor went through Alan's body.

"I don't know," he said, "whether I love her or not. If I ever loved any one before, then I don't love her; for the thing that has come over me is new—newer than anything that has ever happened to me. I would rather see her come down from her room in the morning than to have watched the birth of Aphrodite, and yet I would rather see myself damned once and for all than touch the hem of her frock."

"Why?"

"Because it is not for me. Once Alix called her glorious. I don't know whether that was a bit of hyperbole on her part or not, but to me she is just that. There is a glory about Clem—the glory of pure light. Do you think I dare to walk into it? Me, with my scarred life, my blemished soul, and the moral rags that only half hide the two? *That* would be cowardly. I 'm not coward enough for that."

Nance sighed.

"I 'm disappointed in you. I thought that if ever man lived that knew a little about women it must be you. I won't say any of the things I was going to say. Instead, I just tell you that you don't know women."

They walked back in silence. Nance went into the house, but Alan said good night and started thoughtfully down the road. His step quickened, and walking rapidly, he passed over the moonlit brow of the hill and down into the shadows of the valley. Hard is the battle that has to be won twice, but when in the small hours of the morning Alan returned and crept noiselessly to his room, he felt that he had won, that he had put the final seal on the renunciation Nance's words had well-nigh recalled. Still wakeful, Alan started packing. He left out his riding-kit.

That day awoke to clouds that lowered and hung about waiting for the fateful hour of seven, when they might with due respect to atmospheric tradition start in with an all-day rain; but long before the hour struck, Alan was mounted and away for a last ride.

As he walked the restive animal down the dipping slope of Long Lane and with his riding-crop steadily discouraged the early morning flies intent on settling down to the business of life on his mount's arched neck and quivering quarters, he was thinking of Clem. Where could he

go to get away from Clem? Not to-morrow, not sometime, but to-day. Where could he go to-day? Once the world had seemed to him a fenceless pasture where it was good to wander, where every undiscovered glade promised fresh morsels to an unwearied palate, but now in his mind the whole world had shrunk to the proportions of Red Hill. Where Clem was, there was the whole world. Already he felt the yearning with which his heart must henceforth turn to its sole desire.

He crossed the valley and, as his horse breasted the opposing hill, he thought he heard an echoing hoofbeat behind him. He turned and, with one hand resting on the horse's quarter, gazed back through the gray light; but Long Lane was veiled from view by overhanging trees.

CHAPTER XLI

ALAN did not draw rein until he reached the top of the bluff dividing the valley from West Lake. Then for a moment he sat and stared down the long slope. There was a smell of moisture in the air. The valley, the whole world, was expecting, waiting for rain, and even as he stared the rain came in a fine, veil-like mist that steadied the tones of earth and sky to one even shade of endless gray. Out of the gray came the click of iron on pebble. Alan recognized the quick, springy tread of a climbing horse. He turned, and faced Clem. He felt the slow color rising in his cheeks, and his hands trembled.

They did not smile at each other; they even forgot to say good morning.

"Where 's your hat?" Alan asked.

A flicker of amusement showed in Clem's eyes. She was quite calm, and she could see that Alan was not, that he was biting his tongue at the feeble words he had saddled on a heavy moment.

"Hats are for sunny days," she said. "I like rain on my head. Have you anything special to do? Don't let me bother you."

"No," stammered Alan; "nothing that can't be put off."

"Do you remember," Clem went on, "years ago I asked you to take me for a ride, and you said not then, but sometime? I 've never had my ride with you. I want it now."

Her eyes were fixed on his and held him.

"I am ready," he said through dry lips.

She turned her horse, and he followed. They rode in silence at a walk and then at a trot. Clem turned into a wood road. Her horse broke into a gallop. She flicked him with her whip, and his gathered limbs suddenly stretched out for a free run. The going was soft. Alan had fallen behind. Clots of mossy loam struck him in the face. Swaying branches showered drops of water on him. He lost his hat. Then his lips tightened, his eyes flashed, and he began to ride. At last he was himself again.

He urged his horse forward, but he could not get on even terms: Clem held the middle of the narrow track. Suddenly they burst into the broad Low Road. With a terrific clatter of flying stones and slipping, scrambling hoofs they made the turn. Alan rode at last on Clem's quarter.

"Clem," he cried, "stop! It is n't fair to the horses."

But Clem only laughed. Her slim body swayed to the bends of the road; her shoulders were braced; she leaned slightly back, steadying her horse with a taut rein. Alan tried to draw even, but every time he urged his horse into a spurt Clem's spurted, too. Alan grew angry. He watched Clem's whip, but it never moved. He settled into the saddle and rode blindly. His horse must catch up or he would kill him. He was gaining. A moment more at the same pace and he could reach Clem's reins below her horse's neck. Then Clem swerved again into a half-hidden wood road, and Alan's horse plunged through the brush, broke out, and followed, a poor second.

Alan's face and hands were badly scratched, but he rode on doggedly. It never occurred to him to give up the chase. In the end he would catch up; he knew that, but what puzzled him was what he should do to Clem when he caught her. Any one else, man or woman, he would give a taste of their own riding-whip for their own good, but not Clem. Alan suddenly knew that there was something in Clem that a man could not break.

The wood road made a gradual ascent that the willing horses took at a steady, hard gallop. They left the tree-line of the valley below them, scurried across an ancient clearing, pushed through brush and branches, and burst out on to the long,

bald back of East Mountain. Then came another clear run over crisp sod dangerously interspersed with wet, slippery stones and hindering boulders.

At the highest point in all the countryside Clem suddenly drew rein and slipped from her horse before Alan could reach her. She stood with one arm across the saddle-horn and waited for him.

Alan threw himself from his horse and rushed up to her. His hands were itching to grip her shoulders and shake her, but he held them at his side.

"What did you do it for?" he asked, with blazing eyes.

Clem looked him over coolly.

"Ever run after any one before, Alan?"

"What?" stuttered Alan. He felt foundations slipping from under him. Here was a person who could look Ten Per Cent. Wayne at his best in the eye and never turn a mental hair.

"How do you like it?" continued Clem in an even, firm voice. Then she turned her square back to the saddle and faced him fairly. "I 'll tell you what I did it for. All my life I 've been running after you. Last night I heard you packing. I knew what you were doing: you were getting ready to go away. Before you went I wanted you to run after me just once—a sort of consolation prize to pride."

Alan's face hardened.

"Stop, Clem. You can't talk like that to me and you can't talk like that to yourself." He looked at Clem, and the blood surged into his neck and face. At that moment Clem was beautiful to him beyond the wildest dreams of fair women. She was dressed in a close-fitting long coat that buttoned down the front. Her riding-skirt, of the same dark stuff, she had hitched up at one side to a silver hook. From under the raised skirt peeped a straight riding-boot, and on the heel of the boot was a tiny right-angle spur. Alan's quick eyes hung on that spur; it explained the lead Clem had held through the headlong ride.

Clem's right arm was still hooked over the double horn of her saddle, and her left hand, holding a slim riding-whip, hung at her side. To the velvet lapels of her coat clung little drops of rain. Her hair was braided and firmly tied in a double fold at the back of her neck, but short strands had escaped from durance and played about her head. Her head, like the velvet lapels, was dusted with little silvery drops of water, and little drops of water perched on her long, upturned lashes. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips tremulous, her bosom was agitated. Only her eyes were steady.

Alan took off his coat and threw it over a rock. "Will you please sit down? I must talk to you."

Clem strode to another rock and sat down.

"You are absurd," she said. "Your coat is as wet as the stones. Put it on." Alan hesitated. "Put your coat on."

Alan obeyed; then he sat down before her, but turned his eyes away and gazed rather vacantly over the whole wet world.

"If ever two people have known each other without words, Clem, it 's you and me. Never mind the grammar. Even unshackled words are a dribbling outlet for a full heart, and my heart 's as full today with things I 've never said to you as the clouds are with rain.

"Nature, taken by and large, is a funny outfit, and the funniest things in it are the ones that make you want to cry. The world sees a good man, clean and straight, married to a faithless woman, and laughs. Men see a pure girl give her all to a cad, and they say, 'It 's always the rotters that get the pick,' and they laugh, too. But down in the bottom of our hearts we know that these things are things for tears."

"Yes, Alan," said Clem as he paused. She was no longer imperious, only attentive, with chin in hands and elbows on knees.

"You know me," went on Alan, "but there are things about me that you do not know—things below you that you have no understanding for, thank God! I don't even know how to picture them to you."

"Yes, Alan," said Clem, softly.

Alan picked a bit of huckleberry-bush and twisted it nervously in his hands.

"First of all I 've got to tell you what I thought you knew, that what there is of me is yours over and over again, and then I 've got to tell you why you can't have it."

A light came into Clem's eyes, trembled, flickered, and then settled to a steady flame.

"You 've seen people smile—every one has a smile of sorts," went on Alan. "Did you ever think that a smile has body and

soul? To me it has. It starts out in life like a virgin, with a body to keep pure and a soul to guard unstained. There are smiles that illumine a face, that shine with essential purity, that glorify. Nobody has to tell you that they have never pandered to a ribald jest or added cruelty to denial. They are live smiles, and they are rare among women and rarer among men. For one such you 'll find a thousand living faces with dead smiles—smiles that have scattered their essence like rain on the just and the unjust, that have rolled in filth, and wasted their substance on the second best. You 'll find them flickering out in the faces of young men, and at the last gasp in the faces of lost women whose eyes hold the shadows of unforgotten sins."

"Well?" said Clem.

Alan sighed.

"Between the lines of my words you must read for yourself. My smile is dead; I killed it long ago. Yours is alive—alive. You have kept it pure, guarded its flame, and you shall hold it high like a beacon. You are ready to give all, and you have all to give. I have nothing but the empty shell. I have kept nothing. I have gained the whole world—and lost it. The little strength left to the pinions of my soul could carry me up to clutch your beacon and drag it down, but, Clem, dearest of all women, I love you too much for that. You 've got to trust me. The things I know that you do not know shove the duty of denial to my shoulders. I could give you an empty shell, but I won't."

Alan had not looked at Clem. He had talked like one rehearsing a lesson, with his eyes far away in the gray world. He dropped the bit of bush, and his hands, locked about his knees, gripped each other till the knuckles and fingers showed white against the tan of his thin wrists. When he stopped speaking, Clem turned curious eyes upon him.

"Is that all?" she asked.

Alan sprang up and faced her.

"All? All?" he cried. "Is n't it enough?"

Clem rose to her feet. In her uplifted right hand she held her agate-headed riding-whip. Alan's eyes fastened on it, as she meant them to do. Then with a full, free swing she flung it from her. The whip, weighted by the agate head, described a long curve through the air, and plunged into the brush far down the mountain-side.

"That," said Clem, her eyes flashing into his, "for the beacon! I kept it for you. It was too good for you; you would not take it, so there it goes." Her lip trembled, and she snapped her fingers. "It is not worth *that* to me."

"Clem!" cried Alan, protesting.

"Don't speak," said Clem; "you have said what you had to say. Now listen to me. You are blind, Alan, or worse than that, asleep. I 'm not a thin-legged elf with skirts bobbing above my knees any more. You can't make me swallow my protests to-day with, 'Clem, you must n't this and you must n't that.' There 's one thing you 've closed your eyes on long enough. I 'm a woman, Alan, bone, spirit, and a great deal of flesh. I love you, and you say you love me."

Alan started forward, but Clem held him off with a gesture.

"What do you think I love in you? The things you have spent? The things you have thrown away? Has a woman ever fallen in love with a man because he was perfect?" Clem made a desponding gesture with both hands as though she sought words that would not come. "Some men clap a wife on to themselves," she went on, "as you clap a lid on to a hot fire. If the fire grows cold quick enough, the lid cracks. Some just let the fire burn out and take the dross with it. A woman knows that there is always something left in the man she loves. And even if she did not know it, it would be the same. She would rather give all for nothing than never give at all."

Clem's voice fell into a lower key. "The things you know that I do not know! What a child you are among men! A half-witted woman is born with more knowledge than the wisest of you ever attains, and the first thing she learns is that life laughs at knowledge."

Clem stopped speaking, and her eyes, which had wandered, came back to Alan's face. She drew a quivering breath. Her face had been pale, but now the sudden color surged up over her throat and into her cheeks. She put up her hands to her forehead. "Oh," she gasped, "you have driven me too far! I am a mean thing in my own eyes as I am in yours."

At first Alan had stood stunned by the

Color-Tone, made for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

"HIS HANDS WERE ITCHING TO GRIP HER SHOULDERS AND SHAKE HER, BUT HE HELD THEM AT HIS SIDE"

DRAWN BY REGINALD BIRCH

words in which she had poured out her overburdened heart, but as she went on pitilessly laying bare her subjection, a flame lighted up his eyes and fired his blood. Now he sprang forward and dragged her hands from her face.

"Mean, Clem? Mean in my eyes?" Then his tongue failed him. He sank to the wet grass at her feet, took her knees in his arms and hid his hot face in her skirt. "My God! my God!" he cried. "*I* am mean, but what there is of me has knelt to you by night and worshiped you by day. When you were little you were in my heart, and you have grown up in it. When you were little there was room there for other things, but now that you have grown up you have filled it—all of it, every nook and cranny."

A tremor went through Clem's body. She rested the fingers of one hand on Alan's head and tried to turn up his face, but he held it close to her knees.

"If you want me, Clem, if you want me, then there must be things left—things I have never, could never give, to any one else. But I am ashamed to pour them into your lap; I must pour them at your feet."

"No," said Clem, gravely, "I do not want you to pour things at my feet. It 's got to be eye to eye or nothing; and if there 's any man left in—"

"Clem," broke in Alan, "there is enough man left in me if you 'll only give me time—time to *groom* him. You can understand that, Clem? You know what grooming and a clean stable will do for a shaggy horse?"

Clem nodded.

"How much time do you want?"

Alan hesitated.

"A year," he said. "I 'll *make* a year do it."

"You can have six months," replied Clem, and added with a smile, "That 's ten per cent. under office estimates."

Then forgetful of hours and meals and the little things in life that do not count when human souls mount to the banquet of the gods, they sat side by side and hand in hand on a big rock and stared with unseeing eyes at the gray world.

"With you beside me," said Alan, "all skies are blue and filled with the light of a single steady star."

Clem did not answer, but in her eyes content and knowledge, tenderness and strength, pleasure and pain, played with one another like the lights and dappled shadows under a swaying bough.

CHAPTER XLII

WHEN Clem and Alan reached home long after the luncheon hour, they found the Hill athrill with news. Alix had received a cable, and had left at once for town. She had gone alone. That could mean only one thing: Gerry was at last coming back.

It was from Barbados that Gerry had cabled. Ever since he had written his short note to Alix, through long doubting weeks at Piranhas and longer days of questioning and hesitation on board the slow freighter that was bearing him home, Gerry had been fighting himself. Only Lieber's sudden death and his burial, to which Gerry had ridden post-haste, had come in between as a solemn truce.

On the freighter he had had time enough and to spare to think. He had spent hours going over the same ground time and time again. For days he sat in his chair on the short bridge-deck, staring out to sea, making over and over the circle of his life from the time he had left home. He remembered sitting thus on the way out. He remembered the turmoil his mind had been in, the apathy that had followed, the long rest at Pernambuco, the trip down the coast and up the river, the glorious, misty morning at Piranhas, Margarita, catastrophe, awakening. What did that awakening stand for? Again he thought, if he could choose, would he wish to be back as he was before, as he was on the way out? A voice within him said "No."

In those days when once more his thoughts demanded to be seen in their relation to Alix, that steady voice within him was his only comfort. The flood at Fazenda Flores had swept away all that his hands had done, but the things that Fazenda Flores had done for him could not be swept away by any material force. They stood, and feared nothing—except Alix.

Wherever his mind turned, it came back to Alix, and found in her an *impasse*. Alix assumed more and more the portentous attributes of one unattached, sitting in judgment over his acts. His memory

of her frailty, of her flower-like detachment from the bones, the skeleton, of life, her artificiality, made her seem ludicrously incongruous in the rôle of judge. He could not picture her, much less estimate the sentence she would pass. His thoughts led him daily up to that *impasse* and left him. Then came the doubt and the question, Why should he lead himself bodily to the *impasse* at all?

But slowly a new feeling took possession of him—a longing for home and its peace. To this an old returning Barbadian had helped him. "Home," the old man had said, "is n't altogether a matter of comfort and cool drinks. Sometimes it is just a gathering-place for memories."

The thought stayed with Gerry. He felt Red Hill reaching out for him, drawing him. Doubt left him. There was only one road—the road back, and it was open. In Barbados he wrote his cable to Alix with a firm hand.

The freighter reached quarantine after a quiet voyage twelve hours ahead of time and just at sundown. A tug hurried down the bay to tell them their berth was not ready. The freighter was forced to anchor at the mouth of the Narrows. Gerry watched the lights spring out from the shadowy shores. They beckoned him to familiar scenes. Staten Island had been to his boyhood an undiscovered land and the scene of his first wanderings. The other shore he knew through constant passing by. In the sky beyond it hung the glow of the summer city, here and there pierced with the brighter flame of some grotesque monstrosity.

Up the bay the dark waters forked into two bands that lost themselves in a sea and sky of twinkling lights. He could just determine the sweeping arch of Brooklyn Bridge and the presence of more than one new tower of Babel that broke the ever-changing sky-line of his native city and made him feel, by that much, forgotten and an alien. But from all the myriad lesser lights his eyes turned gratefully to the high-held torch of Liberty. Beneath it, the familiar, tilted diadem, the shadowy folds draping the upstanding pose, the strength and steadfastness and the titanic grandeur of the statue, carried their message to him as never before. It became to him what its creator had conceived, an emblem, and the myriad little waves of the bay, rushing to fling themselves at the feet of the goddess, became a multitude, eager for attainment, ready for sacrifice.

CHAPTER XLIII

It was ten o'clock on a morning in early autumn when Gerry finally got free of the freighter and took the ferry for the other side of the river. He had left all his baggage to be delivered at the house later. The morning was clear, but sultry. In the city the apathy of summer days had settled down. People glanced at Gerry's heavy tweeds and antiquated hat; but they did not smile, for Gerry himself was such a sight as makes men forget clothes. The tan of his lean face, the swing of his big, unpadded shoulders, his clear eyes, carried the thoughts of passers-by away from clothes and city things. They seemed to catch a breath of spicy winds from the worn garments that clung to the stranger's virile body, and in his eyes they saw a mirage of far-away places.

As Gerry reached his own house, he was outwardly calm, even deliberate, but inwardly he was fighting down a turmoil of emotions. What was he to find in Alix? Had he anything to give in exchange? Had he too much? He climbed the steps slowly. His hand trembled as he reached out to raise the heavy bronze knocker. Before his fingers could seize it, the door swung softly inward. Old John bowed before him. For a moment Gerry stood dazed. The naturalness of that open door, of the old butler, of the cool shadows in the familiar old hall, struck straight at his heart with the shrewd poignancy of simple things. Old John raised a smiling face to greet him, but down one wrinkled cheek crawled a surprised tear.

Gerry held out his hand.

"How do you do, John?"

"I am very well to-day, sir," said John. "Mrs. Gerry is in the library. She told me to telephone to the club, and if you were there, to say she wished to see you."

Gerry was puzzled. Why should Alix think he would go to the club? He handed the butler his old hat and strode to the library door. The door was closed. He knocked. Somebody said, "Come in." The words were so low he hardly heard them. He opened the door, stepped inside, and closed it behind him.

Alix, dressed in a filmy blue-and-white house-gown, stood in the middle of the room. With one hand upraised, the other outstretched, she seemed to be poised, equally ready for advance or flight. Her eyes passed swiftly over Gerry's face, swept searching down to his feet, and back again to his face. For weeks she had been wondering. Terrible things had come to her mind. Alan and Gerry, with the latter's heartless note, had conspired to mystify, to terrify her. All the joy she had looked forward to in Gerry's home-coming had turned into a bitter pain. They had not known on the Hill how she was suffering. Only Kemp had seemed to understand a little, and had brought his drop of comfort to her.

As her eyes searched Gerry, the sense of impending calamity left her. He was well —well as she had never seen him before. Except for that he seemed almost weirdly familiar, as though only a good night's sleep lay between him and the morning of three years ago when he had bullied her until she had fought back and overwhelmed him.

A hundred little differences went to make up this solitary change. The flush of too many drinks had given way to a deep healthy glow; the eyes were deep and grave instead of deep and vacant; the broad shoulders, which had taken to hanging, were braced in unconscious strength. Every line in the body that she had seen start on the road to grossness had been fined down. The body was no longer a mere abode for a lingering spirit. It had become a mechanism, tuned to expression in action. It was not the body of a time-server. Alan's sole word of comfort came back to her: "I never thought the old Rock would ever loom so big." What force had done this thing to Gerry? She felt a pang, half-envy, half-remorse. If she had been wise, less than that, if she had been merely *sage,* could she not have saved Gerry to himself and spared her faith the test of the three long years lost out of their youth?

Gerry stood erect by the door, one hand still holding the knob. Why was he waiting? Alix's raised hand went slowly out to him in welcome, but he did not move. She smiled at him, but his eyes remained steadfast and grave. A lump rose in Alix's throat, and then, as pride came to her aid, a flare of color showed in her cheeks. Her lips opened. What could she say to hurt him enough, to pay him back for this added, unjust rebuff? She knew so little about this new Gerry. How could she wound him? And then he spoke.

"Will you please sit down? There are things I must tell you."

Gerry had blundered on magic words. There is no moment so emotionally tense that a true woman will not drop the immediate issue to sit down and listen to the untold things she has wanted to hear. Alix was a true woman. The flare died out of her cheeks. She sank into a chair beside the dully shining mahogany table, and with a nod of her golden head motioned Gerry to a seat opposite her. She watched the easy swing of his body as he moved across the room. Gerry's mind was in sore conflict, but a body in perfect health has a way of taking care of itself.

Gerry sat down, and gripped the edge of the table with outstretched hands. He looked steadily into Alix's eyes. The moment he had foreseen had come. Alix sat in judgment. She planted her bare elbows on the table, laid one hand, palm down, on the other, and on them both rested her cheek. Her head, with its heavy crown of hair, was thus to one side, but also tilted slightly forward. That slight forward tilt gave strength to the pose and intensity. A curious, measuring look came into Alix's eyes. She was silent and she was waiting.

Gerry dropped his eyes to the table and began to talk.

"The things I have got to tell you," he said, "begin with that day—our last day. I went out and walked for hours, and realized that I had been rough and unjust and to blame. I came over to the avenue and was standing looking at some flowers when you passed. I saw you in the plate-glass of the window. I turned around to make sure. I recognized your trunk. I followed you to the station. I saw Alan signal to you. I saw you get into the train."

Gerry stopped. His premise was finished, and he found that he had no tongue to tell the things he had thought, the long argument of the soul. He realized that all that must be left out. He must confine himself to mere physical facts, let

them troop up in the order in which they had come upon him and file naked before Alix. She must dress them as she saw fit, as her sympathies and her justice directed. He would give her only the groundwork, plain, simple words such as he could command, telling the events that had come upon him and how he had met them.

Of the trip out he had nothing to say, but of Pernambuco he told her in detail. Somehow it seemed the least he could do for the filthy and beautiful city that had given him an unquestioning asylum. He told her of the quay, the Lingueta, with its line of tall, stained houses, its vast plane-trees, and its cobbled esplanade, the stage where the city's life was in perpetual review. His words came slowly, but they left nothing out. Unconsciously he created an atmosphere. A light of interest burned in Alix's eyes. She saw the changing scene. It charmed her to restfulness, as it had Gerry.

She smelled the stacks of pineapples, the heaped-up mangos, the frying fish, and through his eyes she saw the blue skies dotted with white, still clouds and glimpsed the secret, high-walled gardens, with their flaring hibiscus, trailing fuchsias, fantastic garden cockscombs, and dark-domed mango- and jack-trees. She sat with Gerry beside the wreck of a consul and, later, on the long, slim coasting craft she listened with him to the creak of straining masts and stays and to the lap of hurrying waters. She followed him up the San Francisco, felt his impatience with Penedo, took the little stern-wheeler, and learned the fascination of a river with endless, undiscovered turns. They came to Piranhas. Here she felt herself on familiar ground. Letters from the consul's envoy had made this place hers. Unconsciously she nodded as Gerry described the tiers of houses, the twisted, climbing streets, the miserable little inn.

Gerry told of the happy days of ponderous canoeing and of the unvarying strings of fish. He lingered over those days. Thus far he had brought Alix with him. He felt it. Now he came to the morning when he must leave her behind. He told her of the glorious break of that day, of the sun fighting through swirling mists. She knew that she had come to the moment of revelation. She breathed softly lest she should lose a word, for Gerry was speaking very low. Then he showed her Margarita—Margarita as he had first seen her, kissing and kissed by dawn.

A hard light came into Alix's eyes. Gerry felt himself suddenly alone. He went doggedly on. He told of the chase and the capture, of how he and the girl had seen the canoe drift out into the clutch of the eddy and swirl out into the river and away. He told her of how they laughed, and Alix shrank. Gerry paused, his brow puckered. He wished he could tell in words the battle of his spirit, the utter ruin of his downfall. He could not, and instead he sighed.

There was something in that sigh so eloquent of defeated expression that it succeeded where words might have failed. It called to Alix with the strong call of helpless things. It drew back her mind to Gerry. With him and the girl she threaded the path to Fazenda Flores. Its ruin sprang upon her through his eyes. With him she discovered the traces of an ancient ditch, with him and the old negro she dug along that line through long, hot months. She met Father Mathias, and found no flaw in his logic; she grew to know Lieber as the tale went on, and finally to love him because of all things Lieber seemed to need love—somebody else's love—most. She amused herself with Kemp and his drawl. She tried to keep her thoughts away from Margarita, and at the coming of Margarita's boy she winced.

As he finished telling of the coming of the Man, Gerry stopped short. The thought came to him with tremendous force that Alix, too, had gone through that for him. The impulse to get up and throw himself before her, and on his knees to thank her, almost tore him from his seat, but he fought it down. He hurried on with his story. He told of the coming of Alan and of the revelation he had brought. And then in a choked voice, and only because he had set himself to tell the whole truth, he pictured the flood, the death of True-Blue, and the overwhelming by the waters of Margarita and the Man before his very eyes. Then he arose, and with hands braced on the table leaned toward Alix. "I have told you all this so that perhaps you may understand what I am going to tell you now. If the flood had not come, if Margarita and the Man had lived, I should not have come back."

Alix sat very still and studied Gerry's face. He had finished the task he had set himself to do, and he was suddenly very tired. His eyes dropped as though from their own weight, and then he raised them again to her inscrutable face.

"Well?" he asked after a long pause.

"Well?" replied Alix.

Gerry's stalwart figure drooped.

"It is quite just," he said, "after all that, that you should not want me. I have spent the last weeks making myself ready for that. You waited for me; I did n't wait for you. If you do not want me, I will go away."

Alix rose slowly to her feet. She looked very slim and tall in her clinging gown. To Gerry she looked very cold.

"Before you go," she said, "there is just one thing: I wish you would kiss me—once."

Gerry's body straightened and stiffened. He stared at her grave face with wondering eyes. Then he felt a strange, tingling ripple through his blood, and before he knew what he did he had swept her from her feet, crushed her to him, brushed the crown of hair back from her brow, and kissed her eyes, her mouth, her throat. He was rough with her. He was bruising her body, her lips, but Alix clung to him and laughed. Then suddenly all her slim body relaxed and slipped through his arms to a little white heap on the floor. She began to sob. Gerry stooped down, picked her up tenderly, and laid her on the great leathern couch. He knelt beside her. On one arm he pillowed her head, with the other hand he sought hers.

"Please, Alix," he begged—"please don't cry!"

"I 'm not crying," sobbed Alix; "I 'm laughing."

Gerry smiled and waited. Soon Alix became quiet. Her eyes closed. She drew a long, quivering breath, and then she opened her eyes again, and her lips broke into the dear old smile—the smile of an opening flower.

"I am tired—tired," she said, "but I believe I 'm almost hungrier than I am tired."

"I 'm glad you said it first," replied Gerry, giving serious thought to the fact that he was faint with hunger himself. "Ever since some funny Johnny wrote, 'Feed the brute,' we men have been shy about echoing our stomachs. It 's four o'clock. Hours after lunch-time."

"Really?" said Alix, nestling down closer to his arm and letting her smiling eyes wander over him. "How well this suit fits you. There 's something about it—it is n't, is it?"

Gerry nodded.

"Same old suit. By the way, when I came in John said you told him to telephone to the club and say you wished to see me. What made you think I would go to the club first?"

Alix looked puzzled.

"I did n't. I did n't think you would go to the club, and I did n't tell John to telephone." She paused, still puzzling, then her face cleared. "Why, poor old John—he 's getting very old, you know, Gerry. That was three years ago I told him to telephone, the day you never came back. It must have been the suit. He saw you standing there in the same suit, and three years became as one day to the old fellow."

Gerry sighed.

"Alix, do you want those three years to become as a day to us?"

Alix shook her head slowly from side to side.

"No, dear, I don't. They have given me, given us both, far more than they took away." She put her bare arms about his neck, drew him down, and kissed him. "You do not know yet all that they have given you. You think you have come back and found me a frittering butterfly in a great empty house. But you 've found only my abandoned cocoon. I 'm not here at all. I 've packed myself into the dearest little bundle of pink fat, yellow curls, and chubby legs, and left the bundle on Red Hill."

Gerry nodded, but he was grave and silent. Not in a day or a month could he altogether forget the Man.

CHAPTER XLIV

GERRY had always been quiet, but during the long drive from the station to the Firs his silence amounted to a penetrating stillness. Alix felt it, but it did not depress her; she knew herself to be in the presence of a communion. Gerry was devoting the hour of his return to the scenes of his boyhood to a silent consecration. These cool valleys and hollows; the Low

Road, with its purling accompaniment of hidden waters; the embowered, still nave of Long Lane, were as the ancestral halls of the Lansings. It was right that he should do homage to the memories they evoked.

To his mother Gerry made no explanations. He knew that to her it was enough that her boy had come back. When Mrs. Lansing released him, Alix caught his hand and led him up to the nursery. Together they looked down upon their sleeping child.

Gerry, Junior, was fat to the verge of a split. His curly tow head was tousled, and on his brow a slight perspiration testified to the labor of sound sleep. His arms were outstretched. His legs had kinks at the knees, they were so chubby. His petulant little mouth was half open, disclosing tiny teeth.

"Is n't he a beauty?" asked Alix, a little loudly, wishing he would awaken.

Gerry nodded. With his eyes still on the child he put his arm about Alix and drew her to him. What Margarita had done for him, Alix had done. As he felt her frail body quivering in his embrace, as he looked back and measured the sacrifice by what the awful night of the coming of the Man had taught him, he was overwhelmed by a new humility. He turned Alix's face up to his. His lips moved in an effort to thank her, but words failed him. Alix understood. She lifted her arms about his neck and drew his head down. He held her body very close as he kissed her, softly, adoringly. Alix hid her face against his shoulder for a moment, and then threw back her head and shook the tears from her eyelashes. She smiled through wet eyes.

"I am afraid he 's not quite perfect—inside. Such a temper, Gerry! I 'm afraid he 'll grow up into a man about town and awfully wild." She turned grave eyes on Gerry, Junior, and her brows puckered. "What do you think?

Gerry smiled.

"From the looks of him I predict he gets his letter in freshman year—center on the foot-ball team."

"Yes, perhaps," said Alix, thoughtfully. "Everybody calls him Fatty already."

It was from Alan that Gerry learned that Kemp was still in town, closing up connection with the orchid firm. Gerry wired him, begging him to come to the Firs for a few days before he went West. Alix had told of Kemp's word of comfort.

After the first excitement of getting home was over, Gerry found himself restless with the same restlessness that had attacked him during the days at Piranhas. He tried for a solution in the same way. Day after day, long before the rest of the hill was awake, he was off for a ten-mile walk.

At first it was with head dropped and eyes on the ground that he plowed his way through a dew-soaked world, but there came a time when he walked with head thrown back, full lungs, and level eyes.

Then Kemp arrived. Gerry tried to get him to join him in his walks, but Kemp shook his head sadly.

"Ef yo' can't let me have a hoss, Mr. Lansing," he said, "I 'll ride the cow."

Gerry laughed. They saddled the horses themselves and started out. On the top of old Bald Head, Gerry dismounted and sat down on a rock. Kemp followed suit.

"Kemp," said Gerry, "I want to thank you for the things you said to my wife—Alix."

Kemp flushed, and waved a deprecating hand.

"You saw things straight," went on Gerry, "and I want to thank you, too, for letting me hog-tie myself."

"I ain't curious about that, Mr. Lansing," said Kemp, "so much 's about what you 're goin' to do when yo' untie yo'se'f."

"Well," said Gerry, "I 've thought that out, too. For a while it used to break my heart to think about Fazenda Flores, but it came to me the other day that what there is of me that amounts to anything is just Fazenda Flores.

"When a man learns to eat work just as he does food, because he 's hungry for it, there 's bound to be a place for him anywhere. It has struck me there are a lot of fields around here, some of them mine, that are about ready for resurrection, and resurrection is my job.

"I don't know exactly how I 'm going to start, but it may be planting potatoes. You can begin a resurrection with any one of a number of simple things. It does n't matter much which one you pick on as long as you start right down at the bottom and spread yourself in the subsoil of things. Everything that grows starts down deep

except your orchids, and they are parasites—"

"Easy on orchids," interjected Kemp.

"Sorry, Kemp. Orchids are ornamental, but excepting your favorites, they 're not even beautiful. Look at a *Cypripedium vexillarium—*"

"Hybrid," grunted Kemp.

"A man in his D. T.'s could n't beat it for gorgeous horror," finished Gerry. "But that 's neither here nor there. What I 'm driving at is this: if I had never been tossed over the home fence, I should have lived and died an ornamental citizen with the girth of a beer-barrel. But now my eyes are a bit open, and I can see that the simple things of life are the big things. Growth from the roots is the strength of a man and of his people. I 've come home in more senses than one. I 'm going to send down my roots right here."

Kemp had been whittling. When Gerry had finished, he pocketed his knife and gazed thoughtfully down the valley.

"It seems to me, Mr. Lansing, that you 'nd me have been travelin' diff'rent trails, but come together at the same gap. You remember 'The Pu'ple City'?"

Gerry nodded.

"Wal, seems to me thet 'ceptin' in a man's own mind the' ain't no pu'ple cities. What a man 's got to find ain't pu'ple cities, but the power to see one when he 's got it. You had yourn right here in this valley an' yon side on Red Hill. You growed up in it, but you never seen it—not till you learned how. What you been sayin' about the simple things of life, the things thet is at the bottom, has helped my seein' parts a powerful lot. I knowed before I come to Red Hill that I was goin' out West to stay, but I did n't rightly know why. Now ef you ask me what I know, I can tell you I know consid'able.

"Out in Noo Mexico they 's a ranch in the fork of Big and Little Creek that 's the greenest patch in the shadow of White Mountain. It 's mine, and it 's got a three-room shack on it that could grow if need was. I know a girl that 's been holdin' a four-flush against an orchid's weak pair till she 's jest about sick of the game; but she 's drawed and filled on the last hand, though she hain't had a chanst to look at her cards yet.

"For some while the' 's been a pu'ple light hangin' over Big and Little Creek, an' I reckon I 'll be able to see it plainer an' plainer the nigher I get to it; an' if the girl will he'p me, I reckon that in a small way we 'll soon be growin' a pu'ple city that will feed from yo' hand. Ef ever you feel the need of some bran'-new air, Mr. Lansing, you come out to Big and Little. There won't be much besides air, but it 'll be fresh made on White Mountain, an' you can smell it comin' down through the pines, an' see it playin' with the leaves on the cottonwoods an' plowin' through the tops of the sorghum."

They sat for some time in silence, then Gerry said:

"I 've been calling you 'Kemp' since I first saw you, but you still hang on to the 'mister' when you talk to me. Cut it out, Kemp."

Kemp flushed slightly.

"Some things is fittin' an' some ain't," he said, "an' we can't always rightly say why. Some folks is governed by conscience, but most by pride. It 's goin' to be 'Kemp' and 'Mr. Lansing' to the end of the chapter, Mr. Lansing, an' no friendship lost either. Shake."

They shook hands solemnly, mounted, and started back to Red Hill. Gerry had found the key to Kemp's strength. It was the key to all strength. Kemp belonged on the Hill and with the people of true blood anywhere, not only because he was himself always, but because he defended what he could hold and no more. He was a definition for independence.

CHAPTER XLV

It was late afternoon of a day in the gorgeous month. A shower had fallen on Red Hill, and after it had come the sun. Wisps of mare's-tail cloud hurried across the clean-washed heavens as though they were ashamed to be caught in their ragged clothes under a blue sky. Downy-topped masses of cumulus poked drowsy heads over the horizon and watched them run. Out of the dome of heaven filtered a single trill of song.

The Hill was very still, but presently from far away on the West Lake Road came the whinny of a horse; a little later, a little nearer, a peal of laughter; then the sound of wheels and chattering voices. A wagonette, two spring-wagons, and a pony-cart burst from Long Lane and

wheeled right and left. They were full of grown-ups turned young for a day and youths that thought they would be young forever.

The wagonette, swinging down the road toward Maple House, suddenly swerved and plowed through the tall grass. Alan and Clem on the end seats were almost thrown out. Alan looked back at the road and stared. A fat donkey had claimed the right of way, and held it. Several lengths of legs stuck out from her bulging sides. Behind her hurried a panting nurse.

Alan turned to Clem.

"Do donkeys never die?"

"Oh, I hope not," said Clem, gravely. "You change them. We changed ours while you were away."

"So she has been changed," said Alan. "Well, that 's something."

"Silly!" said Clem. "You 've been seeing that donkey every day for weeks."

"No," said Alan, "this is the first time I 've really seen her."

The sun took a last long look at Red Hill and dropped out of sight. Then, as though he would come back and look again, he sent up a broad afterglow that climbed and climbed till the tip of the very clouds that peeped over East Mountain were tinged with the rosy light.

From an open up-stairs window came Clem's soft voice.

"Yes, dears, pink night-caps. Those big sleepy clouds are putting them on because *they* are just *glad* to go to bed."

"I want a pink night-cap."

"Why, darling, night-caps are only for white-headed people and white-headed clouds. Just wait until you 're white-headed. Now climb into bed, and I 'll tell—"

Beyond the mountain-ash thicket a love-sick bob-white kept saying, "Good night! Good night!" to his mate. She answered sleepily.

From Maple House, the Firs, and far down the road from Elm House, warm lights flashed out and settled down into a steady glow. A burst of young voices swept into the night and died away, followed into the silence by soft laughter. From the Firs came the last angry wail of the fat young god, choked off in mid-flight by the soft hand of sleep. Then the scurrying of many feet along the dusty road, silence, and, last of all, the trailing whistle of a boy signaling good night—sound saying good-by to a happy day.

Hours passed before the moon popped into the sky, hurrying just at first as though she knew she were forty minutes late again. One by one lights went out. Other lights gleamed from upper windows; then they in turn went out. Red Hill had gone to bed.

From Maple House, Alan slipped out to smoke a last cigar. He hesitated a moment, and then strode through the long grass, laden with seed and just decking itself with dewy jewels for the night. He crossed to the old church. The door was open. He entered, and climbed the crumbling stairs to the belfry. He jumped into one of the arches and sat down, his legs dangling.

His eyes wandered slowly over the familiar scene. From behind their trees Maple House, the Firs, and Elm House blinked up at him dreamily. Before them ran the ribbon of road, white under moonlight, dipping at each end into the wide world. Up and down the road before the Firs paced two figures, Gerry and Alix. Gerry's arm was about her. Long black shadows, all pointing to the west, like fallen silhouettes, cut the moonlight. Above them the autumn-painted trees gave out a golden echo of light.

Alan drew a great, quivering breath. "My boy, you have been far, far away," J. Y. had said, and he had answered, "Yes, but I have come back." But it was only now, to-night, that he had really come back.

Alan's wandering eyes settled on Maple House.

"Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," he whispered.

And then the peace of home descended upon him. On his scarred spirit he felt the touch of the healing hands of home. Its sweetness and its power, its love everlasting demanding love forever, knocked at his waking heart and found the door open. Far, far had he wandered in the world of mind and the world of men, but in the end he had come back like a Wayne to the eternal mother of the Waynes. To-night he knew that his drifting soul had dropped anchor at last.

THE END

THE "ULTRA-VIOLET MADONNA"

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

THE elevator moved floor by floor nearer the office of Colbrook & Blinn, Publicity; and Dauvenet Talbot, artist, mounted steadily with it, and stared gloomily at himself in the little mirror. The glass reflected a thin, sandy-haired gentleman, well, but carelessly, dressed in gray tweeds, armed with a light stick, and staring at himself through gold-rimmed eye-glasses; also it reflected a drooping mustache that made the gentleman look a little like an educated seal, although at the moment a seal with a purpose. To put the situation baldly, Mr. Talbot, whose pictures the art critics sometimes described as "reticent," was on his way to engage a press-agent, and his whole artistic soul revolted at what that vulgar person would undoubtedly call the "proposition." But never mind that. He had put his hand to the plow. He had determined not to look back until he reached the end of the furrow. The thing now was to "get results," and Dauvenet Talbot shuddered to think it. Circumstances, in the form of a doting and wealthy aunt who had died just before he was graduated from college, had made of Mr. Talbot an artist with an independent income; and all he knew about business were the crisp, rag-time specimens of its vocabulary that nowadays penetrate into every corner of society. But here again shuddering made no difference. Once you have put your hand to the plow, you don't turn back for a mere shudder.

Polite by nature as well as by education, he thanked the elevator-boy for bringing him up, opened a door across the hall, and found himself interviewing a young woman the golden beauty of whose hair was only less remarkable than its splendid luxuriance. Yes, Mr. Colbrook was in; he would see the gentleman if the gentleman would wait a moment. The gentleman hesitated. The impulse was strong upon him to murmur something about "another time," and flee back to the elevator. But that, he compelled himself to realize, was not what he had come for.

"Thank you," said Mr. Talbot; "I think, with your permission, that I will sit down and wait."

He sat down and looked about him. What he had expected to see he could hardly have told anybody, least of all a young woman with such startlingly wonderful hair. What he saw was certainly different. Colbrook & Blinn cultivated an almost austere simplicity: dark woodwork, a substantially "good" rug, leather chairs, and a few chastely selected and admirably framed advertising posters. Put on the witness-stand by an able lawyer, Dauvenet Talbot might have discovered that what he had expected was a cross between a corset advertisement on a bill-board and a barber shop on a side street. A vague and unexpected sense of respect for Colbrook & Blinn permeated Mr. Talbot, which was exactly what Colbrook & Blinn had intended when they arranged their antechamber.

The wonderfully golden-haired girl, sitting at a table that had been made to order

to match the woodwork, had typed a page before the buzzer summoned her to the inner office. She reported Mr. Colbrook at liberty, and led the visitor into his presence. Mr. Colbrook, rising from behind a colossal mahogany desk, greeted him with the muscular pressure of a cordial hand, and motioned him to a seat. The quality known as force predominated in Mr. Colbrook: one might have thought, indeed, that he ate only those brain-and-muscle-building breakfast-foods that Mr. Talbot imagined him advertising. As a matter of fact, Mr. Colbrook was far more subtle. His method of advertising a breakfast-food would have been through the medium of widely printed essays in natural history, showing how much stronger, in proportion, a beetle is than a man, and delicately suggesting that the beetle ate the same kind of cereal that was used for the breakfast-food. Without brutally promising such a result, Mr. Colbrook would have left the thoughtful reader wondering whether it would n't be a good idea to eat the breakfast-food, and become as strong as the beetle.

"I dare say you find it strange that I—er—should have sought your professional assistance," said Mr. Talbot. Considering it strange himself, he naturally felt that it must seem so to others. Mr. Colbrook looked somewhat puzzled.

"I might," he admitted easily, "but I should do my best to conceal it."

"I am an artist," said Dauvenet.

"Yes?" said Mr. Colbrook, politely. "So am I."

He sat back in his chair and waited. It seemed to Dauvenet that the conversation was rotary, and, having spun round once, had stopped exactly where it had started. He made another effort.

"The fact is," he explained, "that what I want to know—and I admit that the question may seem a little peculiar—is whether you ever press-agent artists? I think that is the expression."

"Press-agency is a branch of our work," said Mr. Colbrook, "although a subordinate one. If you mean by artists the circus and vaudeville people—"

"I do *not*," said Dauvenet. "Suppose a chap who paints pictures wished, don't you know, to—er—attract more general attention—a wider public—"

Mr. Colbrook settled still farther back in his chair and regarded his visitor thoughtfully.

"That would depend," he replied candidly, "on the quality of his painting. Considering a hypothetical case, Mr. Talbot, I should say that a painter with some real merit could be handled successfully. But it 's becoming more and more an axiom of advertising—and we don't dodge the fact that publicity *is* advertising of a superior kind—that an advertised article must have merit. I won't say absolutely as much merit as is claimed for it, but enough to make good—enough to eliminate knockers. Publicity that starts a lot of people getting out their little hammers is worse than no publicity. Now, in the case of this hypothetical artist, we could do nothing permanently worth while unless he 's the real thing. People in general may not realize at present that he *is* the real thing. He may not be the most remarkable real thing ever invented; but a certain amount of real-thingness is absolutely essential. I think you see what I am coming at."

Dauvenet Talbot opened his tweed coat, extracted a little package of newspaper clippings from his pocket, and laid the package, not without dignity, on the desk. He was not offended. In coming to such a place and on such an errand, he had determined firmly that nothing should either offend him or turn him from his purpose.

"If you will glance over these," he said, "I think they will answer the question."

Mr. Colbrook glanced them over casually, and then he looked more respectfully at his client.

"It strikes me," he remarked, "that you are already pretty well recognized by the experts. But going further, I should make a shrewd guess that your method of painting has n't quite enough punch to land on the general public. Why not make 'em sit up by painting something hot?"

Dauvenet Talbot shook his head gloomily.

"I can't paint something hot, as you call it," he explained frankly. "And if I did, the—er—advertised article would be entirely without merit. Nothing but the most vital necessity would lead me to employ—pay for—publicity to attract attention to my pictures. I 'm lucky enough to be under no compulsion to sell 'em, al-

though, as a matter of record, I have sold a few to some of the best private collections. I feel that I am not trying to foist an altogether inferior product on an unsuspecting public. In the usual sense I may say that my decision has little or nothing to do with art. It is a private matter. To attain a certain personal object it is quite necessary that my work should be talked about. Quite necessary. I dislike the means, but, you see, I am willing to attempt a doubtful experiment. Advertising, although necessary, has always seemed to me vulgar. Excusable in trade, but certainly not for an artist, except, of course, those of the circus."

"I think you do us a little injustice, Mr. Talbot," said Colbrook, seriously. "Publicity is a fine art in itself; or, perhaps better, a primary education. You would hardly consider education vulgar, would you?"

"N-o-o," admitted Dauvenet.

"Take this present problem," continued Mr. Colbrook. "Here is a product of your brush that gives pleasure to a few critical observers, but remains caviar to the general. Or consider caviar. Imagine thousands and thousands of the persons who are not even curious about caviar led by proper, dignified publicity to understand and enjoy caviar. A new pleasure. A new joy in living. Thousands and thousands of persons who might otherwise have lived and died in ignorance all smacking their lips over caviar on toast! Now, if we can popularize your pictures, we do better than if we popularized caviar. We widen artistic appreciation. We increase civilization."

"I can't say that I 'd ever thought of it in just that way," admitted Talbot. "But I don't honestly believe that you, or anybody else, can make my work popular."

Mr. Colbrook brushed doubt aside with the casual statement that in such matters he was the doctor. He picked up the clippings, and visibly concentrated his mind upon them until it seemed to Dauvenet that he must be making his head ache. Now that the plunge had been taken, Dauvenet felt more and more doubtful that it had been worth the trouble. To be sure, there was something about Mr. Colbrook that inspired confidence; but the idea that the average picture-gossip could be set tongue-wagging over *his* pictures grew, in Talbot's mind, more and more profoundly impossible. Nor, even if it could be brought about, did he anticipate pleasure in this manufactured popularity. He was quite satisfied to know that his work appealed to a few persons here and there whose judgment he respected. He had no financial need of popularity. He would be perfectly content to have the world at large applaud his wife, while he, as far as the ordinary observer might see, sat and painted in a neglected corner.

The only difficulty was that the young woman whom he wanted for a wife did n't agree with him. It was an unfortunate fact that Cornelia Mason had observed a married couple whose life together had been wrecked by what she considered just such a combination. The fame of the wife had been greater than that of her husband, and domestically the result had been undeniably distressing. And Cornelia's portraits were tremendously popular: got into the illustrated sections of Sunday newspapers; did popularly what Mr. Colbrook might describe as "put it all over" Mr. Talbot's reticent and subdued studies. She was a frank as well as a charming young woman, and as for marrying Dauvenet, she had said frankly and charmingly, that in the circumstances they must both realize that it was out of the question. Remember the Emorys! Nothing remained for Dauvenet but to admit the wisdom of her decision and to seek his own way of reversing it.

And the obvious way, if it could be done, was to get a reputation of his own—not the kind of reputation he cared for, but one with enough glitter to offset Cornelia's superior popularity. He, too, must be "talked about." Perhaps a press-agent could do it; but Mr. Talbot was no less doubtful than desperate.

"What we 've got to do with this proposition, Mr. Talbot," said Colbrook, coming out of his concentration, "is to find something in your pictures that the other feller has n't got—*and then set the public looking for it*. I 'll have to study the material myself; but, without leaving this office, I think I 've got it. You don't mind a little innocent deception?" he asked hopefully.

Despite the seriousness of the moment, Dauvenet smiled. The question did more to indicate the splendid confidence of Mr.

Colbrook than any amount of protestation. Mr. Talbot twirled the end of his educated-seal mustache.

"Not a bit," he said recklessly, "so long as it does n't really hurt anybody."

"It 'll benefit 'em," said Colbrook, cheerfully. "Open new vistas. Did you ever hear of the ultra-violet ray?"

Dauvenet confessed ignorance.

"Well," continued Colbrook, "it 's a recent discovery. I 've been reading about it this morning, and it could n't have come up more opportunely. It comes off the end of the spectrum where you can't see the ultra-violet—invisible to the naked eye. Vibrations and all that sort of thing. Sterilizes water when projected with some kind of an electrical lamp. Now, what I 'm driving at is that if anybody—you, for instance—painted ultra-violet, people would n't be able to *see* the color, but they could n't help feeling the emanations—"

ABOUT three months later an article in an obscure magazine was reprinted, at least to the extent of several paragraphs, in a large number of newspapers, and to the eye of newspaper wisdom it was reprinted for two reasons: first, it projected a new and surprising idea; second, it concerned an artist who had of late been often, but unostentatiously, mentioned in the public prints. Nobody could fairly say that this artist was being forced upon the public attention, nor would the frequency with which he made his little bow to the reader of newspapers have been consecutively visible anywhere but in the archives of Colbrook & Blinn, Publicity. One would have had to penetrate that remarkable office, bribe the wonderfully golden-haired girl who presided there (which would have been virtually impossible), and extract a card from the filing-cabinet. In fact, several of them, taken together, with the further knowledge that D. T. stood for Dauvenet Talbot and not for delirium-tremens, would have read as follows:

In re D. T.

Nov. Return of D. T. from summer holiday. Society notes—local papers.
Interview with D. T. "Are Pretty Girls Decreasing in Number in Summer Art Colonies?"—Sunday "Star."
Scattered paragraphs due to above interview.
Letter to editor, Sunday "Star." D. T. corrects misrepresentation of interview, "Pretty Girls," etc.
Letters to editor, for and against views of D. T.—"Pretty Girls," etc.
Picture of interior of D. T.'s studio—Illustrated Sunday "Sphere."
Dec. Symposium of well-known artists—"Bill-boards and Public Taste."
D. T. defends bill-boards—Sunday "Messenger."
News item. Small fire in D. T.'s studio. Priceless paintings that might have been destroyed. Local papers.
D. T. mentioned in society notes—six items.
Article on D. T. in series—"Painters Every Woman should Know"—"Woman's Own Magazine."

We live in an age of print, and without going further into the secret records of Colbrook & Blinn, it may be said that, taken together, none knew better the amount and kind of print that could be extracted from any given "proposition." This is not the place to tell how they did it, but anybody can see that there was a vital significance, a deep importance, and a tremendous appeal to human interest—in short, what is technically called "news value"—in the possible decrease of pretty girls in summer art colonies that made an interview with Dauvenet Talbot, or anybody else, on the subject extremely printable, especially when the interview had been written by that skilled ex-journalist Horace Colbrook. Bill-boards, moreover, are always timely. Society notes fatten on information modest persons send in about their own doings.

Considering Dauvenet as a "proposition," the first thing, Mr. Colbrook had said, was to familiarize the public with his name in a perfectly dignified and legitimate way; and the next thing was to soak 'em with the "something different" that would set everybody trying to see it in his painting. He surprised his client, as, for example, when that retiring, but determined, man read an anecdote about his own caustic wit in the columns of his own favorite newspapers. But when your hand is on the plow, surprise at your own caus-

tic wit is no good reason to stop plowing. And unquestionably Mr. Colbrook was getting results. They were discoverable in the fact that persons who had hitherto merely bowed to Dauvenet in passing now stopped and insisted on talking with him. His tailor, who had hitherto regarded him simply as a gentleman, began talking to him about art, which not only showed how little the tailor knew about art, but also that he had come to regard Mr. Talbot as an artist as well as a gentleman. Hostesses introduced him to strangers as "Mr. Talbot, the artist, you know."

As for Miss Mason, Dauvenet saw her as frequently as had been his custom. They had known each other too long for a difference of opinion about the wisdom of matrimony to interfere with their acquaintance. Friendship was all right so long as they remembered the Emorys.

So events moved until the appearance of the article in the obscure magazine and its reappearance in excerpts in the daily press. One of these excerpts said:

Painting the invisible seems at first thought wildly impossible, but it is now advanced as a theory of art that the effect of a landscape or portrait may be due actually to just this accomplishment. The painter has painted not only for the eye, but for the nervous system. Science has of late discovered and is utilizing the ultra-violet ray, but to most of us "ultra-violet" is a meaningless term, for it describes a color that we cannot consciously see. The painter's palette stops, so far as the human eye can follow, with violet, the extreme end of the spectrum as ordinarily visible. But does it always stop there? Is it not possible for the painter so to blend his colors that the resulting vibrations will be imperceptible to the sense of sight, and yet have a definite effect on even more delicate nervous-centers? May not a picture, in other words, radiate ultra-violet emanations?

Such, at least, is the theory that a well-known scientist has evolved from a study of the paintings of Mr. Dauvenet Talbot. Mr. Talbot, in his opinion, paints ultra-violet. And although Mr. Talbot himself denies any new and startling discovery in the mixing of colors, the fact remains that his work produces an emotional effect that seems unwarranted by the quiet manner in which he paints and the complete lack of sensationalism in his subjects. These paintings produce in the observer a kind of pleasant nervous excitement not felt before other canvases. If, as the scientist has pointed out, you look long enough at a Talbot picture, this excitement gradually increases, and may even become painful. In other words the emanations of the ultra-violet have an appreciable effect on the nervous system of the beholder.

Mr. Talbot has recently completed a picture, which he refuses to call the "Ultra-violet Madonna," that especially illustrates the possible effect of invisible color on our sensitive nerve-centers. At first sight the canvas, beautiful as it is, would hardly attract the attention of any but an expert in painting. But if one looks long enough, one feels a delicate tingling sensation such as one might experience if subjected to a delicate electric battery. The emotion is too subtle to describe. It is not felt at all if the picture is seen through glass, *and glass is known to be impervious to the ultra-violet ray.* On this significant fact the professor bases his theory that the picture is painted, in part, with invisible ultra-violet. Naturally he is unwilling to be identified with this theory until he has subjected it to further tests. If it were possible to paint the entire picture in ultra-violet, the result, of course, would be an apparently blank canvas and an overwhelming emotion.

Throughout the country countless paragraphers on countless editorial pages commented more or less brightly on Mr. Talbot and his alleged discovery. One suggested that these invisible pictures would be a great thing for economizing materials; another smart Aleck left a blank spot in the column and labeled it "Ultra-violet Editorial"; another advised the state board of health to purchase the "Ultra-violet Madonna" and use it to destroy bacteria in food products. In a short space of time everybody except the man who had never heard of Kipling had heard of Dauvenet Talbot. Opinions varied, but there are always the enthusiastic people who will take any new idea seriously. People had laughed at Christopher Columbus, had n't they? Well, then, let the conservatives laugh at Dauvenet Talbot if they wanted to; but perhaps the fellow had actually and accidentally stumbled upon something epoch-making. In the small world of folk who have, or pretend to have, an interes

in art, that retiring, but determined, man had suddenly become an engrossing topic of conversation.

And the more you thought about it, the more it became plausible. If the ultra-violet was there,—and, being invisible, who could say that it was n't?—why should n't it produce a peculiar sensation? Think of radium, for example. And liquid air. And wireless telegraphy. And might not this effect be actually harmful? It was in vain that the artist absolutely denied the use of any but the known colors. The "Ultra-violet Madonna" had become more eloquent than its painter. The question was raised, and warmly debated, whether a picture with such insidious and perhaps dangerous qualities should be allowed on exhibition. Colbrook & Blinn, Publicity, were responsible for raising it, and the suggestion of a police censorship of pictures because they might be painted with ultra-violet made sensible people indignant, and brought them also into the controversy. The police admitted its powerlessness to arrest an invisible color. Colbrook & Blinn, equally invisible, insisted that a picture like the "Ultra-violet Madonna" should be kept out of any public exhibition until the matter had been scientifically investigated, and we knew positively whether or not the ultra-violet was present; and, if so, whether or not the emanations of the ultra-violet had any effect on the moral sense. At any rate, let it be covered with glass. To which the Art Club replied with dignity that it proposed to exhibit the picture, and that it was not to be dictated to in the matter of glass. Mr. Talbot, interviewed on the subject, pointed out that he had hitherto exhibited his pictures without glass, and that he also had no mind to be dictated to. The paragraphers suggested, almost in chorus, that each spectator might bring a pane of glass with him. Some advised smoked glass.

Then the "Ultra-violet Madonna" was exhibited.

The catalogue called it "No. 206. Mother and Child. D. Talbot." But nobody needed a catalogue to find the "Ultra-violet Madonna." You fought your way to it, pausing now and then to take breath, and stand on tiptoe in a vain effort to see over the heads in front of you. Three hundred and seven other pictures waited until the world of art-lovers had seen it. Dauvenet Talbot, dropping in with Miss Cornelia Mason, whose latest portrait was numbered 104, was so promptly recognized that modesty compelled him to hurry away again.

Cornelia Mason remained wondering, for she had already seen the picture in her friend's studio. She had never heard of Colbrook & Blinn, Publicity. She had regarded Dauvenet's recent appearances in print as a matter of chance and coincidence. She had sympathized with him sincerely in all this bother about his latest picture. The only way to explain it was that the story had been started by somebody with a humorous bent and a personal dislike for Mr. Talbot; but, being incapable of taking it seriously herself, it had never occurred to Cornelia that anybody else would take it seriously. Emanations! Invisible color! Ultra-violet fiddlestick! And yet there it was, the "Ultra-violet Madonna," and that corner of the gallery looked like a subway station at the rush-hour. Her own picture, "No. 104. Portrait of a Lady. C. Mason," was attracting no attention whatever. Nor was anybody else's picture. It was the largest crowd that she had ever seen in the gallery, and its one desire was to behold Dauvenet Talbot's "Ultra-violet Madonna."

Near Cornelia a thin, fashionable lady, just coming out of the press, met a stout, fashionable lady just going in.

"You lucky dear!" cried the thin lady. "You have n't yet seen it! It 's a *wonderful* experience! There *is* something different about it. If you look at it long enough, you feel positively faint—"

The stout lady waved her plump hand, and plunged toward the "Ultra-violet Madonna." Evidently she was going to experience that something different at once or die getting to it. A tall, rather ferocious-looking gentleman forced his way out, and joined Miss Mason. Cornelia knew him for an art critic.

"Did you ever see such nonsense?" he asked grimly. "Ultra-violet! I just passed a couple of young fools arguing whether a man has a right, artistically, to get an effect with an invisible color! I wonder what cheerful joker set that ball rolling."

"But do you think it will last?" asked Cornelia.

"No longer than any other bubble," re-

plied the critic; "but it 's made Talbot. I 've followed that chap's work, Miss Mason, and you mark my word, a lot of people who are now looking at it for emanations will discover that it 's worth looking at as painting. Of course somebody 'll name him 'Ultra-violet Talbot,' and that will stick. What they don't realize just now," he added, with a wave of his hand toward the crowd that throbbed with interest in front of the "Ultra-violet Madonna," "is that if you look long enough at anything, it will make you feel rather funny."

As Mr. Colbrook had said, an advertised article must have merit. In Mr. Dauvenet Talbot's charming, but reticent, pictures there are still sensitive persons who insist that there is "something different." And in the spring following the exhibition of the "Ultra-violet Madonna," there appeared a society note for which Colbrook & Blinn, Publicity, were not directly responsible.

Among the passengers on the *Cretonic* last Wednesday were Mr. Dauvenet Talbot, the famous painter of ultra-violet, and Mrs. Talbot, formerly Miss Cornelia Mason. Mrs. Talbot is also a distinguished painter.

THE END OF THE DREAM

BY ELIZABETH MAURY COOMBS

GIOVANNI JONES'S name presented no greater contradiction than was seen in his nose, a turned-up one, tip-tilted, and set humorously beneath great Italian eyes. Further, his mouth agreed with no feature save itself, being of the early-English bulldog type of architecture.

Early in Giovanni's life his mother decided that her only son would be canonized, but her friends were not certain whether he would be canonized before or after he was hanged. Even Madame Fate, a woman who usually knows her own mind, held him hesitating on her hither hand until such time as his own warring temperaments—for he had at least a dozen unconcealed about his person—should land him high in heaven or low in perdition.

Giovanni's father, a Welshman, had married early in life the daughter of a forcibly retired Italian patriot. Having by this intermixture of nations arranged the scenario for a strange drama on the wide stage of Texas, and cast his hybrid son for the star part, John Jones withdrew, so as to observe it more critically, possibly,—withdrew before so much as the opening clause of the prologue was said, or even the untuned cries of the orchestral violins smote on the ears of unsuspecting society. In simple English, John Jones, with true Celtic fervor, laid down his life for his foster-mother country, America, in the heat of civil warfare a few weeks before the little son came to bear the humorous Italian half-translation of his father's Welsh name.

During the closing days of this war, when the Confederate States, still elate upon the heights of hope, freely printed notes and bonds, Giovanni's mother, with all the business acumen of a lovely young widow, sold her cattle-range for something more than half a hundred thousand dollars in the same insecure securities, receiving them from the hands of a pious person whom the old lawyer she employed too late—after her property was disposed of—christened the "Sunday-school skunk." Such nomenclature, though strong, was suitable to the subject; therefore it adhered.

So it came about that in the morning of life Giovanni assumed the painful position of a human hindrance, the only child of a beautiful young widow who kept—or

rather, did not keep at all - a small boarding house, in the garret of which was stored sundry leather bags of Confederate greenbacks held in lieu of the land. With the help of small boys of which Giovanni was the adored and abused leader the bills passed muster as legal tender; and thus Giovanni grew up handling large sums of money, until he became accustomed to thinking in thousands.

The land thus acquired the pious purchaser later sold in hundred-acre plots to a colony of small farmers, enticed to the new country on the promise of a livelihood by the shipment of truck to market.

Texas had few railways in those days, though trips in a "prairie schooner" were conducive to long thoughts, while the lean mustangs plowed, with lagging feet, their furrows through a sea of sand. Such a sea lay between the vast cattle-ranges, the small farmers, and the town. On the other hand, almost as many miles of "bad lands" stretched between them and their shipping port on the teal sea. So, to sell their cattle either at home or abroad, men must drive them fat steers across these lands, and then find their stock lean at the selling place. For a few seasons the truckers' produce was piled in great rotting heaps in the fields, then discouragement became the only general crop that was harvested.

[illegible]

their shovels threw sand aside in the bad lands, to lay the link of civilization. And Jones he furnished the steam; some folk said he could run the engines with his own commodity, and yet have a reserve to blow off at every crossing. Some called him a tropical liar, and some an inspired prophet, and all these gave him his due: he was all the characters they mentioned, and two or three more besides.

Sometimes, when the bills for materials became most pressing, Jones took up collections from the merchants and stockmen, who could well afford it, never asking help from the small farmers, who could not, though the road was to aid them as well; and such was the force of Giovanni's eloquence that every man remembered only as he *closed* his check-book that his subscription was twice as large as he had intended giving, even though it was twice as small as the one Jones had asked for. But, then, Giovanni always explained that he did not "really need the dope at all, but just naturally hated to see those bloated Northern capitalists hogging up all the stock instead of letting in some of his old friends on the ground floor."

At last the railroad was almost done; it really was so far done that any car except the pay-car could go over it. Jones himself went out on it in his own little private hand-car, a light invention of his own that he could lift on and off the rails; and he gave the men beautifully printed papers stating how much would be due them when the pay-car could make the trip. But when the men tried to negotiate these papers in San Antonio, they would not negotiate for a cent; so they became [illegible] and some of them were "Dutchmen" who, as Jones said, "had no sense of humor and one could appeal to them only through the vulgar medium of their pocket-books." Now as Jones had pretty well gone through their pocket-books, he had a right to treat with authority.

[illegible] Jew Bernstein, who had [illegible] Jones during a [illegible] call at Gio- [illegible] and one could have said [illegible] "short" sense of humor [illegible] at a rest, but he had a [illegible] which he covered [illegible] time that the railroad- [illegible] insurance. But the [illegible] the firm they only

made the promoter's language a shade more rippling than usual. However, words did not change Breitstein's financial attitude, nor did they affect the aim of his well-filled brace of guns.

"I vants mine money," was the refrain that followed, like the tones of a vast human clock, every flight of Giovanni's fancy. The promoter subconsciously realized that the men on the line were the works of that clock, and that the "Dutchman" was merely its *tick-tack*.

He renewed the promise of the pay-car; as soon as the rails were safe it should come.

"I have deputized grinnin' Jim Kelly to run it," promised the promoter, "beyond question our best engineer, and admittedly one of the finest in the world's railway system, not to mention the annals of—"

"I vants mine money," interrupted Breitstein, imperturbably.

"Oh, of course if you feel that way about it,"—with the air of a suffering saint addressing one whose sins he would strive to forgive,—"I can give you a check at any time; but—"

"I don't vants no but und no schecks; I vants mine money."

"Now, Breitstein," reasoned the promoter, "you don't expect a business man—my friends would say a railroad magnate—to keep money on his person—"

"I vants mine money," Breitstein replied, cautiously fingering the triggers of his pistols.

"Aw, now, Breitstein," wheedled Giovanni, "you have been such an invaluable man to me in this great work of ours, you must understand it would be impossible for me to carry enough silver or gold to remunerate a man like you. Sit down here. Have my chair."

"I don't vants none of your schairs, ner no gold; yoost baper money vill do good enough for me."

At last the Teutonic hammerer had struck fire in the hybrid brain-pan of the promoter, and, like a leaping flame, the Italian spirit vaulted clear over its prudent Welsh room-mate. The inspired Giovanni went to the roll-top desk.

"Of course you can have the paper money. I thought all the time that you wanted gold. You see, the pay-car really starts to-morrow—"

"I don't vants none of dese tamn pay-cars puilt out of schmoke," bullied the "Dutchman," seeing he was on the brink of his victory; "I vants mine money."

Jones, emerging, held a tightly rolled handful of bills, asking Breitstein to name the exact amount of his indebtedness.

"I have n't change for this ten-spot; I 'll just include it," said Giovanni, magnanimously, snapping a rubber band in the most businesslike way. Putting the bills into an envelop, sealing and addressing it, he wrote the correct amount on the back.

Breitstein, who had laid down his brace of convincers an instant before, took the packet with unexpressed Teutonic satisfaction, and stood a moment undecided, while Jones in that pregnant span reviewed his dichromatic past in that well-known flashy style dear to the drowning man; but finally the Dutchman put into his inside pocket the sealed envelop containing in Confederate notes a fraction under ten dollars more than the sum due him.

"I 'll have to ask you to excuse me now, Mr. Breitstein," said Jones, glancing with unseeing eyes at his watch. "I would ask you to dine with me, but I can't say just where I am to be this evening. However, make yourself at home in the office. I shall not be back for some time. Just make it your headquarters while in town; I always want our men on the line to feel like one of a family," beaming upon the stolidity of Breitstein. "But I find I am due at the bank; I might have added *over*-due without stretching a point." He grinned to himself as, closing the door firmly, but without precipitancy, he went with seemly haste down the office stairs. Once at the foot, his steps lengthened into a long trot down the little street, breaking into a run on the bank of the river. His boat waited under the willows that wept their dirges into the drawling stream.

Not for nothing had Giovanni Jones been cared for in his kilted youth by the sweet sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent. He knew the old water-gate in the river, latched on the inside, where only a knowing hand could reach the hasp and pull a boat through into the lonely convent grounds that were so extensive that no sisters would seek so quiet and marshy a thicket wherein to tell their beads as the one he chose.

For very shame, Breitstein did not expose his having been made a fool of; but after a quiet, sad search, he returned to his ranch, grimly resolving to renew his financial relations with Jones at the very first favorable opportunity. But his visit did hasten the pay-car, in fact precipitated it; for Giovanni reached the determination, in the quiet hours spent in his leafy retreat, that before Breitstein returned to town the Northern capital should be on its way.

Somehow it was noised abroad that the pay-car was to start, and the "terminal station," which had done duty in plain language as a shed, was crowded to its roof with citizens to witness the great departure.

Not until the last moment of exhausted patience and profanity did the express-wagon rattle up containing the sacks of money, guarded by two paymasters, each with a pair of conspicuous pistols. Then the car was unlocked, the leather sacks were lifted in, and lastly the paymaster and his assistant were bidden God-speed; and thus did the Northern capital set forth across the plains, now purpling with verbenas and wine-cups, with every plant of prickly pear aflame with yellow flowers, new-kindled at the torch of spring.

Cheer after cheer hurried after the little train, with small danger of not overtaking it, as it puffed toward the western sun, which hung red in the face after his noonday exertions.

Then, among his erstwhile hooting townsmen, was the modest Giovanni Jones, who had absented himself in the very hour of his triumph, declared a hero and no mere dreamer of dreams. But when the returns are all in, a hero is a dreamer who dreams the way the public wants, and a cheer is only a hoot pitched in a different key.

It must be admitted that the Northern capital, when once it started on its palliating way, greatly relieved the pangs of the dreamer, for the storming of his men had cut deep into his heart. But now all was well, and two long lines of steel like silver chains—all because of him—would link the land of his love to outer and coastwise civilization. Far more to him than the millions to accrue to the great ranches was the feeling that now the truckers could, with a market, retain their little plots and homesteads sold to them under false pretenses.

The pay-station was far afield, and the little train, though stoutly manned, proceeded slowly and yet more slowly, till midnight found her breathing loudly, and yet puffing frantically, as she rattled up to a water-tank in the incandescence of a Texas night.

With a final creak of all her bolts and the jolting after-movement of her couplers, she settled down at last, and the paymaster, half awakened by the stoppage, sat up yawning, and shook his companion, who lay snoring on the sacks.

"Wake up, 'Gene. You was sleepin' so quiet-like, I thought you was a' old-fashioned thrashin'-machine."

They had heard Grinnin' Jim come to the door for the second or third time to know how they were coming on. He now turned the key in the lock just as they got on their feet to open the door, but they knew it was only Jim—until they looked sheepishly straight into the muzzles of the two well-aimed pistols of a train-robber in a black mask.

"Shell out! Shuck out! Throw them bags out the winder, and be quick about it!" whispered the desperado.

There were no words to say, and Giovanni's trusted paymasters, his old boyhood friends, who had really thought they would defend his trust funds with their lives, meekly hauled the sacks to the little car-window, opened it, and began dumping out bags of greenbacks on the new dirt of the track.

But not such mellow fruit was Grinnin' Jim Kelly. While he was inspecting the wheels, he saw the bundles come tumbling out, and knew instinctively what the trouble was.

One of the last sacks, evidently an old one, ripped as the men lifted it, and the notes that slid out displayed their numbers even in the dimly lighted car.

As the men turned to throw out two more sacks, the robber, as if loath to leave one bill behind, involuntarily stooped to pick up the scattered paper. Seeing his opportunity, 'Gene, the assistant paymaster, reached for his pistol; but the movement was useless, for Grinnin' Jim came bounding through the swaying door, and, taking in the situation, raised his revolver, squinted in the dusk, and fired.

The shot entered the train-robber's back just below the left shoulder.

Rising furiously, like a mortally wounded beast who would be avenged even in the very act of death, the hold-up man aimed his own pistol, then suddenly jerked his arm down, and the bullet plowed its way through the pile of paper on the floor.

"Excuse me, Jim," said the hold-up in his every-day drawl, "did n't know 't was you when I aimed my iron; but dern your old hide, old man," he added as he tore off the mask, "I b'lieve you 've 'bout settled my hash!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the engineer, two tears cleaning a path down his smoke-blackened cheeks, "how 'd I know 't was you, Boss?"

Catching him in his arms as he reeled, Jim eased the wounded desperado down to the floor, and, kneeling beside him, looked into the dreaming eyes of Giovanni Jones, even now misting over with strange bluish shadows, like the eyes of a stricken animal.

"Jones, fer Gawd's sake," implored the paymaster, "why n't yer tell us yer wanted the cash? We 'd 'a' give' it ter yer."

"Boys," he said as he smiled up at them, and the new grandiloquent words and manner of the promoter fell away from Giovanni Jones as a tarnished tinsel cloak, and he was the slangy Southern boy again with his old companions, "I did n't want the money; but 't was the last cyard in the deck, so 't was n't a mite o' use to call on fate for a new deal. I did n't have the money on any books when I came back; 't was all a fake. But I built this railroad on my sand. I 'm just an old cheat, but I 've built my railroad with my life—just like a worthless old tree that is cut down to make a tie."

"Lawdy, I seen now how he done it and why. Can't you, boys?" 'Gene appealed in behalf of his old comrade, when the others stood aghast at the revelation. "Don't you all 'member oncet when Gi'vanni's old grandpa used to tell us them tales 'bout Dagoes what he called Romans? An' how one of 'em seen a gulf that had to be jumped in before she would shut. Feller named Curtius, I b'lieve. Anyway, next day Gi'vanni got on his stick-horse and took out like a mustang, and jumped bodaciously in that old dry well that folks been a-sayin' some of us kids would fall in if the town did n't fill it—"

"In course I does," chimed in the paymaster, "and Doc come and charged his ma fifty dollars fer setting his legs, and he up and says, 'Mrs. Jones, this ain't goin' ter be the last of your trouble with him; I see by his eyes he 's going to be tilting at windmills and riding hobbies into dry wells all his life.' And Gi'vanni's old granddad brung down his stick with a thump, and torsed his long white ha'r back, and says he, 'Ah, well, Doctor, many a man of a kind *your* kind can't diagnose has ridden into high heaven mounted on a hobby-horse.' "

Jim had now located the bullet-hole, and with his fingers vainly tried to stem the tide of blood; but at every heart-beat it pushed past him, and a thin, dark streak stained the scattered bills.

"Good Lord! I shot him! I shot him mesilf! And himsilf more to me than one of me own kids!" groaned the engineer.

"There 's something to do for me yet. Will you—"

"Good Lord, *will* I!"

Jones lifted his hand and stayed his words.

"Not much time, old man," he gasped. "To-morrow burn all the money. Say the robbers got clean off with it, and I died—" he chuckled boyishly, and sucked in his breath, but it came out with the sound of a sob—"defending my—my road and the Northern capital intrusted to me. Nothing but old Confederate money, and the rest blank paper, boys—same old bills we played with in mother's garret. 'Member the day the wasp we knew was just a dirt-dauber stung you on the nose, Jim?"

The big engineer blubbered as he pressed his hand frantically to the bullet-hole, from which the blood spurted afresh while Giovanni laughed.

"I got some cash from the merchants and stockmen, no money from the truckers, only their boys worked on the line," he continued, now pausing oftener, "and the rest was all lies; but the railroad is all done—my road—my road! Runnin' through the prairies like a white-foam boat-track through a sea of flowers—Texas flowers, Texas ranches, the little truckers' patches green, and the smoke wreathing blue against God's blue sky from their peaceful homesteads. Texas cattle fat into

market because of my road—*my* road runnin' to the land and to the sea—down yonder at the port. I can see it; the navies of the world are riding in the harbor."

Vainly he strove to rise, as he had so often done before, and explain away the unexplainable to the complete satisfaction of his deluded audience; but Jones now fell back, though his words trailed on.

"Linking the land with the sea—and Texas, old Cinderella Texas, with her 'haughty sisters,' the States. Out yonder—out yonder—why, boys, I seem to see the harbor, the tide has gone out. My tide goes out—boys—my tide—and all my cruel rocks and deceitful shoals lie bare to the world. But now"—waving his hand for the last time with his old grace of gesture—"the tide comes in; my God has sent the tide—a tide of living water, hiding the barnacles on the old black wharves, washing each little shell, and laying them white—white on the creamy beach, like babies on their mothers' breast—and the dawn—the dawn—is over it all."

Up into the still, white air, not yet pulsating with the heat of day, up almost, it seemed, into the still sky, like a blue porcelain bowl laid over the sleeping world, wandered a thin trail of gray-and-yellow smoke from a fire which Grinnin' Jim Kelly, tending, occasionally stirred with a dried stem of yucca flowers. When the packages blazed afresh, he unfolded the "Cuero Chronicle," and the acrid smoke from burning paper made the tears roll slowly and unheeded from his Irish eyes and fall on the head-lines: "Death Stakes His Claim on a Texas Hero. Giovanni Jones Dies in his Road's Defense. Bandits successfully Loot the Pay-car of the Great West Texas Midland, Securing over One Hundred Thousand Dollars. County being Scoured for the Robbers, who Leave no Trace, and who were entirely Unrecognized by Paymasters and Crew of Train."

Kelly once more raked the embers, and carefully replaced a half bank-note that had fallen from the flame. Then, blowing his nose, he murmured:

"He did, he did! Shure, and himsilf did doie fer the road. Me bhoy, me bhoy! He did all they iverr s'id, and more. It was ivery bit the same as they s'id, only diff'runt."

THE POET REBUKES HIS FLATTERERS

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

WHY will you trouble me with praise?
Give me no praise. These songs I found
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

See! At my side this moment stands
My friend, who suffers and is proud.
He chokes his life in both his hands,
Lest, hurt and crazed, it cry too loud.

He makes me hateful of my fame.
Her scorn and humbler for he, too,
Speaks with a rapt smile, my name.
[illegible] it stabs me through.

[illegible]

[illegible]

The Spirit of The Century

SEVERAL SEASONABLE FACTS

WE wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We ourselves possess the one, and look forward confidently to the other.

This winter, for the first time in many, we issue no formal prospectus. With a program of unusual vitality and interest, it is nevertheless impossible to outline adequately in advance THE CENTURY'S greatest year. Doubtless this is partly due to the very timeliness of its prospective contents. The editor cannot be committed to foreordained direction; sailing ever true to the course, he still must ever feel himself free to swing the tiller as tides and weather make advisable. Another reason is that, in these humming times, there is enough that is desirable to do to fill a weekly CENTURY, and the editorial choice from so much cannot be predicted too far in advance. A third reason is that even the most distinguished writers occasionally fall below their own standards, and THE CENTURY confesses to a reluctance to jumping in the dark. Always it has insisted upon "seeing copy." Nothing is easier nor more appealing to the slothful editor than to engage in advance of writing a complete year's outfit of novels and stories and articles by writers of celebrity, and to have an "all-star number" every month. This never has been THE CENTURY'S method, nor will it appeal greatly to the thinking and discriminating public which is now rallying eagerly to the support of this magazine's new policy.

So there will be no great editorial commitment in advance, no prospectus for more than three or four months ahead, but there will be a living CENTURY every month, and a steadily increasing number of thinking and interested readers.

To all, then, a happy and an interested New Year.

HELPING THE LAME DUCK

WITH all its betterments in the way of charity, this affluent age has produced no sure formula for the reclamation of the "lame duck," that otherwise attractive human being with the constitutional aversion to mental centering on his own private problem of existence. His case, now, as always, is most urgent, because it is the "first aid to the injured" that usually cripples him for life; while if he were cruelly left to himself, he might perform the easy miracle of grasping one of the unattractive, useful tasks always lying about, or even revenge himself on society by taking himself out of it. But he seldom does either.

In the steeplechase called Life he has "quit" at one of the common obstacles, and fallen in the presence of friendly spectators. Members of his own family may be at hand to rush him under cover, where his useless existence becomes the price of their pride; or, lacking competent kin, friends may clasp hands for a stretcher and find the burden easier to pick up than to set down. From that moment of first relief two ways are open to the stumbler: with an honest will he can turn toward any kind of useful work, gaining strength and pace with each manful effort; or, as usually happens, he will first look about for another temporary prop. Thanks to the amiable weaknesses of mankind, he thereafter degenerates into one of those vexatious "vested interests" of society, which bring no return, and require a greater waste of thought and effort than of substance to keep alive.

No stigma attaches to the acceptance of succor when accident, sickness, or affliction impair the resources of self-reliance. Charity is ever the chief joy of those who have the heart and the means to dispense it, and no selfish reasoning can block the

spiritual law which insists that no one shall be a recipient of good who does not first bestow it. But the lame duck is a shameless parasite on the beauty and duty of charity. James Russell Lowell had him in the eye of his mind when he wrote the following noble and generous letter, though it is plain that the object of his helpful efforts was not in that class. It is here published for the first time, having come to THE CENTURY from a member of the family of the New Yorker who joined Lowell in this benevolence; and it is enough to say that "A——" was a struggling artist, stricken with disease, who had gone west in search of health.

"Elmwood, 25th Jan^{y}, 1872

"My dear Sir: I am rejoiced to hear of the generous help you offer to A——. I had written to him some time ago that I had full faith in the beautiful saying of the Good Book:—'Many years have I lived on the earth, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread,' & that I was sure he would find it so. The wholly unlooked-for treasure-trove at No. 20— Street is the best possible proof that the words are as true as they are sweet.

"In such a case as this we are sure that we are doing good, for A—— is helpless through no fault of his own & it is only the helpful who can be helped to any purpose. One has to try the hopeless experiment of filling sieves so often that it is a godsend to pour for once into a cup with no crack in it. A—— at one time gave up his art (& he is one of the few with whom it is not a trade) & went to work in a printing office to help his sister. That I call having blue blood in one's veins, & I take off my hat before so true a gentleman.

"You must not conceive too good an opinion of us Cantabs. We live in a good atmosphere, but I fear are not much better than our neighbors. But after all, it is dear old human nature that is good & not this or that man. Remember that Mr. —— who, poor himself, put a roof over the head of A—— & his poor little wife, is a New Yorker. 'The liberal hand deviseth liberal things' wherever it may be, & I am inclined to think there were at least ten righteous in Sodom though Lot could n't find 'em. Their names, I doubt, never appeared in the subscription lists published in the Sodom Speaking Trumpet.

"I shall be very glad to see you & take you by the hand I assure you. I am almost always at home after two o'clock & we dine at six when you will find something to eat though of the simplest. But a welcome is better than six courses & of that you may be sure.

"I had almost forgotten the kernel of my letter. A Post Office money-order goes safely to W—— & when you write speak cheerily. Hope is a great medicine.

"Hoping to see you before long, I remain

"Very cordially yours
"J. R. LOWELL."

With characteristic grasp Lowell indicates the necessity and the difficulty of wise giving: the joy of pouring into "a cup with no crack in it," and the discouragement (he does not imply folly) of trying to fill "sieves." The supreme need of the lame duck is discipline, but that can come only from family or friends, and requires the bestowal of time, attention, and patience, three things which few even of the charitably inclined are willing to give.

A NIGHT OF THE BATH

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

PICTURES BY THELMA CUDLIPP

STAGG looked long and carefully at the house, while the autumnal night wind whipped his flannel trousers and chilled his tired legs. Yes, of course this was the Craigvilles' house; he recognized its sharp gable-roof against the star-powdered sky, as well as its broad piazza. Yet there hung in his mind a troublesome doubt. At six o'clock that September evening he had arrived in Wecusset for the first time in his life, and had been taken to his sister's house. Almost immediately after dinner he had rushed off alone to a dance that his sister recommended, intending to stay only an hour or two. But at nine-thirty he had met the fascinating Miss Seton; at ten he had succumbed to her attractions; at ten-thirty he had dismissed his sister's automobile with the statement that he would walk home; from ten-thirty till twelve, when Miss Seton left, he had thought of nothing but her.

"Good-by, Miss Seton," he had said as they lingered by the door after their last dance together. "I shall never forget this. I pray Heaven that we shall meet again."

Then the door had closed, and Stagg, feeling that the dance would now be only inexpressibly dreary, had before long found himself, like the plowman, plodding wearily homeward. The wind had gained tremendously in force. Not till now had he realized the disadvantage of being on foot, without a chauffeur to direct him. He was damp from much dancing, eager to get to bed, and uncertain just where the latter was to be found.

But Stagg was not a man to worry about trifles.

"Pooh!" he said to himself, "of course it 's the right house." At any rate, he thought, his key would answer the question. Stagg felt in the dampish pocket of his flannels for the key.

In the next instant he was wondering how comfortable it would be to spend the small hours in gradual refrigeration in the piazza hammock. For his pocket contained eighteen cents, a box of cigarettes, and an orphaned button.

He searched all his pockets twice, and found other useful and ornamental objects, but the key to his sister's house, and to the situation, was not there. He was locked out in the cold.

Now, ordinarily when you are locked out, you throw pebbles at the windows un-

spiritual law which insists that no one shall be a recipient of good who does not first bestow it. But the lame duck is a shameless parasite on the beauty and duty of charity. James Russell Lowell had him in the eye of his mind when he wrote the following noble and generous letter, though it is plain that the object of his helpful efforts was not in that class. It is here published for the first time, having come to THE CENTURY from a member of the family of the New Yorker who joined Lowell in this benevolence; and it is enough to say that "A——" was a struggling artist, stricken with disease, who had gone west in search of health.

"Elmwood, 25th Jan^{y}, 1872

"My dear Sir: I am rejoiced to hear of the generous help you offer to A——. I had written to him some time ago that I had full faith in the beautiful saying of the Good Book:—'Many years have I lived on the earth, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread,' & that I was sure he would find it so. The wholly unlooked-for treasure-trove at No. 20— Street is the best possible proof that the words are as true as they are sweet.

"In such a case as this we are sure that we are doing good, for A—— is helpless through no fault of his own & it is only the helpful who can be helped to any purpose. One has to try the hopeless experiment of filling sieves so often that it is a godsend to pour for once into a cup with no crack in it. A—— at one time gave up his art (& he is one of the few with whom it is not a trade) & went to work in a printing office to help his sister. That I call having blue blood in one's veins, & I take off my hat before so true a gentleman.

"You must not conceive too good an opinion of us Cantabs. We live in a good atmosphere, but I fear are not much better than our neighbors. But after all, it is dear old human nature that is good & not this or that man. Remember that Mr. —— who, poor himself, put a roof over the head of A—— & his poor little wife, is a New Yorker. 'The liberal hand deviseth liberal things' wherever it may be, & I am inclined to think there were at least ten righteous in Sodom though Lot could n't find 'em. Their names, I doubt, never appeared in the subscription lists published in the Sodom Speaking Trumpet.

"I shall be very glad to see you & take you by the hand I assure you. I am almost always at home after two o'clock & we dine at six when you will find something to eat though of the simplest. But a welcome is better than six courses & of that you may be sure.

"I had almost forgotten the kernel of my letter. A Post Office money-order goes safely to W—— & when you write speak cheerily. Hope is a great medicine.

"Hoping to see you before long, I remain

"Very cordially yours
"J. R. LOWELL."

With characteristic grasp Lowell indicates the necessity and the difficulty of wise giving: the joy of pouring into "a cup with no crack in it," and the discouragement (he does not imply folly) of trying to fill "sieves." The supreme need of the lame duck is discipline, but that can come only from family or friends, and requires the bestowal of time, attention, and patience, three things which few even of the charitably inclined are willing to give.

A NIGHT OF THE BATH

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

PICTURES BY THELMA CUDLIPP

STAGG looked long and carefully at the house, while the autumnal night wind whipped his flannel trousers and chilled his tired legs. Yes, of course this was the Craigvilles' house; he recognized its sharp gable-roof against the star-powdered sky, as well as its broad piazza. Yet there hung in his mind a troublesome doubt. At six o'clock that September evening he had arrived in Wecusset for the first time in his life, and had been taken to his sister's house. Almost immediately after dinner he had rushed off alone to a dance that his sister recommended, intending to stay only an hour or two. But at nine-thirty he had met the fascinating Miss Seton; at ten he had succumbed to her attractions; at ten-thirty he had dismissed his sister's automobile with the statement that he would walk home; from ten-thirty till twelve, when Miss Seton left, he had thought of nothing but her.

"Good-by, Miss Seton," he had said as they lingered by the door after their last dance together. "I shall never forget this. I pray Heaven that we shall meet again."

Then the door had closed, and Stagg, feeling that the dance would now be only inexpressibly dreary, had before long found himself, like the plowman, plodding wearily homeward. The wind had gained tremendously in force. Not till now had he realized the disadvantage of being on foot, without a chauffeur to direct him. He was damp from much dancing, eager to get to bed, and uncertain just where the latter was to be found.

But Stagg was not a man to worry about trifles.

"Pooh!" he said to himself, "of course it 's the right house." At any rate, he thought, his key would answer the question. Stagg felt in the dampish pocket of his flannels for the key.

In the next instant he was wondering how comfortable it would be to spend the small hours in gradual refrigeration in the piazza hammock. For his pocket contained eighteen cents, a box of cigarettes, and an orphaned button.

He searched all his pockets twice, and found other useful and ornamental objects, but the key to his sister's house, and to the situation, was not there. He was locked out in the cold.

Now, ordinarily when you are locked out, you throw pebbles at the windows un-

rather, did not keep at all—a small boarding-house, in the garret of which was stored sundry leather bags of Confederate greenbacks held in lieu of the land. With the gang of small boys of which Giovanni was the adored and abused leader the bills passed muster as legal tender; and thus Giovanni grew up handling large sums of money, until he became accustomed to thinking in thousands.

The land thus acquired the pious purchaser later sold in hundred-acre plots to a colony of small farmers, enticed to the new country on the promise of a livelihood by the shipment of truck to market.

Texas had few railways in those days, though trips in a "prairie-schooner" were conducive to long thoughts, while the lean mustangs plowed, with lagging feet, their furrows through a sea of sand. Such a sea lay between the vast cattle-ranges, the small farmers, and the town. On the other hand, almost as many miles of "bad lands" stretched between them and their shipping-port on the real sea. So, to sell their cattle either at home or abroad, men must drive their fat steers across these lands, and then find their stock lean at the selling-place. For a few seasons the truckers' produce was piled in great rotting heaps in the fields, then discouragement became the only general crop that was harvested.

But no one thought to link the country to the town by two long shining bands of steel until Giovanni Jones, in one of his wildest moments, proposed it.

Blindly the promoter set forth, with laughter at his back, to grope for Northern capital; but, to the surprise of all, back he came "with millions on his books."

Those millions started the men with the picks, and to the ears of the promoter—a promoter of something beside mirth this time—the music of the pick was sweet. Jones opened an office, elaborately furnished with a map of the proposed line and an enlarged photograph of the harbor, and one enthusiastic citizen, in a frenzy over Jones's dream, gave him an office chair, besides selling him a desk on a-very-much-longer-than-was-intended instalment plan.

[illegible]his office Jones served his friends with
[illegible]wine of his soul, a pleasing, effervescent
[illegible]vintage, but with little body.

[illegible]leanwhile the picks of his unpaid men
[illegible]p the black soil of the prairie, and their shovels threw sand aside in the bad lands, to lay the link of civilization. And Jones he furnished the steam; some folk said he could run the engines with his own commodity, and yet have a reserve to blow off at every crossing. Some called him a tropical liar, and some an inspired prophet, and all these gave him his due: he was all the characters they mentioned, and two or three more besides.

Sometimes, when the bills for materials became most pressing, Jones took up collections from the merchants and stockmen, who could well afford it, never asking help from the small farmers, who could not, though the road was to aid them as well; and such was the force of Giovanni's eloquence that every man remembered only as he *closed* his check-book that his subscription was twice as large as he had intended giving, even though it was twice as small as the one Jones had asked for. But, then, Giovanni always explained that he did not "really need the dope at all, but just naturally hated to see those bloated Northern capitalists hogging up all the stock instead of letting in some of his old friends on the ground floor."

At last the railroad was almost done; it really was so far done that any car except the pay-car could go over it. Jones himself went out on it in his own little private hand-car, a light invention of his own that he could lift on and off the rails; and he gave the men beautifully printed papers, saying how much would be due them when the pay-car could make the trip. But when the men tried to negotiate these papers in San Antonio, they would not negotiate for a cent; so they became impatient, and some of them were "Dutchmen," who, as Jones said, "had no sense of humor, and one could appeal to them only through the vulgar medium of their pocket-books." Now, as Jones had pretty well gone through their pocket-books, he had a right to speak with authority.

One day old Otto Breitstein, who had boarded fifty hands for Jones during a hard-times winter, paid a call at Giovanni's office, and any one could have said at a glance that his "Dutch" sense of humor was also off on a visit, for he had a pair of pistols, with which he covered Jones during the time that the railroad-builder devoted to eloquence. But the pistols did not check the flow; they only

made the promoter's language a shade more rippling than usual. However, words did not change Breitstein's financial attitude, nor did they affect the aim of his well-filled brace of guns.

"I vants mine money," was the refrain that followed, like the tones of a vast human clock, every flight of Giovanni's fancy. The promoter subconsciously realized that the men on the line were the works of that clock, and that the "Dutchman" was merely its *tick-tack*.

He renewed the promise of the pay-car; as soon as the rails were safe it should come.

"I have deputized grinnin' Jim Kelly to run it," promised the promoter, "beyond question our best engineer, and admittedly one of the finest in the world's railway system, not to mention the annals of—"

"I vants mine money," interrupted Breitstein, imperturbably.

"Oh, of course if you feel that way about it,"—with the air of a suffering saint addressing one whose sins he would strive to forgive,—"I can give you a check at any time; but—"

"I don't vants no but und no schecks; I vants mine money."

"Now, Breitstein," reasoned the promoter, "you don't expect a business man—my friends would say a railroad magnate—to keep money on his person—"

"I vants mine money," Breitstein replied, cautiously fingering the triggers of his pistols.

"Aw, now, Breitstein," wheedled Giovanni, "you have been such an invaluable man to me in this great work of ours, you must understand it would be impossible for me to carry enough silver or gold to remunerate a man like you. Sit down here. Have my chair."

"I don't vants none of your schairs, ner no gold; yoost baper money vill do good enough for me."

At last the Teutonic hammerer had struck fire in the hybrid brain-pan of the promoter, and, like a leaping flame, the Italian spirit vaulted clear over its prudent Welsh room-mate. The inspired Giovanni went to the roll-top desk.

"Of course you can have the paper money. I thought all the time that you wanted gold. You see, the pay-car really starts to-morrow—"

"I don't vants none of dese tamn pay-cars puilt out of schmoke," bullied the "Dutchman," seeing he was on the brink of his victory; "I vants mine money."

Jones, emerging, held a tightly rolled handful of bills, asking Breitstein to name the exact amount of his indebtedness.

"I have n't change for this ten-spot; I 'll just include it," said Giovanni, magnanimously, snapping a rubber band in the most businesslike way. Putting the bills into an envelop, sealing and addressing it, he wrote the correct amount on the back.

Breitstein, who had laid down his brace of convincers an instant before, took the packet with unexpressed Teutonic satisfaction, and stood a moment undecided, while Jones in that pregnant span reviewed his dichromatic past in that well-known flashy style dear to the drowning man; but finally the Dutchman put into his inside pocket the sealed envelop containing in Confederate notes a fraction under ten dollars more than the sum due him.

"I 'll have to ask you to excuse me now, Mr. Breitstein," said Jones, glancing with unseeing eyes at his watch. "I would ask you to dine with me, but I can't say just where I am to be this evening. However, make yourself at home in the office. I shall not be back for some time. Just make it your headquarters while in town; I always want our men on the line to feel like one of a family," beaming upon the stolidity of Breitstein. "But I find I am due at the bank; I might have added *over*-due without stretching a point." He grinned to himself as, closing the door firmly, but without precipitancy, he went with seemly haste down the office stairs. Once at the foot, his steps lengthened into a long trot down the little street, breaking into a run on the bank of the river. His boat waited under the willows that wept their dirges into the drawling stream.

Not for nothing had Giovanni Jones been cared for in his kilted youth by the sweet sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent. He knew the old water-gate in the river, latched on the inside, where only a knowing hand could reach the hasp and pull a boat through into the lonely convent grounds that were so extensive that no sisters would seek so quiet and marshy a thicket wherein to tell their beads as the one he chose.

For very shame, Breitstein did not expose his having been made a fool of; but after a quiet, sad search, he returned to his ranch, grimly resolving to renew his financial relations with Jones at the very first favorable opportunity. But his visit did hasten the pay-car, in fact precipitated it; for Giovanni reached the determination, in the quiet hours spent in his leafy retreat, that before Breitstein returned to town the Northern capital should be on its way.

Somehow it was noised abroad that the pay-car was to start, and the "terminal station," which had done duty in plain language as a shed, was crowded to its roof with citizens to witness the great departure.

Not until the last moment of exhausted patience and profanity did the express-wagon rattle up containing the sacks of money, guarded by two paymasters, each with a pair of conspicuous pistols. Then the car was unlocked, the leather sacks were lifted in, and lastly the paymaster and his assistant were bidden God-speed; and thus did the Northern capital set forth across the plains, now purpling with verbenas and wine-cups, with every plant of prickly pear aflame with yellow flowers, new-kindled at the torch of spring.

Cheer after cheer hurried after the little train, with small danger of not overtaking it, as it puffed toward the western sun, which hung red in the face after his noonday exertions.

Then, among his erstwhile hooting townsmen, was the modest Giovanni Jones, who had absented himself in the very hour of his triumph, declared a hero and no mere dreamer of dreams. But when the returns are all in, a hero is a dreamer who dreams the way the public wants, and a cheer is only a hoot pitched in a different key.

It must be admitted that the Northern capital, when once it started on its palliating way, greatly relieved the pangs of the dreamer, for the storming of his men had cut deep into his heart. But now all was well, and two long lines of steel like silver chains—all because of him—would link the land of his love to outer and coastwise civilization. Far more to him than the millions to accrue to the great ranches was the feeling that now the truckers could, with a market, retain their little plots and homesteads sold to them under false pretenses.

The pay-station was far afield, and the little train, though stoutly manned, proceeded slowly and yet more slowly, till midnight found her breathing loudly, and yet puffing frantically, as she rattled up to a water-tank in the incandescence of a Texas night.

With a final creak of all her bolts and the jolting after-movement of her couplers, she settled down at last, and the paymaster, half awakened by the stoppage, sat up yawning, and shook his companion, who lay snoring on the sacks.

"Wake up, 'Gene. You was sleepin' so quiet-like, I thought you was a' old-fashioned thrashin'-machine."

They had heard Grinnin' Jim come to the door for the second or third time to know how they were coming on. He now turned the key in the lock just as they got on their feet to open the door, but they knew it was only Jim—until they looked sheepishly straight into the muzzles of the two well-aimed pistols of a train-robber in a black mask.

"Shell out! Shuck out! Throw them bags out the winder, and be quick about it!" whispered the desperado.

There were no words to say, and Giovanni's trusted paymasters, his old boyhood friends, who had really thought they would defend his trust funds with their lives, meekly hauled the sacks to the little car-window, opened it, and began dumping out bags of greenbacks on the new dirt of the track.

But not such mellow fruit was Grinnin' Jim Kelly. While he was inspecting the wheels, he saw the bundles come tumbling out, and knew instinctively what the trouble was.

One of the last sacks, evidently an old one, ripped as the men lifted it, and the notes that slid out displayed their numbers even in the dimly lighted car.

As the men turned to throw out two more sacks, the robber, as if loath to leave one bill behind, involuntarily stooped to pick up the scattered paper. Seeing his opportunity, 'Gene, the assistant paymaster, reached for his pistol; but the movement was useless, for Grinnin' Jim came bounding through the swaying door, and, taking in the situation, raised his revolver, squinted in the dusk, and fired.

The shot entered the train-robber's back just below the left shoulder.

Rising furiously, like a mortally wounded beast who would be avenged even in the very act of death, the hold-up man aimed his own pistol, then suddenly jerked his arm down, and the bullet plowed its way through the pile of paper on the floor.

"Excuse me, Jim," said the hold-up in his every-day drawl, "did n't know 't was you when I aimed my iron; but dern your old hide, old man," he added as he tore off the mask, "I b'lieve you 've 'bout settled my hash!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the engineer, two tears cleaning a path down his smoke-blackened cheeks, "how 'd I know 't was you, Boss?"

Catching him in his arms as he reeled, Jim eased the wounded desperado down to the floor, and, kneeling beside him, looked into the dreaming eyes of Giovanni Jones, even now misting over with strange bluish shadows, like the eyes of a stricken animal.

"Jones, fer Gawd's sake," implored the paymaster, "why n't yer tell us yer wanted the cash? We 'd 'a' give' it ter yer."

"Boys," he said as he smiled up at them, and the new grandiloquent words and manner of the promoter fell away from Giovanni Jones as a tarnished tinsel cloak, and he was the slangy Southern boy again with his old companions, "I did n't want the money; but 't was the last cyard in the deck, so 't was n't a mite o' use to call on fate for a new deal. I did n't have the money on any books when I came back; 't was all a fake. But I built this railroad on my sand. I 'm just an old cheat, but I 've built my railroad with my life—just like a worthless old tree that is cut down to make a tie."

"Lawdy, I seen now how he done it and why. Can't you, boys?" 'Gene appealed in behalf of his old comrade, when the others stood aghast at the revelation. "Don't you all 'member oncet when Gi'vanni's old grandpa used to tell us them tales 'bout Dagoes what he called Romans? An' how one of 'em seen a gulf that had to be jumped in before she would shut. Feller named Curtius, I b'lieve. Anyway, next day Gi'vanni got on his stick-horse and took out like a mustang, and jumped bodaciously in that old dry well that folks been a-sayin' some of us kids would fall in if the town did n't fill it—"

"In course I does," chimed in the paymaster, "and Doc come and charged his ma fifty dollars fer setting his legs, and he up and says, 'Mrs. Jones, this ain't goin' ter be the last of your trouble with him; I see by his eyes he 's going to be tilting at windmills and riding hobbies into dry wells all his life.' And Gi'vanni's old granddad brung down his stick with a thump, and torsed his long white ha'r back, and says he, 'Ah, well, Doctor, many a man of a kind *your* kind can't diagnose has ridden into high heaven mounted on a hobby-horse.' "

Jim had now located the bullet-hole, and with his fingers vainly tried to stem the tide of blood; but at every heart-beat it pushed past him, and a thin, dark streak stained the scattered bills.

"Good Lord! I shot him! I shot him mesilf! And himsilf more to me than one of me own kids!" groaned the engineer.

"There 's something to do for me yet. Will you—"

"Good Lord, *will* I!"

Jones lifted his hand and stayed his words.

"Not much time, old man," he gasped. "To-morrow burn all the money. Say the robbers got clean off with it, and I died—" he chuckled boyishly, and sucked in his breath, but it came out with the sound of a sob—"defending my—my road and the Northern capital intrusted to me. Nothing but old Confederate money, and the rest blank paper, boys—same old bills we played with in mother's garret. 'Member the day the wasp we knew was just a dirt-dauber stung you on the nose, Jim?"

The big engineer blubbered as he pressed his hand frantically to the bullet-hole, from which the blood spurted afresh while Giovanni laughed.

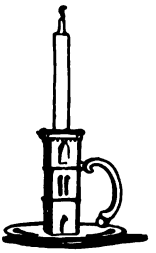
"I got some cash from the merchants and stockmen, no money from the truckers, only their boys worked on the line," he continued, now pausing oftener, "and the rest was all lies; but the railroad is all done—my road—my road! Runnin' through the prairies like a white-foam boat-track through a sea of flowers—Texas flowers, Texas ranches, the little truckers' patches green, and the smoke wreathing blue against God's blue sky from their peaceful homesteads. Texas cattle fat into

MY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

BY E. L. McKINNEY

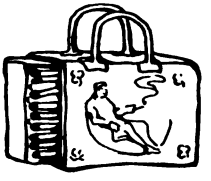
THE holidays had lost their cheer;
The Christmas spirit made me surly.
I 'd thought of new gifts all the year;
For months I 'd worried late and early.
For there was always Mrs. Higgins,
And Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Cobb;
I 'd sent to them, *and* Mrs. Wiggins,
A hand-embroidered thingumbob,
A lap-dog muff, a muffin-molder,—
Presents that had the sole excuse
Of fascinating the beholder,
Though quite without the slightest use.

And I knew that each of these dear old ladies would send me
something equally significant, such as a burnt-leather travel-
ing match-box, or a hand- painted receptacle for safety-
razor blades, or a Tasmanian hammered brass butter-knife
for the den, or a holiday edition of "Mary's Lamb," with art
illustrations in eighteen colors and bound in limp snake-skin.



But then I hit upon a plan
That surely far surpassed my old one,
Though it might seem (to any man
Of great timidity) a bold one.
What came last year from Mrs. Wiggins
I sent to little Mrs. Brown;
And Mrs. Cobb's to Mrs. Higgins
(They lived in different parts of town).
"No work at all,—just readdressing,"
I laughed aloud in happy glee;
"To send these gifts is not depressing,
And brings me popularity."

But even now, and it is some time after Christmas, I cannot account for the fact that the pretty little hand-carved candlestick, modeled after Giotto's Tower, which I received *this* year from little Mrs. Brown, is the same one that *I myself* sent last year to poor Mrs. Higgins.



The Spirit of The Century

SEVERAL SEASONABLE FACTS

WE wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We ourselves possess the one, and look forward confidently to the other.

This winter, for the first time in many, we issue no formal prospectus. With a program of unusual vitality and interest, it is nevertheless impossible to outline adequately in advance THE CENTURY'S greatest year. Doubtless this is partly due to the very timeliness of its prospective contents. The editor cannot be committed to foreordained direction; sailing ever true to the course, he still must ever feel himself free to swing the tiller as tides and weather make advisable. Another reason is that, in these humming times, there is enough that is desirable to do to fill a weekly CENTURY, and the editorial choice from so much cannot be predicted too far in advance. A third reason is that even the most distinguished writers occasionally fall below their own standards, and THE CENTURY confesses to a reluctance to jumping in the dark. Always it has insisted upon "seeing copy." Nothing is easier nor more appealing to the slothful editor than to engage in advance of writing a complete year's outfit of novels and stories and articles by writers of celebrity, and to have an "all-star number" every month. This never has been THE CENTURY'S method, nor will it appeal greatly to the thinking and discriminating public which is now rallying eagerly to the support of this magazine's new policy.

So there will be no great editorial commitment in advance, no prospectus for more than three or four months ahead, but there will be a living CENTURY every month, and a steadily increasing number of thinking and interested readers.

To all, then, a happy and an interested New Year.

HELPING THE LAME DUCK

WITH all its betterments in the way of charity, this affluent age has produced no sure formula for the reclamation of the "lame duck," that otherwise attractive human being with the constitutional aversion to mental centering on his own private problem of existence. His case, now, as always, is most urgent, because it is the "first aid to the injured" that usually cripples him for life; while if he were cruelly left to himself, he might perform the easy miracle of grasping one of the unattractive, useful tasks always lying about, or even revenge himself on society by taking himself out of it. But he seldom does either.

In the steeplechase called Life he has "quit" at one of the common obstacles, and fallen in the presence of friendly spectators. Members of his own family may be at hand to rush him under cover, where his useless existence becomes the price of their pride; or, lacking competent kin, friends may clasp hands for a stretcher and find the burden easier to pick up than to set down. From that moment of first relief two ways are open to the stumbler: with an honest will he can turn toward any kind of useful work, gaining strength and pace with each manful effort; or, as usually happens, he will first look about for another temporary prop. Thanks to the amiable weaknesses of mankind, he thereafter degenerates into one of those vexatious "vested interests" of society, which bring no return, and require a greater waste of thought and effort than of substance to keep alive.

No stigma attaches to the acceptance of succor when accident, sickness, or affliction impair the resources of self-reliance. Charity is ever the chief joy of those who have the heart and the means to dispense it, and no selfish reasoning can block the

spiritual law which insists that no one shall be a recipient of good who does not first bestow it. But the lame duck is a shameless parasite on the beauty and duty of charity. James Russell Lowell had him in the eye of his mind when he wrote the following noble and generous letter, though it is plain that the object of his helpful efforts was not in that class. It is here published for the first time, having come to THE CENTURY from a member of the family of the New Yorker who joined Lowell in this benevolence; and it is enough to say that "A——" was a struggling artist, stricken with disease, who had gone west in search of health.

"Elmwood, 25th Jan^{y}, 1872

"My dear Sir: I am rejoiced to hear of the generous help you offer to A——. I had written to him some time ago that I had full faith in the beautiful saying of the Good Book:—'Many years have I lived on the earth, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread,' & that I was sure he would find it so. The wholly unlooked-for treasure-trove at No. 20— Street is the best possible proof that the words are as true as they are sweet.

"In such a case as this we are sure that we are doing good, for A—— is helpless through no fault of his own & it is only the helpful who can be helped to any purpose. One has to try the hopeless experiment of filling sieves so often that it is a godsend to pour for once into a cup with no crack in it. A—— at one time gave up his art (& he is one of the few with whom it is not a trade) & went to work in a printing office to help his sister. That I call having blue blood in one's veins, & I take off my hat before so true a gentleman.

"You must not conceive too good an opinion of us Cantabs. We live in a good atmosphere, but I fear are not much better than our neighbors. But after all, it is dear old human nature that is good & not this or that man. Remember that Mr. —— who, poor himself, put a roof over the head of A—— & his poor little wife, is a New Yorker. 'The liberal hand deviseth liberal things' wherever it may be, & I am inclined to think there were at least ten righteous in Sodom though Lot could n't find 'em. Their names, I doubt, never appeared in the subscription lists published in the Sodom Speaking Trumpet.

"I shall be very glad to see you & take you by the hand I assure you. I am almost always at home after two o'clock & we dine at six when you will find something to eat though of the simplest. But a welcome is better than six courses & of that you may be sure.

"I had almost forgotten the kernel of my letter. A Post Office money-order goes safely to W—— & when you write speak cheerily. Hope is a great medicine.

"Hoping to see you before long, I remain

"Very cordially yours
"J. R. LOWELL."

With characteristic grasp Lowell indicates the necessity and the difficulty of wise giving: the joy of pouring into "a cup with no crack in it," and the discouragement (he does not imply folly) of trying to fill "sieves." The supreme need of the lame duck is discipline, but that can come only from family or friends, and requires the bestowal of time, attention, and patience, three things which few even of the charitably inclined are willing to give.

A NIGHT OF THE BATH

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

PICTURES BY THELMA CUDLIPP

STAGG looked long and carefully at the house, while the autumnal night wind whipped his flannel trousers and chilled his tired legs. Yes, of course this was the Craigvilles' house; he recognized its sharp gable-roof against the star-powdered sky, as well as its broad piazza. Yet there hung in his mind a troublesome doubt. At six o'clock that September evening he had arrived in Wecusset for the first time in his life, and had been taken to his sister's house. Almost immediately after dinner he had rushed off alone to a dance that his sister recommended, intending to stay only an hour or two. But at nine-thirty he had met the fascinating Miss Seton; at ten he had succumbed to her attractions; at ten-thirty he had dismissed his sister's automobile with the statement that he would walk home; from ten-thirty till twelve, when Miss Seton left, he had thought of nothing but her.

"Good-by, Miss Seton," he had said as they lingered by the door after their last dance together. "I shall never forget this. I pray Heaven that we shall meet again."

Then the door had closed, and Stagg, feeling that the dance would now be only inexpressibly dreary, had before long found himself, like the plowman, plodding wearily homeward. The wind had gained tremendously in force. Not till now had he realized the disadvantage of being on foot, without a chauffeur to direct him. He was damp from much dancing, eager to get to bed, and uncertain just where the latter was to be found.

But Stagg was not a man to worry about trifles.

"Pooh!" he said to himself, "of course it 's the right house." At any rate, he thought, his key would answer the question. Stagg felt in the dampish pocket of his flannels for the key.

In the next instant he was wondering how comfortable it would be to spend the small hours in gradual refrigeration in the piazza hammock. For his pocket contained eighteen cents, a box of cigarettes, and an orphaned button.

He searched all his pockets twice, and found other useful and ornamental objects, but the key to his sister's house, and to the situation, was not there. He was locked out in the cold.

Now, ordinarily when you are locked out, you throw pebbles at the windows un-

til somebody in a wrapper and a state of embarrassment comes down, opens the door, and immediately runs for cover as if he or she had just touched off a rocket. But Stagg was temporarily in his sister's good graces, and did not like to throw away this advantage by making night hideous; furthermore, there remained a fearful chance that this was n't his sister's house at all. He realized perfectly that when a householder is awakened by an utter stranger on the front lawn who says he has no key, the information seems hardly pertinent to the householder.

"No," argued Stagg, "this is the time for caution and agility." He liked to be thought of as a man for whom a key was unnecessary; and perhaps he pictured himself as pausing, the next morning, between the spurts of his grape-fruit to remark: "Oh, by the way, I lost that key last night. Sorry. No trouble at all, thanks. You were so careless as to leave a third-story window open." Yes, he would climb into the house somehow.

So he gently tried, one after another, the first-story windows, the cellar bulkhead, and the back door. He felt extremely resourceful. Finally he took off his hat, coat, and dancing-pumps, and, leaving them in an inconspicuous piazza corner, clambered up a wisteria-trellis in a manner worthy of his remoter ancestors, and wriggled up to the piazza roof. Here he stopped to pull the cobwebs out of his hair, while the keen Atlantic air struck bitterly through his damp shirt.

Gripping the shingles with his toes, Stagg now crept on all fours up to the black square of the nearest window. It stood open, but a mosquito-screen prevented him from inserting his head. Stagg listened, and presently he heard a gentle snoring within, and a drowsy "Puh!" between snores. He turned to move on toward the next window, but as he did so, his foot slipped, and his knee hit the shingles with a bang. The sleeper snorted violently, and then emitted a heart-rending groan.

"Good gracious!" thought Stagg, "is he going to wake up?"

And at the same moment he remembered a chance remark of his sister's. "Why, yes," she had then said, "Jack always keeps a revolver in our room." In a panic Stagg flattened himself against the wall, wishing that the recollection had occurred to him a little earlier. There was silence now, except for a great wind in the trees. Was the snorer rising quietly and stalking toward the window, gun in hand, or was he lying awake, with every sense alert, while his fingers tightened on the cold steel under his pillow? Stagg decided not to hurry on. For a long, breezy minute he clung to the wall, straining his ears to catch the least sound. At last the rhythmical snoring began again. Feeling as if he had received a death-cell pardon, Stagg stole on to the next window, and listened again.

Meanwhile Stagg's brother-in-law, Jack Craigville, waking from a light slumber, happened to glance out of his bedroom window at the rectory, which adjoined his own cottage. As he did so, his jaw dropped. He asked himself two or three times in rapid succession whether he was dreaming, leaped out of bed, and moved to the window for a better look. Distinctly he saw a long human figure, ghostly-white in the starlight, against the wall between the second-story windows of the next house, the quaint little gabled rectory.

"What is it, Jack?" queried his wife, sleepily.

"A burglar entering the rectory," replied Craigville. "Watch him. I shall telephone for the police."

For two weeks the little town of Wecusset had been infected with a burglar panic. Several large summer residences had been entered, and keen-nosed detectives, while confessing themselves mystified, hinted that the crook might be found among the summer residents themselves. Craigville exulted: the mystery was now solved; the detectives were proved right, for here was the house-breaker himself, unmistakably attired in white flannels. Thinking of the five-hundred-dollar reward offered by Mrs. Penhallow for the return of the Penhallow pearls, Craigville joyfully called up the police. The latter replied that he would come right over and bring his son.

"Has he moved?" Craigville asked his wife, breathlessly.

"Not an inch. Oh, Jack, promise me you won't do anything rash!"

But Craigville was already stepping into his trousers.

"Think of the reward, dear," he said. "We 'll surround the house and corner the crook in no time."

As Craigville uttered these words, his brother-in-law, having heard no sound at the second-story window of the rectory, was in the act of entering. He pushed his head through. A familiar smell of soap and damp towels met him half-way. He thrust one leg in, struck something slippery, and fell with a dull, booming sound into a porcelain tub, fortunately empty.

"The bath!" he murmured. "Comparative safety. Now I can proceed to my room." Groping for the door, he emerged into the blackness of the hall.

The star-shine, filtering through a gray square of skylight overhead, gleamed feebly on the banisters. To Stagg's normally unobservant eyes, the place, in so far as he could see it, looked familiar. Step by step he made his silent way to the third story, and finally his hand reached the knob of what he felt must be his own door. Cautiously he turned the knob.

The night, as I have vaguely intimated, was one in which the wind rocks the trees and upsets the piazza furniture and knocks over the flower-vases. This particular room was on the east side of the house; the wind was from the west. The inevitable happened. The moment Stagg released the door-latch, the door was torn from his grasp by a wild gust of cold air, and crashed against the bedroom wall. Stagg plunged after it, came up unexpectedly and with some force against an iron bedstead, and was horrified to hear a blood-curdling feminine shriek from the bed.

He did not take long to realize his mistake. In one second he had regained the doorway; in two seconds he had reached the stairs, moving with that quick, sliding walk peculiar to those trying to hurry in the dark; in four seconds he had descended the full flight to the second floor, assisted by the force of gravity, which took entire charge of his progress after his foot slipped on the third step. In six seconds he had collected the fragments of himself at the foot of the stairs, found the bath-room door, slunk inside, and locked it.

Here he stood, panting, until he assured himself that he had not left behind any arms or legs in that terrific descent. Again he found himself murmuring: "The bath. Comparative safety." Beyond the locked door now arose the sound of other doors opening, of footsteps, of voices: "What was that?" "Who screamed?" "Something must have fallen." "For goodness' sake, Father, turn on the lights!" A great many people seemed to be discussing burglars and apologizing for their negligée all in the same breath. Two facts Stagg now appreciated simultaneously: this was not his brother-in-law's house, and conclusive evidence against him as a house-breaker. The retreat must be continued. He limped toward the window, rubbing his aching bones, and looked across the tub out into the night. Horrors! Men on the front lawn! He was between two fires, with only a frail lock for protection.

Thereupon Stagg revealed his strategic genius. Into his head flashed a Napoleonic idea. Members of the family frequent tubs; burglars never do. If he started the bath running, nobody would have the indelicacy to force an entrance. Resourceful to the last, Stagg turned both faucets on full, and a rushing sound filled the little room.

By this time he could hear the Wecusset

police force tramping up-stairs. A thorough search was evidently in progress. Voices sounded faintly through the door.

"Who 's taking a bath? Is it Margery?"

"Nonsense, John! It 's after twelve, and—"

"I know I heard him go in there."

"Can't we find out?"

A thump on the door, and a squeak of the knob.

"Who 's there?" shouted a gruff voice.

For answer Stagg, with a despairing look at the lawn, where one figure still stood guard, only swashed his hand loudly in the fast-filling tub.

"Business of bathing," he said to himself nervously.

More knocking, and imperative shouts. Stagg splashed tremendously, puffing and blowing a little for the sake of realism.

"Such is the instinctive delicacy of our aristocracy," he thought, "that this delays them. They'd have battered down any other door long ago."

Once more the stentorian voice cried: "Who 's there?"

"Margery," answered Stagg in a gentle falsetto that unexpectedly broke into a vigorous bass. "Don't come in!"

Again he swashed in the bath and rattled the soap-rack, unexpectedly splashing a little soapy water into his eyes as he did so.

Evidently Stagg's impersonation was not convincing; for instantly something hit the door with terrific force. Stagg made a leap for the window, with its forlorn hope of escape. Blinded as he was with smarting soap, his foot slipped upon the sill; then with a boom and a splash he descended into the tub. As he lifted his head out of the soapy water, he felt rather than saw, for he could n't open his eyes at all now, that the light had been turned on, and that two people were trampling into the room.

"Well," thundered an enormous voice, "what are you doing here?"

"I 'm trying to find Mr. Craigville's house," began Stagg, uncertainly, rising from the deep like an amphibious animal.

"You won't find it in that tub, young man," replied the voice, sternly. Then, in an undertone: "He's drunk, evidently. Margery, where 's the officer with the handcuffs?"

Indignant, Stagg grasped for a towel, found one, and mopped his face. The gift of sight returned to his smarting eyes. He found himself face to face with a huge man in a bath-robe, behind whom cowered a very pretty girl with her hair in a braid, and a violet kimono about her. As he recognized her, Stagg almost fell down in the tub again from sheer dismay. There was an instant of frozen silence. The girl stared crimson-faced; Stagg hung his dripping head; the huge man looked from one to the other in perplexity.

Then the spell was broken by the voice of a fourth person. Jack Craigville had climbed the ladder against the piazza and crawled up the piazza roof. With his bath wrapper flying in the breeze he appeared, greatly excited, at the window.

"Billy," he said with the utmost courtesy, "I want to introduce you to Miss Seton—and Mr. Seton, our rector. This is my brother-in-law, Mr. Stagg."

"Mr. Stagg and I have already met, a little earlier in the evening," observed Miss Seton, coldly.

WAITING—EUGENICALLY

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

With the customary apologies to Jean Ingelow. Pictures by Reginald Birch

I LEANED out the window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! Oh, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

Late, late, he is late, who on love's grimmest mission
Set forth in the dawn, seeking license to woo.
Have courage, my heart! Let no fear, no suspicion,
Deflect thy ventricular beat from the true!
No eugenical board,
Armed with science and sword,
Shall dissever us two.

His mercantile rating is excellent, very,
Or father had shattered our dream at a blast.
His ancestry, deeply empurpled, makes merry
The soul of mama, who 's a stickler for caste.
Would the high gods thus smile,
And, ironic the while,
Mean to smite us at last?

The board—could it find his dear eyes astigmatic,
And part us for sake of posterity's sight,
Or find in his breathing slight traces asthmatic,
Or count his red corpuscles fewer than white?
O relentless X-ray,
O dread Monsieur Binet,
I am chilled with affright!

A cousin he has with the actress delusion;
His great-uncle drinks far too much for his good;
His father is one of the pillars of Fusion:
The board—will it argue some taint in the blood?
Oh, my hopes dissipate,
As I wait, as I wait,
For his step through the wood!

At last! It is he! The long ordeal is ended.
Approved by the city's eugenists, he 's here!
Stars, flash the glad tidings and make the night splendid!
Sing, nightingale, now, silver-piercing and clear!
He has stood every test,
And stands proudly confessed,
An innocuous dear!

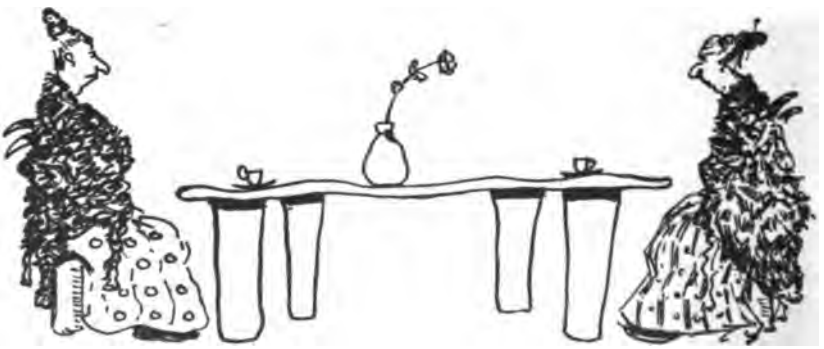
THE SENIOR WRANGLER

NEWSPAPER "SOCIETY"

In an amusing paper on "The society you read about," Harrison Rhodes wonders why it is that, according to the newspapers, all the blessings and misfortunes of life fall only on people who are "in society." The woman who is divorced, run over, kidnapped, or dismembered and sewed up in a bag, is, from the newspaper account, always "in society." Let any spinster of Centerville be injured in a railway accident, and she is immediately described as a leader in Centerville "society." "Is it true," he asks, "that the only fact which interests us in our citizens is that they are 'in society'?" And he becomes severe, and wants to know why in Heaven's name they print such "arrant nonsense." Finally he asks, "If we are not all snobs, why try so hard to make us so?"

It is not at all like Mr. Rhodes, whom I know in private life for an amiable and easy-going person, to wind up with these fierce and heated inquiries. Can it be that he has been edited by an uplifter? Of course our country is full of climbers. No one here is content with that station in life to which it has pleased God to call him; and if he were, some female relative would surely shove him along. And since we are all trying to "get on," with a pretty fair chance of it, for mediocrity is always at the top, it is not strange that we should value all the little symbols of on-getting, and being "in society" is one of them. What if "society" does stretch as far as two plumbers at one luncheon? What if the term itself fades into a mere newspaper gesture or habit and a society reporter at a scene of South African carnage would probably, by mere reflex action, write, "Hottentot Society Girl Spears Five"? That does not turn readers into snobs. On the contrary, it confuses the snobbery they had before, and leaves them without a social chart or compass. A snob cannot tell from an American newspaper what to be snobbish about. The acreage of our newspaper snobbery is of course enormous. Even England, the Sinai of top-hat commandments, land of Turveydrop, George Osborne, and Sir Willoughby Patterne, England herself shows not so wide and foolish an expanse of newspaper snobbery. But the true measure of snobbery is not in area, but in depth. At the bottom of a true snob his snobbery is united with his religion. Respectable British papers do not, like our own, mix up all sorts of people under "society" and chatter about them every day; to them it is a real thing and holy. Our papers confound snobbery; theirs treat it with respect. Try as we will, we cannot really tell who 's who; we know that we are guessing. At the root of American snobbery is the cruel canker of distrust.

"Society," as a newspaper concept, includes any member of the Caucasian race not



"STRANGE, WILD DOINGS . . . IN BROOKLYN"

necessarily rich or even well-to-do, but better off than somebody else somewhere. If interest in it is snobbish, it is one of the broadest, least invidious forms of snobbishness ever known, approximating, one might say, a pretty general brotherly love; for it draws the mind to a Harlem sociable and attracts the human soul to the strange, wild doings of Aldermen's wives, possibly clad in goatskins, at their tea-tables in Brooklyn. Is it not, in this aspect of the thing, almost hopeful?

"AND WHEN MUSIC AROSE WITH ITS VOLUPTUOUS SWELL"

THE STEWARD: "Beg pardon, sir. The chairman of the ship's concert presents his compliments, sir. He says that everybody is waiting for you to sing your French songs, sir."
FIGURE ON THE BUNK: "Thank him very kindly, steward. I 'm extremely sorry to disappoint him, but tell him I 'm really—er—tell him I 'm really not in voice to-night."

THE PROMISED EXTINCTION OF D'ANNUNZIO

IN a recent (and much quoted and discussed) interview with Gabriele d'Annunzio, the pale Italian apostle of passion admitted that for him there was but one life, the life of violent, turbulent, volcanic feeling. The secret of happiness, he said, was to overdo, to push sensation to its remotest limits. No philosophical calm for him, no Nirvana, no rest upon the crimson bosom of the poppies. D'Annunzio went on to say that he had long ago decided that, when his ability to feel volcanically, to erupt emotionally, to struggle and to love desperately had begun to wane, he would employ a novel and heretofore undreamed-of means of suicide. He admitted that, as far as originality goes, his contemplated means of self-destruction leaves nothing to be desired. It differs from poison, gas, and pistols in so far as it leaves no visible trace of a body whatever—no hair, no waxed mustaches, no feet, no personal jewelry. He said that the moment to employ his invention would arrive in two years' time.

"Lighter Vein" has nothing but approval for the novelty and potency of his invention, but why this *terrible* delay?

the emperor's armies. If it is his will that you know, then it will be revealed unto you. If not—"

"But I *shall* know!" he cried again.

"One thing *I* would know, if it please you," said the priest, courteously—"one thing not impious. You come in a kago. Even your bearers are samurai and wear two swords. Then it must be that you are above the samurai, perhaps a young daimio, perhaps even a kuge?"

"Secret for secret!" laughed the young man. "Who gives his health for mine?"

"To-morrow," bowed the priest, gently, "when the sun is here on the dial, come. Not before, not after. Pray. The gods will heal you."

"And you may call me—Toya," laughed the young man.

"The Lord Toya," agreed the priest.

Then the priest went his way, and the lordly bearers carried the young man to his kago, singing a strange song.

III. THE LOTUS-BLOSSOM

NOW, when Akimo knew that the young man was coming, he hid the girl in the pedestal of Jodin, behind the fretwork. When he had gone, she flew forth to pray:

"Namu amida, Jodin—"

The priest interrupted her:

"Jodin can wait," he smiled, "and also the young man. You heard what I said—eight weeks? To the Feast of Lanterns?"

The girl nodded.

"What is your name?"

"Hasu-San." She smiled, and the priest knew it was not her name; but he nodded.

"Hasu-no-Hana," he replied, "the Lotus-Blossom. But you are not a geisha; that is a geisha name. Are we to know neither you nor him?"

"Some day I will dance for you. Then you will know whether I am a geisha. You will wish me for a temple-dancer, to please your gods. Ah!"

For the wise priest had shaken his head.

"Some day! In the eight weeks to the Feast of the Blessed Dead, which Jodin has fixed for the healing of the youth, there will be no dancing—no more than he could dance now who sat here. You are to take the youth's illness. And ever after—no dancing."

"Well," sighed the girl, "he will be in the guards; I shall have sent him there. He will be my soldier—mine. Think of that! Was ever a girl in Japan so very useful before, so happy?"

"Not often," agreed the priest. "And you will not tell me your name? Nor your father's? Nor your mother's?"

The girl shook her head wilfully.

"But his—his name?" she asked.

"No," said the priest. "I do not know it. Like you, he makes a false name, Toya."

"Toya!" The girl rolled it upon her tongue happily.

"Toya," nodded the priest, not ignorant of this.

"And to-morrow, when the sun is at the red stroke on the dial, may I hide again beneath Jodin?"

"It is sin," said the priest, "to use a god to gratify a woman's curiosity."

"Curiosity?" questioned the girl.

"Curiosity," denounced the priest.

"No," said the girl at last, "it is not curiosity. It is something which makes my heart beat twice where it should beat but once. I have been curious before, oh, yes,—I am a woman,—but it never made my heart to beat twice where it should beat but once."

"It is this I have feared," said the priest, ominously.

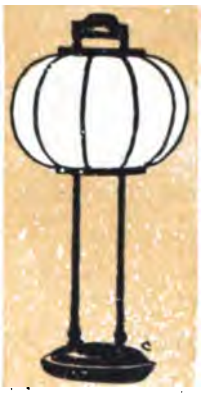
"Therefore," begged the girl, "when he comes to-morrow—" She pointed to her hiding-place under Jodin.

"To-morrow," said the priest.

That night the acolyte set food beside Hasu-San, and other food before the god. And he also made a light before the god that would not die till the Feast of Lanterns that he might be kind.

IV. THE TOKUGAWA CREST

AFTER that, every day when the sun was precisely at the red mark Akimo had made on the lacquer, Toya was taken from his kago by the bearers and put on the brocade cushion before the god. And so it went on till the bearers came no more into the temple, but waited outside while their young lord entered alone, and sat on the cushion; until one day there were no longer kago or bearers. Instead, there stalked into the temple a tall young man in the uniform of the Imperial Guards, with a sword on his thigh!



And each of these days a small face, growing paler and paler, was pressed to the fretwork in the base of Jodin, and a small heart beat two to one until he had gone. After that, her heart would beat only one where it should have beaten two. And on the last day the beleaguered little organ stopped entirely; for now he would go away, and she would never see him again. Indeed, there was a moment in which she almost begged Shaka not to make him *quite* well, so that he would come to the temple now and then, no matter how few his visits. But she was in time to recall that wish before it could possibly have reached the ears of Buddha.

"Tell him," cried Toya, laughing, to the bent old priest on that last day, "who gave his legs for mine that I am taking them to Port Arthur to serve the emperor. When that is over, I will bring them back to him. And that he may know that a soldier pays his debts, take the ring my father wore, and his, and his unto antiquity. And he shall fetch it to me and claim his legs, or anything my purse, my heart, my unborn souls can give him."

"The secrets of God are sacred in the temple," warned the priest.

But they saw that the ring was engraved with the Tokugawa crest.

V. THE HEART THAT BEAT TWO TO ONE

AFTER he was gone, they found the Lotus-Blossom in the pedestal, quite dead, it seemed.

But no; she lived there in the temple ever after, though more like a broken-stemmed lily than any lotus.

For as Toya got well, Hasu truly became ill.

But she was very happy, and, strangely enough, the face which had been beautiful before, with the oval Yamato beauty of the princesses of old, became almost divine.

The acolyte had been a worker in bamboo before entering the priesthood, and he now wove for Hasu a wonderful chair, with soft bamboo wheels, in which they would push her about the pleasant gardens of the temple.

Said she to Akimo and the acolyte one day:

"Me? I should go away. I have done what I came for. Why do you not send me away?"

And both cried out at once:

"But you cannot!"

And what they meant was:

"But you shall not!"

For Hasu was now so much a part of them that, to go away—

"She would die," said the priest to the acolyte.

"So should we," laughed the acolyte, who had rapidly grown to be a young man.

On another day Hasu-San said:

"Also, I should tell you my name. For now it does not matter. I shall tell it to you."

And again both cried out, "No."

For now they were afraid to know who she was, lest it might be their hard duty to take her to her home.

And again she said:

"I said I would dance to you, to the gods, in red *hakama,* with bells sewn to the hems; but now I am breaking my promise. Send me away, I honorably beg of you!"

"And I," the old priest broke in, "said

THOSE FIVE O'CLOCK TANGO TEAS

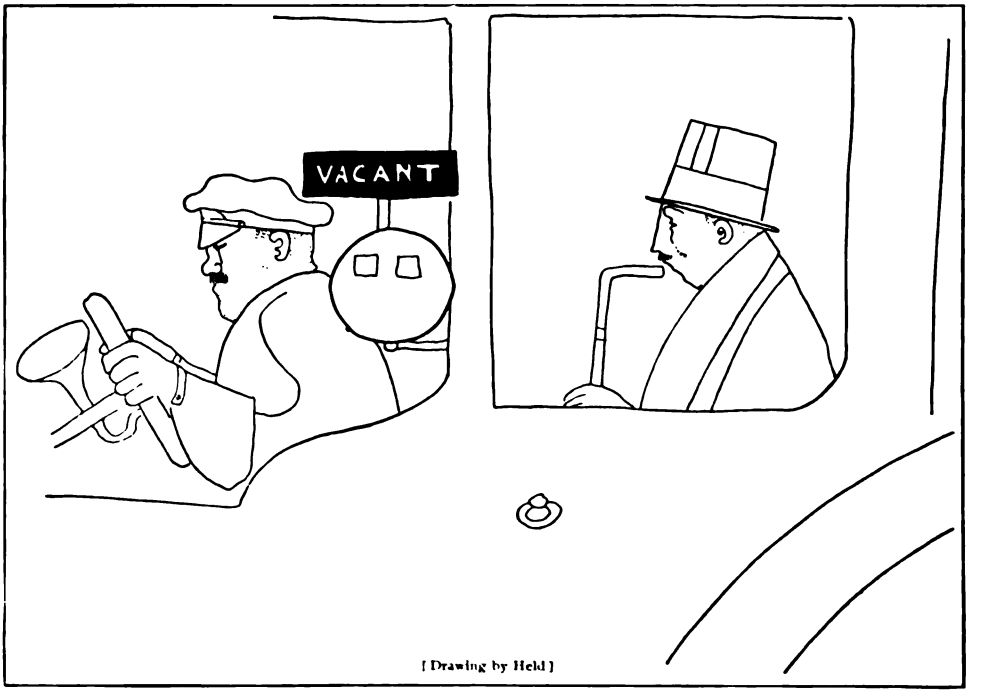
—

WITH A DRAWING
BY
BOARDMAN ROBINSON

—

"Why did the boss fire you, Maudie?"

"He said he had n't the heart to keep me woikin' after five o'clock. He noticed it interfered somethin' turrible with me toi-key trottin'!"



[Drawing by Held]

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

AN OLD-FASHIONED NOSEGAY

A VALENTINE FANTASY

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

MIDWINTER FICTION NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 87 FEBRUARY, 1914 NO. 4.

ST. PAUL LIBRARY ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE TEMPLE OF THE COVNTLESS GODS

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

Author of "Madam Butterfly," etc.

WITH A PICTURE AND JAPANESE SPATTER TINT DECORATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

I. THE GOD JODIN

AKIMO and Chugori were going the rounds of the temple, both to close it for the night and to retrieve those things which worshipers had lost or forgotten.

The student-priest was a pace in advance of the old bonze with a lantern, which he held close to the shining floor. Precisely before Benten, goddess of beauty, he picked up a splendid tortoise-shell thing half as long as an arm, and passed it to the keeper-priest.

"Hair-pins and a woman!" laughed the bonze, in the phrase of the proverb. "Never one without the other."

Before Kwannon lay a lacquered geta.

"A geisha," said the priest, shaking his wise head, "and one who has an affection greater than for parent—or mother-in-law; for only such could walk on one foot, forgetting that she has two."

The serious boy could not entirely understand this humor.

"Last great moon," the old bonze went on, "a woman forgot her child."

"Oh," cried the boy, "and it died because you could not feed it?"

"What of Marubushu-San?" laughed the elder.

The solemn young acolyte understood this. Marubushu-San meant Miss Lemon, and it was the name of a goat tethered in a remote part of the temple gardens.

But now they were come before the god Jodin, and both suddenly stood fast; for there lay a young girl, with her forehead to the lacquered floor. She was not dead, —that they knew at once, though this had happened in the temple,—for they could hear some words of a prayer."

"Namu amida, Jodin . . . legs—"

The two sat quietly down to wait for the ending of the prayer. This was Japanese.

"It is certain," whispered the boy, "that she does not pray for her own legs," pointing to them seriously.

The keeper smiled and nodded.

These supple young members were serving the girl perfectly as she bowed and rose upon them, always murmuring her prayer.

And though the priest and his attendant sat patiently for many minutes, they might as well not have been there so far as the girl was concerned. It is the Japanese way in the temple: one who ought not to be there *is* not.

Copyright, 1914, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Presently the two who served in the sacred place fell into discourse. Nor did this disturb the devotions of the girl. This, too, is Japanese in the temple: what ought not to be heard *is* not.

"Since you are honorably young," the happy bonze whispered, "perhaps you do not augustly know this Jodin-Sama."

"No," admitted the acolyte. "But you, august Father, who know all the eight hundred myriads, will tell me."

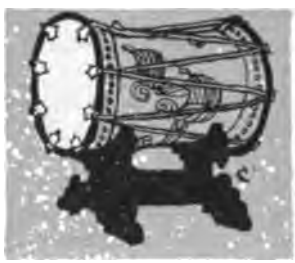
"This Jodin heals," nodded the priest, "if one who is well will sit on the spot where sat one who is ill, and pray, always pray, as she is doing. But," the bonze went on pityingly, "he who is well takes the illness of him who is to be healed. And, son, to teach you how few there be who are willing to do this, observe that the lacquer before Jodin is unworn, and that his features have not been obliterated by caresses. One might call Jodin the unknown god."

"And," whispered the student, in wonder, "she prays for some one she does not know! I listen, Father, and I hear no name."

"It is a young man," answered the old priest. "For many days he has come, carried by samurai bearers in a kago, and sat, and prayed to Jodin. But he is no better. Jodin does not help in that way. Some one else must take the illness from the spot on which he sits. And this he knows, and his retainers. Yet—no one!"

The keeper touched the young girl gently. She sat up.

"Daughter," admonished the bonze, "you are honorably young—and," as he put on his thick spectacles, "beautiful. Before you are many years of God's earth—many reincarnations before you reach Nirvana. Do you understand how Jodin heals?"



"Yes, Father," nodded the girl.

"Then why—"

She heinously interrupted him, then bowed low in apology.

"He is so beautiful! Did you see his face, Father?"

"Often I have seen his face, Daughter. Yes, it is beautiful."

"And do you know why he wishes his legs to be healed?"

"That he may fight for the emperor in this war which we hear rumbling afar," nodded the priest. "I, too, have listened."

"Well?" smiled the girl into the face of the priest.

"Pray," said the bonze. "The western door will be left open to-night."

"Father, I shall pray all night, and all the nights and days till he is well and in the emperor's guard."

"Child," said the priest, "next to the great god Shaka stands the emperor. But—who are your parents?"

"I forget," laughed the girl, truthfully. "I have in my souls but this one thing."

And the priest, sorely puzzled, said:

"I know not whether this be good or ill. Gods! to forget one's parents! Girl," he ended with sudden savagery, "if this is an affection greater than for parents—"

"That I do not know," answered the girl, innocently.

"It is sin," declared the priest.

"The emperor," reminded the girl.

Whereat they all put their foreheads to the floor. And when they sat up again, the girl smiled happily into the face of the priest, and then bowed her head.

"Pray," nodded the priest.

And as he and the student continued to shuffle their rounds, they could hear those words:

"Namu amida, Jodin . . . legs—"

II. THE LORD TOYA

THE student slept through the night, but the bonze slept and woke all the night. Troubled in spirit was the good old priest. When he woke he could hear the murmur of that prayer; when he slept he dreamed. And the dreams also were troubled: once the golden dolphin from the castle-top of Nagoya had come down, and was pursuing him at prodigious speed through the water; again he was only a paper carp filled with wind at the top of a bamboo pole on the Boys' Festival day, and always only the sport of unalterable fate. At

last he dreamed that Jodin stood before him with the sick young man at his side; but now the young man was in the uniform of the Imperial Guards, and his breast was covered with medals. Besides, it was the Feast of Lanterns, as any one could see who dreamed such a dream; for earth and sea and sky were filled with them in his dream. And they were votives to the dead, which is of good fortune—God's blessed dead.

So when the young man came the next day the priest said:

"You will be honorably well in eight weeks. Last night Jodin spoke to me in my sleep. It was the Feast of Lanterns, and you were in the uniform of the Imperial Guards. There were many medals on your breast. So you are to fight. You are to be brave. You are to be promoted by the emperor. Accept this."

The priest gave him a brocade cushion upon which to sit. It was an heirloom of the temple, filled with herbs of healing, granted only to princely persons; for it had been the gift of Hideyoshi a thousand years before, so it was said.

"Every day when the sun is here,"—the priest made a mark on the dial,—"not before, not after, come. Pray."

The young man laughed. The priest had never seen him laugh before.

"Yes, I shall be well," he cried. "That I know at last. But who will take my illness? It is so that Jodin heals. Whom have you found?"

He looked at his bearers.

"Not these," said the priest. "See how they quail. And Jodin requires that he who does must be happy in the doing. Be at peace. Buddha will find the sacrifice. But look at the place where you sit to pray."

The young man understood.

"It is as new as when the layer of lacquer was put down, perhaps—"

"Three hundred years ago," nodded the priest.

"So that in all that time but few have been found who were willing to take the illness of another!"

"Aye," said the priest. "The human monster is a strange being. Will he die for another? Oh, yes, the great red death of the sword or the gun. He who can feel his death-wound spurting in his face dies happily. But, to take that creeping thing called illness, which ever and ever gnaws till it reaches the heart, mayhap after years of torture of the waiting mind—well, you have seen the floor, and the tale of them is told. Me? I have been a priest of this temple since my youth, and the fingers of one hand would count those who have taken the illness of another. And nearly all have been mothers. So—"

"When may I know who blesses me thus?" interrupted the young man.

"The secrets of the temple are sacred," said the priest.

"But I *shall* know!" cried the young man.

"Be content," urged the priest. "If, because none other can do it, the Lord of Life provides a sacrifice for you, it is certain he needs you elsewhere, perhaps in

the emperor's armies. If it is his will that you know, then it will be revealed unto you. If not—"

"But I *shall* know!" he cried again.

"One thing *I* would know, if it please you," said the priest, courteously—"one thing not impious. You come in a kago. Even your bearers are samurai and wear two swords. Then it must be that you are above the samurai, perhaps a young daimio, perhaps even a kuge?"

"Secret for secret!" laughed the young man. "Who gives his health for mine?"

"To-morrow," bowed the priest, gently, "when the sun is here on the dial, come. Not before, not after. Pray. The gods will heal you."

"And you may call me—Toya," laughed the young man.

"The Lord Toya," agreed the priest.

Then the priest went his way, and the lordly bearers carried the young man to his kago, singing a strange song.

III. THE LOTUS-BLOSSOM

NOW, when Akimo knew that the young man was coming, he hid the girl in the pedestal of Jodin, behind the fretwork. When he had gone, she flew forth to pray:

"Namu amida, Jodin—"

The priest interrupted her:

"Jodin can wait," he smiled, "and also the young man. You heard what I said—eight weeks? To the Feast of Lanterns?"

The girl nodded.

"What is your name?"

"Hasu-San." She smiled, and the priest knew it was not her name; but he nodded.

"Hasu-no-Hana," he replied, "the Lotus-Blossom. But you are not a geisha; that is a geisha name. Are we to know neither you nor him?"

"Some day I will dance for you. Then you will know whether I am a geisha. You will wish me for a temple-dancer, to please your gods. Ah!"

For the wise priest had shaken his head.

"Some day! In the eight weeks to the Feast of the Blessed Dead, which Jodin has fixed for the healing of the youth, there will be no dancing—no more than he could dance now who sat here. You are to take the youth's illness. And ever after—no dancing."

"Well," sighed the girl, "he will be in the guards; I shall have sent him there. He will be my soldier—mine. Think of that! Was ever a girl in Japan so very useful before, so happy?"

"Not often," agreed the priest. "And you will not tell me your name? Nor your father's? Nor your mother's?"

The girl shook her head wilfully.

"But his—his name?" she asked.

"No," said the priest. "I do not know it. Like you, he makes a false name, Toya."

"Toya!" The girl rolled it upon her tongue happily.

"Toya," nodded the priest, not ignorant of this.

"And to-morrow, when the sun is at the red stroke on the dial, may I hide again beneath Jodin?"

"It is sin," said the priest, "to use a god to gratify a woman's curiosity."

"Curiosity?" questioned the girl.

"Curiosity," denounced the priest.

"No," said the girl at last, "it is not curiosity. It is something which makes my heart beat twice where it should beat but once. I have been curious before, oh, yes,—I am a woman,—but it never made my heart to beat twice where it should beat but once."

"It is this I have feared," said the priest, ominously.

"Therefore," begged the girl, "when he comes to-morrow—" She pointed to her hiding-place under Jodin.

"To-morrow," said the priest.

That night the acolyte set food beside Hasu-San, and other food before the god. And he also made a light before the god that would not die till the Feast of Lanterns that he might be kind.

IV. THE TOKUGAWA CREST

AFTER that, every day when the sun was precisely at the red mark Akimo had made on the lacquer, Toya was taken from his kago by the bearers and put on the brocade cushion before the god. And so it went on till the bearers came no more into the temple, but waited outside while their young lord entered alone, and sat on the cushion; until one day there were no longer kago or bearers. Instead, there stalked into the temple a tall young man in the uniform of the Imperial Guards, with a sword on his thigh!

And each of these days a small face, growing paler and paler, was pressed to the fretwork in the base of Jodin, and a small heart beat two to one until he had gone. After that, her heart would beat only one where it should have beaten two. And on the last day the beleaguered little organ stopped entirely; for now he would go away, and she would never see him again. Indeed, there was a moment in which she almost begged Shaka not to make him *quite* well, so that he would come to the temple now and then, no matter how few his visits. But she was in time to recall that wish before it could possibly have reached the ears of Buddha.

"Tell him," cried Toya, laughing, to the bent old priest on that last day, "who gave his legs for mine that I am taking them to Port Arthur to serve the emperor. When that is over, I will bring them back to him. And that he may know that a soldier pays his debts, take the ring my father wore, and his, and his unto antiquity. And he shall fetch it to me and claim his legs, or anything my purse, my heart, my unborn souls can give him."

"The secrets of God are sacred in the temple," warned the priest.

But they saw that the ring was engraved with the Tokugawa crest.

V. THE HEART THAT BEAT TWO TO ONE

AFTER he was gone, they found the Lotus-Blossom in the pedestal, quite dead, it seemed.

But no; she lived there in the temple ever after, though more like a broken-stemmed lily than any lotus.

For as Toya got well, Hasu truly became ill.

But she was very happy, and, strangely enough, the face which had been beautiful before, with the oval Yamato beauty of the princesses of old, became almost divine.

The acolyte had been a worker in bamboo before entering the priesthood, and he now wove for Hasu a wonderful chair, with soft bamboo wheels, in which they would push her about the pleasant gardens of the temple.

Said she to Akimo and the acolyte one day:

"Me? I should go away. I have done what I came for. Why do you not send me away?"

And both cried out at once:

"But you cannot!"

And what they meant was:

"But you shall not!"

For Hasu was now so much a part of them that, to go away—

"She would die," said the priest to the acolyte.

"So should we," laughed the acolyte, who had rapidly grown to be a young man.

On another day Hasu-San said:

"Also, I should tell you my name. For now it does not matter. I shall tell it to you."

And again both cried out, "No."

For now they were afraid to know who she was, lest it might be their hard duty to take her to her home.

And again she said:

"I said I would dance to you, to the gods, in red *hakama*, with bells sewn to the hems; but now I am breaking my promise. Send me away, I honorably beg of you!"

"And I," the old priest broke in, "said

that in eight weeks, when the Feast of the Blessed Dead came—you will remember what I said. Therefore are no promises broken."

"Of course," the girl interrupted quite heinously, "you know that the legs which might dance are at Port Arthur."

"Also that some day they will be back. What, then?"

"Then,"—and the heart of the girl could be seen in its tumult—"then? Then I shall *not* be here. I shall die."

"That," said the priest, with the very greatest of Japanese severity, "would be exceedingly impolite."

Now, who would willingly be attainted of impoliteness—in Japan?

"Then," murmured the girl, "you command that I remain—perhaps even to *see* this great soldier, with the glory of war for the emperor fresh upon him—perhaps to speak to him—face to face?"

"Yes!" said the priest, terribly.

"How can I?" begged the girl. "Me? Certainly I shall die. Permit me to go away, august bonze!"

The bonze denied this permission, and from the shrewd twinkle in his eye one might suspect that he did not fear her death.

VI. THE GOING AND THE STAYING

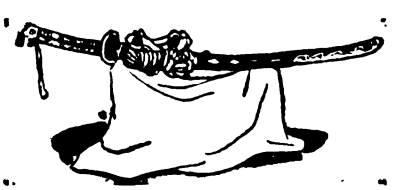
AND presently it was too late—far, far too late; for the war was over. There had been that amazing ceremony at the War Temple in Tokio, and Toya was coming to this temple with his medals and all his glory to lay them at the feet of the man who, he said, owned them.

Well, would you have run away from that had you been Hasu-San?

In fact, it was as sleepless for her as those days leading to the Feast of Lanterns, and she trembled more now than she did then. However, it must be confessed that she also laughed more. But that inconstant heart! It *would* beat two to one, and then reverse itself and beat one to two, which phenomenon, as any one with the least therapeutic intelligence knows, must be stopped, if one is to live on.

And what of her going? "I cannot go now unless you take me," sighed the girl.

"You cannot go unless we take you," repeated the acolyte, with evidences of the greatest satisfaction in her infirmity.



"You cannot go unless we take you," agreed the priest.

"Alas! glad you are that I have no legs. And as for him, great soldier that he is, he will crush me like an ant."

But the priest and the acolyte not only did not agree to that, but became preternaturally savage at the mere thought of it.

"I repeat," said the girl, "that he will crush me like an ant."

"She repeats," prompted the student-priest, "that he will crush her like an ant."

But the old bonze only smiled.

"What am I to him?"

"True," agreed the priest, "what are you to him!"

"Or—or he to me?"

But here Hasu-San looked down.

"True," nodded the old priest, with a glance to the acolyte—"true, or he to you?"

And later the priest and the acolyte had a jolly laugh together in which that phrase of hers was repeated, "Or him to her!"

VII. THE LEGS OF A SOLDIER

BUT the great day came a bit suddenly. Without the least warning, Colonel Toya strode into the temple. Fortunately, the student was alone; Akimo was pushing Hasu about the garden, for it was the beginning of the cherry-blossoms. However, it was only a moment until they were together.

"Now," cried Colonel Toya, if you please, quite overlooking Hasu, "where is the man whose legs I have?"

The hand of Hasu reached up and pinched that of Akimo.

"Man?" compromised the priest with his conscience. "I know not."

"You must find him for me," said Toya in a soldier's way.

"Surely, Lord," said the priest, suavely. "And, Hasu-San, who is very wise, though a girl, will help, will you not?"

"Surely," said the girl.

"No secret of the temple shall stand between me and honor," cried the soldier.

"Though the secrets of the temple are sacred," said the priest, precisely as he had said it before, "yet Hasu-San and I and Chugori—all will help you to find this—" Shall you be offended if you are told that the old priest stopped to laugh? "Man!" he said then, and a certain occult salute of the eyes passed between the three of the temple.

And Colonel Toya, having his attention called to Hasu both by the words of the priest and her own musical voice, turned up her face and then, that he might see it the better, dropped on his knee before her chair.

And then and there I fear the wonderful business of love, as we call it on the Western Hemisphere, was accomplished.

"Child," said the officer, "thy face is like Usume's."

And observe that he used the ancient and honorable mode of address, used by princes to their ladies, and that he thought her as beautiful as the celestial dancer, she who had lured the sun goddess from her cave when the world was dark!

And all little Hasu could answer was:

"And you are gl—glittering—like the war-god, Lord." While she reached out a timorous hand, and, like a child attracted by toys, touched the medals on his breast. "You are gl—glorious as Hachiman, Ojin Tenno, Izaniga—all together."

But truly the glory of war meant nothing to the young officer here, in the temple garden, with a face as beautiful as Usume's before him.

For to understand how beautiful that was, you are to be reminded that Usume was fair enough to make even the sun goddess jealous.

"And what is thy illness, child?" the officer went on.

It was the priest who answered:

"Legs."

He shook his head hopelessly.

"They shall be healed, they shall be made entirely well," cried the soldier. "Silence!" To Akimo's mute protest.

"Do I not know? Was I not more ill than she is? Did not Jodin heal me?"

"Ah," said the priest, "but who will take *her* illness? In all the world there was none for you until—" Almost it came out—but for the sharp nails of Hasu in his palm—"until *he* came who took yours, Lord Toya. *He!* Who will take *her* illness? A woman!"

"I," said the soldier. "I owe it to some one. And since you will not find me the man— A soldier pays his debts, and those of honor damn one to the hells if not paid."

At which no fewer than three pairs of hands flew into the air, and three pairs of eyes lifted themselves to where the myriads of the gods were. Such madness!

"I have said it," cried the young soldier. "Yes, I have said it. Now, either you will find this man who gave his legs for mine, or I will heal this woman!"

"Thou hast truly said it, Lord Toya," bowed the priest and the acolyte, with humble haste. And the old priest added benignly: "That is an unheard of thing, for a great soldier to bother about healing a mere—ahem! woman. But —thou hast said it, and a soldier keeps his word. So, if the man who healed thee cannot be found, thou wilt heal this woman."

"I have said it," repeated the soldier.

And Hasu-San's heart was fairly bursting. Who had ever heard of a soldier bothering about a woman!

"Yet," the priest went on, "what know we of this girl who comes to be healed? Pooh! She may be a beggar. She may be an eta. What know we of her?"

"And what know I of him who took my illness? Was he a prince? Was he a beggar? And if a beggar, is my debt to him less than if he be a prince? Did he give me less, if a beggar, than he would have given me if a prince? As for this maiden—"

He turned and looked long at her. Something very good came into his eyes; something very gentle spoke in his voice.

"As for this maiden, whether she be beggar or princess, the gods have made her face, and the goddesses her heart. And they have sent her to me, even as the moon-maid was sent, all neatly packed in a bamboo-joint. So. Do we ask the lineage of the gods' gifts to us?"

And then Prince Toya, if prince he was, did the strangest thing he had yet done. He placed the two soft hands of the girl on his cheeks.

"Gods!" cried the priest, "a woman for a soldier!"

But when he and the acolyte were alone, he placed his hands upon the shoulders of the boy and said:

"Boy, Shaka is good, Shaka is very good!"

VIII. THE ETERNAL FINDING OF THE MAN

HOWEVER, out of all this grew a beautiful camaraderie, for the soldier came to the temple every day, and the four were even happier than the three had been. He told them of his battles, and the glory and honor of it all. But sometimes they were alone, he and Hasu-San. Then he never spoke of battle. It was of the gentle things. For all soldiers are poets in Japan.

"I wish you were healed," cried the young man one day.

"Why, Lord?" asked the girl.

"Then I would marry you," answered the soldier.

And suddenly, deep in her soul, the little lady Hasu wished that she were well; but then just as suddenly she blotted out that wish, and meant to pray all night for forgiveness. If she were well, what would he be? For so far as she understood the workings of the god Jodin, precisely the process which had secured Lord Toya a pair of good legs would be reversed if she were to have her good ones restored.

Sometimes he would take her hands while he talked and pass his rough ones over the satin of them. Then Hasu would close her eyes and go straight to Buddha's bosom. One day it was so exquisite that a tear stole from under one lid. He put his handkerchief over the tear, and then

Charles J. Chapman

his cheek to hers. He drew her small hand up as if to make it seem that she held him there. And then he knew that he had made her very happy.

"Then why do you weep?" he asked.

"For joy," she smiled—"for joy. Women weep for sorrow, too. But I weep only for joy."

"But you are not a woman," he smiled, "only a child."

"No, I am a woman. I was tall when I could stand."

"Then," said the soldier, "you were once quite well?"

"Yes," said Hasu.

"And what caused your illness?" demanded the soldier.

"I?" said the girl. "Who knows? Shaka sends illness and sends health."

"Then you shall be tall again," cried the soldier. "What, do I not know! What was I? Me? I myself would take your illness. But then I should be ill myself, and you would not wish me. Women wish whole men. But there are other ways. Do I not know? Listen. When I left here with the legs that man had given me, I was yet far from healed. He must have been but young. Truly they were but women's legs."

"Oh," cried the girl, "and so quite useless! What a pity!"

"Not at all. Women's legs are better than none. And the marching, the getting forth at dawn with the sun on one, made a man's legs of them."

"Shaka be thanked," breathed the girl, humbly. "So that you owed him, the man, nothing—nothing at all!"

"Everything. For without his woman's legs there would have been no beginning."

"Ah, Shaka is good!"

"So shall it be with you."

"That my legs shall be a man's! Yes, Lord," agreed Hasu, though she may have doubted the desirability of it.

"First I will carry you, then you shall put your feet down, then you shall walk, run, dance. Is it not already done?"

"Yes," whispered the girl, with her eyes closed, the ecstasy upon her face.

"And then I will marry you."

The girl's eyes flew open, her heart stopped, she toppled over upon the young man. But the soldier had seen enough of coma not to be frightened. When she woke she was, indeed, in his arms.

"Lord," came a little voice from the neighborhood of his ear, "honorably forgive me. It was my heart—"

"I am glad of that," said the soldier.

This she could not understand, why he should laugh at her sick heart.

"It beats one to two just now."

"Naughty heart!" said the soldier. "Why is that?"

"When I am—as now," breathed the girl. "However," she went on, "there are times when it beats two to one."

"And when is that?" asked the soldier.

"When I am happy, very happy," sighed the small voice near his ear.

She tried to withdraw her arms, but he laughed, and held them there.

"Why do you do that, Lord?" she said.

"To make the heart I feel against me beat two to one."

"Alas! Lord, that is useless."

"Let us see. Have I kept my promise?"

"Why, yes, Lord," though she really did n't know; that is what a Japanese would answer.

"You are walking—"

And he held her as if she had been a straw, and dragged the pitiful little feet along the ground.

"Yes, Lord."

"Therefore, when will you condescend to marry me?"

Again the choking and faintness. But, "When you wish, Lord of all my souls!" Hasu answered with the utmost obedience.

"Then to-morrow," said the soldier.

"Yes, Lord of my souls," sighed Hasu. Obedience is the first law of woman.

"And now," said Toya, "I have every desire fulfilled but one—to find that man I owe it all to and pin these medals on his breast. But you are very wise, my little moon-maid. The priest has said so, and so I have found you. And you will help to find the man, and your own small hands shall pin the medals on his breast."

"I will help to find him, Lord."

"Together we will search forever."

"For-r-rever," repeated Hasu.

But that night she locked the cabinet which held the letters and the crested ring, and threw its key into the well. And she gave the cabinet to the keeping of the priest, not telling what it held, only saying it was to be buried with her, unopened.

And perhaps they did not suspect what the cabinet held; yet perhaps they did.

AN UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

FROM A RECENTLY DISCOVERED LIKENESS ATTRIBUTED TO FRAGONARD

In 1876, an unidentified portrait of a man was bought from the Laperlier collection in Biskra, Algeria. Eight years ago the purchaser of the portrait took it to Paris, where it was seen by Mr. P. A. Gross, the American painter. Mr. Gross, recognizing it as a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, purchased it, and is now the owner of it. It is reproduced here with his permission.

French critics who have seen the picture have expressed the belief that it is the work of Fragonard, who is known to have been a friend and admirer of Franklin's, and whose allegorical engraving of him is well known. The brushwork and the handling of the portrait might well be those of Fragonard, and the painting has much of the vigor and animation of his best work. On the sky of Fragonard's Franklin engraving there appears the legend "Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis." The same legend was painted at the top of the portrait here reproduced.

Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GEORGE HARCOURT, R.A.

THE THEATRE OF YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW

BY JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

I MIGHT preface my remarks on this subject by the statement that during my career of forty years on the stage I have never previously contributed an article to a magazine or put my name to a book, which is something of a record in these days when every man is his own Boswell. At the same time I might plead it as an excuse for inevitable shortcomings in such an essay as I am undertaking.

Nevertheless, I feel that my hitherto self-imposed silence regarding the experience acquired in the course of my calling may now be removed to some extent, as I am on the point of closing the last chapter of my life-work, and have started to ring down the curtain on the last acts of the plays I have had the pleasure of interpreting for many years.

Looking backward will always afford one of the chief pleasures of life, but looking forward is probably a more useful pastime, if only *pour encourager les autres*.

First and foremost, I am and have always been an optimist through good and ill report. I think that the stage to-day, regarded as a whole, is vastly better than it was half a century ago. Everything has improved in the theatre. The acting is much better as far as the tout ensemble is concerned, even if we have not so many individual pinnacles as in the past. Plays are more ambitious, better staged and better mounted, yes, and better written on the average than they were forty years ago. There are only one or two dramatic authors of the seventies whose names will survive.

The attitude of the public toward the theatre has also broadened appreciably from the narrow and puritanical aspect with which the stage was regarded even in my own earlier days. Playgoers, however, should bear in mind that couplet:

> The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
> And those that live to please must please to live.

Authors have far more liberty—it is for the playgoer to see that they do not take too much license—than they have experienced at any time in America or in England, and it is obvious the change is for the better. It is my belief that almost any subject can be discussed on the stage, provided it is approached with sufficient delicacy and tact, so as not to make the judicious grieve. We have sometimes experienced unfortunate instances of bad taste in several modern plays, but these exceptions are very few and of no staying power. To my mind the desire and appreciation of the public for the best the author, the actor, and the manager can and will give were never so great as now.

We see this in so many ways, chief of all perhaps in the fine support given to the Shakespearean drama here. I understand that there have recently been a score of Shakespearean productions played simultaneously in America, all of which have met with a considerable degree of success, and I can speak only in terms of gratitude of my own experience. We hear a great deal of "the good old days" and of the decline and fall of the modern drama, but personally I do not believe it. We hear of the severe competition of the cinema and vaudeville, all more or less healthy signs of the times, and for myself I welcome their advance as generally wholesome forms of entertainment. At the same time, it must be granted that nothing can replace the spoken word upon the stage, though competition in every art or walk of life is healthy enough if we are sufficiently wise to learn and profit by it.

The people have a right to the form of recreation and amusement they may demand. Why should the man in the street be expected to support Shakespeare? It is perfectly natural that he should prefer lighter forms of entertainment. The classics are an acquired taste, and appeal only to the comparatively cultivated few,

though that public is increasing yearly. It is quite obvious that the number of people who in London alone attend revivals of Shakespeare exceed by one hundred per cent. those who went to Covent Garden or Drury Lane in "the good old days" to witness the careful and conscientious, always artistic and often brilliant, if less gorgeous, productions of Shakespeare by Macready and Phelps. And so it is in America. There is more interest in the Shakespearean drama than before.

It is my belief that Shakespeare appeals to far more people, both in the study and on the stage, than ever he did, as witness the many editions being brought out at popular prices, and the great interest taken in the smallest details, apart from the psychology of the various plays, as shown by the innumerable letters of appreciation, criticism, and suggestion we players of Shakespeare receive. Some people would like to alter our accentuation of various passages, and others would fain know our feelings and the emotions we experience in portraying various characters. I might give a rather humorous instance.

A particularly close observer wrote the other day, complaining that the skull of *Yorick* used in the graveyard scene of "Hamlet" was emphatically and incontrovertibly that of a woman, and protesting against its use. Out of curiosity I had this skull examined by an authority, and was assured it was that of a man, but one of an exceedingly low order of intellect, in fact, likely a criminal or a decadent of pronounced character. This was gathered from the small and sloping forehead, and the high bones underneath what had once been eyebrows. The skull had been broken in two places during life.

Another example is told me by my general manager, Percy Burton, who assures me that a publisher and friend of his is much perturbed by the fact that my ghost of *Hamlet's* father does not wear a red beard. Yet we are explicitly told that his beard was "a sable silver'd."

An attorney of one of the largest cities in America has written me several long and interesting letters anent the artificiality of the play introduced by the players in "Hamlet," and its unnatural and bombastic language, which he claims should be treated with amusement by *Hamlet*. And so on, and so on.

All this, in any case, goes to show the interest taken by present-day playgoers in the thousand and one details permeating a production of Shakespeare, and personally I have no hesitation in saying that, on the whole, he is interpreted and put upon the stage better than ever he was, even if there are exceptions to this rule. Macready's "Diary" is one long wail at the incompetence of his support, and he and my old master, Samuel Phelps, succeeded not because of their training in stock companies, as some writers would seem to suggest, but despite the wretched assistance they received. Both had a long, hard struggle. And so with Kean, Garrick, and many another star both in England and America. If only their companies could come to life to-day, I am afraid that American and English playgoers and critics would have a very great shock.

I am tempted to make these statements in defense of the view I took in my farewell speech to the London stage at Drury Lane Theatre last season, an optimistic expression of opinion which has since been challenged and attacked by my old friend Henry Arthur Jones, in the interesting lecture he has been giving in England, and has since printed under the title of "Municipal and Repertory Theatres." In an introductory and open letter to me as preface, he complains that I painted too rosy a picture of the general condition of the British drama, which I declared was never in a better state; that I eulogized "our splendid band of actor-managers"; and that I congratulated the great playgoing public upon their appreciation of "the higher drama." "In a spirit of entire friendliness," as he says, which I, of course, appreciate as such, he brings to bear some interesting facts and figures comparing the apparent decline of the Shakespearean drama in England with its flourishing condition in Germany. It is to be remembered, however, that the latter exists chiefly in state-supported and subsidized theatres, where Shakespeare is regularly produced, however poor or indifferent the support of the public, and given, it is interesting to note, in the very best translations into present-day German by her most eminent professors. Thus the Teutonic playgoer gets his Shakespeare in his own vernacular, and not, as is the case with the English-speaking playgoer, in the

English of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods.

All these productions of Shakespeare's plays in Germany to which Henry Arthur Jones refers in detail as an apparent proof of their superiority, are not given merely because of the public demand, but for the reason that the municipal or state-subsidized theatres must justify their existence by the constant production of the classics. This is right and fitting, for the public should be helped to an interest in the best of the drama; but at the same time I learned during my own tour of Germany that many of these Teutonic revivals of Shakespeare were often played to comparatively empty benches. As soon as this becomes the misfortune of the private manager who is relying on his own resources, he cannot usually afford the luxury of losing money, and must perforce fall back on popular favorites. Personally, I have found that Shakespeare pays. The old maxim that he "spelt ruin" has long since been discredited. That phrase was the invention of Chatterton, who was the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, London, prior to Augustus Harris. Chatterton's maxim caught people's fancy and became a catchword. It does not, however, represent my own experience. I have been very fortunate with my Shakespearean productions. "Hamlet," for instance, has been a source of income to me since I first produced it twenty years ago. But one cannot make money by producing Shakespeare and nothing else. A modern theatrical manager must be an opportunist, if he is to exist, especially as an entirely self-supporting servant of the public.

Why should we complain because the support of high-class drama is limited? Why moan because the houses of light entertainment are crowded, and the attendance at legitimate theatres is comparatively small? As well complain that the man in the street prefers rag-time to Chopin, some picture of sentimental vulgarity to a Velasquez, a dime novel or shilling shocker to Nathaniel Hawthorne or George Meredith. To get pleasure from the highest forms of art is the privilege of the few, and my point is that those few are increasing in number year by year.

Yes, things are undoubtedly better all round, both in England and America, than they were forty years ago. I remember the time when very poor dramas sandwiched between two farces were the usual bills of fare of some of our best theatres. Even then, however, some of the more prominent actor-managers had a certain level below which they would not consent to fall even to tickle the ears or eyes of the groundlings. For instance, Samuel Phelps never produced the works of a less-worthy playwright than John Coleman, the younger, whose plays he alternated with those of Shakespeare and some of the best authors of that time.

Henry Arthur Jones falls back on the fallacies of "the good old days," and talks of the benefits of the days of stock companies. Yet when Henry Arthur Jones was a boy, the only legitimate theatres in London were the Adelphi, with melodrama; the Olympic and the old Princess's; Drury Lane, with occasional revivals of a Shakespearean or classical play, but generally melodrama and pantomime; while the Haymarket and the Prince of Wales' theatres were the homes of legitimate comedy, the latter, conducted by the Bancrofts, pioneers of many admirable reforms both before and behind the curtain.

As far as the old stock companies were concerned, they were rough-and-ready schools of acting, primed to put on, however badly, a play at the shortest notice. I have much more faith in the American stock company of to-day, where the bill is changed only once a week, and I am informed that to-day there are fifty of these scattered over the United States.

Henry Arthur Jones complains of the decline of taste in the English masses after forty years of popular education, as shown by the output of the theatre. This is, however, no real criterion. As a matter of fact, the English public, at all events the public in the English provinces, has not the theatre-going habit to anything like the extent to which it prevails throughout America. Here it is not, "Shall we go to the theatre?" but "Which theatre shall we go to?" This is a valuable asset to the theatrical manager, and it is for him to cultivate this natural desire on the part of the public to patronize the theatre and appreciate what is best in the drama.

In England—again I refer more particularly to the provinces—the people were never so great theatre-goers as they are in

America. Their attitude toward the theatre was always inclined to be more puritanical, and their outlook, therefore, has been more circumscribed. But the theatrical business in the English provinces has undoubtedly deteriorated through lack of enterprise, through the bad companies, bad plays, and bad productions with which the public has been surfeited, with only occasional incursions of London stars and legitimate successes. The result is that the local public seems temporarily to have lost interest in the theatre, and has turned to other pastimes and recreations. The music-hall, the cinema, the dancing-hall, and the skating-rink have replaced the drama in many places, and only by the enterprise of the entrepreneur and the whole-hearted encouragement of the playgoer for him to do his best can the drama be reanimated. The desire is there. America, too, must beware and be on her guard. So it will be in this great country unless those in control of the theatrical situation—the proprietors, the managers, the dramatists, and the actors—give the public of their best, and gradually inspire them with an interest in something better, not in something lower and less worthy of their support.

We hear a great deal, and have heard much of late, especially in England, of the decadence of the morals of the stage, as indicated by recent plays and perhaps particularly by sketches on the music-hall stage. There will always be a certain prurient public for the outré or indecent, just as there will always be a puritanical public which is against all things theatrical, in the same way that the proverbial Irishman is "ag'in' the Government," irrespective of the party which may happen to be in power. It is, however, more a question of taste than of morals. "There is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so." To my mind, the stage should not be used for the pornographic satisfaction or Rabelaisian amusement of the many, any more than the drama should be used as a laboratory for the dissection of the vices, the diseases, or the ills of humanity, as some of our contemporary dramatists, particularly on the Continent, seem to think, judging by their problem plays, which are usually more problematical than they are dramatic.

To Ibsen we owe a very great deal in the realism of the modern drama, but the playwright's first duty is to be a dramatist, not a photographer, and to confine himself more to the art of painting the beauties and ennobling the virtues than of delineating the worst side of humanity. However, the public is generally the best censor of the stage, and I have little faith in the judgment of self-appointed virtuosos or even government officials to check the current of theatrical tendencies when they run to seed, as sometimes they seem to do. In the future the public will be the censor of the management or mismanagement of the theatre, for the playgoer is the best critic. He is more enlightened than he was forty, or even ten, years ago.

Such deviations from the beaten paths of art and progress—for art must always go forward or go back; it never stands still—are just sands in the glass of time, like "the passing shows" we hear of. We cannot expect a sustained scientific interest or even much enthusiasm in peoples who are not Latin, and it is not in the nature of the English or Americans to care as the French care for things pertaining to art in general and the theatre in particular. To the French art is a religion, and dramatic art has its place in the life of the people, as it has to some extent in America. Unfortunately, it is virtually non-existent as a national asset in England.

I agree with Henry Arthur Jones that playgoers should take their pleasures—that is, their theatrical pleasures—seriously, if not sadly, as we do all our sports, though not, alas! our arts. And probably the best way to insure this is the establishment of the municipal and eventually the national theatre. Of course I am in entire agreement with him and countless others as to the desirability and need of theatres supported by the state or local government.

I look forward to the time, as did Sir Henry Irving, when every large city both in England and America will have its own municipal theatre, supported by its inhabitants, and encouraged by the enthusiasm of the devotees of all that is best in the art of the drama. Nor will this in time, I think and hope, be confined to the large cities. The smaller will follow suit. A significant and encouraging in-

stance of this is already evident at Northampton, Massachusetts, and I sincerely hope it will prove an eminently successful one.

Only by constant support of the public can the best in the theatre succeed, an art which combines all the other arts, and goes to form the most delightful and intellectual amusement the mind of man has ever conceived.

As regards the revivals of Shakespeare, however, which Henry Arthur Jones sets much store by, these could not be the sole or probably even the staple attraction of the municipal or national theatre, and personally I consider it should be the first duty of a manager to exploit and support the modern dramatist in every possible way, as well as being a practical *sine qua non* to himself.

Reverting to my own experience, I might say that if I had produced and played nothing but Shakespeare and revived none but classical plays, the chances are that I should never have been in a position to look upon retirement with a comparatively easy eye, even after half a century of hard labor on the stage. And actors are only mortal, and owe a duty to their children and dependents, in addition to the sacred duty imposed upon them by a frequently indifferent public. Even at this stage in the last lap of my career, I could not depend for support solely upon "Hamlet," "Othello," and "The Merchant of Venice," or even upon a combination of classical plays, during an entire season in New York, London, or assuredly any other English-speaking city. The public insist upon constant change, especially in America, and with the heavy expenses and comparatively low terms available in the largest cities, the independent actor-manager or producer may find it hard to make ends meet, as I have frequently done in the past.

The repertoire theatre is forging ahead. The Irish Players and Miss Horniman's company have been the pioneers in this particular field. Already several of the more important English provincial cities have their own repertoire companies, as is the case in this country. This movement will in time lead to the municipal theatre, and the municipal theatre will develop the national theatre. Then, and then only, will the theatre be in full possession of all its powers, and will take its rightful place among the other arts.

I for one shall never be content until the New Theatre is duplicated in London, on perhaps a little less elaborate, but no less ambitious, scale. The idea and ideals of that institution were good, solid, and worthy. That it did not succeed as it should have done was partly due, no doubt, to its being somewhat premature. Its influence is still there, though the building was before its time and perhaps too large to accommodate the smaller plays, which are inevitable in repertoire.

The English actor-manager in the past had to bear the financial responsibility of producing most of the plays in London, and the burden of this risk is more than he should be asked to bear. Almost all of our English-producing actor-managers have died comparatively poor men or been on the verge of bankruptcy in old age. Other arts are well patronized by the wealthy, or have been subsidized and assisted often. Music, painting, and literature have had generous patrons in all periods of English history, but the drama has had to shift for itself and depend chiefly upon actor-managers for financing.

The advanced idea in the theatre is making such wonderful strides in the direction of spiritual expression that there seems to be going on a complete change in the old rules of the stage. Individuality is fast beginning to find encouragement from the public. We still have melodramas and conventional stage-plays that hold their own in popular interest, but the so-called advanced theatre is developing unusual dramatic qualities, which are evident all over the world. The change is in the substitution of character and the spiritual nature of life in place of the merely human action of dramatic incident. Its expression differs in various countries, and is significantly temperamental both in its cause and effect.

In my opinion, we are all growing to think more about the ethical values of daily life, and take more stock of our inner selves. There is much hypocrisy about so-called educational drama, for it would be difficult for a play of any pretensions not to be educational or instructive in one way or another, even if it is often not worth while. It is not by education that we get advanced ideas, generally

speaking. The ideas are there in the first place, though education may enable us to develop them. It is a pity that the advanced theatre is often confused with the abnormal, the morbid, and the sensational.

The development of the advanced-theatre idea is bringing about a new and distinctive relation between the actor and his art. In this lies the chance of freedom and individuality for the artist. Ultimately, it will result in the improvement of the personnel of the theatre, for it will limit the stage more to men and women who have understanding and deep feeling for its possibilities and idealism.

A play should be able to stand on its own merits without scenery, which should be only an accessory. An actor should also be equal to this test of his art. There is a tendency to overload the stage with "atmosphere." Sometimes a too obvious appeal is made by virtually turning a stage picture into a photograph. The scenery should be adequate, but it should not monopolize the attention, and should always remain as a background only, taking its place in subordinate and proper proportion to the actor. Productions of late years have been so extravagant and lavish that the public have got to look for too much in this direction, and have been spoilt. An over-dressed play is as bad as an over-dressed woman, and that is saying a good deal. The curtain goes up on a scene, say, of a drawing-room, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is so distracting in form and color, so overloaded with a thousand and one incidents, that when a character enters the scene, he or she almost disappears, in the jumble and confusion. The people who go in for Noah's ark effects, by the way, are doing some good in this direction by making their background in some cases simple; but I would implore them to abstain from wearing their knees out before the shrine of the ugly and grotesque when there is all the beauty of the world for the choosing.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY ALICE FELICITA COREY

I MET you yesterday, and for an hour
Faith, hope, and joy seemed sure;
So sure they seemed, their memory holds power
For every heartache's cure.

Just now we came again the selfsame way,
To find the joy all fled,
And the good promise of the earlier day
Irrevocably dead.

Two strangers, alien-eyed, we strive in vain
With words we cannot say;
For leagues and centuries have rent in twain
Yesterday and to-day.

In the collection of C. W. Kraushaar. Color Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

REMBRANDT

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY EMILE ANTOINE BOURDELLE

FORBES-ROBERTSON

AN APPRECIATION

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Author of "The Quest of the Golden Girl," "Orestes," etc.

THE voluntary abdication of power in its zenith has always fascinated and "intrigued" the imagination of mankind. We are so accustomed to kings and other gifted persons holding on to their scepters with a desperate tenacity, even through those waning years when younger men, beholding their present feebleness, wonder whether their previous might was not a fancy of their fathers, whether, in fact, they were ever really kings or gifted persons at all. In so many cases we have to rely on a legend of past accomplishment to preserve our reverence. Therefore, when a Sulla or a Charles V or a Mary Anderson leave their thrones at the moment when their sway over us is most assured and brilliant, we wonder—wonder at a phenomenon rare in humanity, and suggestive of romantic reserves of power which seal not only our allegiance to them, but that of posterity. The mystery which resides in all greatness, in all charm, is not violated by the cynical explanations of decay. They remain fortunate as those whom the gods loved, wearing the aureoles of immortal promise.

Few artists have been wise in this respect; poets, for example, very seldom. Thus we find the works of most of them encumbered with the debris of their senility. Coventry Patmore was a rare example of a poet who laid down his pen deliberately, not merely as an artist in words, but as an artist in life, having, as he said in the memorable preface to the collected edition of his poems, completed that work which in his youth he had set before him. His readers, therefore, are not saddened by any pathetic gleanings from a once-rich harvest-field, or the carefully picked-up shakings of November boughs.

Forbes-Robertson is one of those artists who has chosen to bid farewell to his art while he is still indisputably its master. One or two other distinguished actors before him have thus chosen, and a greater number have bade us those professional "farewells" that remind one of that dream of De Quincey in which he heard reverberated "Everlasting farewells! and again and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!" In Forbes-Robertson's case, however, apart from our courteous taking the word of his management, we know that the news is sadly true. There is a curious personal honor and sincerity breathing through all his impersonations that make us feel, so to say, that not only would we take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds, but that between him and his art is such an austere compact that he would be incapable of humiliating it by any mere advertising devices; and beyond that, those who have seen him play this time in New York must have been aware that in the very texture of all his performances was woven like a sigh the word "farewell." His very art, as I shall have later to emphasize, is an art of farewell; but, apart from that general quality, it seemed to me, though, indeed, it may have been mere sympathetic fancy, that in these last New York performances, as in the performances last spring in London, I heard a personal valedictory note. Forbes-Robertson seemed to be saying good-by at once to his audience and to his art.

In doing this, along with the inevitable sadness that must accompany such a step, one cannot but think there will be a certain private whimsical satisfaction for him in being able to go about the world in after years with his great gift still his, hidden away, but still his to use at any moment, and to know not only that he has been, but still is, as it were, in secret, the supreme *Hamlet* of his time. Something like that, one may imagine, must be the private fun of abdication. Forbes-Rob-

ertson, as he himself has told us, lays down one art only to take up another to which he has long been devoted, and of his early affiliation to which the figure of Dante in Rossetti's "Love Kissing Beatrice" bears illustrious and significant witness. As one recalls that he was the model for that figure, one realizes that even then he was the young lord *Hamlet,* born to be *par excellence* the actor of sorrow and renunciation.

It is not my province to write here of Forbes-Robertson from the point of view of the reminiscent playgoer or of the technical critic of acting. Others, obviously, are far better qualified to undertake those offices for his fame. I would merely offer him the tribute of one to whom for many years his acting has been something more than acting, as usually understood, something to class with great poetry, and all the spiritual exaltation which "great poetry" implies. From first to last, however associated with that whimsical comedy of which, too, he is appropriately a master, he has struck for me that note of almost heartbreaking spiritual intensity which, under all its superficial materialism and cynicism, is the keynote of the modern world.

When I say "first," I am thinking of the first time I saw him, on the first night of "The Profligate" by Pinero, in its day one of the plays that blazed the trail for that social, or, rather, I should say, sociological, drama since become even more deadly in earnest, though perhaps less deadly in skill. Incidentally, I remember that Miss Olga Nethersole, then quite unknown, made a striking impression of evil, though playing only a small part. It was Forbes-Robertson, however, for me, and I think for all the playgoing London of the time, that gave the play its chief value by making us startlingly aware, through the poignancy of his personality, of what one might call the voice of the modern conscience. To associate that thrillingly beautiful and profound voice of his with anything that sounds so prosaic as a "modern conscience" may seem unkind, but actually our modern conscience is anything but prosaic, and combines within it something at once poetic and prophetic of which that something ghostly in Forbes-Robertson's acting is peculiarly expressive. That quality of other-worldliness which at once scared and fascinated the lodgers in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is present in all Forbes-Robertson's acting. It was that which strangely stirred us, that first night of "The Profligate." We meet it again with the blind *Dick Heldar* in "The Light that Failed," and of course we meet it supremely in "Hamlet." In fact, it is that quality which, chief among others, makes Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet* the classical *Hamlet* of his time.

Forbes-Robertson has of course played innumerable parts. Years before "The Profligate," he had won distinction as the colleague of Irving and Mary Anderson. He may be said to have played everything under the sun. His merely theatric experience has thus enriched and equipped his temperament with a superb technic. It would probably be impossible for him to play any part badly, and of the various successes he has made, to which his present repertoire bears insufficient witness, others, as I have said, can point out the excellences. My concern here is with his art in its fullest and finest expression, in its essence; and therefore it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon any other of his impersonations than that of *Hamlet.* When a man can play *Hamlet* so supremely, it may be taken for granted, I presume, that he can play "Mice and Men," or even that masterpiece of all masterpieces, "Cæsar and Cleopatra." I trust that it is no disrespect to the distinguished authors of these two plays to say that such plays in a great actor's repertoire represent less his versatility than his responsibilities, that pot-boiling necessity which hampers every art, and that of the actor, perhaps, most of all.

To my thinking, the chief interest of all Forbes-Robertson's other parts is that they have "fed" his *Hamlet;* and, indeed, many of his best parts may be said to be studies for various sides of *Hamlet,* his fine *Romeo,* for example, which, unfortunately, he no longer plays. In *Hamlet* all his qualities converge, and in him the tradition of the stage that all an ambitious actor's experience is only to fit him to play *Hamlet* is for once justified. But of course the chief reason of that success is that nature meant Forbes-Robertson to play *Hamlet.* Temperament, personality, experience, and training have so worked

together that he does not merely play, but *is, Hamlet.* Such, at all events, is the complete illusion he is able to produce.

Of course one has heard from them of old time that an actor's personality must have nothing to do with the part he is playing; that he only is an actor who can most successfully play the exact opposite of himself. That is the academic theory of "character-acting," and of course the half-truth of it is obvious. It represents the weariness induced in audiences by handsome persons who merely, in the stage phrase, "bring their bodies on"; yet it would go hard with some of our most delightful comedians were it the whole truth about acting. As a matter of fact, of course, a great actor includes a multiplicity of selves, so that he may play many parts, yet always be playing himself. Beyond himself no artist, whatever his art, has ever gone.

What reduplication of personality is necessary for the man who plays *Hamlet* need hardly be said, what wide range of humanity and variety of accomplishment; for, as Anatole France has finely said of *Hamlet,* "He is a man, he is man, he is the whole of man."

Time was when *Hamlet* was little more than an opportunity for some robustious periwig-pated fellow, or it gave the semi-learned actor the chance to conceal his imaginative incapacity by a display of "new readings." For example, instead of saying:

> The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold,

you diverted attention from your acting by an appeal to the literary antiquarianism of your audience, and, out of one or other of the quartos, read the line:

> The air bites shrewdly; *is* it very cold?

with the implication that there was a whole world of suggestion in the difference.

One has known actors, far from unillustrious, who staked their whole performance on some such learned triviality or some trifling novelty of business, when, for example, in *Hamlet's* scene with his mother, the prince comes to:

> Look here upon this picture, and on this.

An actor who deserves better than he has yet received in the tradition of the acted *Hamlet*—I mean Wilson Barrett—used to make much of taking a miniature of his father from his bosom to point the contrast.

But all such things in the end are of no account. New readings, new business, avail less and less. Nor does painstaking archæology of scenery or dresses any longer throw dust in our eyes. We are for the play, the living soul of the play. Give us that, and your properties may be no more elaborate than those of a *guignol* in the Champs-Elysées.

Forbes-Robertson's acting is so imaginative, creating the scene about him as he plays, that one almost resents any stage-settings for him at all, however learnedly accurate and beautifully painted.

His soul seems to do so much for us that we almost wish it could be left to do it all, and he act for us as they acted in Elizabeth's day, with only a curtain for scenery, and a placard at the side of the stage saying, "This is Elsinore."

One could hardly say more for one's sense of the reality of Forbes-Robertson's acting, as, naturally, one is not unaware that distressing experiments have been made to reproduce the Elizabethan theater by actors who, on the other hand, were sadly in need of all that scenery, archæology, or orchestra could do for them.

With a world overcrowded with treatises on the theme, from, and before, Gervinus, with the commentary of *Wilhelm Meister* in our minds, not to speak of the starlit text ever there for our reading, there is surely no need to traverse the character of *Hamlet.* He has meant so much to our fathers,—though he can never have meant so much to them as he does to us of to-day,—that he is, so to say, in our blood. He is strangely near to our hearts by sheer inheritance. And perhaps the most beautiful thing Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet* does for us is that it commands our love for a great gentleman doing his gentlest and bravest and noblest with a sad smile and a gay humor in not merely a complicated, wicked, absurd, and tiresome, but, also, a ghostly world.

When we think of *Hamlet,* we think of him as two who knew him very well thought of him,—*Ophelia* and *Horatio,*—and as one who saw him only as he sat at

last on his throne, dead, with the crown of Denmark on his knees.

Ophelia's,

Courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state;

the "sweet prince" of *Horatio's* "good-night"—the soldier for whose passage *Fortinbras* commanded

The soldier's music and the rites of war.

We think of him, too, as the haunted son of a dear father murdered, a philosophic spectator of the grotesque brutality of life, suddenly by a ghostly summons called on to take part in it; a prince, a philosopher, a lover, a soldier, a sad humorist.

Were one asked what aspects of *Hamlet* does Forbes-Robertson specially embody, I should say, in the first place, his princeliness, his ghostliness, then his cynical and occasionally madcap humor, as where, at the end of the play-scene, he capers behind the throne in a terrible boyish glee. No actor that I have seen expresses so well that scholarly irony of the Renaissance permeating the whole play. His scene with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* and the recorders is masterly: the silken sternness of it, the fine hauteur, the half-appeal as of lost ideals still pleading with the vulgarity of life, the fierce humor of its disillusion, and behind, as always, the heartbreak—that side of it which comes of the recognition of what it is to be a gentleman in such a world.

In this scene, too, as in others, Forbes-Robertson makes it clear that that final tribute of *Fortinbras* was fairly won.

The soldier—if necessary, the fighter—is there as supple and strong as a Damascus blade. One is always aware of the "something dangerous," for all his princely manners and scholarly ways. One is never left in doubt as to how this *Hamlet* will play the man. It is all too easy for him to draw his sword and make an end of the whole fantastic business. Because this philosophic swordsman holds the sword, let no one think that he knows not how to wield it. All this gentleness—have a care!—is that of an unusually masculine restraint.

In the scene with *Ophelia,* Forbes-Robertson's tenderness was almost terrible. It came from such a height of pity upon that little uncomprehending flower!

"I never gave you ought," as Forbes-Robertson said it, seemed to mean: "I gave you all—all that you could not understand." "Yet are not you and I in the toils of that destiny there that moves the arras. *Is* it your father?"

Along with Forbes-Robertson's spiritual interpretation of Shakspere goes preeminently, and doubtless as a contributive part of it, his imaginative revitalization of the great old lines—lines worn like a highway with the passage of the generations. As a friend of mine graphically phrased it, "How he revives for us the splendor of the text!"

The splendor of the text! It is a good phrase, and how splendid the text is we of course all know—know so well that we take it for granted, and so fall into forgetfulness of its significance; forgetting what central fires of soul and intellect must have gone to the creation of such a world of transcendent words.

Yet how living the lines still are, though the generations have almost quoted the life out of them, no man who has spoken them on the stage in our day, except Forbes-Robertson, has had the gift to show.

It is more than elocution, masterly elocution as it is, more than the superbly modulated voice: the power comes of spiritual spring swelling up beneath the voice—springs fed from those infinite sources which "lie beyond the reaches of our souls."

Merely to take the phrase I have just quoted, how few actors—or readers of Shakspere, or members of any Shaksperian audience, for that matter—have any personal conception of what it means! They may make a fine crescendo with it, but that is all. They have never stood, shrinking and appalled, yet drawn with a divine temptation, upon the brink of that vastness along the margin of which, it is evident, that *Hamlet* often wandered. It is in vain they tell their audiences and *Horatio:*

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

We are quite sure that they know nothing of what they are saying; and that, as a matter of fact, there are few things for them in heaven or earth except the theater they are playing in, their actors' club, and, generally, their genial mundane lives; and of course one rather congratulates them on the simplicity of their lives, congratulates them on their ignorance of such haunted regions of the mind. Yet, all the same, that simplicity seems to disqualify them from playing *Hamlet*.

Few Shaksperian actors seem to remember what they are playing—Shakspere. One would think that to be held a worthy interpreter of so great a dramatist, so mysterious a mind, and so golden a poet, were enough distinction. Oscar Wilde, in a fine sonnet, addressed Henry Irving as

> Thou trumpet set for Shakspere's lips to blow,

and we may be sure that Irving appreciated the honor thus paid him, he who so wonderfully interpreted so many of Shakspere's moods, so well understood the irony of his intellect, even the depth of his humanity, yet in *Hamlet*, at all events, so strangely missed his soul.

Most of us have seen many *Hamlets* die. We have watched them squirming through those scientific contortions of dissolution, to copy which they had very evidently walked the hospitals in a businesslike quest of death-agonies, as certain histrionic connoisseurs of madness in France lovingly haunt the Saltpétrière. As I look back, I wonder how we tolerated their wriggling absurdity. I suppose it was that the hand of tradition was still upon us, as upon them. And, let us not forget, the words were there, the immortal words, and an atmosphere of tragic death and immortality that only such words could create:

> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in the harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To hear my story . . .
> The rest is silence. . . .

How different it is when Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet* dies! All my life I seem to have been asking my friends, those I loved best, those who valued the dearest, the kindest, the greatest, and the strongest in our strange human life, to come with me and see Forbes-Robertson die in *Hamlet*. I asked them because, as that strange young dead king sat upon his throne, there was something, whatever it meant—death, life, immortality, what you will—of a surpassing loneliness, something transfiguring the poor passing moment of trivial, brutal murder into a beauty to which it was quite natural that that stern Northern warrior, with his winged helmet, should bend the knee. I would not exchange anything I have ever read or seen for Forbes-Robertson as he sits there so still and starlit upon the throne of Denmark.

Forbes-Robertson is not merely a great Shaksperian actor; he is a great spiritual actor. The one doubtless implies the other, though the implication has not always appeared to be obvious.

He is prophetic of what the stage will some day be, and what we can see it here and there preparing to become. In all the welter of the dramatic conditions of the moment there emerges one fact, that of the growing importance of the stage as a vehicle for what one may term general culture. The stage, with its half-sister, the cinema, is strangely, by how long and circuitous a route, returning of course, with an immeasurably developed equipment, to its starting-point, ending curiously where it began as the handmaid of the church. As with the old moralities or miracle-plays, it is becoming once more our teacher. The lessons of truth and beauty, as those of plain gaiety and delight, are relying more and more upon the actor for their expression, and less on the accredited doctors of divinity or literature. Even the dancers are doing much for our souls. Our duties as citizens are being taught us by well-advertised plays, and if we wish to abolish Tammany or change our police commissioner, we enforce our desire by the object-lesson of a play. The great new plays may not yet be here, but the public once more is going to the theater, as it went long ago in Athens, to be delighted and amused, of course, but also to be instructed in national and civic affairs, and, most important of all, to be purified by pity and terror.

"MOTHER"

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

"THE Raggedy Man 's so good and kind
He 'll be our horsy, and haw and mind
Ever'thing 'at you make him do—
And won't run off—'less you want him to.
I drived him wunst 'way down our lane,
And he got skeered when it 'menced to rain
And ist rared up and squealed and run
Purt nigh away!—and it 's all in fun;
'Nen he skeered ag'in at an old tin can,
Whoa, y' old runaway Raggedy Man,
Raggedy, Raggedy, Raggedy Man—"

SAUNDERS was doing it quite well. The little boy, with judicial poise, had listened doubtfully to three stanzas, and at the fourth, pleased with the equine reference, and enjoying by cumulative process the happy alliteration, his eyes snapped, and he puffed out his cheeks mightily.

"Ho! ho! y' funny ol' Rikety, Rikety, Rikety Man!" he cried. And the father, gazing down over his glasses, knew that the day of former things had passed. Nevertheless, he applied the test. In singsong he drawled:

"Vixen and I were playmates,
Vixen was black and tan;
For he was only a little dog,
While I am a great big—"

Bunk would have none of it.

"Stop! Stop it!" he cried. "Tell me some more Rikety Man."

Instead, the father took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes with his fingers. Then he reached out and abstractedly tousled the glorious mane of curly gold hair which framed his son's face.

"Bunk," he said at length, "you 're no baby any more, are you?"

"Why ain't I?" asked the boy.

"Because you 're not, you little monkey; you 'll soon be showing your old daddy—" Saunders paused, dropped his head sidewise, staring vacantly over the tops of his glasses. Bunk of late had learned that in this mood there was to be no more reading by his exceedingly wonderful father, and as in all things which come instinctively to little chaps verging on four years, he accepted it philosophically. He seized the book, placed it on the couch, and pored over the likeness of the dear Raggedy Man and of the little boy and girl who sat with faces raptly upturned to his.

"No, you 're not a baby any more."

It was merely the expression of a segment of thought, nothing more than a vague muttering. Bunk was growing older. He was; that was a fact. But even so it was only last night that he had expressed the confident conviction that his father could protect him from a whole jungle full of tigers and caves full of witches—ineffable trust, with nothing to harm him, while he slept with his crib so near to daddy that, in the night, when he woke frightened by a dream, he could feel the dear, big hand pulling the coverlet, and hear that voice of peace:

"All right, Bunky; go to sleep."

Saunders knew how it was,—ah, he knew,—yet he had never before occupied such a place in the estimation of any one. It was always "daddy" now, the great, big, supereminent daddy; had been of late. Before that it had been "modder."

Mother! There was a rattle of dishes outside, and the door leading into the kitchen opened. Starting guiltily, Saunders leaned forward and gazed over his son's shoulder at the book; and it was thus that his wife beheld them. A dishtowel was thrown over her shoulder, and she wore a gingham apron. Her hands, red and heavily veined, contrasted sharply with the smooth, white, beautiful fore arms. There were lines in her face, but they were suggestive of that sweetness which comes from disappointments crushed down, heartaches smilingly endured, conditions met, and life readjusted to the limitations of a reduced scale, to perspectives less glowing. There was still the girlish curl in her hair, and the eyes were just as soft and bright and brave as when they

first looked on John Saunders, but worlds deeper. She smiled wearily as she gazed at the two.

"Just kids, both of you," she said.

Saunders turned with an appealing look. Then he rose and advanced to her, placing his hands on her shoulders. He was shorter than she, and stoop-shouldered, and his hair was just a bit gray and thin.

"You are tired, Nancy." He touched her beautiful hair, and in a flash the vision of a joyous girl passed through his mind like some beautiful spirit through heavy sunshine. "Nancy," he murmured. "Drudging at dishes! I—"

Her hand was over his mouth, and the boy, who had been wonderingly watching the tableau, seeing the movement, and eager for the evening mauling of his father, rushed forward with a gurgle of delight, and seized the tail of his coat.

"Let 's," said the mother. Thereat the two pushed the man to the couch and rumpled his hair and tickled him and prodded him until he lay back gasping. Then came the ride about the room and to bed, with real neighing, and of course the bear with wondrously realistic *woofs* through the crib bars, while Bunk, in giggling terror, crouched in the far corner. Then a monkey, certainly simian facial contortions, paw-like movements, and such squealing! The story, too, always by inflexible demand about "daddy"—how he saved Red Riding Hood from the wolf, broke giants over his knee, made engines go,—Bunk was interested in engines,—how he did, oh, everything, until—

"Daddy."

"Yes, Bunk."

"Why am I little so long?"

"Why, we all have to be little a long while—so—so that we can be big a long while."

A silence.

"Daddy."

"Yes, Kid."

"When I 'm big like you, can I draw engines and be animals as good as you?"

"Gooder, Bunk, much gooder. Good night, Bunk."

"Good night, Daddy." He held up his arms for another kiss, and when he slept, the father stole to the crib and gazed at the little face, so sweet, so elfish, so peaceful, and protruding from the coverlet, a little hand so busy all the day, but now so still and so helpless—stood and gazed until a nameless emotion thrilled him and choked him, and sent him out of the room.

The noise of the dishes had ceased as Saunders tiptoed into the sitting-room. The wife looked up from her sewing and smiled fondly.

"I wonder if every little boy has a father like you," she said, "and every wife a husband like mine."

"It 's a poor woman who has n't." There was pathos in his eyes and a bitter cadence in his voice that caused her to start. Then quickly she rose and came to his side, lifting his head so that she could look into his eyes.

"Every woman has n't love, John." She spoke reproachfully.

"I wanted you to have everything. I promised it. I—I—thought—"

She interrupted him a trifle sharply.

"I have you—and I have Bunk,"—she paused as though to weigh her words,—"I have more than I deserve."

He rose and glanced half fearfully at her, and then, as was his manner, he reverently caressed her hair, bowing as though in worship. And she kissed him, and tempted him out of his gloom with laughing words, so that at last it was with energy and inspiration that make epochs in the mental trend of mankind, in conjunction with genius, that Saunders went to his desk and transcribed through the smoke of his pipe another chapter in the life of "Bunk and His Dad," which ultimately, bound between beautifully tooled covers, was to herald to all who love children—which is all the world—a classic of child life. It had begun a few months before, and had progressed slowly, because Saunders was a slow worker and a slow thinker, and because there was so much to tell that it was difficult to decide what to leave out.

Had he left out what should have been left out? Had he put in what he should have put in? He glanced over the preceding chapters, and out of them, just as in writing them, he caught the pure, sweet essence of Bunk's baby-boy life, the pathos, the pleasures, and all the trust, and all the love. Yes, it thrilled him, and laying down his pen, he relighted his pipe and gazed out of the window, over the housetops, black, amorphous against the sky.

It was his favorite view. To the westward was the pale, lurid blur above the night heart of the city. When the book had gone well, it was a bright, alluring effulgence; but more often, when he destroyed a pile of turgid manuscript and withdrew his mind from the unequal combat, the glow was merely a cold, noxious reek, ready to enshroud ambition and hope.

His wife laid down a book and came to him, following his gaze into the night.

"Is n't it a beautiful night, Deary?" she asked in her full, low tones.

"Yes, beautiful, Nancy."

So they looked, two souls on the outer battlements of life, with all the feasting and song and light and laughter and trappings of fortune and the glitter of circumstance in the inner citadels, afar, but near on a night like this. But always they had love—love which creates, or involves pride, ambition, yearning, devotion, and is prone to mock them all, and a little boy sleeping sweetly in the adjoining room.

Fifteen years before, Saunders was graduated from his university at the head of his class. A cynical, underpaid professor had intimated that this was a misfortune which through effort he might live down. But Saunders had not lived it down. He had placed his money in a publishing house, which had promptly failed. Whereupon Saunders and his wife of a year had moved from Madison Avenue to East Sixtieth Street, altering their scheme of existence, their plans, pleasures, and ambitions in ratio to the change of location and the increased exigencies of life.

Then he had drifted to an evening newspaper, where his classical mind, a trifle heavy, for a while appealed to the editors as a novelty. When the novelty wore off, they dispensed with his services, and the Saunders went without their full quota of meals until a classmate who had become vice-president of a large insurance company gave him a position as clerk in the actuary's department. Here he sat subtracting and dividing and multiplying all day upon a machine that turned with a crank. They gave him twenty-five dollars a week for this; next to the departmental head and his assistants he was the best-paid clerk in the office. But he was far from being the best clerk. Saunders was a constant source of enjoyment to his fellow-workers. His odd, absent-minded ways, his trick of looking over his glasses, lent themselves readily to mimicry, and the stories of his clerical ineptitude were always sure of a laugh. "Old Saunders," they called him.

In course of time Bunk came, and grew out of helpless babyhood into a full-chested little boy, and there began a new world of experience that Saunders never knew existed. For Bunk believed in his father, implicitly, absolutely. There was no one like him; no one would ever be like him, world without end. From the first this had frightened Saunders—so frightened him that at length, in sheer desperation, were born ambition and energy, misdirected, painful, until, gushing from fountains long dry, came the conviction that, compared with all the greatest things of life, he himself was a child, and that there was as much for him to learn, to think, to achieve, as there was for his boy.

There was less time, it was true, but, still, time enough. And so he began "Bunk and His Dad." Now the book was drawing to a close.

"There will be only two more chapters, Nancy," he said, turning from the window—"two. If it succeeds—"

"It will succeed. It must."

"And if it does, it will be only the written record that I am not a failure—evidence for you alone that I am what I should be. That—"

"For me, John, it is not necessary. I—"

"For you, Nancy." And then in each other's arms they cherished the sweet lie.

"And if it does n't succeed— We have to consider that."

They held each other closer, but in fear; Saunders saw not his wife. It was Bunk's eyes he saw, lighted with the silent contempt of disillusionment.

Saunders returned to his story, and long into the night, when all was quiet, he wrote and thought and wrote. Then laying down his pen, he picked up the manuscript, and began to read from the beginning. As the story progressed, his eyes burned feverishly; it had the sound of success. It went. It struck chords. He could hear them. Others would hear them. Every man, every woman who loved a child would hear them. He read on, and then suddenly, out of the full symphony, he detected a dissonance, a soft, flabby something, tuneless, jarring.

"Ah!" Saunders drew his breath slowly, and rubbed his hand through his hair. A nub was wanted here, a jounce, a snap, an incident of strength to push the reader along the last lap. Evidently he had gone too fast. He thought and thought, walking the floor, until, with the first light of dawn filtering in the windows, he sneaked to bed, the red flush of failure speckling the whites of his eyes.

It was Bunk's piping voice that awoke him, and a little hand pulling his nose, always an effective way of waking somnolent daddies.

"Daddy, say, what day is this?"

"Day? What day? Why, let 's see. Why, it 's Sunday!"

"Ye-ah," squealed Bunk, who knew it all the time. He clambered into the bed, gurgling with glee manufactured to arouse a man who should have known that the Sabbath was Bunk's day of days, wherein he had the accomplished, the superhuman daddy to himself all through the day.

But to-day the incident lacking in his novel weighed upon Saunders, and all the morning he sat before his desk, drawing an occasional engine in a perfunctory, listless way, and then relapsing to his manuscript, until Bunk, in injured despair, betook himself to a corner with a broken engine and a basket of blocks. Then it was the mother who came to the rescue, snatching Saunders's papers from under his pen, and ordering him out into the sunlight.

"Go on to the animals," she commanded, "while I get dinner. Seek your inspiration in the sunlight and air with Bunk. It will never come here."

So Saunders smiled wearily and obeyed. They went to Central Park, where Bunk doubled his fists at the tigers because he had heard much evil concerning them, admonishing them to be better in a boastful tone. Then of course there was old "Daddy Elephant."

Bunk loved him because he had a stuffed elephant at home that was dignified and bulky as compared with his Teddy bear and cotton monkey.

And the bears! Bunk fairly dragged his father up the steep hill to the cages in the rocks, with the caves and the ledges. They stood in front of the grizzly's cage, and the bear came close to the bars, and viewed the two inquiringly. Bunk nodded gravely.

What a big, lovable fellow that Teddy bear was! Bunk began to ask questions concerning him, but the father's preoccupied answers told him that the strange mind was far from earth. He turned to the bear, whose nose was protruding between the bars.

"Hello, ol' Ted," said Bunk in soothing tones. "Hey, what 'd you say? No, course I won't hurt you. Don't be afraid. No, I won't let daddy hurt you either."

Bunk looked at his father. Saunders was gazing into the tree-tops, as oblivious to his surroundings as though he were miles from earth in the blind air.

Slowly Bunk slipped under the outer guard-rail and approached the cage. A policeman in the park below saw the move and shouted. Then as Bunk proceeded, and Saunders continued oblivious, the officer started up the hill on a dead run.

Bunk was now at the cage.

"Nice ol' Teddy," he purred. "I got a 'ittle bear home dust like you." The great beast never moved, never took his eyes from the child's face. Bunk returned the gaze with calm, fearless, trustful eyes.

"No, I won't hurt you, ol' Ted." He put out his soft, chubby little hand and thrust it through the bars, laying it gently on the bear's nose below the eyes.

The policeman advanced on tiptoe, and then stood like a statue. A subconscious sense of danger quivered through Saunders; he looked quickly down at his side, and then as his eyes traveled to the cage, his jaw dropped, his knees sagged. Thus he stood, sick, dead-white, immobile.

The grizzly felt the atmosphere, and his hair rose. His little black eyes rolled to Bunk's; but the child was still smiling. A low growl, like rumbling thunder, rolled from the cage.

If Bunk had become frightened, his arm would have been torn off at the shoulder quick; but fear was far from him. His feelings were injured, though his brave baby eyes glowed.

"Ol' bear mad at me. Well, never mind." He patted the short, furry snout, and then ever so gently, while the hearts of the two men stood still, he withdrew his hand. In an instant the policeman had dived to the rail and seized the child by the coat, dragging him backward, while the bear reared, and with his great paws beat the bars until they rattled.

With a face like chalk, the big man in

blue caught Bunk into his arms and turned to the father.

"Ye ould fool, ye—ye—" Words failed him. He struggled to retain the profanity which never fails upon such occasions, and succeeded ungracefully. "Keep yer boy at home until ye know how to use yer head. I got wan like him meself."

Saunders's face was gray. He reeled, and then throwing his arms about his son, he sobbed. All at once his eyes brightened. He straightened stiffly, and hastily placing Bunk on the ground stared at the policeman with a strange, absent smile. Then almost automatically, his hand drew a pencil out of a pocket. He dashed a note on his cuff, and with a great throaty laugh crashed his palms together.

"Wheee!" he cried. "I have it—the very thing the book needed! The—very thing!"

"BUNK AND HIS DAD" reached the popular heart from the outset, and, paradoxically, it gratified the critical element as well. The modest volume, they said, struck the true note of childhood, with all the pathos of the joyous assurance of faith and confidence and innocence and purity and roguishness and love which make every home on this earth where little children are a separate heaven wherein, whatever the circumstance, the gall of life is less bitter, the sunlight more golden, and hope never quite dead.

All the nation went with "Bunk and His Dad" to Bronx Park for wild flowers on May-day; a world of readers attended the child as he talked up the chimney to Santa Claus on Christmas eve, and turned pages ahead to see if the bear incident ended happily. There were four reprints, a fifth impression, an edition de luxe, with marginal illustrations by a well-known illustrator.

The Saunders moved to a pretty little cottage in the Bronx, all covered with roses and honeysuckle, their own, and in addition there were many dollars safely invested in good securities through the kindness of a classmate, a Wall Street banker. Saunders wrote signed articles about children for Sunday editions of yellow or pale-chrome newspapers and for the "home" periodicals.

He left his stool in the insurance office, whereupon they gave him a farewell dinner which the president of the company attended. He was principal speaker at the fifteenth annual dinner of his class, the first he had ever attended.

From this function he returned when the stars were whitening. His wife was waiting for him, eager for all he had to tell, and he told all. There was much to say, for at last the class had a real lion, and they had made the most of him.

"Ah, Nancy," he said when he had finished, "it is good to be successful."

She looked at him with kindling eyes, and then, placing her hands upon his shoulders, laid bare what was in her heart.

"Yes, John," she said, "it *is* good. Success is always sweet. But do you know, somehow, I wish—no, not that, but sometimes I—you seem so far away, so much further away than when we were in the little flat. You speak of meeting, of dining with, Carson and Devereaux and all the men we hear of, but they never come here. I never meet them. Ah, John, don't protest! It is all right. I would not have it otherwise for worlds. I know it is only that there is an important side of you now that is not mine, not all mine, or Bunk's, but the public's—Devereaux's, every one's but mine. Then there will be another book, and—and—"

With a cry Saunders drew her to him.

"Yes, there will be more books; but it will be all for you and Bunk."

She lifted her head proudly.

"Yes, there will be more."

"I feel it," rejoined Saunders. "It is in me. I gave not half in the first."

"But even if you gave all, we 've done so well with the one. There are the royalties and the magazines." There was an ill-concealed thrill in her voice.

"Yes," he said, "but there will be more."

As for Bunk, his admiration of his father was not increased by the book. This in truth would have been impossible. The volume, had not other qualities predominated in his father, must necessarily, indeed, have lessened his regard, since he far preferred "Mother Goose" and "Snow White" and Grimm's fairy-tales and a host of other magnificent stories to the transcriptions from his own life which his father occasionally read to him.

"But some day you will know," suggested Saunders, wistfully.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'BUNK,' HE SAID AT LENGTH, 'YOU 'RE NO BABY ANY MORE'"

"Sure," asserted Bunk, "when I get a great big man."

But would he? Saunders wondered and feared. He was n't big, and he knew it now, neither physically nor mentally big. In the midst of all the illusion concerning his book he knew it had been worthy not because of him, not because of his mind, but because the little story had involved solely an unimaginative transcription of his love, which fortunately had needed no coloring or adornment other than the richness of quality of the bare facts. There came to him one night, out of the limbo of vague dread, the time in his own boyhood experience when it had dawned upon him crushingly that his own father was only one of a million, one of that vast army of mediocrity who marched in the world's ranks evenly abreast. Somehow his father had never been the same after that, and soon, in a year or two, his book would be gathering dust on obscure shelves, a musty factor even in his own life.

He had said there would be more books; but would there be? There were times when he answered this doubt with a swelling affirmative, times when he dared make no answer. Yet always it was the wife, with her brave, deep eyes and her sad smile, who said, "You will!" Said it, believing implicitly, because in those whom she loved it was in her to believe. And as she spoke, Saunders, taking courage from her, but looking beyond her, said, "I will!" And so he came and went, and lived his little measure of fame.

BUNK's fifth birthday came. Early in the morning Saunders went to him, bearing the edition de luxe of his book.

"Bunk,"—and his mouth twitched a bit as he gazed down at his son over the bow spectacles,—"Bunk, here is the book that made me known all over the country. I have written in here that it is for your birthday present, and I have signed it. Mother will put it away for you, and sometime, long years off, when I 'm not with you any more, perhaps, and you have

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"THE POLICEMAN ADVANCED ON TIPTOE, AND THEN STOOD LIKE A STATUE"

a little boy of your own, you 'll be glad— Why, Bunk, are n't you listening!"

"Of course he 's listening," said the mother, who entered at the moment with a basket of gifts. "Of course he is, and he 's proud of his father. But he wants his new railroad blocks, too, and the friction-engine, and the hook-and-ladder. Of course you are proud, are n't you, Bunk?"

"Sure," said the boy, and with a squeal of delight he dived for the toys. Saunders, standing dazedly in the middle of the floor with the book in his hand, was impressed into service as a demonstrator of the volitionary qualities of an engine which did not have to be pushed, and when the mother reëntered the room a bit later, she found the two seated on the floor, gloating over an immense block station. The edition de luxe served as a corner-stone.

There was a walk in the afternoon, in this case a ride across the river and down-

town to a great museum, where there were works of a great sculptor which Saunders desired to see. As an inducement for Bunk to bear with him through this monotonous proceeding, they were later to walk down to the animals.

The immense room, with its pale plaster copies of the great man's achievements, with here and there an original marble or bronze, was filled with a reverent throng. There was an heroic group, a soldier on horseback, with flying cape and eagle-like poise of head, a woman, in flowing garments and outstretched hands, striding before. A soldier! Bunk was greatly interested. He had begun to play soldiers.

"Say, Daddy, who is that?"

"That is General Sherman, Bunk, one of our bravest soldiers. He fought the rebels—you remember them in pictures."

"Did he kill a whole lot of 'em?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"Was he a very big man? Is that why they have his picture here?"

"Yes, Bunky; that 's why. They only have the pictures of men who have been terribly big."

"But ain't they got a picture of you? I should think they 'd have you, Daddy."

Saunders frowned.

"Well, Bunk, you see, I was n't a soldier." He led the way hastily to another group; but Bunk wanted another look at the sword, and so they returned. He knew a great deal about Sherman before he permitted his father to take him elsewhere.

They stood before another figure, a great, loose-jointed, benign, powerful man.

"That man was n't a soldier," said Bunk, frowning.

"He was once," returned the father. "He fought Indians. And then he was President, just like a king, you know. He was Abraham Lincoln, bigger than Sherman, bigger than every one."

For a long time Bunk gazed, and then suddenly he turned to his father.

"Daddy, will you ever be a soldier or a President?"

"No, no, my son; certainly not."

"Why won't you be like those men? 'Cause you can't? Say, why can't you?"

Something caught in Saunders's throat, and a flash of the old fear which had been with him since Bunk first walked shot across his mind; but he attempted no lie.

"Bunk," he said, "we can't all be Presidents or big soldiers. Some men must be big, and others—well—not so big."

"And who says the men that shall be big and who shall be little?"

The father was silent a moment.

"Bunk, that 's what we all want to know. Sometime when you are older and have grown to be one of the big, biggest of men, maybe you will find out."

"Well," replied Bunk, doubtfully, "I 'm going to be the biggest soldier—no, the biggest fireman—in the world."

"Oh," laughed Saunders, "when you are, you must tell me why some men have to ride on old hook and ladders while others can ride on bright fire-engines."

But Bunk did not fall into the lighter mood of his father.

The animals were viewed in a perfunctory way; even the elephant failed to interest him. His chubby little face seemed tense as with the weight of a problem, and so it was as they rode homeward.

As the car neared their house, Bunk turned to his father with big, serious eyes.

"Daddy, did Lincoln have a mother?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, what did his mother do?"

The father started and gazed at the little fellow, and he smiled.

"Bunk, she did the biggest thing in the world—she was Lincoln's mother."

"Was she bigger than my mother?"

"No, Bunk, all mothers are the same—all good mothers. Nothing in the world is bigger or better than mother, your mother, my mother, or Lincoln's mother—all the same." Tears gathered in Saunders's eyes as he continued: "Never forget what I tell you, Bunky. You will see all sorts of women in your life, and there are many sorts, but know when you kiss your mother that you have kissed the greatest woman in the world."

At supper Saunders was strangely quiet, and Bunk, too, failed of his meal-time chatter. After he had said his prayers and clambered into bed, and Saunders had begun on the evening story, the boy shivered, and buried his head in his mother's breast.

"No, no,"—and there was a little catch in his voice,—"I want mother to tell me to-night. You to-morrow night, Daddy."

The wife turned to her husband with great fear in her eyes, but Saunders smiled.

"Yes, you, Nancy," he said; "the decrees of the young are truth."

Owned by Mr. Frank G. Logan

PORTRAIT OF A MAN, BY REMBRANDT

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF MASTERPIECES IN AMERICAN GALLERIES)

THE TWO "MONA LISAS"

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD

To the fascinating romance that has gathered about Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre this paper adds another touch—the question as to its right to be called an older picture than the "Mona Lisa" of the Prado. Making no pretensions to expertness in art criticism, the author bases his contention on a careful study of the historical aspects of the case. His theory will be widely discussed.—THE EDITOR.

THE amazing adventure through which the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre has just passed, or, rather, is just passing, for the tale is not yet told, was not necessary, perhaps, to make this painting the most celebrated, from other than artistic reasons, in the world. Already its fame was wide-spread. Every statement concerning it has had for many years the eager attention of the world's newspapers. For many years that so-called "inscrutable smile" has been the subject of unending speculation and dissension, and the fable of the painting's "malign influence" has these many years become an actuality by sheer reason of reiterated suggestion upon the minds of the superstitious and impressionable.

Of recent years there has arisen a discussion as to the authenticity of this celebrated Louvre painting as compared with that of the other "Mona Lisa," which hangs in the Real Museo del Prado of Madrid. This story, so far, has not reached the general public, though discussion is furious among specialists; and experts are divided, after the fashion of experts, into two opposing and strenuously vociferous camps. It is a most interesting story, full of complication and romance.

The matter of the Prado portrait concerns both history and connoisseurship, and while the former may not be difficult to establish, the mere exposition of the latter is confronted by specious traditions and tastes. It is not so easy for those who claim priority for the "Mona Lisa" of the Prado to disperse the glamour of artistic appreciation and appraisal that has long clothed the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre, and caused it to be acclaimed as the most marvelous and valuable portrait in the whole world.

Still, this glamour is altogether a modern vesture. Each of the early royal possessors of the pictures was thoroughly convinced that his was the masterpiece, and each conviction continued to have its supporters until, in a period of political activity and artistic indifference in the early part of the last century, a gratuitous note in a Spanish art catalogue proclaimed the Prado portrait to be a "copy" of the one in the Louvre. Since then the former has been gradually, but constantly, stripped of fame, which just as gradually and constantly has been diverted toward the latter. Poetry and prose have eulogized the Louvre lady's slowly fading smile, and have attempted to read its mysterious message, or have extolled the beauty of her dissolving hands.

Michelet, Gautier, George Sand, and Walter Pater, to mention the first names that come to mind, have all had a share in augmenting and perpetuating the legend. To deny or even to question its latest evolution would be to confess a gross ignorance of the purpose of art and the mission of sentimentality.

A final touch is given by the current Paris Baedeker:

> During his second stay at Florence (1503) Leonardo painted his "Gioconda" ("Mona Lisa"), the most famous female portrait in the world, rendered still more famous by its mysterious disappearance from the Louvre in August, 1911.

THE HISTORY OF THE RIVAL PICTURES

IT is of romantic, if not of academic, interest that the first royal owners of the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre and the "Mona Lisa" of the Prado—Francis I of

France and Charles I of Spain, better known as the Roman Emperor Charles V —should not only have been rivals for the

THÉOPHILE HOMOLLE

Director of French National Museums in 1911, and victim of the theft of the "Mona Lisa."

imperial crown of the Holy Roman Empire, but also rival art collectors, who found in Italy their most alluring and fruitful field of activity and conquest. On this field, Francis, who was six years older than Charles, was first to arrive. The wars these monarchs waged on the Peninsula for the possession of the imperial crown need not particularly interest us, for they had nothing to do with the acquirement of the pictures. Let me, therefore, first trace the career of each picture from the time of its departure, and then, if possible, discover when and in what circumstances it was painted.

Leonardo da Vinci, who had painted many pictures in Florence and Milan, and whose fame toward the end of the first decade of the sixteenth century had spread throughout all northern Italy, spent from 1514 until nearly 1516 in Rome under the protection of Pope Leo X. But his Holiness was not an easy patron; he found much fault with the painter's work, and did not sufficiently reprove those who found more. So Leonardo sought the presence of Francis I, then at Vicenza. Francis, who for some time had been trying in vain to attach Michelangelo to his court, welcomed with delight the appearance of the older and then more famous painter. Leonardo, who was sixty-four years of age, eagerly accepted the French king's invitation to follow him to France and take up his residence at Fontainebleau. There he passed the remaining three years of his life, painting few pictures, it is true, but displaying remarkable genius and enthusiasm in devising entertainments for the court.

It is on record that Leonardo took many of his smaller pictures with him when he went to Fontainebleau. Some he gave to the king, some the king purchased, and some were later claimed by his heirs in Italy. Among the last is the "Madonna and Infant Christ with St. Anne," which was returned to Italy, purchased there by Richelieu in 1629, and is now in the Salle Carré of the Louvre, where it was recently discovered to be nearly ruined by the fungus growth that had collected on its surface on account of the "protecting" glass. Among the pictures purchased by Francis was the "Mona Lisa," which was placed in the Cabinet Doré at Fontainebleau. There its presence was recorded by both Père Dan, the king's chaplain, who said that the king had paid 4000 gold florins, or about $9000 for it, and by Cardinal Louis of Aragon, who described the background as a "mountaineous landscape," and added that he had heard it reported that the portrait had been painted for Giuliano de' Medici.

The panel was taken from Fontainebleau to Versailles by Louis XIV in 1642, and did not make its appearance in the Louvre Palace until after the Revolution —to be exact, when Napoleon enlarged the palace so as to make room for the artistic booty of his raids on the art centers abroad.

Meanwhile, what of the other "Mona Lisa," the one in the Prado? This picture was secured by Charles V from Leonardo's Italian heirs, taken to Madrid, and hung in the royal palace, where, with other works of art brought hither by the emperor-king, it was acclaimed or ignored according to the ever-fluctuating taste and culture of successive Spanish sovereigns.

THE TWO "MONA LISAS"

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD

To the fascinating romance that has gathered about Leonardo da Vinci's portrait of "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre this paper adds another touch—the question as to its right to be called an older picture than the "Mona Lisa" of the Prado. Making no pretensions to expertness in art criticism, the author bases his contention on a careful study of the historical aspects of the case. His theory will be widely discussed.—THE EDITOR.

THE amazing adventure through which the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre has just passed, or, rather, is just passing, for the tale is not yet told, was not necessary, perhaps, to make this painting the most celebrated, from other than artistic reasons, in the world. Already its fame was wide-spread. Every statement concerning it has had for many years the eager attention of the world's newspapers. For many years that so-called "inscrutable smile" has been the subject of unending speculation and dissension, and the fable of the painting's "malign influence" has these many years become an actuality by sheer reason of reiterated suggestion upon the minds of the superstitious and impressionable.

Of recent years there has arisen a discussion as to the authenticity of this celebrated Louvre painting as compared with that of the other "Mona Lisa," which hangs in the Real Museo del Prado of Madrid. This story, so far, has not reached the general public, though discussion is furious among specialists; and experts are divided, after the fashion of experts, into two opposing and strenuously vociferous camps. It is a most interesting story, full of complication and romance.

The matter of the Prado portrait concerns both history and connoisseurship, and while the former may not be difficult to establish, the mere exposition of the latter is confronted by specious traditions and tastes. It is not so easy for those who claim priority for the "Mona Lisa" of the Prado to disperse the glamour of artistic appreciation and appraisal that has long clothed the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre, and caused it to be acclaimed as the most marvelous and valuable portrait in the whole world.

Still, this glamour is altogether a modern vesture. Each of the early royal possessors of the pictures was thoroughly convinced that his was the masterpiece, and each conviction continued to have its supporters until, in a period of political activity and artistic indifference in the early part of the last century, a gratuitous note in a Spanish art catalogue proclaimed the Prado portrait to be a "copy" of the one in the Louvre. Since then the former has been gradually, but constantly, stripped of fame, which just as gradually and constantly has been diverted toward the latter. Poetry and prose have eulogized the Louvre lady's slowly fading smile, and have attempted to read its mysterious message, or have extolled the beauty of her dissolving hands.

Michelet, Gautier, George Sand, and Walter Pater, to mention the first names that come to mind, have all had a share in augmenting and perpetuating the legend. To deny or even to question its latest evolution would be to confess a gross ignorance of the purpose of art and the mission of sentimentality.

A final touch is given by the current Paris Baedeker:

> During his second stay at Florence (1503) Leonardo painted his "Gioconda" ("Mona Lisa"), the most famous female portrait in the world, rendered still more famous by its mysterious disappearance from the Louvre in August, 1911.

THE HISTORY OF THE RIVAL PICTURES

IT is of romantic, if not of academic, interest that the first royal owners of the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre and the "Mona Lisa" of the Prado—Francis I of

forth to deprive this copy of the usurped honors that had been bestowed upon it. Pp. 243 and 685.) One-third length portrait, natural size. Kept in the Royal Municipal Palace of Madrid previous to the fire of 1743, from which it was rescued. Size: height, 0.76 meters; width, 0.57 meters (29.92 by 22.44 inches).

"The weighty reasons — *las ponderosas rezones*—" do not, however, materialize, for merely Vasari is quoted in support of the Louvre picture, and only as he had been quoted by Palomino in support of that in the Prado.

DESIGN FOR THE "MONA LISA," MADE ABOUT 1499, AND ATTRIBUTED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI

(Dimensions of canvas 25.50 by 20.50 inches)

(IN THE COLLECTION OF GIUSEPPE VALLARDI, FLORENCE)

THE TESTIMONY OF VASARI

BUT which picture did Vasari really mean? Giorgio Vasari was born in 1511, eight years before the death of Leonardo da Vinci. Unfortunately for his art, he painted for the most part in weak imitation of the great ones who had just preceded him; but, fortunate for the history of art, he left a written record of those great ones, compiled from many sources, but chiefly from visual and oral evidence.

Here is what we find in the first quarto edition of his work, "Delle Vite de'più eccelenti pittori, scultori, ed architettori," printed by the Giunti of Florence in 1550, dedicated to Cosimo de' Medici, and commonly called to-day "Vasari's Lives of the Artists":

For Francesco del Giocondo, Leonardo undertook to paint the portrait of Mona Lisa, his wife, but after loitering over it for four years he finally left it unfinished.

Whoever shall desire to see how far art can imitate nature may do so to perfection in this head wherein every peculiarity that could be depicted by the utmost subtlety of the pencil (fine brush) has been faithfully reproduced. The eyes h the lustr brightness moisture wh is seen in l and arou them are th pale, red, slightly livid cles, also pr er to natu with the lash. which can o be copied, they are, w the great difficulty; eyebrows also represe ed with t closest exac tude, whe fuller a where m thinly set, w the separ hairs deline ted as they sue from t skin, every tu being follow and all t pores exhibited in a manner that could r be more natural than it is.

The nose with its beautiful and delicat roseate nostrils might easily be thought be alive; the mouth, admirable in its outli has the lips uniting the rose-tints of th color with that of the face, in the utm perfection, and the carnation of the che does not appear to be painted, but truly flesh and blood.

He who looks fixedly at the centre of t throat cannot but believe that he sees t beating of the pulses, and it may truly

said that this work is painted in a manner well designed to make the boldest master tremble, and astonish all who behold it, however well accustomed to the marvels of art.

Mona Lisa was, indeed, exceedingly beautiful, and while Leonardo was painting her portrait he took the precaution of keeping some one constantly near her to sing or play on instruments, or to jest and otherwise amuse her, to the end that she might continue cheerful and so that her face might not exhibit the melancholy expression often imparted by painters to the likenesses they make.

In this portrait of Leonardo, on the contrary, there is so pleasing an expression and a smile so sweet that while gazing at it one thinks it rather divine than human, and it ever been esteemed a wonderful work, e life itself could exhibit no other ap- ance.

ertain later French editions of Vasari's k have, after the first paragraph, this ence interpolated: "This picture is in the possession of the King Francis rance and is at Fontainebleau." Seventh-century editors were notorious interjecting phrases of their own re modern editors would have added -notes. In the edition of Vasari's k of 1878, however, there is a foot-, adding that, according to the French siastic, Le Père Dan, Francis I pured the picture from Leonardo for gold florins.

ut which "Mona Lisa" did Vasari in mind or eye when he penned the going famous passage? Palomino, his ish colleague in the useful avocation ffusing artistic knowledge, as we have , took it for granted that he wrote it the Prado portrait. But did Palo- depend entirely upon a comparison ie two pictures with Vasari's original ? Probably not, although to-day a parison of photographs leaves little t in one's mind.

asari was five years of age when Fran- departed from Italy with Leonardo the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre. The rait never after left France, and Va- never visited that country. One can ...ly conceive the future art historian at the age of five possessed of a precocious connoisseurship which would have enabled him to write the precise, critical, and intimate words he did thirty-odd years later. It is quite likely that Palomino knew all this, or was acquainted with equally convincing proofs that Vasari did not describe this particular portrait.

It was different with the "Mona Lisa" of the Prado. That picture, which Charles V obtained from the heirs of the painter, could not have left Italy until after 1529, the year of Charles's first visit, and probably not until 1540–43, when he removed most of his Italian art treasures to Madrid, and at which period Vasari began his "Lives of the Artists."

We have seen that the authorities give 1500 and 1503 respectively as the dates of the painting of the Prado and the Louvre panels, although the date of the second is usually designated as 1503–06 in order to account for a phrase in Vasari, which has merely the significance of tradition: "But after loitering over it for four years, he finally left it unfinished." Traditional, too, are the biographer's story of the means the artist took to amuse the sitter, and the later fictitious scandal of Leonardo's love-affair with the lady.

After an absence of sixteen years at Milan, where he painted his famous "Last Supper," Leonardo returned to Florence in 1499. He remained there until May, 1502, when he traveled over a great part of central Italy as the engineer of Cesare Borgia, Duke of Valentinois. He returned to Florence in March, 1503, when he began his famous, but fruitless, competition with Michelangelo for the decoration of the council-hall of the Palazzo Vecchio. So much we know from Leonardo's own writings, in which, however, there is not a word about Mona Lisa in either pigment or the flesh.

Nevertheless, the archives of Florence furnish us with data for filling in these dates. The friendship between Leonardo da Vinci and Mona Lisa's husband, Francesco del Giocondo, is established beyond all dispute. In the Uffizi Gallery of Florence there is a pencil drawing of the husband by the artist.

In 1495, Francesco married Lisa Gherardini, then sixteen years of age, and of ancient, but not noble, lineage. After her marriage, possibly owing to her personal beauty and popularity in society, she was spoken and written about as "La Gio-

blue caught Bunk into his arms and turned to the father.

"Ye ould fool, ye—ye—" Words failed him. He struggled to retain the profanity which never fails upon such occasions, and succeeded ungracefully. "Keep yer boy at home until ye know how to use yer head. I got wan like him meself."

Saunders's face was gray. He reeled, and then throwing his arms about his son, he sobbed. All at once his eyes brightened. He straightened stiffly, and hastily placing Bunk on the ground stared at the policeman with a strange, absent smile. Then almost automatically, his hand drew a pencil out of a pocket. He dashed a note on his cuff, and with a great throaty laugh crashed his palms together.

"Wheee!" he cried. "I have it—the very thing the book needed! The—very thing!"

"BUNK AND HIS DAD" reached the popular heart from the outset, and, paradoxically, it gratified the critical element as well. The modest volume, they said, struck the true note of childhood, with all the pathos of the joyous assurance of faith and confidence and innocence and purity and roguishness and love which make every home on this earth where little children are a separate heaven wherein, whatever the circumstance, the gall of life is less bitter, the sunlight more golden, and hope never quite dead.

All the nation went with "Bunk and His Dad" to Bronx Park for wild flowers on May-day; a world of readers attended the child as he talked up the chimney to Santa Claus on Christmas eve, and turned pages ahead to see if the bear incident ended happily. There were four reprints, a fifth impression, an edition de luxe, with marginal illustrations by a well-known illustrator.

The Saunders moved to a pretty little cottage in the Bronx, all covered with roses and honeysuckle, their own, and in addition there were many dollars safely invested in good securities through the kindness of a classmate, a Wall Street banker. Saunders wrote signed articles about children for Sunday editions of yellow or pale-chrome newspapers and for the "home" periodicals.

He left his stool in the insurance office, whereupon they gave him a farewell dinner which the president of the company attended. He was principal speaker at the fifteenth annual dinner of his class, the first he had ever attended.

From this function he returned when the stars were whitening. His wife was waiting for him, eager for all he had to tell, and he told all. There was much to say, for at last the class had a real lion, and they had made the most of him.

"Ah, Nancy," he said when he had finished, "it is good to be successful."

She looked at him with kindling eyes, and then, placing her hands upon his shoulders, laid bare what was in her heart.

"Yes, John," she said, "it *is* good. Success is always sweet. But do you know, somehow, I wish—no, not that, but sometimes I—you seem so far away, so much further away than when we were in the little flat. You speak of meeting, of dining with, Carson and Devereaux and all the men we hear of, but they never come here. I never meet them. Ah, John, don't protest! It is all right. I would not have it otherwise for worlds. I know it is only that there is an important side of you now that is not mine, not all mine, or Bunk's, but the public's—Devereaux's, every one's but mine. Then there will be another book, and—and—"

With a cry Saunders drew her to him.

"Yes, there will be more books; but it will be all for you and Bunk."

She lifted her head proudly.

"Yes, there will be more."

"I feel it," rejoined Saunders. "It is in me. I gave not half in the first."

"But even if you gave all, we 've done so well with the one. There are the royalties and the magazines." There was an ill-concealed thrill in her voice.

"Yes," he said, "but there will be more."

As for Bunk, his admiration of his father was not increased by the book. This in truth would have been impossible. The volume, had not other qualities predominated in his father, must necessarily, indeed, have lessened his regard, since he far preferred "Mother Goose" and "Snow White" and Grimm's fairy-tales and a host of other magnificent stories to the transcriptions from his own life which his father occasionally read to him.

"But some day you will know," suggested Saunders, wistfully.

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS

BY CAROLINE DUER

"THERE 's absolutely no use in talking about it," said Teresa.

We had talked of nothing else for half an hour and would, I knew, talk of nothing else for the remainder of the time we were likely to be together, so I said nothing, and Teresa continued:

"My aunt is as much opposed to it now as she was a year ago."

"We 've got more time to waste," said I, with a shrug of amiable philosophy, "than she has opposition."

"Well, we have not exactly wasted it." Teresa appeared to sweep the whole past twelve months with one reflective glance. "We 've managed to be together a good deal. And I do think she likes you a *little* better—for yourself, I mean."

"But I want her to like me for *you.*"

"She still says it 's not at all a suitable match," began Teresa.

"Rubbish!" said I, interrupting her, for I was tired of this statement, which I had heard many times before. "First and foremost, I consider that I am fully as good-looking for a man as you are for a woman."

"That 's very conceited of you," giggled Teresa, who is acknowledged by everybody to be exceedingly pretty.

"Fully as fine a specimen in every way," I went on firmly. "Fully as well born and bred; five years older than you, and twenty-five years wiser. What more does she want? What more could any guardian want?"

"Only to be certain that you 'll ever have the means to support my niece in the way my niece has been accustomed to being supported," remarked Teresa, with her nose in the air and a very creditable rendering of her aunt's manner.

We both laughed. I should not have stopped at that if we had been anywhere but driving along the open road in Teresa's pony-cart.

"I 'm doing uncommonly well in my profession," I suggested.

"You 'll have to do better before you can equal my fortune," said Teresa, still imitating her aunt.

Teresa's fortune is the most tiresome thing about her. It kept me from falling in love with her for several weeks, and from telling her so, after I had done it, for several weeks more. It gives her a feeling that it is not wrong to be extravagant about herself, and it gives her relatives the idea that it is right to be extravagant about her. Altogether, while I rather prefer that a woman should have some money in her own right, I have wished a hundred times that Teresa's was still buried in the mines from which it came.

"Hang your old fortune!" I exclaimed. "If it were not for that, I 'd run away with you to-morrow."

"Oh, do!" cried Teresa, stopping the pony short with the jerk she gave his mouth. "I was so hoping I could work you up to that!"

I gasped. Whatever natural feelings of impatience induce a lover to rage against barriers, and rave over the delicious thought of snatching his lady arrogantly from behind them, he is not always prepared to leap in a minute from his im-

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"THE POLICEMAN ADVANCED ON TIPTOE, AND THEN STOOD LIKE A STATUE"

a little boy of your own, you 'll be glad—Why, Bunk, are n't you listening!"

"Of course he 's listening," said the mother, who entered at the moment with a basket of gifts. "Of course he is, and he 's proud of his father. But he wants his new railroad blocks, too, and the friction-engine, and the hook-and-ladder. Of course you are proud, are n't you, Bunk?"

"Sure," said the boy, and with a squeal of delight he dived for the toys. Saunders, standing dazedly in the middle of the floor with the book in his hand, was impressed into service as a demonstrator of the volitionary qualities of an engine which did not have to be pushed, and when the mother reëntered the room a bit later, she found the two seated on the floor, gloating over an immense block station. The edition de luxe served as a corner-stone.

There was a walk in the afternoon, in this case a ride across the river and down-

town to a great museum, where there were works of a great sculptor which Saunders desired to see. As an inducement for Bunk to bear with him through this monotonous proceeding, they were later to walk down to the animals.

The immense room, with its pale plaster copies of the great man's achievements, with here and there an original marble or bronze, was filled with a reverent throng. There was an heroic group, a soldier on horseback, with flying cape and eagle-like poise of head, a woman, in flowing garments and outstretched hands, striding before. A soldier! Bunk was greatly interested. He had begun to play soldiers.

"Say, Daddy, who is that?"

"That is General Sherman, Bunk, one of our bravest soldiers. He fought the rebels—you remember them in pictures."

"Did he kill a whole lot of 'em?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so."

"Was he a very big man? Is that why they have his picture here?"

"Yes, Bunky; that 's why. They only have the pictures of men who have been terribly big."

"But ain't they got a picture of you? I should think they 'd have you, Daddy."

Saunders frowned.

"Well, Bunk, you see, I was n't a soldier." He led the way hastily to another group; but Bunk wanted another look at the sword, and so they returned. He knew a great deal about Sherman before he permitted his father to take him elsewhere.

They stood before another figure, a great, loose-jointed, benign, powerful man.

"That man was n't a soldier," said Bunk, frowning.

"He was once," returned the father. "He fought Indians. And then he was President, just like a king, you know. He was Abraham Lincoln, bigger than Sherman, bigger than every one."

For a long time Bunk gazed, and then suddenly he turned to his father.

"Daddy, will you ever be a soldier or a President?"

"No, no, my son; certainly not."

"Why won't you be like those men? 'Cause you can't? Say, why can't you?"

Something caught in Saunders's throat, and a flash of the old fear which had been with him since Bunk first walked shot across his mind; but he attempted no lie.

"Bunk," he said, "we can't all be Presidents or big soldiers. Some men must be big, and others—well—not so big."

"And who says the men that shall be big and who shall be little?"

The father was silent a moment.

"Bunk, that 's what we all want to know. Sometime when you are older and have grown to be one of the big, biggest of men, maybe you will find out."

"Well," replied Bunk, doubtfully, "I 'm going to be the biggest soldier—no, the biggest fireman—in the world."

"Oh," laughed Saunders, "when you are, you must tell me why some men have to ride on old hook and ladders while others can ride on bright fire-engines."

But Bunk did not fall into the lighter mood of his father.

The animals were viewed in a perfunctory way; even the elephant failed to interest him. His chubby little face seemed tense as with the weight of a problem, and so it was as they rode homeward.

As the car neared their house, Bunk turned to his father with big, serious eyes.

"Daddy, did Lincoln have a mother?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, what did his mother do?"

The father started and gazed at the little fellow, and he smiled.

"Bunk, she did the biggest thing in the world—she was Lincoln's mother."

"Was she bigger than my mother?"

"No, Bunk, all mothers are the same—all good mothers. Nothing in the world is bigger or better than mother, your mother, my mother, or Lincoln's mother—all the same." Tears gathered in Saunders's eyes as he continued: "Never forget what I tell you, Bunky. You will see all sorts of women in your life, and there are many sorts, but know when you kiss your mother that you have kissed the greatest woman in the world."

At supper Saunders was strangely quiet, and Bunk, too, failed of his meal-time chatter. After he had said his prayers and clambered into bed, and Saunders had begun on the evening story, the boy shivered, and buried his head in his mother's breast.

"No, no,"—and there was a little catch in his voice,—"I want mother to tell me to-night. You to-morrow night, Daddy."

The wife turned to her husband with great fear in her eyes, but Saunders smiled.

"Yes, you, Nancy," he said; "the decrees of the young are truth."

countered my sister at the foot of the stairs. She put her hand through my arm, and though I made that member discouragingly limp, she only leaned against me affectionately, and shouldered me into the library. The room was empty. She shut the door and faced me.

"Now, then," she demanded, "what 's the matter?"

"Nothing," said I, with as stolid and unpromising an expression as I could produce.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, Martin. You don't come home earlier than usual and tramp up and down the piazza for an hour for nothing."

"I wanted exercise," said I.

"Not a bit of it," said she. "You can't deceive me. I 've helped you through scrapes too often. You 're troubled about something. Is it business or Teresa?"

"Well, it 's Teresa," I admitted, breaking into a half-smile as I met her kind, quizzical eyes fixed upon me with an affection which, despite her marriage, has never altered since I began by being ten years her junior; and which promises to continue till I catch up to her and pass her, as I surely shall, for it 's inconceivable that she will ever grow a day older than she is at present.

"Oh, you 've quarreled, have you, you and Teresa?" said my sister, and there followed a word which she hastily smothered. It sounded like "again." It might have been "when." I answered it as if it had been "when."

"Just this afternoon," said I. "But I believe I 'm making a mountain out of a mole-hill," I added, for somehow her happy, handsome presence, and her air of having met and not been depressed by such situations before, gave me a sudden sense of security. "It will be all right. I 'll write a note, I think, and send it over before dinner."

"Do," she said. "The motor can take it. It 's just come back with my scamps." Giving me a push toward the writing-table, she went out into the hall to welcome her husband and children, who had returned from some holiday expedition.

I dashed into my letter. The first sentences were easy. I called myself every known name under the sun, and the gods to witness how unhappy I was at having displeased the dearest heart in the world; but then I could n't help going over the ground of our dispute, and giving my reasons twice as strongly as I had before for a resolute campaign instead of a hasty flight. In the middle of this my sister came back.

"Not done yet?" said she.

"There 's a good deal to say, you see," I answered, without looking up.

"Well, don't say it. After a quarrel, no man's letter had better be more than: 'I 'm a donkey, and you 're a darling. When can I see you?' "

"But you don't know what all this was about," said I, leaning back in my chair with a confused and exasperated feeling of being misunderstood by everybody. "Teresa wanted me to run away with her to-night."

Here I paused. Then, thinking I 'd as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and hoping some good might come of our taking counsel together, I poured out the whole story to my sister.

"Well," she said, when I came to Teresa's final statement and stand.

"Well, I won't do things that way, and I told her so very decidedly."

"Oh, Martin, you *are* an idiot!"

I stared at her in astonishment.

"You don't think I was right? You take Teresa's point of view? You would *like* me to elope with her?"

"No, certainly not; but I should like to think, as Teresa would like to think, that you—had it in you to do it."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned I, making a gesture of distraction.

"Look here, Martin, it is n't a question of this particular action at all. I don't want you to run off with Teresa. Neither does she, really."

"Oh, does n't she?" I interpolated sarcastically.

"But she does want to feel that you put your love for her above any conventionality, especially in a crisis, even a small crisis like this."

"Well, a man 's got to consider such things, if a woman won't," said I, sulkily.

"He 's generally considering it more from *his* point of view than *hers,* when he does," returned my sister. "And the woman will turn round and do that for him, nine times out of ten, if he leaves the decision to her. She only wants to know she can count upon him, and then not

count. Teresa would have found a thousand good reasons against herself if you 'd been willing—"

"But I was n't willing."

"Then you should have been."

"And let her expose herself to comment, and me to censure, and all of us to gossip among our friends, and notoriety in the papers? Infuriate her aunt and horrify my mother?"

"She would n't have gone a step with you," said my sister, stopping short the flow of my rhetoric.

"What?" cried I.

"Not a step," repeated my sister, firmly.

"Yes, she would," declared I, becoming suddenly angry. "I 'll bet you what you like she would. She meant business."

My sister shook her head in an exasperating way.

"Try it and see. It 's your only way of making up with her, anyhow."

I looked down at my letter, with all its convincing arguments and endearing common sense.

"What have you said?" inquired my sister, following my eyes.

I handed her the letter.

"I should think that might make your quarrel permanent," said she when she had finished it.

I took the paper out of her hand and tore it up. Then I took another sheet, and looked up at her for further orders. If she was bent upon managing this affair, I was now obstinately determined to go to any lengths, for which she would be responsible. This I indicated without a word.

She began to dictate rapidly.

"I cannot fight against myself another minute. We 'll go to-night. If you are not at the gate by ten, I will come up to the rose-garden. If you are not there, I shall storm the house. I hold by what you said this afternoon, and nothing shall keep us apart."

"I think you 're coming it rather strong," said I. "How in thunder can I storm the house?"

"She 'll meet you in the garden," said my sister. "I gave her that middle course on purpose. Now you 'd better hurry. We 'll all be late for dinner." She went away, laughing, to dress.

I despatched my note, and followed her.

We *were* all late for dinner, and in consequence my mother treated us with a certain aloofness. By the time the meal was over, her solemn rubber of bridge played, and I was ready to start out on my adventurous course, I felt excited, half exultant and half apprehensive, but altogether resolute. I would see the thing through, whatever the outcome; on my sister's head be it, if trouble followed after.

It was just ten o'clock when I left the motor on the road a little below Teresa's gate, with orders to wait, and turned hastily into the driveway that led to the house. Of course Teresa was not at the gate. I knew she would not be. I walked on under the trees, whistling softly to myself and wondering what her feelings had been when she received my note. Anger when she tore it open; surprise when she began to read it; mischief and triumph when she had finished. It would be great fun to run away with Teresa, if needs be. She was adorable, and I adored her. All the same, such hasty preparations as I had made in my mental and material equipment seemed to me inadequate for successful flight. I stopped whistling, and lighted a cigarette. Since smoking aids reflection and quiets the nerves, why not smoke? It was something of a walk from the gate to the house, and I had to make a slight detour in order to reach the rose-garden behind it from the least conspicuous entrance.

It was a perfect summer night, soft and clear. Faint stars showed in a silvery sky, and faint fire-flies flashed among the bushes. I went up the worn stone steps with a beating heart. There was an arch of pink ramblers in full flower at the top of them, and I paused in the shelter of it to reconnoiter. Nothing! Not a sight of Teresa! Not the flutter of a flounce, not the least light sound of a footfall on the gravel, rewarded the earnest attention of my eyes and ears. I advanced cautiously after a few moments to where I could command a better view of the cross paths. Then I began a thorough, quiet search of the garden from end to end. Quite certainly she was not there. I went up some more steps to the terrace, keeping in the shadow of the trees and hedges, and so coming safely to the near contemplation of the library windows. A maid came and

conda." In 1496 she gave birth to a girl, and some accounts state that it was still-born, others that it expired after a few weeks. In either case, for a time the young mother's life was despaired of, and later she suffered much from melancholia.

THE ENIGMATICAL SMILE

So much is really known. But it is quite enough to account for the portrait's enigmatical smile, so long the despair of critics; for well may it have been to cheer her in her sorrow that her husband induced his friend Leonardo to paint her portrait, while at the sittings that ensued the artist resorted to means to make her smile concerning which Vasari has written.

Aside from the plausible presumption, based on the lady's health, her mourning garb, and the traditional date of the Prado portrait, that the sittings must have begun about 1499–1500, and not in 1503, the recorded date of the Louvre panel, there is evidence of the former date in a rough pencil drawing of "La Gioconda" made by Leonardo, according to an attached record, at "about 1499." This drawing is in the collection of Giuseppe Vallardi of Florence, and is fully described in his "Catalogo di Disegni di Leonardo da Vinci," published in 1855. The description therein is too abstract to be of much use in identifying the drawing as a study for either portrait. Although in appearance it has something of the matronly aspect of the Louvre picture, its proportions are more nearly those of the Prado's. Its size is 25½ by 20½ inches, and is smaller than either.

THUS, apparently, according to recorded facts, emphasized by reasonable conjecture, La Gioconda, a sorrowing mother of about twenty years, sat for her portrait to the master in 1499–1500, when he painted the panel that is still preserved in the Prado of Madrid. Did she again sit in 1503, more matronly in aspect, more placid in smile, or did Leonardo then paint the "Mona Lisa" for Francis I from the Vallardi drawing made four years before? Either is possible.

For years the "Mona Lisa" of the Louvre has been on the point of ... lution, and quite beyond the rest... most cunning art. Her beauties have ... been a delusion, unconsciously inspir... Vasari and fostered by poet victims o... sistent misapplication of his words.

But in the Prado of the Spanish ca... is this reality apparently just as it wa... ated by the brush of the master, all ... marvelous state of preservation—a y... ful, sorrowing mother, still in her inef... grace and beauty, still with that bew... ing, mysterious smile which is no... longer an enigma.

TO ARMS

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WHO can be dull or wrapped in unconcern,
Knowing a world so clamorous and keen—
A world of ardent conflict, honest spleen,
And hot and swift desires that cannot turn?
Vivid and vulgar, with no heart to learn,
See how that drudge, a thing unkempt, unclean,
Laughs with the royal laughter of a queen;
Even in her the eager fires burn.
Who can be listless in these stirring hours,
When, with athletic courage, we engage
To storm, with fierce abandon, sterner powers,
And meet indifference with a joyful rage,
Thrilled with a purpose and the dream that towers
Out of this arrogant and thundering age?

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS

BY CAROLINE DUER

"THERE 's absolutely no use in talking about it," said Teresa.

We had talked of nothing else for half an hour and would, I knew, talk of nothing else for the remainder of the time we were likely to be together, so I said nothing, and Teresa continued:

"My aunt is as much opposed to it now as she was a year ago."

"We 've got more time to waste," said I, with a shrug of amiable philosophy, "than she has opposition."

"Well, we have not exactly wasted it." Teresa appeared to sweep the whole past twelve months with one reflective glance. "We 've managed to be together a good deal. And I do think she likes you a *little* better—for yourself, I mean."

"But I want her to like me for *you.*"

"She still says it 's not at all a suitable match," began Teresa.

"Rubbish!" said I, interrupting her, for I was tired of this statement, which I had heard many times before. "First and foremost, I consider that I am fully as good-looking for a man as you are for a woman."

"That 's very conceited of you," giggled Teresa, who is acknowledged by everybody to be exceedingly pretty.

"Fully as fine a specimen in every way," I went on firmly. "Fully as well born and bred; five years older than you, and twenty-five years wiser. What more does she want? What more could any guardian want?"

"Only to be certain that you 'll ever have the means to support my niece in the way my niece has been accustomed to being supported," remarked Teresa, with her nose in the air and a very creditable rendering of her aunt's manner.

We both laughed. I should not have stopped at that if we had been anywhere but driving along the open road in Teresa's pony-cart.

"I 'm doing uncommonly well in my profession," I suggested.

"You 'll have to do better before you can equal my fortune," said Teresa, still imitating her aunt.

Teresa's fortune is the most tiresome thing about her. It kept me from falling in love with her for several weeks, and from telling her so, after I had done it, for several weeks more. It gives her a feeling that it is not wrong to be extravagant about herself, and it gives her relatives the idea that it is right to be extravagant about her. Altogether, while I rather prefer that a woman should have some money in her own right, I have wished a hundred times that Teresa's was still buried in the mines from which it came.

"Hang your old fortune!" I exclaimed. "If it were not for that, I 'd run away with you to-morrow."

"Oh, do!" cried Teresa, stopping the pony short with the jerk she gave his mouth. "I was so hoping I could work you up to that!"

I gasped. Whatever natural feelings of impatience induce a lover to rage against barriers, and rave over the delicious thought of snatching his lady arrogantly from behind them, he is not always prepared to leap in a minute from his im-

aginings to the practical outcome and end of them. Hotly as my heart might express itself, I knew in my head that I could not elope with Teresa the heiress, no matter how much I longed for Teresa the woman. What would the world say? The idea was rash, inexpedient, mad; delightful, but impossible. She must know it, too. Still, girls *are* rash. It is part of their dangerous charm, enchanting, but flighty. It was well to be on the safe side. She had followed my lead so quickly, I must set about showing her at once that, for a thousand reasons, we really ought *not* to consider this proposition seriously.

"Lord! don't I wish we could!" said I, sighing as a preliminary to the word "but."

"I don't see anything to prevent it," returned Teresa, calmly.

I looked at her sidewise. Unquestionably she meant what she said.

"Darling," I began impulsively, "I 'd like nothing better; but we 're not driven to that yet. You 'll soon be twenty-one—"

"In another long year," put in Teresa.

"And then we can do as we please," I continued. "You don't want it to be said that I hurried you into a runaway match with me because I was afraid you 'd change your mind if I gave you half a chance."

"I can't imagine a more excellent reason for a man's hurrying a woman," declared Teresa, obstinately.

"People would say very disagreeable things of me, all the same," said I.

"What? Because you were so much in love that you could n't wait and wait and wait, letting all these good days go by apart that we might be spending together, till my aunt had exhausted her list of eligible young men, and I was worn to a shadow?" cried Teresa. "I don't believe it."

"You must believe it, my dear," said I, "because it 's true. They 'd belittle the love, and magnify the money I was stealing away with you. If we can be patient till next year—"

"You mean if *I* can," put in Teresa, tartly. "*You* seem to be as patient as Job."

Now, no man likes to be called patient, because, however admirable he may consider himself for exercising that virtue, he knows the woman who accuses him of it holds it in the utmost contempt.

"One of us must show some sense," I declared, extremely irritated, and hoping I concealed it, "no matter how reckless we may feel."

"Reckless!" echoed my lady-love, casting an appraising glance at my somber face. "If you 're reckless now, don't ever let me see you when you 're cautious."

"That is a taunt," said I.

"So it is," agreed Teresa.

We looked straight ahead, and the pony jogged on peacefully.

"Well, what do you want to do? Come, now, really," I began again after a moment, ready to extend a lover's indulgence to any argument.

"*I* don't want to do anything," interrupted Teresa, tossing her head. "I want *you* to want me to do something—for once."

"I 'm always wanting you to do things," I exclaimed, highly indignant at this injustice. "You little monster! you gobble up my good resolutions as fast as I make them. I try not to induce you to dance all the time with me at balls in town, and loiter about secluded lanes with me here. I 'm always accusing myself of making our affairs too conspicuous in one place and too furtive in the other; and yet the moment I see you I 'm as bad as ever. You know I can't keep away from you, even when I see that in fairness to you—yes, and to myself, too—I must not press things. I *must* give you a chance to change your mind and dislike me, and your aunt a chance to change hers and like me, and I myself a chance to stand out and work for you like a nailer."

"I should think you 'd hate being a lawyer, and seeing the consequences of the nicest actions in the gloomiest way all your life," remarked Teresa, suddenly flying off at a tangent, as is her custom.

"I try to see everything in a great, white light," I submitted, laughing.

My companion was silent while you could draw a breath.

"Well, you may have some ability as an adviser," she observed at last, slowly and judicially, "but as an animal you have n't the spirit of a mouse."

"Have n't I?" said I, and I kissed her half a dozen times in quick succession.

It was a pity that the butcher's boy happened at that moment to turn the corner into our road from a cross-road, and come plump upon us. He was a light-minded boy, and his reticence could in no way be counted upon. I saw glee in his twinkling eye as he passed.

Teresa put up a hand to straighten her hat, and looked at me with malicious triumph.

"That settles it," said she. "He 'll tell the cook, and she will tell my aunt's maid, and my aunt will come back at me, and you 'll have to account for your conduct, and there 'll be the deuce to pay all round."

"Confound him!" said I, looking angrily after the butcher's boy. "I 'm dreadfully sorry."

"I 'm delighted," said she. "We 'll be off to-night!"

"No, we won't," said I, firmly.

"Yes, we will," declared Teresa.

"Who has the conducting of this business?" inquired I.

"If there was a man anywhere about, *he* would have," replied Teresa, insultingly. "And he 'd conduct it *like* a man, too."

"That 's what I 'm doing," said I.

Teresa surveyed me from head to foot with the greatest disdain.

"I dare say that 's true," she conceded, after an awful pause.

The sex could be no deeper damned than I had damned it. We drove on in bitter silence. She usually refused to drop me till we were near her own gate, and then reluctantly we parted, and I was left to walk back in the sunset, along the roadside, half a mile or so to my family abode. But to-day she ceremoniously stopped at the turning which led directly to our old lodge.

"I think perhaps you 'd better get out here," she said.

"I don't see any reason for departing from our usual custom," I replied stoutly.

"I should have said, 'Will you please get out here?' " corrected Teresa.

"And the answer to that is, 'No, I please won't,' " returned I.

So a pony and a cart and a young man and a young woman remained for at least five minutes as nearly motionless, against a background of oak-woods, as it is photographically possible to be.

At the end of that time Teresa sighed —a sigh of hopeless impatience.

"Don't be absurd, my dear little girl," I said as pleadingly as I knew how. "It 's all right. Who cares? Your aunt knows I love you. What does it matter if she does hear that I 've kissed you? It 's not the first time."

"It 's going to be the last," murmured Teresa.

"On the highroad, perhaps," said I, doubtfully, looking back to be sure we were unobserved.

"I can't make you understand," said Teresa, leaning away from me and any intentions I might have. "I 'm tired of all this hesitating and hoping, and hole-and-corner business. I 'm ready to marry you, and I want to do it now. We 've got to lead our lives for ourselves, not for other people. I could defy Aunt Justina, —sometimes I 'm miserable enough to do it,—but I hate all the fuss and fight it would make, so I 'd rather take my own way, and let them scold when it 's too late. It 's very vulgar to have the butcher-boy see us making love, but it 's not vulgar to run away for good and all and be married."

"Well, once and for all, I won't take you that way," said I.

"Then, once and for all, you 'd better get out here," said Teresa.

She said it with emphasis and significance.

I got out.

Teresa drove away without looking back.

I was in an exceedingly morose and melancholy state of mind when I reached home, and having allowed a sufficient time to elapse for the anger of a naturally sweet nature to cool, I went to the telephone and called up Teresa's house. I sent the message we had agreed upon in times of stress, and the answer came back that there were "no orders of any kind for John, the locksmith, and no necessity for any one to speak to him." This was serious and very vexatious. I had not imagined such a state of things possible between her and me. I slammed down the receiver and stamped out upon the piazza, where I walked up and down, smoking, and swearing at myself and to myself, till the dressing-bell rang. Then I stamped into the house again, and en-

countered my sister at the foot of the stairs. She put her hand through my arm, and though I made that member discouragingly limp, she only leaned against me affectionately, and shouldered me into the library. The room was empty. She shut the door and faced me.

"Now, then," she demanded, "what 's the matter?"

"Nothing," said I, with as stolid and unpromising an expression as I could produce.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous, Martin. You don't come home earlier than usual and tramp up and down the piazza for an hour for nothing."

"I wanted exercise," said I.

"Not a bit of it," said she. "You can't deceive me. I 've helped you through scrapes too often. You 're troubled about something. Is it business or Teresa?"

"Well, it 's Teresa," I admitted, breaking into a half-smile as I met her kind, quizzical eyes fixed upon me with an affection which, despite her marriage, has never altered since I began by being ten years her junior; and which promises to continue till I catch up to her and pass her, as I surely shall, for it 's inconceivable that she will ever grow a day older than she is at present.

"Oh, you 've quarreled, have you, you and Teresa?" said my sister, and there followed a word which she hastily smothered. It sounded like "again." It might have been "when." I answered it as if it had been "when."

"Just this afternoon," said I. "But I believe I 'm making a mountain out of a mole-hill," I added, for somehow her happy, handsome presence, and her air of having met and not been depressed by such situations before, gave me a sudden sense of security. "It will be all right. I 'll write a note, I think, and send it over before dinner."

"Do," she said. "The motor can take it. It 's just come back with my scamps." Giving me a push toward the writing-table, she went out into the hall to welcome her husband and children, who had returned from some holiday expedition.

I dashed into my letter. The first sentences were easy. I called myself every known name under the sun, and the gods to witness how unhappy I was at having displeased the dearest heart in the world; but then I could n't help going over the ground of our dispute, and giving my reasons twice as strongly as I had before for a resolute campaign instead of a hasty flight. In the middle of this my sister came back.

"Not done yet?" said she.

"There 's a good deal to say, you see," I answered, without looking up.

"Well, don't say it. After a quarrel, no man's letter had better be more than: 'I 'm a donkey, and you 're a darling. When can I see you?' "

"But you don't know what all this was about," said I, leaning back in my chair with a confused and exasperated feeling of being misunderstood by everybody. "Teresa wanted me to run away with her to-night."

Here I paused. Then, thinking I 'd as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and hoping some good might come of our taking counsel together, I poured out the whole story to my sister.

"Well," she said, when I came to Teresa's final statement and stand.

"Well, I won't do things that way, and I told her so very decidedly."

"Oh, Martin, you *are* an idiot!"

I stared at her in astonishment.

"You don't think I was right? You take Teresa's point of view? You would *like* me to elope with her?"

"No, certainly not; but I should like to think, as Teresa would like to think, that you—had it in you to do it."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned I, making a gesture of distraction.

"Look here, Martin, it is n't a question of this particular action at all. I don't want you to run off with Teresa. Neither does she, really."

"Oh, does n't she?" I interpolated sarcastically.

"But she does want to feel that you put your love for her above any conventionality, especially in a crisis, even a small crisis like this."

"Well, a man 's got to consider such things, if a woman won't," said I, sulkily.

"He 's generally considering it more from *his* point of view than *hers,* when he does," returned my sister. "And the woman will turn round and do that for him, nine times out of ten, if he leaves the decision to her. She only wants to know she can count upon him, and then not

count. Teresa would have found a thousand good reasons against herself if you 'd been willing—"

"But I was n't willing."

"Then you should have been."

"And let her expose herself to comment, and me to censure, and all of us to gossip among our friends, and notoriety in the papers? Infuriate her aunt and horrify my mother?"

"She would n't have gone a step with you," said my sister, stopping short the flow of my rhetoric.

"What?" cried I.

"Not a step," repeated my sister, firmly.

"Yes, she would," declared I, becoming suddenly angry. "I 'll bet you what you like she would. She meant business."

My sister shook her head in an exasperating way.

"Try it and see. It 's your only way of making up with her, anyhow."

I looked down at my letter, with all its convincing arguments and endearing common sense.

"What have you said?" inquired my sister, following my eyes.

I handed her the letter.

"I should think that might make your quarrel permanent," said she when she had finished it.

I took the paper out of her hand and tore it up. Then I took another sheet, and looked up at her for further orders. If she was bent upon managing this affair, I was now obstinately determined to go to any lengths, for which she would be responsible. This I indicated without a word.

She began to dictate rapidly.

"I cannot fight against myself another minute. We 'll go to-night. If you are not at the gate by ten, I will come up to the rose-garden. If you are not there, I shall storm the house. I hold by what you said this afternoon, and nothing shall keep us apart."

"I think you 're coming it rather strong," said I. "How in thunder can I storm the house?"

"She 'll meet you in the garden," said my sister. "I gave her that middle course on purpose. Now you 'd better hurry. We 'll all be late for dinner." She went away, laughing, to dress.

I despatched my note, and followed her.

We *were* all late for dinner, and in consequence my mother treated us with a certain aloofness. By the time the meal was over, her solemn rubber of bridge played, and I was ready to start out on my adventurous course, I felt excited, half exultant and half apprehensive, but altogether resolute. I would see the thing through, whatever the outcome; on my sister's head be it, if trouble followed after.

It was just ten o'clock when I left the motor on the road a little below Teresa's gate, with orders to wait, and turned hastily into the driveway that led to the house. Of course Teresa was not at the gate. I knew she would not be. I walked on under the trees, whistling softly to myself and wondering what her feelings had been when she received my note. Anger when she tore it open; surprise when she began to read it; mischief and triumph when she had finished. It would be great fun to run away with Teresa, if needs be. She was adorable, and I adored her. All the same, such hasty preparations as I had made in my mental and material equipment seemed to me inadequate for successful flight. I stopped whistling, and lighted a cigarette. Since smoking aids reflection and quiets the nerves, why not smoke? It was something of a walk from the gate to the house, and I had to make a slight detour in order to reach the rose-garden behind it from the least conspicuous entrance.

It was a perfect summer night, soft and clear. Faint stars showed in a silvery sky, and faint fire-flies flashed among the bushes. I went up the worn stone steps with a beating heart. There was an arch of pink ramblers in full flower at the top of them, and I paused in the shelter of it to reconnoiter. Nothing! Not a sight of Teresa! Not the flutter of a flounce, not the least light sound of a footfall on the gravel, rewarded the earnest attention of my eyes and ears. I advanced cautiously after a few moments to where I could command a better view of the cross paths. Then I began a thorough, quiet search of the garden from end to end. Quite certainly she was not there. I went up some more steps to the terrace, keeping in the shadow of the trees and hedges, and so coming safely to the near contemplation of the library windows. A maid came and

drew in the shutters while I watched, and the lights went out. It was an early household. Perhaps Teresa could not slip away till after her aunt had gone upstairs. I sat down on the piazza steps and waited.

At first I was alert and expectant, then impatient, then resigned, and to a certain degree relieved. But a distinct feeling of annoyance mingled with the relief. After all, she might have come as far as this, if only to tell me she would not come any farther. And I was a little anxious, too, for never before had night descended upon a quarrel unmade-up between us.

At eleven I got up and retraced my steps to the arch of ramblers, from where, stopping to glance back at the house, I saw a light in Teresa's window. She was there, then, perhaps looking out into the garden. I thought she might at least have made me some sign, and I dug my heel into the gravel with a vicious crunch, turned away, and *then* I perceived a note pinned with a large pin to a swaying branch of the rambler. I wondered how it had escaped me before. It had no address, but I did not hesitate to open it, and, having done so, read these words in Teresa's handwriting:

I would n't go with you to save my life. This episode is finished.

To say I was angry is a poor way of expressing the white heat of fury that suddenly surged through me. She would n't go with me, indeed? After making the whole fabric of our future happiness totter because of my refusal to ask her! And this episode was finished, was it? *Episode*, by the Lord! And finished for a whim! Not much it was n't finished, I declared, raging, and I dashed back through the rose-garden and up the terrace steps like a maniac.

I did n't know my brain had registered the fact that a ladder was lying on the grass under one of the hedges, but I went to it as straight as an arrow. It was a short ladder, probably used by the gardener when he clipped the ornamental trees near the house, and it did not by any means reach the piazza-roof when I got it up against one of the pillars. But no amount of scrambling was going to stop me now. Unless I broke my neck in the attempt, I meant to say a thing or two to Teresa that night, and I was almost prepared to snatch her out of the window in her dressing-gown, and drive her to Jericho, if she did n't listen to reason.

I was balanced on the top rung, trying to get a good grip on the gutter coping before I swung myself up, when I heard my name called softly from below. There was Teresa, wrapped in a cloak, standing where the shadow of the house was deepest, and looking up at me with every appearance of affection and alarm.

"Martin, I 'm here. Please, what are you doing?"

I slipped hastily down and resumed my coat, which I had thrown off when I began my climb. Then I caught Teresa by the shoulders and glared at her.

"I was going after you," I said. "What the devil did you mean by that note?"

"Just what I said, dear," returned Teresa, meeting my glare with an upward sweep of eyelashes that disclosed a steady, self-reliant look.

"You have the face to stand there and tell me you would n't go with me after this afternoon?"

"And this evening," supplemented Teresa, enigmatically. "Yes, Martin."

"Not to save your life, I think you said," I went on, quite savage and sarcastic.

"Not now," replied Teresa, gently.

"I 'm not so sure about that," said I, and I whirled her about and marched her across the grass and down through the garden ahead of me. When we were well hidden from the house I stopped. "Now, then," I demanded, facing her, "will you explain to me what you mean by all this?"

"We 're not going to run away together, that 's all."

"I don't see anything to prevent it," said I.

"Don't you?" said Teresa, and I thought a dimple at the corner of her mouth deepened.

"You loved me well enough this afternoon to go, and this evening you don't. Is that it?"

"And you did n't love me well enough this afternoon, and this evening you do. Yes, that 's it, exactly. Now we can afford—not to."

At this point I lost my temper a little and shook Teresa.

"I 'm hanged if I know what you 're driving at," said I, wrathfully.

She laughed, and finding it a success, I shook her again.

"Martin dear," said Teresa. "I like you better than I ever did before."

"Well, then," said I, stepping back from her, "what 's the trouble? You were willing to go, and now I 'm willing—"

"That 's all I wanted. That 's all mostly any woman wants," interrupted Teresa. "Don't you see, you stupid man? I was n't quite in earnest when we began this afternoon, though indeed things are sometimes so uncomfortable for me that it 's all I can do to stand it, and this was a dear way out. But I saw all your bold qualities hurrying helter-skelter to cover when you thought I might really be going to call upon them, and I could n't bear it. I had to keep on calling just to see if they would n't come."

"Well," said I, stiffly.

"Well, they came," cried Teresa, triumphantly. "I never was so gloriously happy in my life as when I saw you make for that ladder."

"Where were you?" I asked suspiciously.

"I was hidden in the garden, watching you," said Teresa.

"All the time?"

"All the time."

Here, seeing from the expression of my face that I was on the verge of an explosion, Teresa flung herself into my arms.

"But I was loving you most dreadfully every minute, Martin," she declared, "and admiring you more than I can say."

"If it makes a woman admire a man to see him behave like a lunatic," said I, "you were quite justified."

"So I was. It 's only a sufficiency of good red blood that makes him capable of behaving like that sort of lunatic."

"Well, then, come along," said I, "the motor 's waiting."

"Oh, no, dear," pleaded Teresa, making herself as resistant as a kitten with all its claws planted. "What you said today is perfectly true. It would n't be right. And it is n't necessary. We can wait."

"Oh, we can, can we?" said I. "For how long, I should like to know?"

"Till I 'm twenty-one. I told my aunt this evening that I 'd marry you the day I came of age, and that nothing any one could say would stop my being engaged to you."

"I won't wait so long," said I.

"Who 's got the say about this?" inquired Teresa, slangily.

"If there was a man anywhere about, *he* would have," returned I, grimly.

"Martin, there is n't such another man as you in all the world," cried Teresa. "You 're splendid, and I adore you. But do let me go back now. You know you 'd be sorry if we did this."

I thought for a moment of picking Teresa up and walking off down the avenue with her, but somehow I knew I would n't.

"All right, darling," I said, "have it your own way. I 'll go back with you and see you safely in."

And so we went back.

SOME six months afterward a particularly lucky case won for me the applause of the public, and rather softened the snobbish old heart of Teresa's aunt, so we were permitted to marry in the most open and ostentatious manner, with the greatest pomp and ceremony.

As we settled ourselves in the motor, which had been hidden round a corner, that we might escape a shower of rice and white satin slippers, I said to Teresa:

"Well, here we are at last, all safely and properly married. Are you glad?"

She looked at me very softly and sweetly and nodded.

"But, oh, Martin," she said, "I 'm always thinking—that night—you know, when we did n't run away, if we only *had,* it would have meant—something that we sha'n't ever have again."

"Nonsense!" said I. "No, it would n't. How could it?"

"This is good," said Teresa, "but that was—romance." And I heard her murmur something that sounded like:

"never could recapture
That first fine careless rapture."

Which was manifestly absurd.

THAT AFFAIR OF THE BOOTS

BY HENRY S. WATSON

"I BID you au revoir," mumbled the dream. I—I was terribly embarrassed in a very public place, in scanty underclothing. I fell off a high building, and landed unhurt in a cushion of compressed air made by two mad elephants rushing together.

I moved my head, and found the pillow cold; it had not been so in a long time. I drew my head back, and opened an eye. I glimpsed nothing familiar; there were many covers, but none of them old friends. I rolled my eye to the ceiling, a white-washed ceiling, old and full of bumps. Both eyes came wide open and straining; there was a cold, gray reflection there. Memories came a-tumbling: it was Saturday morning in the country, and there was snow on the ground. Old-fashioned sleigh-bells, like some forgotten song of the nursery of long ago, jangled outside, toned by the snow blanket that took the harsh jingle out of them and paraded before me a little boy by a brook, like an echo of dreams.

"The baker's sleigh-bells, for the milkman never trusted his load to an upset on runners," I thought. I could hear the doctor sleeping in the next room; he was making a noise like an asthmatic man puffing audibly on a big cigar. It was he who had coaxed me on this trip, for a farm was to be auctioned off this Saturday afternoon at the Washington House, in the county of ——, in the township of ——, that he intended to buy.

We shaved and dressed in the smell of an oil-stove, brilliant and brave in nickel trimmings, but sadly lacking in honest heat.

"Come," said the doctor, "we must hurry and get breakfast and buy some rubber boots, for this snow is sure to be deeper than the oldest inhabitant can ever remember seeing before."

A little bell jingled over the door of the boot-and-shoe emporium as we pushed it open. A smell of good honest leather for soles and heels and boot-tops greeted us; in the back of the shop an old man was hammering on the heel of a generous shoe. He ceased his hammering, and glanced over the top of his glasses interrogatively without much warmth of greeting. No doubt we suggested drummers to him, and I am sure he was overstocked.

"Sir," said the doctor, "we are two country boys, and we want two pairs of boots with copper toes and very red tops."

The old shoemaker stiffened for a minute and looked hard at us; then his glasses came off, and he stood up.

"Saved up all summer for them, sonny? Sold all the old iron you could find?"

The doctor grinned an acknowledgment of the question, and nodded his head.

Perfectly serious, and beaming in virtuous joy, the old man disappeared, and came back with a box covered with dust, his eyes twinkling over the top of it. It was dusted outside of the door, reverently opened, and therein were red-topped boots with copper toes, tied in pairs with fancy cords. Three pairs of eyes stared into it reminiscently.

As serious as I ever remember seeing him, the doctor selected the smallest pair, straightened, and held them off at arm's-length, looking at them with an expression that ever changed, and dropped the wrinkles of years one by one, until he stood almost a small boy once more. Slowly he said, "I 'll take this pair."

The old shoemaker looked at him, and his look suggested the growing up of a lad, the comedies and tragedies of youth, the love-making, the tombstones in the churchyard. He started to say something; the doctor tossed his head, took him by the arm, and pointed to some hip-high rubber boots.

We started out of the store, each wearing a pair. We plowed through the snow-banks across the street; we turned and

looked back instinctively. The old shoemaker was watching us, openly, not furtively, as villagers are wont to do. We bought two brown plush caps with ear-tabs, two pairs of buckskin mittens, and then somehow we stood at the top of the coasting-hill without sleds, like poor country boys. The boys were running toward it, excitedly calling. The doctor gave a sigh of content; again he led me, and I followed without question. The boots, the cap, and the mittens, with the white snow covering all things, had taken him up and tossed him back into the years of yesterday.

When we came to a patch of untracked snow he insisted on wading around in it, plowing it up in fantastic designs with his footprints—designs that seemed to delight him. And then I began to see what the designs were. They were wonderful plans of a Robinson Crusoe island he was on. I separated *Man Friday's* tracks from the cannibals without trouble, and discovered the cave in the center of the largest untracked place. The cave was full of guns and powder-kegs. So I raced him to the next unbroken patch, won the race, and built a railroad across the Andes.

We designed and built wonderful castles in Spain, playgrounds for old-young men, all in the untracked snow, almost up to the office door of a little old twinkling-eyed man with shiny trousers and as many titles hanging to his name as a big diplomat. He stopped worrying the little stove with a poker, spat in a box of sand, and greeted the doctor familiarly.

The doctor called him "squire," took out a certified check, and gave it to him with directions; the squire looked hard, and looked again. He objected to certain technicalities, but the doctor waved him away, standing on tiptoes, with his hand on the door-knob. I wanted to look about the office and stamp pieces of paper with the dusty seals on the desk; but no, I was hurried faster and faster, only stopping while the doctor gazed regretfully at a vacant lot covered with snow, as if time was too short to conquer it, and on again, almost on a run, the noise of the boys on the coasting-hill getting nearer and shriller.

Now, if you tuck your overcoat under you with exactly the right movements,—as scientific as feints and lunges in fencing,—straddle the bob-sled, perhaps with stiffening joints, but with knowledge, make room for the man in front of you, intelligently leaving space for the tail-ender behind you, you will be asked to ride again, for your weight will count in the race.

The doctor and I were lost in a wild, untamed joy of snow in the country. The sun came out, and sent clumps of purple woods in the distance across our vision. The boys yelled in delight at all things, and accepted us, two strangers, with all the unbridled joy a coasting-hill gives to those who love it and compare shining runners.

We were upset and spilled in the ditch, to roll over one another with yells of delight. We raced, we puffed up the hill, we sat down in the snow in sheer exhaustion, and ate mouthfuls of virgin snow wonderfully fresh from its birthplace overhead. The doctor told how he made believe to fall once, in the days of long ago, and then kiss the imprint in the snow where a little girl had walked. The sleds went up and down this little old hill, and the tag ends of the storm-clouds raced southward as the northwest wind increased. Bunches of snowflakes, like delicious French pastry, tumbled off the limbs of the trees all about us, or made holes in the virgin blanket beyond our desecrations. A song came from the bare branches as they threshed in the wind—a song of frozen rivers and plains, a song of the Northmen, with never a crooning lullaby, a wild song of existence, a "Fight to Live Hymn" of an unlisted army, a song of frying grease, of big wood fires that roared, of pelts that would some day enfold lovingly the daintiest lady in the land. And so we rested and coasted and forgot the city, with its dirty, brown slush, its rows of snow-carts, and its unemployed.

Then the shoe-factory whistle shrilled out twelve o'clock, and a dark and dismal pall enshrouded our young playmates. The doctor and I exchanged knowing glances. It was the time wasted for dinner, and *we must* be on time. I wondered, for the doctor was still under the spell of the copper-toed boots.

I had caught up to his enthusiasm once or twice, only to be left behind as he

some daring thing, making the boys yell with pure delight. He studied the back of his mittens, and seemed to draw inspiration from the crude colors in the elastic; then he looked up, and for some reason the boys crowded close to him.

"Boys," he said, "all of you go and ask your mothers if they will let you have dinner with me. We will buy some things, and cook them in the woods. Bring all your dogs, and some one bring an ax."

The boys scurried away, after a rapt scrutiny, a subtle look. He turned to me, and the grin on his face was wonderful, as young as that of the toddling boy chasing a hornet, as old as that of the gray man who had landed a thirty-pound salmon in Newfoundland.

"About ten of the boys will come back," he said; "the parents of the rest won't understand; they will think I am a modern Pied Piper of Sykesville. Those who don't come will be woeful tragedies —for an hour or two."

We loaded a sled with food while country storekeepers grinned as their systems were built and their temperaments worked. Three country dogs capered in joy and dared one another to fight. The boys coaxed for the honor of pulling the sled, so we moved away into the wilderness, a babbling, bubbling crowd, down a lane to the unbroken, white landscape, toward a fire in the open, burning incense to the something in the hearts of us that bids us do it this way instead of behind stained-glass windows. There is a mood, a wonderful mood, or an awakened instinct for every time we go forth into the country under all conditions. It simmers always, sometimes it boils, and never comes quite the same; but always you toss your head delighted. Sometimes it takes you back to a stone bruise on a small bare foot, and sometimes it leads you a conquering hero, and again, when you can't go, it calls to you outside of your office window over the roofs until the tears come to your eyes, and out of the blur of chimney-pots and towers you see again wonderful little bits of intimate landscapes, piles of ice, perhaps, or palm-trees threshing in the trade-winds, or only one little leaf in the trillions glimpsed through an opening in the tent-flap that wriggled and wriggled in the joy of the breeze, and tried its very best to tell you a secret full of delight.

Nine country boys in an interested row, three country dogs quivering in suppressed excitement at the unusual proceedings. I was cooky. Up the sheltering hill the woods were piles upon piles of white Irish laces; out over the swamp in front of us the weeds bowed low with their burdens, or stood up gaunt and dead and grim, like dead men hanging in gallows, against a cold November sunset, gentlemen of the road who had emptied their last pistol in defiance of the proclamation issued by the king.

The crows held an indignation meeting far enough away to be out of any chance of danger, and despatched scouts at intervals to reconnoiter, aëroplane scouts, high in the air, that evidently reported unfavorably when they returned, judging from the noise.

There were nine different kinds of boys, with freckles and warts and patches, cowlicks and humorous eyes, unreadable, defiant eyes, wondering, expectant, and delighted eyes. There was interest in the front row, with the boy who was keen to help, and the boy who started to tell us about the bear he saw here in blackberrying time. But the doctor's quizzical eyes and the jeers of the other boys made his story lose itself in embarrassed "dids."

The smell of cooking went up in the air exactly as it had done before, and from cave-man down the line—the long line to us. We sniffed and drew closer. There was not a clatter of knives and forks; it was mostly fingers. It was an ideal banquet; nobody talked except to say "Thank you" or "Yes, sir," or nodded a head with the mouth too full to speak. The dogs licked their chops, and enviously watched each mouthful disappear, and they were very busy at that.

The first sigh of contentment arose, and the knowing dogs drew closer. The doctor produced a cigarette-case. Nine boys showed their emotions in nine different ways; most of them so subtly their mothers would not have understood. The doctor and I each took one, and he closed the case. Nine boys looked at one another out of the tails of their eyes. Certainly there are people who hold out expectations that are never fulfilled.

The doctor heaped on dead wood for a

rousing fire, and I plowed through the Irish lace to the top of the hill to meet the wind as fresh and as pure as on the morning the world was born. It blew a bigness into my heart, and I was guilty of sending up a poor foolish, stuttering benediction for the world. Mummied oak-leaves rustled a dead-bone tune, erratic and dismal, on the second growth and scrub; off in the clear distance, here and there and away over there, white roofs and church spires said how do you do to the sky. Bare branches waved and moaned and groaned against a clear blue sky, and my mood was too intimate to tell even her. Perhaps I saw an alluring, slippered foot that I longed to kiss, with the lights dimmed and the music coming soft and low, like brier rosebuds opening in the morning mists. I will own up that I did see a little girl in pigtails, with knitted hood, and stripes on her stockings that ran around. She looked at me with robin's-egg-blue eyes as deep and as wise as the mysterious first springtime of long ago, unfolding wonderful things to the animals in pairs, and I turned with a sigh to the fire. About the camp-fire are worn places that take on a homy look as one cooks; after the meal one sees they are priceless silk rugs that came from Persia in clumsy wooden ships. Out of the smoke a palace grows, and a wonderful girl dances on those rugs. The dead hands that weaved them are honored, for their art would bow to her art; but the quiet boys would not tell me what they saw when I asked them.

It was not a retreat in disorder; it was a gentle amble from the cold toward the village. Boys put their arms across one another's shoulders in the fullness of their hearts; three chose the doctor, and two came to me, to give us intimate advice about the country we were passing through—their country by the inheritance of boyhood. The dogs chased imaginary wild animals, sniffed with a show of bravery in all the clumps of underbrush, and never once dared one another to fight.

And so in delighted disorder we came to a wild jangle of modern sleigh-bells and the hoarse shouts of the village speedway. We paused only long enough to smile on the enthusiasm, and to look admiringly on the steaming, slender-legged horses.

Back to the coasting-hill, and the girls were there; but not the ones we used to know, with the knitted hoods and tippets and the stockings with the stripes that ran around; but we coasted with all the joy and abandon of the wonderful age—the age when you climb to the top of a tree and out on a springing limb, to get close to the sky, to get your feet off the earth, not in a daredevil, adventurous spirit, but that dreams may come to you—your bashful dreams that won't come if people are near.

We coasted down the hill, almost sliding under a gorgeous sunset; we climbed the hill, and a glorious moon coquetted over our heads with a gold-lined cloud whose profile looked a beautiful woman, with sun-kissed, waving hair.

The north wind died down; a train puffed noisily in and out of *our* town; lights twinkled coaxingly from the windows.

The doctor and I frankly told each other we wished for a big old-fashioned country kitchen to sit in and nod at steaming mittens.

After supper the squire called to see the doctor, and I went out in the crisp, wine air for a walk. The coasting-hill belonged to the grown-ups now. Some were released by the factory whistle, some were too dignified to use it by daylight, some saw a chance for a sly hug in the mystery of the shadows at the bottom. I came back to find the doctor half undressed, curled up on the foot of his bed, asleep, with his thumb in his mouth. He flopped once or twice like a fish out of water, and said thickly: "Don't take the early train. Let 's wait and hear the church bells over the snow in the morning."

THE BOY WHO GOES WRONG

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

MANY years ago, according to a story which remains vividly in my memory by reason of its grim suggestiveness, two small boys were one day sauntering along a country road. The sight of an orchard, resplendent in its autumn glory of red and green and gold, tempted them with irresistible appeal, as it has tempted thousands of other boys before and since. Over the rail-fence they scrambled, up a well-laden tree they climbed, and soon were merrily at work filling their pockets.

But now from a near-by cottage came the man who owned the orchard, and his coming was the signal for a hasty descent. One of the boys made good his escape; the other, less quick-footed, was dragged, a loudly protesting captive, to the home of the local magistrate.

"More apple-stealing!" this stern functionary exclaimed. "Something must be done to stop it. Let us make an example of this bad boy." And to prison forthwith he consigned the luckless youth.

His companion, thankful for his happier fate, returned to his home, his school, and his books. From school he went to college, and afterward took up the study of law, beginning his professional career with a reputation for great intellectual ability and strength of character. In course of time he was made a judge.

As judge he was called on to preside at the trial of a man accused of murder. The evidence of guilt was conclusive, conviction speedy. It became his duty to don the black cap and pronounce sentence of death. But before he did this, he was struck with something familiar in the prisoner's sodden, passion-marked features, made inquiry concerning his early history, and, to his mingled horror and amazement, learned that the wretched man was none other than the happy, buoyant lad who had first felt the heavy hand of the law on account of the orchard-robbing episode in which the judge, now about to doom him to the scaffold, had gone scot-free.

I can at the moment recall nothing that more strikingly suggests and illustrates the dominant theory in modern scientific thought regarding the offender against society than this strange chapter in human experience. The implication that the contrasting careers of the two boys were largely determined by circumstances over which they had no control, and that it was the brutalizing jail experience of the one and the more fortunate upbringing of the other that chiefly accounted for their diverse fates, unquestionably represents the views held by the great majority of present-day students of delinquency and crime.

Even the facts emphasized by the eugenists themselves sometimes tend, on close examination, to bear out the belief that it is in the surroundings and training of a child rather than in his parentage that the sources of his ultimate goodness or badness are mainly to be found. The history of the notorious Juke family, featured in almost every modern treatise on heredity, is a case in point.

The first Jukes of whom anything is known were five sisters of obscure parentage who lived in Ulster County, New York, in the second half of the eighteenth century. At least four of the five took early to a life of vice, and eventually all married and had children. Many years afterward, a visitor to an Ulster County jail noticed that among its inmates were six members of one family, including two boys accused of assault with intent to kill. Inquiry developed that the six were directly descended from the oldest Juke girl, and this suggested a genealogical research into the life histories of as many of the descendants of the five Juke sisters as could be traced. Altogether it was found possible to secure pretty complete data concerning seven hundred and nine of these, with the following astounding results:

Of the entire seven hundred and nine, not twenty had been skilled workers, and ten of these had learned their trade in

prison; only twenty-two had been persons of property, and of this number eight had lost the little they acquired; sixty-four had been in the county almshouse; one hundred and forty-two had received outdoor relief; one hundred and twenty-eight had been prostitutes, and eighteen keepers of houses of ill-fame; finally, seventy-six were reported as criminals, with one hundred and fifteen more or less serious crimes to their discredit. All this in seven generations of a family sprung from one ne'er-do-well country vagabond and his wife.

Surely one might well be tempted to find here "the most striking proof of the heredity of crime," as Cesare Lombroso did not hesitate to pronounce this sad history of the Jukes. But there is something to be added of which the exponents of the "fatal heredity" doctrine seem never to have heard.

Following the publication of the family-record, there came under the care of a charitable organization an eighth-generation descendant of the Juke sisters, a foundling baby boy, cast upon the tender mercies of the world with all the burden of "innate depravity" transmitted from his vicious ancestors. But instead of taking it for granted that he would inevitably come to an evil end, the charity-workers decided to give him the benefit of a refined environment and good family care. Accordingly a home was found for him with a kind-hearted widow, whose own sons had grown to a worthy manhood, and from her for ten years he received the loving and intelligent training which is the birthright of every child.

At the end of that time he had developed into a fine, manly boy, with, however, a somewhat superabundant fund of animal spirits and a tendency to unruliness. It was evident that, owing to her advanced age, his foster-mother could not give him the stricter disciplining he now seemed to need, and arrangements were made for his adoption by a farmer and his wife living in a Western State. By them he was again treated with the utmost affection, coupled with more firmness than he had hitherto known. Little by little his unruliness disappeared; he became eager to excel both at school and in the work of the farm, and soon became known as one of the best boys of the neighborhood. The older he grew the more evidence he gave of possessing a strong moral foundation on which to build his future career. When last heard from by the charitable organization to which he owed so much, he had struck out for himself, an alert, vigorous, forceful young man, of sterling character, and full of the self-confidence which wins success.

Many similar instances might be cited. "One of the most useful men I know of to-day," testifies Mr. Ernest K. Coulter, clerk of the New York Children's Court, "saw his father murder his mother in cold blood. There was a bad record on her side of the house, too. But a good man saw something in that boy while he was being detained as a witness against his father. As a result of that man's interest, that boy to-day is serving his fellow-men and his country in a most important field."

In Pennsylvania an eight-year-old orphan girl of poor parentage, drudge in a city boarding-house, with no companionship except that of ignorant servants, was heralded in the newspapers as a "prodigy of crime" because she had been caught setting fire to a house. When asked in court why she had done this, she made the frank reply, "To see the fire burn and the engines run." There being at that time no probation system in Pennsylvania, she was promptly sentenced to the House of Refuge, where, like the boy sent to jail for stealing apples, she would be sure to come under the influence of vile associates.

But, more fortunate than the boy of the orchard, this child had an unknown friend at court, Mrs. Hannah K. Schoff, who interceded with the judge and gained his permission to place the little incendiarist in a good home instead of the House of Refuge. Five years afterward, reporting to the International Prison Commission the result of her experiment, Mrs. Schoff was able to declare that this dangerous juvenile criminal had developed into "as sweet, attractive, and good a child as can be found anywhere."

An Italian Camorrist had two sons. The younger, at the age of three, was separated from his father, taken to a distant city, and given a good education. Like the Juke child of the eighth generation, he grew to be an exemplary young man. His brother, who remained with the father, became, like him, a man of vice and crime, hated, feared, and despised.

But far more impressive than isolated instances like these are the data now available regarding the outcome of similar experimentation on a large scale. Three years ago the Children's Aid Society of New York—the organization which took the Juke foundling under its wing—published a report detailing the results of its "placing out" system for a period of more than half a century. The officials of this society have always been imbued with the idea that every child, no matter how bad his heredity, is entitled to the benefit of a good home upbringing, and in accordance with this idea they have, during the period covered by the report, placed twenty-eight thousand children in carefully selected homes, besides finding situations in the country for about three times as many older boys and girls. Most of their wards have been slum children, having back of them a family history of crime, vice, insanity, or pauperism. Nevertheless, the society's officials inform us:

A careful investigation of the records gives the following results: 87 per cent. have done well, 8 per cent. were returned to New York, 2 per cent. died, one quarter of 1 per cent. committed petty crimes and were arrested, and 2¼ per cent. left their homes and disappeared. These last were larger boys of restless disposition, unaccustomed to country life or any sort of restraint. Some of them struck out for themselves, obtaining work at higher wages, and were temporarily lost sight of, but years afterward we hear of them as having grown up good and respected citizens. . . . The younger children placed out by the society always show a very large average of success. The great proportion have grown up respectable men and women, creditable members of society. Many of them have been legally adopted by their foster-parents. The majority have become successful farmers or farmers' wives, mechanics, and business men. Many have acquired property, and no inconsiderable number of them have attained positions of honor and trust.

More specifically, the records show that one ward of the Children's Aid Society rose to be a justice of the Supreme Court, another to be the governor of a State, a third the governor of a Territory. One became a state auditor-general, one the mayor of a city, two were elected to Congress, nine to state legislatures, and about a score to various public offices of less importance. Twenty-four became clergymen; thirty-five, lawyers; nineteen, physicians; sixteen, journalists; twenty-nine, bankers; eighty-six, teachers; seven, high-school principals; two, school superintendents; and two, college professors. Farming, the army and navy, and various mercantile pursuits gave occupation to most of the rest.

Is it to be wondered, in view of such a showing, that most authorities are inclining more and more to find in a faulty environment rather than in a bad heredity the explanation of the boy who goes wrong? Not that it is as yet possible, and perhaps it never will be possible, to rule out entirely the idea of the "born criminal." A small proportion of delinquents unquestionably do show almost from infancy an irresistible and seemingly instinctive impulse to evil; but to just what extent this is actually due to inherited and irremediable conditions remains to be ascertained. Medical progress, in fact, is constantly making it clearer that many supposed instances of "innate depravity" are in reality the result of curable physical defects, and sometimes of defects that are comparatively slight.

Thus, to give a typical example, the attention of a Philadelphia school-teacher was once called to a small boy of eight who persistently disturbed her in her work by drumming on a trolley-pole in front of the school. Her inquiries as to why he was not at school brought from his mother the information that no school would take him because of his disorderliness and intractability. The mother herself confessed that she could do nothing with him.

"He is stubborn and naughty," said she. "He has no natural feeling, and is forever quarreling and fighting with the other children. Also, he has a mania for lighting matches and setting fire to paper in the house. And he is so sullen it is hard to get a word out of him."

This sounded like congenital feeblemindedness and moral imbecility, and the school authorities whom the teacher consulted informed her frankly that they regarded the boy as not far removed from idiocy. But, her sympathies roused, and desiring to do all she could for the little

derelict, she took him to the University of Pennsylvania's psychological clinic to have a scientific investigation made of his mental state. The tests there applied made it evident that his intellectual retardation was largely due to unsuspected deafness, and that this in turn was associated with adenoid growths in the post-nasal cavity. Three days later the adenoids were removed, and almost immediately an improvement was noticed in both his mental condition and his behavior. So marked, indeed, was the change for the better that the director of the clinic, Professor Lightner Witmer, in reporting the case, felt justified in declaring:

"Under proper psychological direction and medical treatment, the whole life prospects of this boy had completely changed within a fortnight from intellectual and social hopelessness to a promise of usefulness and good citizenship."

On another occasion there was brought to Professor Witmer an eleven-year-old boy of good family who had been pronounced by several New York specialists "mentally defective" and "certain to prove unmanageable." His father reported that he was unable to do correctly simple sums in addition and subtraction, and could not read a single sentence without making a number of mistakes. Also, that he was cowardly, bad-tempered, and quarrelsome.

Altogether the statements made concerning him seemed to stamp him as a fit subject for institutional care; but Professor Witmer's tests indicated that naturally the boy was bright enough, and he began to suspect that his backwardness and misconduct might be the result partly of injudicious upbringing and partly of adenoids or some other source of nervous irritation. A thorough physical examination was consequently ordered, and this revealed the presence of marked, but readily curable, eye trouble. Given suitable spectacles and a few months of special training in the hospital school connected with the psychological clinic, the whilom "feeble-minded" child not only made good headway when placed in a regular public school, but also showed a surprising moral improvement.

Even diseases of the teeth may play no small part in the making of the wayward boy. In this connection perhaps the most remarkable case that has recently come to my knowledge concerns a Cleveland youth who, up to the age of sixteen, had been a model of good conduct. Then, having gone through high school and begun work with a business firm, he suddenly developed thieving tendencies, finally breaking into a post-office, an exploit which earned for him a term in a reformatory. This was so far from curing him that soon after his release he adventured into highway robbery, was caught, and was sent to jail.

So sudden and startling had been the change in his behavior that the Cleveland police authorities were convinced he was not responsible for his actions, and advised his mother to have him committed to an asylum for the insane. Before taking this extreme step she had him examined by a skilled neurologist, Dr. Henry S. Upson, whose careful testing of the boy failed to disclose any signs of organic brain trouble. Dr. Upson noticed, however, that his teeth were badly decayed, and this led him to suggest an X-ray examination, as a result of which it was discovered that the youthful criminal was suffering from several abscessed and impacted teeth.

Following an operation for their removal, there was a steady improvement in his moral as well as in his physical health. When his term of imprisonment was at an end, he found work in a printing-shop, and at last accounts, a year after the operation, had won for himself the reputation of being "quiet and industrious, self-controlled, and without any indication of either moral or mental aberration."

In a single institution—the New York Juvenile Asylum—it was found last year that the degeneracy of twenty per cent. of a group of fifty "bad boys," who were mentally as well as morally backward, was due in great measure to similar trivial physical defects, adenoids, enlarged glands, eye and ear troubles, etc. Not so very long ago these boys, like the boys in the individual instances mentioned, would have been deemed the hopeless victims of a bad heredity. It is therefore fair to assume that in time to come other remediable, but as yet unsuspected, physical causes of imperfect mental and moral functioning will be discovered.

This is not to say, though, that in such cases medication or the surgeon's knife will prove all-sufficient to prevent the

transition from "naughtiness" into outright vice and crime. To this end good moral training will still be the indispensable safeguard, and particularly the moral training to be had through the subtle influence of a good home and good associates. Surely as, for example, the results of the activities of the New York Children's Aid Society strongly suggest, the home and the companions of youth are the chief determinants of character. As has been so well said by Dr. Paul Dubois, the eminent Swiss physician and philosopher:

> If you have the happiness to be a well-living man, take care not to attribute the credit of it to yourself. Remember the favorable conditions in which you have lived, surrounded by relatives who loved you and set you a good example; do not forget the close friends who have taken you by the hand and led you away from the quagmires of evil; keep a grateful remembrance for all the teachers who have influenced you, the kind and intelligent schoolmaster, the devoted pastor; realize all these multiple influences which have made of you what you are. Then you will remember that such and such a culprit has not in his sad life met with these favorable conditions, that he had a drunken father or a foolish mother, and that he has lived without affection, exposed to all kinds of temptation. You will then take pity upon this disinherited man, whose mind has been nourished upon malformed mental images, begetting evil sentiments such as immoderate desire or social hatred.

And it is not only the homeless, deserted, or neglected child, allowed to run wild in the streets, drifting or forced into occupations which bring him more or less closely into touch with the ways and haunts of wrong-doing—it is not only this child who is likely in time to become a wrong-doer himself. No less than the neglected child is the "spoiled" one, however good his heredity, apt to degenerate into delinquency, perhaps into criminality of the worst description. In short, to borrow Pascal's pregnant phrase, every child at the outset of his life is a little impulsive being, pushed indifferently toward good or evil according to the influences which surround him.

The blame, then, for the boy who goes wrong does not rest with the boy himself, or yet with his remote ancestors. It rests squarely with the parents who, through ignorance or neglect, have failed to mold him aright in the plastic days of childhood. What is needed, especially in this complex civilization of ours, with its myriad incitements and temptations, is a livelier appreciation of the responsibilities as well as the privileges of parenthood. Most of all, perhaps, from the point of view of coping with the problem of vice and crime, do parents need to appreciate that it is in the very first years of their children's lives that the work of character-building should be begun.

The whole family life, accordingly, should be regulated with a view to "suggesting" into the infant mind ideas which, taking root there, will eventually blossom into habits of right thinking and right living. In their intercourse with one another, with all who pass within their doors, the parents should exhibit only those traits which they most desire to cultivate in their child—such traits as kindliness, courage, sympathy, geniality, courtesy, self-control. They should surround him with a material environment that will tend, again by the force of unconscious suggestion, to develop in him an appreciation for the good, the beautiful, and the true. Doing this, keeping close watch over his physical condition, and deftly guiding his intellectual interests to things worth while, they need have little fear that in after years he will be numbered among the world's delinquents.

SANCTUARY[1]

A BIRD MASQUE

BY PERCY MACKAYE

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, BY ARNOLD GENTHE, OF THE ENACTORS OF ITS FIRST PERFORMANCE BY MEMBERS OF THE CORNISH COLONY AND THE MERIDEN BIRD CLUB, MERIDEN, N. H., SEPTEMBER 12, 1913

SPEAKING CHARACTERS

(With names of the original cast)

QUERCUS, faun, *Joseph Lindon Smith*
ALWYN, poet, *Percy MacKaye*
SHY, naturalist, *Ernest Harold Baynes*
TACITA, dryad, *Juliet Barrett Rublee*
ORNIS, bird-spirit, *Eleanor Wilson*
STARK, plume-hunter, *Witter Bynner*

MUTE CHARACTERS

Hunter attendant of Stark, *Leonard Cox.*
Many species of birds, in human form, garbed symbolically, participating in pantomime.

SCENE: *A sylvan glade. From behind an oak, Quercus enters, bearing an enormous pitcher-plant. Raising his voice he sings:*

Quercus:

Veery, veery, vireo,
  Waxwing wild, warbler wary,
Ori-ori-oriole,
  Seek our sanctuary!
Robin rath,
  Little tail-twitcher,
  Drink from my pitcher,
Dip in my bath!
Dew 's in my bath,
  Rain 's in my pitcher,
Dawn 's in the greenwood eery;

[1]As here published, this masque is abbreviated from its complete form as produced. In its present form it is not intended to be acted, and permission so to use it will not be granted. Permission to perform it in its complete actable form may be obtained only by applying to the author direc-

Copyright 1913, 1914, by Percy MacKaye.

Hither, highhole,
Redpoll,
Oriole,
Vireo, veery!

[*From his pitcher-plant Quercus pours into the bird-bath. Skipping then to a little swinging bird-house, he sprinkles its shelf with seed from a pouch. Here he fingers a pipe, blows a few notes, pauses, snatches up an ivied staff and calls:*]

Stand yonder! Hold! Who treads
beneath my trees?

A Voice:

[*Outside.*] A friend.

Quercus:

A friend to what?

The Voice:

To song, and song's melodious silences.

Quercus:

Still enter not.
The race of wings reigns in this solitude.
No foot may here intrude
Without fair passport. Tell me first your
name
And cause of coming here.

[*A young man enters, pausing in the path.*]

The Man:

From hence even now a piping filled mine
ear
With quaintish memory: familiar,
Yet old, it seemed. Long since I heard
the same
Lulling to paleness the white morning star
Among Sicilian oaks. So here I came
To spy upon the piper. Now, methinks,
I know him by those horns and merry
winks.
Good morrow, Quercus, the faun!

Quercus:

Now, by Lord Pan!
The poet's ear and eye still spy me out.
Alwyn, maker of songs, hail to you,
master!
You! Can it really be?

Alwyn:

It can,
And *is,* by Pan, our ancient pastor!
But you, Slant-shanks, what make you
here at dawn?

Quercus:

Newfangleness. The classic gout
Still crooks my knees with the old lyric
wine,
But now they run new errands.

[*Flourishing his staff, designed like a miniature martin-house.*]

Lo! the sign
Of my new office!

Alwyn:

New! What may that be?

Quercus:

Wood-warden of the wild-birds' sanctuary,
Janitor of their sylvan temple. See,
My staff acclaims me. Poor Mercutius!
Old mythologic nature-faker,
He 's out of date with his caduceus.
Behold in me
A modern science-tutored fairy
And practical caretaker,
Grand marshal of the martin-house!

[*Continuing, Quercus relates how he has entered the service of Shy, the naturalist.*]

Alwyn:

I prithee show me of your handiwork.
What 's here, this little box
With paddle-wings?

Quercus:

One of our weathercocks.
Look you, it swings.
So when, in winter, the white tempest blows,
Here sit the birds at breakfast 'mid the snows,
With porch turned ever to the cozy side.
In that cold time, my master Shy
Brings more devices to provide
Bird comfort: food-bells full of millet
We place in covert nooks, and tie
Our knitted suet-bags on many a bough
Of pine and larch. And I must plow
Through many a drift to crack the frozen rillet
For little beaks to drink.

Alwyn:

By Phœbus, now
Is this in sooth mine old Sicilian faun
That wont of yore to dally
On violet-scented lawn
With lily-crownèd nymphs, in lovelorn valley!
What modern change is here? What magic—

Quercus:

Hush!
[*With lowered voice, he looks around warily.*]
I am not always quite so modern.
At times—at times, as when just now
You heard me pipe below this bough,
I slip my master's traces,
And slink by paths untrodden
To lovelorn, lush,
Arcadian places,
Where Philomel still lingers,
Plaining her ancient pity,
And there I fetch forth this
With idling fingers,
And pouting on its lip my kiss,
I pipe some dulcet, old, bucolic ditty.
[*He plays again, but breaks off abruptly.*]
Whist! Here he comes! It grates upon his ear.

Shy:

[*Enters, carrying a nest-box.*]
A hermit-thrush is pleasanter to hear. [*He greets Alwyn.*]
Good morning, friend! How comes this *you* are caught
Walking so early? Poets, I had thought,
Salute the sunrise only in their song.

Alwyn:

[*Smiling.*] Fie, then! You do us wrong:
We rhyming slug-abeds
Walk with Aurora at our pillows' heads;
For dreamers can see dawn rise in the dark.
Poets are owls that elegize the lark.

Shy:

And now you 'll talk to me of nightingales!
Three birds exhaust your birds' vocabulary:
Larks, nightingales, and owls. High time, you see,
To wean this fellow from your piper's tales,
And teach him craftily
To build our hungry birds a homelike sanctuary.
[*Alwyn agrees to the wisdom of this, and suggests the possibility of a more perfect communion with the birds through Tacita, the dryad priestess of the sanctuary.*]

Alwyn:

What if, through her as intermediary,
And after thousand ages of uncouth
Estrangement—what, I say, if we
Might find through her the key
To comprehend the native speech of birds,
And hold communion with them in our human words?

Would not that be a modern consummation
Nobler than fable?

Shy:

Almost, I would have said, we might be able,
If it were not for one who scorns this shrine
And violates the beauty of creation,
Marring all contemplative quietude.

Alwyn:

Whom do you speak of?

Shy:

One whom the red wine
Of slaughter has made drunk, and the false glister
Of dollars dazzled with blind arrogance.
Close by this wood
He plies a bold, sinister
Traffic in wings and plumage. Not by chance,
But calculated orgies, he commits
His venal murders, slits
The bridal plumes from backs of mating birds,
And leaves the nested broods
Unhatched or starveling. So he girds
His loins, and, like the Patagonian,
Displays his feathered trophies. Not a man
Swayed by ecstatic moods,
Nor even to equip
A hardy sportsmanship;
Not so: he slaughters birds for stocks and bonds,
And when we challenge, smiling, he responds:
"Mine is a lawful market, where fine ladies pay
For plumes to wear on Sabbaths and Christ's Easter day."

Alwyn:

What is this desecrator's name?

Shy:

Stark, the plume-hunter.

Alwyn:

Surely he dares not
Track his defenseless game
Here to this hallowed spot!

Shy:

No place is holy to unhallowed minds;
He covets gain, and grasps it where he finds.

Alwyn:

Still, I have faith
That Tacita, in her serenity,
Is mightier than he.

Shy:

Ah, nature's quiet mood is delicate,
And crushes like a flower.

Alwyn:

Faith without works is vain, the prophet saith;
So, now, while Nature muses in the thrush,
Here let us sit this hour,
And meditate
On Tacita, till meditation shall create
Its own shy image. Hush!

[*They sit upon a log and listen. The fluting of birds sounds in the forest. Tacita appears. Alwyn beseeches her to reveal to them, through the spell of her dancing, the spirit of all birds, Ornis, the sister of their race, man. To mysterious music, Tacita treads a dance. Alwyn and Shy watch her, rapt and expectant. Suddenly, a gun sounds, shivering the music, which ceases. Through the boughs a bird falls fluttering to the earth. Tacita flees into the wood, while there enters, swift, but staggering, Ornis, a maiden garbed as a bird. On one of her wing-like sleeves blood shows.*]

Ornis:

Ee-ó-lee! O-rée-o! Sanctuary!

[*Swaying, she falls to the ground. Alwyn and Shy spring toward her. Summoning Quercus, who sprinkles upon her healing drops from his bird-bath, they revive her. Addressing her as "Sister," Alwyn bids her have no fear, but trust them as brothers. Ornis rises, amazed.*]

Ornis:

How sweet and strange! Are we indeed awaking
From callous slumber and old wrong?

So sorrowfully long
The hand of man has wrought my birds' heartbreaking!—
Was it a savage dream?
Methought I sat on Morning's golden beam
And sang of God's wild gladness: high and higher
I showered His temple woods with ecstasy;
When suddenly
The earth screamed thunder, and a singeing fire
Shattered my wing. I fell.
Groping in flight, my feet stuck fast
In smear of lime; swift from below
A tangling net was cast
Where, panting upward, a black hell
Of bloody mouths barked under me;
And there beside them, oh,
There watched with eyes of wanton cruelty,
A man, bright-clothed in many-colored plumes
Of my dead sisters! "Save me from their dooms,"
I cried, "O Sanctuary!"

Alwyn:

And you woke
With us, your brothers, healed!

Ornis:

[*With wonder.*] Oh, have you heard
What now I spoke?
And can we answer truly, word for word?
[*Curiously*]
Alwyn!

Alwyn:

You know my name?

Ornis:

[*Turning eagerly from one to the other.*]
Shy!

Shy:

[*Smiling.*] No mistake!

Ornis:

Quercus!

Quercus:

[*Skipping, with a bow.*] Your birdship's faun!

Ornis:

[*Laughing joyously.*] Good morning, brothers!

Alwyn:

When have you known us?

Ornis:

Many an age and long!
No syllable has bubbled in your song
But I have blown it first from yonder trees.
[*To Shy.*] No brooding-place of yours, but *I* was in the breeze.
[*To Quercus.*] And ever to your whistle
I pipe the last note from the nearest thistle.
[*Tacita appears remotely.*]
O beautiful my brothers!
O dryad dear, I thank you! In your dawn,
How brave it is to speak with man and faun
As mates and fellows! Quick! Fetch me still others!

[*A crashing resounds in the thicket. Tacita disappears. Going curiously toward the sound, Ornis recoils with a cry of "Save me!" and flies to their protection. Quercus also scampers back fearfully, and hides. Enter Stark, in garb of a hunter. He rushes toward Ornis, passes her, oblivious, and seizes up the fallen bird.*]

Stark:

Bagged! Hold off the dogs!
[*The attendants withdraw with the hounds.*]

Ornis:

[*As Stark grasps the bird, she clutches her own side in pain.*]
Ee-ó-lo!

Stark:

A rare beauty! Bah, one wing
Shot-torn! Oh, well, we 'll patch the thing.
Madame la Môde 's a tricksy milliner.
[*He thrusts the bird into his game-pouch, sees Alwyn and Shy, and greets them.*]
Hallo! Fine hunting weather!

Shy:

[*Quietly.*] Sir,
Here is *no hunting.*

Stark:

[*With a laugh.*] Pipe that to the frogs!

Shy:

This ground is sanctuary.

Stark:

And what 's that?

Shy:

A place held sacred from the hunter's trail.

Stark:

Why, man, I am no hunter, and that 's flat.
I only plume myself—to trim a hat.
Besides, I shot outside your pale;
And now— [*Touching his pouch, he winks.*]
the game is bagged.

Shy:

You bag the spangle,
And lose the spirit. Sir, here is no place
To preach or wrangle
Our creeds. I am a student, not a teacher;
So I would only learn of you: what joy
Urges you to destroy
So gracious, fair,
And innocent a fellow-creature
As yonder?

[*He points at Ornis.*]

Stark:

[*Looking.*] Where?

Alwyn:

Our sister, who stands there,
And dumbly pleads for all her race—
And ours.

Stark:

By Christ in Hades!
My eyes see nothing but a brace
Of popinjays, who pipe to me of ladies,
And show me—no one.

[*The poet and naturalist try to show him the bird-spirit, but Stark mocks them.*]

Alwyn:

Stay yet!
Once more look yonder, where my comrade stands,
Turning to take the gentle outreached hands
Of our shy sister. Can you see
No timid form beside him?

Stark:

Perfectly
My eyes discern
A man, who peers within the morning mist,
And murmurs to the air,
And smiles, as if he held sweet converse there.
In short, I see a sentimentalist.
I am not of that ilk.
[*Calling.*] Ho, there! *Holà!*
Wait with my dogs! I 'm coming.

Alwyn:

Stay, and learn
What we ourselves have only learned through quiet
Listening. So long, in rampant haste,
Your dizzy soul has chased
The spinning dollar-sign, which stars your zodiac,
That you have lost the track
Of paths serene, and pace God's world in riot
Of blinding gold. Pause for this little space!
Put off that blood-emblazed regalia,
Gorgeous with death,
And draw with me one meditative breath
Here in the temple of cool Tacita.

Stark:

[*Who has listened with half-amused curiosity.*]

Ah, Tacita? And who may that be, friend?

[*Telling him that Tacita is one lovelier than he has ever seen, Alwyn persuades Stark to "remain and meditate." He sits on the log beside Alwyn. Ornis still stands apart, under Shy's protection. Quercus enters.*]

Alwyn:

Now, Tacita, shy, pagan, nymph, appear!

[*Tacita enters from her shrine of greenery, and approaches them.*]

Alwyn:

Spirit, unblind this man! Delusions blur
Inward his sight. He is a murderer,
Yet knows not he is such. Unseal
The fountains of his vision, and reveal
Yonder the sister spirit, whom so long

From a photograph, copyright, by Arnold Genthe

THE DRYAD REVEALS THE BIRD-SPIRIT TO THE PLUME-HUNTER

From left to right: *Alwyn* (Percy MacKaye), *Quercus* (Joseph Lindon Smith), *Stark* (Witter Bynner), *Tacita* (Juliet Barrett Rublee), *Ornis* (Eleanor Wilson), *Shy* (Ernest Harold Baynes).

His blind heart strove to wrong—
Ornis reveal, and let him speak with her!

[*Soft music sounds. Tacita approaches Stark, and weaves about him a dance of revelation, lulling, charming, luring him. During her dance Stark rises, bewildered, and is lured toward Ornis, before whom he stands, staring.*]

Stark:

[*Rising, speaks to the music.*]
O twilight, holy dusk, dawn twitterings!
How far, how dim, and hollow
You darkle over me!
Wings, wings! swift wings, shy wings!
eternal wings!
Where shall I follow?
Ah, joy, jubilant melody,
And morning! Joy, I follow!
I dream, and drink from your immortal springs!
[*Tacita disappears. Stark beholds Ornis.*]
What are you?

Ornis:

[*Appealing with half-fearful affection.*]
Brother! Brother!

Stark:

[*With sudden cry and gesture.*] Ha, my net!
The shy bird shall be captured 'live.
[*From his shoulder he looses his net, and flings it over Ornis, seizing the meshes.*] Now, Joy,
I hold you fast!

Ornis:

[*Struggling.*] Ee-ó-lee-o!

Shy:

[*Detaching the meshes.*] Not yet!

Alwyn:

[*Seizing Stark.*] Untamed, and still unshamed! Will you destroy
The wings that raise you? Sister, speak to him!

Ornis:

My brothers, all of you, oh, wage not war
Because of me! I fear not. Stark, you dim
The brightness of our union, greeting so
Your sister.

Stark:

[*Dropping his net.*] Sister?

Ornis:

Hunt no more
With lime and net. Your love shall hold me faster,
For I am Ornis.

Stark:

[*Fascinated.*] Ornis!

Ornis:

Dear my master,
Do you not know me? I am she
Whom first, beneath the dark, ancestral tree,
You rose upon your feet to hearken to.
By me you grew
To song and freedom. Round your olden feasts
You watched my circling flights, whereby your priests
Proclaimed their omens and their oracles.
My cranes announced your victories, my storks
Fed your hearth-fires, my silver-throated gulls
And golden hawks
Saved many your sea-town from sore pestilence;
And my sweet night-bird tuned your poets' shells
To lull sad lovers in languorous asphodels,
Yet all my influence
Shone dimmer than my beauty; my bright plumes
Lured you to squander them, till, in the fumes
Of greed, your heart forgot to cherish me,
And sold me unto death and slavery.
Yet, master, as you will:
Lo! I am Ornis, and I love you still.

Stark:

[*With altered tone of yearning.*]

Yet, yet it seems I never heard your voice
Till now; nor ever understood
Till now; nor paused, as now in this still wood,
To tremble and rejoice
At greeting you, my sister. I am stunned,
And wait to comprehend this wonder.

Ornis:

Ah,
You never prayed before to Tacita!
Your feet have shunned
Her gracious paths, yet only she
Can lead and show my brother man to me.

From a photograph, copyright, by Arnold Genthe

STARK'S ATTENDANT
Leonard Cox, son of Kenyon Cox.

Stark:

[*Glancing at his gun.*] Why, then—why have I brought this instrument
Of murder here? What black intent
Clouded my mind with blood? [*Flinging it from him.*]
Out of my hands! My sister, can it be
That still you soar above my sanguine flood
Of passion, and forgive? Though yet I kill,
Oh, is it true, indeed, you love me still?

Ornis:

Ha, put me to the test!
Show me the field that breeds your harvest pest
Of chinch or weevil,
Where all the blossoms wither with strange evil,
Or where, in filmy tents,
The hairy creepers gorge in regiments
Your budding apple-boughs;
Show your ancestral elms
Gaunt-limbed with leprosy, which overwhelms
Their green old age in death;
Or those swift locust clouds, whose breath
Blasts the ripe loveliness of spring!
Show these, and more
Than these, and cry on Ornis! She shall bring—
From hill and shore
And plain—her winged flocks and warbling broods,

From a photograph, copyright, by Arnold Genthe

QUERCUS, THE FAUN, JOSEPH LINDON SMITH (STAGE PRODUCER), AND *ALWYN*, THE POET, PERCY MACKAYE (AUTHOR OF THE MASQUE)

And swinge away their deadly multitudes.
If *service* be true love, I love you, brother.

Alwyn:

[*Drawing near.*] And for her sake, so *we*
will love each other.

[*Discarding his head-dress of plumes, and vowing allegiance to Ornis, Stark greets Alwyn and Shy in fellowship.*]

A compact, then, we three: that when we
go
Forth from these gracious trees

From a photograph, copyright, by Arnold Genthe

TACITA, THE DRYAD, EVOKES THE BIRD-SPIRIT BY HER DANCE
Juliet Barrett Rublee

Into the world, we go as witnesses
Before the men who make our country's laws,
And by our witness show
In burning words
The meaning of these sylvan mysteries:
Freedom and sanctuary for the birds.
Say, is our compact sworn?

Stark:

I swear.

Quercus:

One of our weathercocks.
Look you, it swings.
So when, in winter, the white tempest blows,
Here sit the birds at breakfast 'mid the snows,
With porch turned ever to the cozy side.
In that cold time, my master Shy
Brings more devices to provide
Bird comfort: food-bells full of millet
We place in covert nooks, and tie
Our knitted suet-bags on many a bough
Of pine and larch. And I must plow
Through many a drift to crack the frozen rillet
For little beaks to drink.

Alwyn:

By Phœbus, now
Is this in sooth mine old Sicilian faun
That wont of yore to dally
On violet-scented lawn
With lily-crownèd nymphs, in lovelorn valley!
What modern change is here? What magic—

Quercus:

Hush!
[*With lowered voice, he looks around warily.*]
I am not always quite so modern.
At times—at times, as when just now
You heard me pipe below this bough,
I slip my master's traces,
And slink by paths untrodden
To lovelorn, lush,
Arcadian places,
Where Philomel still lingers,
Plaining her ancient pity,
And there I fetch forth this
With idling fingers,
And pouting on its lip my kiss,
I pipe some dulcet, old, bucolic ditty.
[*He plays again, but breaks off abruptly.*]
Whist! Here he comes! It grates upon his ear.

Shy:

[*Enters, carrying a nest-box.*]
A hermit-thrush is pleasanter to hear. [*He greets Alwyn.*]
Good morning, friend! How comes this *you* are caught
Walking so early? Poets, I had thought,
Salute the sunrise only in their song.

Alwyn:

[*Smiling.*] Fie, then! You do us wrong:
We rhyming slug-abeds
Walk with Aurora at our pillows' heads;
For dreamers can see dawn rise in the dark.
Poets are owls that elegize the lark.

Shy:

And now you 'll talk to me of nightingales!
Three birds exhaust your birds' vocabulary:
Larks, nightingales, and owls. High time, you see,
To wean this fellow from your piper's tales,
And teach him craftily
To build our hungry birds a homelike sanctuary.
[*Alwyn agrees to the wisdom of this, and suggests the possibility of a more perfect communion with the birds through Tacita, the dryad priestess of the sanctuary.*]

Alwyn:

What if, through her as intermediary,
And after thousand ages of uncouth
Estrangement—what, I say, if we
Might find through her the key
To comprehend the native speech of birds,
And hold communion with them in our human words?

Would not that be a modern consummation
Nobler than fable?

Shy:

Almost, I would have said, we might be able,
If it were not for one who scorns this shrine
And violates the beauty of creation,
Marring all contemplative quietude.

Alwyn:

Whom do you speak of?

Shy:

One whom the red wine
Of slaughter has made drunk, and the false glister
Of dollars dazzled with blind arrogance.
Close by this wood
He plies a bold, sinister
Traffic in wings and plumage. Not by chance,
But calculated orgies, he commits
His venal murders, slits
The bridal plumes from backs of mating birds,
And leaves the nested broods
Unhatched or starveling. So he girds
His loins, and, like the Patagonian,
Displays his feathered trophies. Not a man
Swayed by ecstatic moods,
Nor even to equip
A hardy sportsmanship;
Not so: he slaughters birds for stocks and bonds,
And when we challenge, smiling, he responds:
"Mine is a lawful market, where fine ladies pay
For plumes to wear on Sabbaths and Christ's Easter day."

Alwyn:

What is this desecrator's name?

Shy:

Stark, the plume-hunter.

Alwyn:

Surely he dares not
Track his defenseless game
Here to this hallowed spot!

Shy:

No place is holy to unhallowed minds;
He covets gain, and grasps it where he finds.

Alwyn:

Still, I have faith
That Tacita, in her serenity,
Is mightier than he.

Shy:

Ah, nature's quiet mood is delicate,
And crushes like a flower.

Alwyn:

Faith without works is vain, the prophet saith;
So, now, while Nature muses in the thrush,
Here let us sit this hour,
And meditate
On Tacita, till meditation shall create
Its own shy image. Hush!

[*They sit upon a log and listen. The fluting of birds sounds in the forest. Tacita appears. Alwyn beseeches her to reveal to them, through the spell of her dancing, the spirit of all birds, Ornis, the sister of their race, man. To mysterious music, Tacita treads a dance. Alwyn and Shy watch her, rapt and expectant. Suddenly, a gun sounds, shivering the music, which ceases. Through the boughs a bird falls fluttering to the earth. Tacita flees into the wood, while there enters, swift, but staggering, Ornis, a maiden garbed as a bird. On one of her wing-like sleeves blood shows.*]

Ornis:

Ee-ó-lee! O-rée-o! Sanctuary!

[*Swaying, she falls to the ground. Alwyn and Shy spring toward her. Summoning Quercus, who sprinkles upon her healing drops from his bird-bath, they revive her. Addressing her as "Sister," Alwyn bids her have no fear, but trust them as brothers. Ornis rises, amazed.*]

Ornis:

How sweet and strange! Are we indeed awaking
From callous slumber and old wrong?

blue of eye as was his most remote ancestor of the cold fogs.

The descendants of English and Spanish or Portuguese intermarriages also call themselves pure creoles as a matter of course. It is a striking thing that in many of these old families, in which not a word of Spanish is known, the Iberian blood remains so pronounced that they look far more Spanish than English.

This is specially so the case of the women. They seem out of place in the British colonies. They belong behind the grilled windows of Spanish houses. But they would not take kindly to that poetic seclusion. These are free Anglo-Saxon women, however Spanish they may look. They play tennis and walk and ride and swim, where their Spanish-American sisters consider exercise only as a necessary evil. They have just as beautifully dark and eloquent eyes, but they have not learned to use them like their Spanish sisters. They have been permitted to chatter through too many generations. The Spanish-American girl does not chatter.

Of course the passionate pilgrim who wanders attentively through the Nova España of the old *conquistadores*, will find many a specific Señorita Hortensia or Señorita Conchita or Señorita Carmencita who is as sprightly as leaping fire; but the Spanish-American beauty, speaking of her in the beautiful mass, is speechless.

Last year there was a passionate pilgrim who arrived in Santa Something. I may not name it more specifically, for I shall be going to Santa Something again, and they read THE CENTURY MAGAZINE down there. He was not a passionate pil-

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"THE STOUT AUNT WHO ACTED AS DUENNA DOZED IN HER ROCKING-CHAIR"

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"IN THE NARROW STREETS OF SECRETIVE HOUSE-WALLS, PAINTED BLUE OR ROSE"

grim when he arrived, for he was a Briton; but he became passionate when he saw the beauty of Santa Something. It was excusable. The beauty of Santa Something is so beautiful that her fame has spread through ten degrees of latitude under the tropic of Cancer.

The pilgrim had arrived in a sailing-ship from Africa, where he had been pursuing his lifelong profession of being stranded. "The captain," as he explained, "took me aboard because he wanted his books written up in a manner suitable for critical owners. He 'd been away two years, and he wanted 'em done nicely. He did n't need a bookkeeper. What he required was a fellow with some imagination."

All that the pilgrim had when he landed was the strictly limited amount of money given to him by the conscientious captain. When he saw the beauty, he stayed right there till all the money was gone, and he had not progressed further than to gaze through the window at night and see her sitting in monumental loveliness behind the iron grill-work. Then her family, troubled by the evening promenades of the suspicious stranger, sent her away to an aunt in a city about a hundred miles inland.

The passionate pilgrim had no money for railroad fare. He borrowed a horse from a British resident, who, rumor said, considered it sound economy to lose a horse when he could lose a penniless countryman with it. He rode to the interior city, and threw himself with the ease of an old campaigner on the hands of his fellow-Britons there. They used frank language, but they passed him to and fro as a guest. Occasionally he did his hosts such odd services as a gentleman could do. All the time he laid siege to the beauty.

First he paraded before the windows in proper Spanish fashion. She sat within, beautiful, graceful, calm, fanning herself languorously, and looking languorously over her fan with her great eyes. At last he got an introduction, and was admitted within the house, an amazingly un-Spanish privilege, accorded, with a shrug, to "the queer English." Really it was his cheek that did it.

It was then that she spoke to him for the first time in all those months. She had a voice as beautiful as her face, which is not the case always in Spanish America. The beautiful voice said to him: "Buenos noches, Señor. Come and sit beside me."

He came and sat beside her. That was all. It was the only English she knew, and he was the determined kind of Anglo-Saxon who never would or could learn anything but his native tongue. The only Spanish word that he had was the word *cerveza* for beer, and that was a pure waste, because every *cantina* in the Caribbean world understands the English word.

It came to be the thing in that town for the American and British residents to make window parades to see the passionate pilgrim sit beside her. She fanned herself slowly and looked beautiful. He gazed at her, and spoke words that he fondly believed to be nearly Spanish. Whenever he spoke, she looked at him with her wonderful eyes, and the stout aunt who acted as duenna dozed in her rocking-chair just opposite.

There never was love-making so utterly devoid of scandal. The Briton was a patient Briton, not prone to see a joke. The beauty's family heard of it long before he became impatient, and they spirited her away to San José in Costa Rica. The passionate pilgrim could not borrow a horse to pursue her, it being a thousand miles by sea. Neither could he borrow passage money. So he borrowed enough money to get completely intoxicated, and got over it in that way.

This spring I witnessed another speechless affair, wherein the passionate pilgrim, being American, saw the joke more swiftly, though ungraciously. The passionate pilgrim was my host, and such a generous one that it is humanly natural that I should reward him by using him for copy. He is one of those mighty strenuous Americans whom it is so splendid to watch from a hammock, and when he saw a certain beauty in an ancient city about fifty miles from his plantation, he pitched in instantly and got acquainted, virtually by main strength, with her brother, who was her only living relative.

Cunningly, he invited the brother to visit his place, which is somewhat of a show place in that part of Cuba. The beauty had heard of it, and wished to see it, too, but could not, having no chaperon. She belongs to a very old, very distinguished family, and has been brought up in a very old and distinguished fashion.

The passionate and strenuous American telegraphed peremptorily to his married cousin to visit him, and she went (about two hundred miles), marveling suspiciously at his sudden vehemence of cousinly regard.

When he had his cousin safe, he was sure of the brother and the beauty, and he patted himself on the back openly and shamelessly for his immense ability to "do things."

He could speak Spanish to dazzle natives. As soon as he could get rid of the brother, which he did by arranging a riding-party for him, he used all that excellent Spanish without regard to economy. It was lovely talk, as rich as Cervantes when he is really good. The beauty reclined languidly and decoratively in her chair and looked at him. Once in a long time she said, "Yes." Once in a long time she said, "No." The married cousin was a tactful woman. For an hour she sat as chaperon, then she withdrew. Ostensibly it was to give him a clear field; really it was to laugh.

The passionate pilgrim's oratory was a little less enthusiastic during the second day, but the beauty's conversation showed no flagging. At the end of the third day the pilgrim strode to the other end of the veranda, where his tactful cousin was reading something that must have been funny, for she was giggling when she looked up at him. He wiped his forehead.

"Good Lord!" he said. "And I 've invited 'em for a week!"

"Maybe you can coax them to stay longer," said the tactful cousin, encouragingly. "Go in and win. She 's the most beautiful thing I 've ever seen."

The passionate pilgrim glared at her passionately. "Look here," he said rudely, "you 've got to get a telegram the first thing to-morrow morning,—I 'll see to it for you,—calling you away. Do you suppose I 'm going to stand this thing four more whole days?"

The tactful cousin went away obediently, taking the beauty in her train, of course. Cousins and other feminine relatives of American and British men in the Caribbean tropics show a strange lack of enthusiasm for the Spanish-American señoritas whom the men admire. Cynics put it down to jealousy. Whatever it is, the tactful cousin is telling the story with vast pleasure all over the West Indies, and it is melancholy to observe how vastly pleased all the other American and English ladies are to hear it.

However, the passionate pilgrim need not be deterred. The señoritas and señoras are lovely to see, if not to hear; and to see them in the mist of poetry, he need merely go to the painted cities of the Spanish Main, to Cartagena or San José.

In the narrow streets of secretive house-walls, painted blue or rose, violet, gamboge, or pink, the clock of custom still marks the time of the Spanish *conquistadores,* and the clock of the *conquistador* was the clock of a civilization before his —the civilization of the Arabic empire, of the stately Moor of Granada.

Automobiles whoop through the streets, but he who looks down on the painted cities from a high place looks down on the sloping, fluted, red-tiled roofs of a long-gone past. The telephone instrument hangs on the stone walls of the high-built, darkened rooms, but the duenna sits under it. The piano-player is there, or the phonograph, but the tall, unglazed window-openings are barred with lover-proof iron grill-work. Electric lights illuminate the rooms, but mighty doors studded with rivets look forbiddingly on the strange man.

The Spanish-American dandy wears "mail-order" clothes from the States, but when he glances at a lady on the street, it is the same stolen glance that is ventured at eyes that flash above Moorish veils. He keeps his tryst by the time of a Parisian watch, but the tryst is kept by clinging to the outside of the iron grills while the lady sits within.

When he is admitted within, his doom is sealed, if that is a proper expression in connection with a señorita of ravishing eyes and hair. Once he has become a visitor inside the great fort-like doors, he is expected to declare his intention, and stick to it. Even then there are no sentimental rambles for him and his señorita under the palms of the patio; there are no whispered conversations full of sweetly maudlin monotony. He sits in a rocking-chair that is one of a painfully straight row ranged down the middle of the room. His señorita sits in one in a similarly straight row opposite. The rest of the rows is occupied by the señor father and the señora mother and the señoras aunts and the señoritas

sisters, and all the rest of the household. For an hour or two hours they rock at each other and speak noble politenesses. Then the señor father begins to indicate, very much as señors fathers sometimes do in the United States, that he would lay the parental head on the pillow. The señor lover picks his hat from the stone floor and rises. The señorita sweetheart smiles sweetly at him over her fan, but with holy calm. The señor father and the señora mother say graciously:

"*Adios,* Don Enrique. It was us much pleasure," and Don Enrique says:

"Much thanks. It is hoped that one may have the pleasure extreme of arriving again some evening?"

"Some evening" is the next evening in the same rocking-chair.

Sometimes when all the painted city is abed, and the staring tropical moonlight falls whitely on streets with every window shuttered as if the streets were streets of seraglios, the señor lover strolls to the house of his señorita with a guitar, and sings under the tiny rose-red or sky-blue nest of Juliet balcony. But the chance traveler is in luck if he is fortunate enough to see that pretty custom. It is going out. Colonel Goethals is wiping out more than mere distances in the Caribbean world with his Panama Canal.

The unfortunate young señor who is not in favor with parents or duenna is limited to window parade, or stolen glances once a week on the plaza. It is on Sunday night, when the city band plays, and everybody goes there to walk around and around. In that one time and place, the señorita is permitted to walk unescorted in public. She is not unwatched. Elder relatives or the duenna sit on benches or the reserved chairs (price, five cents). However, by a happy provision of geography, every plaza has four sides; and by a happy provision of anatomy, the human sight cannot possibly travel all around those four sides.

It is a sacred institution in the Spanish Americas, this plaza. Spanish-American presidents may cut their rivals' throats or have their own cut without violent public objections. They may loot a treasury and provoke no more than a shrugged, "What will you?" They may declare martial law, and shoot a few brace of conspirators every morning, and the surviving citizens will live on cheerfully, and undisturbed take their good siestas and drink their strong, thick coffee in their clubs. But any president so mad as to interfere with the plaza and the band-concert would vanish like a drop of rain on hot palmetto bad-lands.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"THE SEÑORITA SWEETHEART SMILES SWEETLY AT HIM OVER HER FAN, BUT WITH HOLY CALM"

The young people do the walking around the plaza. They walk around and around. Robed in beautifully flowing, airy, gauzy things of delicate colors, the señoritas walk around and around in one direction, their very fine arms intertwined.

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"THE SEÑOR LOVER STROLLS TO THE HOUSE OF HIS SEÑORITA WITH A GUITAR"

The señors, side by side, walk around and around in the opposite direction. Thus once at every circuit of the four sides of the plaza there may be a meeting of eyes.

Now, what the Spanish-American beauty cannot do with her eyes is not worth mentioning. In the brief moment of passing she can say:

"Don Manuel, I love you. Beware of my señora aunt, who is watching me like a tiger. Don Manuel, you are the handsomest man I ever saw. Do you behold how jealous is the fat Don Marco, who is sitting with my so beloved and respected father? For the fat Don Marco I have the great disgust. Shall you be passing our *casa* to-morrow at the usual hour of night? Behold, I shall be looking forth, Don Manuel. I would fall into your arms!"

The señorita says it all with her eyes. There is no smile on her mouth, no heightened flush on her darkly flushed, smooth cheek, no motion of a feature. All that moves are her fiery eyes.

She cannot say it in words. Perhaps if, some evening, some señorita, walking around and around, were to stop for a moment and chat with some señor, walking around and around, no catastrophe would occur. Nobody can say. It never has been tried.

Put a beautiful creole and a not too plain Northern woman together, and the Northern woman will come off victorious by her play of expression, the vivacity of every lineament, as against the astonishing immobility of the lovely Spanish face opposed to her. But no Northern woman can rival her tropic sister's play of eyes. If she tried, it would seem of bold purpose. The creole's glances are as natural as the glance of the creole's burning sun.

Her eyes are the one possession of the Spanish-American beauty that bears the full light of her glaring tropical day. Again there must be exception to the specific Señorita Hortensia or Señorita Conchita or Señorita Carmencita, who is always beautiful. As the painted cities are most lovely in the glory of their majestic nights, so are the señoritas and the señoras. Like the magic flower of the cereus, living splendidly at night alone, are these dark, richly colored tropical girls.

Let the passionate pilgrim refrain, by all that he holds dear, from looking for señoritas in the daytime. In the first place, it will be a rather empty quest, for in the hot day the barred and shuttered houses look blindly on the sunburned streets as if all the cathedral bells had clashed out the ancient alarm: "English bucaneers! English bucaneers!"

In the second, and sadder, place, if he catches forbidden glimpses through shutters left half open, what he will see will be no dainty figures gliding poetically through inner glooms, but shapeless persons in Mother-Hubbard things, shuffling through the inner glooms in heelless, flip-flapping slippers. The glorious hair will be stuck up this way and that with unprepossessing hair-pins, and the complexions will be too likely to show sallow and dull.

The Spanish-American lady does not love the sun. While it shines, she exists in negligée, hidden from all men in her

dwelling, which is as private as a harem and much like it in appearance; for even the courtyard garden, the patio, is inside the house, and open only to the sky. She loves exercise as little as she does the sun. She cares neither to play tennis nor walk nor ride for pleasure. In a world where every man goes horseback, even if only to go around the corner, it is rare to see a lady on a horse, except sometimes in the parks of the biggest cities.

The tropical woman does not awake to life till the trade-wind has given its last furious scourging to the palms, and the light of the vivid, shadeless day gives way to a cool transparency that fills the Caribbean world abrim. When the vast sun dives, as if pulled swiftly by a hand under the horizon, and the land-breeze flows softly, like a scented tide, the mysterious houses open wide.

Through the door-spaces, as huge as Northern barns, the passer-by can see into all the rooms, and through them into the gorgeous patios, where fireflies of unfading lights make erratic lines of green fire. In the rooms are figures moving about in graceful indolence, in laces and filmy, cloudy garments. Roses or scarlet hibiscus blooms glow in coal-black crowns of hair. Sumptuous fans hide faces, so that a momentary glance may be shot at the stranger who stares in boldly. The tropic night, intoxicating, thrilling, has come, and the tropical women are of it.

They dine early in the old-fashioned Spanish tropics. Scarcely does the evening flood in, before the women cluster in consciously picturesque groups behind the bars. Caballeros ride through the narrow, sidewalk-less streets, brushing the house-fronts as they pass. If you are on foot, you take the wall. The caballero is busy looking into the windows. If you are busy yourself, as you will be, the horses will take care of your welfare. They are accustomed to the task. They are the only living creatures that are not abroad for the one purpose of looking.

Part of what you see will be due to rouge and rice-powder. The Spanish-American belle dotes on rice-powder. But there will be a plenty of complexions genuine enough. And when you see one of these under the Caribbean moon,—a forehead of fair ivory beneath a coronet of blue-black hair; tiny ears, barely flushed, like a bud; cheeks flashing darkly crimson through a softly tinged skin; lips more scarlet than the flower in the black hair,—and when that face looks out of a barred window, beneath a roof that is Moorish, with eyes—

Here it is in order to say, "Alas!" like every well-constituted traveler who writes about the tropics, and to add, "the beauties of that ardent world bloom early, but fade soon." Only they do not exactly fade. If you would see what they do, mark the overwhelmingly healthful, unfaded proportions of the aunts and married sisters of the beauty. The great need of the Caribbean tropics is banting.

"THE BEAUTIES OF THAT ARDENT WORLD BLOOM EARLY, BUT FADE SOON"

THE LAST WAR IN THE WORLD

A STORY OF THE FUTURE

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "Tono Bungay" "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," etc.

I

STUDIED from the point of view of a sane and ambitious social order, it is difficult to understand, and it would be tedious to follow, the motives that plunged mankind into the war that fills the histories of the middle decades of the twentieth century.

It must always be remembered that the political structure of the world at that time was everywhere extraordinarily behind the collective intelligence. That is the central fact of that history. For two hundred years there had been no great changes in political or legal methods and pretensions; the utmost change had been a certain shifting of boundaries and a slight readjustment of procedure, while in nearly every other aspect of life there had been fundamental revolutions, gigantic releases, and an enormous enlargement of scope and outlook. The absurdities of courts and the indignities of representative parliamentary government, coupled with the opening of vast fields of opportunity in other directions, had more and more withdrawn the best intelligences from public affairs. The ostensible governments of the world in the twentieth century were following in the wake of the ostensible religions. They were ceasing to command the services of any but second-rate men. After the middle of the eighteenth century there are no more great ecclesiastics upon the world's memory; after the opening of the twentieth, no more statesmen. Everywhere one finds an energetic, ambitious, short-sighted, commonplace type in the seats of authority, blind to the new possibilities, and litigiously reliant upon the traditions of the past.

Perhaps the most dangerous of those outworn traditions were the boundaries of the various "sovereign states," and the conception of a general predominance in human affairs on the part of some one particular state. The memory of the empires of Rome and Alexander squatted, an unlaid carnivorous ghost, in the human imagination; it bored into the human brain like some grisly parasite, and filled it with disordered thoughts and violent impulses.

For more than a century the French system exhausted its vitality in belligerent convulsions, and then the infection passed to the German-speaking peoples, who were the heart and center of Europe, and from them onward to the Slavs.

Later ages were to store and neglect the vast insane literature of this obsession, the intricate treaties, the secret agreements, the vast knowingness of the political writer, the cunning refusals to accept plain facts, the strategic devices, the tactical manœuvers, the records of mobilizations and counter-mobilizations. It ceased to be credible almost as soon as it ceased to happen, but in the very dawn of the new age their state-craftsmen sat with their historical candles burning, and, despite strange new reflections and unfamiliar lights and shadows, still wrangling and planning to rearrange the maps of Europe and the world.

THE WARLIKE PRIMITIVE MAN

PRIMITIVE man had been a fiercely combative animal; innumerable generations had passed their lives in tribal warfare, and the weight of tradition, the example of history, the ideals of loyalty and devotion, fell in easily enough with the incitements of the international mischief-maker. The political ideas of the common man were picked up haphazard; there was virtually nothing in such education as he

Copyright, 1914, by THE CENTURY CO.

was given that was ever intended to fit him for citizenship, and it was therefore a comparatively easy matter to fill his vacant mind with the sounds and fury of exasperated suspicion and national aggression. But all this emotion was the fickle emotion of minds without established ideas; it was with most of them, Barnet says, as it was with himself, a natural response to collective movement, and to martial sounds and colors, and the exhilarating challenge of vague dangers. When at last, after many rumors of a "Grave International Situation," the central European powers suddenly attacked the Slav confederacy, and France and England joined the Slavs, there was no immediate comprehension of the calamity. People had been so long oppressed by the threat of and preparation for war that its arrival came with an effect of positive relief.

II

In the great hall of the War Control, the windows of which looked out across the Seine to the Trocadéro and the palaces of the western quarter, a series of big-scale relief-maps were laid out upon tables to display the whole seat of war, and the staff-officers of the control were continually busy shifting the little blocks which represented the contending troops as the reports and intelligence came drifting in to the various telegraphic bureaus in the adjacent rooms. In other smaller apartments there were maps of a less detailed sort, upon which, for example, the reports of the British Admiralty and of the Slav commanders were recorded as they kept coming to hand. Upon these maps, as upon chess-boards, Marshal Dubois, in consultation with General Viard and the Earl of Delhi, was to play the great game for world supremacy against the central European powers. Very probably he had a definite idea of his game; very probably he had a coherent and admirable plan.

But he had reckoned without a proper estimate either of the new strategy of aviation or of the possibilities of atomic energy that Holsten had opened for mankind. While he planned intrenchments and invasions and a frontier war, the central European generalship was striking at the eyes and the brain. And while, with a certain diffident hesitation, he developed his gambit that night upon the lines laid down by Napoleon and Moltke, his own scientific corps, in a state of mutinous activity, was preparing a blow for Berlin. "These old fools!" was the key in which the scientific corps was thinking.

On the night of July 2, the War Control in Paris was an impressive display of the paraphernalia of scientific military organization as the first half of the twentieth century understood it. To one human being at least the consulting commanders had the likeness of world-wielding gods.

She was a skilled typist, capable of nearly sixty words a minute, and she had been engaged in relay with other similar women to take down orders in duplicate and hand them over to the junior officers in attendance, to be forwarded and filed. There had come a lull, and she had been sent out from the dictating-room to take the air upon the terrace before the great hall and to eat such scanty refreshment as she had brought with her until her services were required again.

From her position upon the terrace this young woman had a view not only of the wide sweep of the river below her and all the eastward side of Paris from the Arc de Triomphe to St.-Cloud, great blocks and masses of black or pale darkness, with pink and golden flashes of illumination and endless interlacing bands of dotted lights under a still and starless sky, but also the whole spacious interior of the great hall, with its slender pillars and gracious arching and clustering lamps, was visible to her. There over a wilderness of tables lay the huge maps, done on so large a scale that one might fancy them small countries; the messengers and attendants went and came perpetually, altering, moving the little pieces that signified hundreds and thousands of men; and the great commander and his two consultants stood amid all these things, and near where the fighting was nearest, scheming, directing. They had only to breathe a word, and presently away there, in the world of reality, the punctual myriads moved. Men rose up and went forward and died. The fate of nations lay behind the eyes of these three men. Indeed, they were like gods.

Most godlike of the three was Dubois. It was for him to decide; the others at

most might suggest. In a passion of instinctive worship, her woman's soul went out to this grave, handsome, still old man.

Once she had taken words of instruction from him direct. She had awaited them in an ecstasy of happiness—and fear; for her exaltation was made terrible by the dread that some error might dishonor her. She watched him now through the glass with all the unpenetrating minuteness of an impassioned woman's observation.

He said little, she remarked. He looked but little at the maps. The tall Englishman beside him was manifestly troubled by a swarm of ideas—conflicting ideas; he craned his neck at every shifting of the little red, blue, black, and yellow pieces on the board, and wanted to draw the commander's attention to this and that. Dubois listened, nodded, spoke a word, and became still again, brooding like the national eagle.

His eyes were so deeply sunken under his white eyebrows that she could not see them; his mustache overhung the mouth from which those words of decision came. Viard, too, said little; he was a dark man with a drooping head and melancholy, watchful eyes. He was more intent upon the French right, which was feeling its way now through Alsace to the Rhine. He was, she knew, an old colleague of Dubois; he knew him better, she decided, he trusted him more, than this unfamiliar Englishman.

Not to talk, to remain impassive, and as far as possible in profile—these were the lessons that old Dubois had mastered years ago. To seem to know all, to betray no surprise, to refuse to hurry, itself a confession of miscalculation, by attention to these simple rules Dubois had built up a steady reputation from the days when he had been a promising junior officer, a still, almost abstracted young man, deliberate, but ready. Even then men had looked at him and said, "He will go far." Through fifty years of peace he had never once been found wanting, and at manœuvers his impassive persistence had perplexed and hypnotized and shattered many a more actively intelligent man. Deep in his soul Dubois had hidden his one profound discovery about the modern art of warfare, the key to his career. And this discovery was that *nobody knew;* that to act, therefore, was to blunder, that to walk was to confess, and that the man who acted slowly and steadfastly and, above all, silently, had the best chance of winning through. Meanwhile one fed the men. Now by this same strategy he hoped to shatter those mysterious unknowns of the central European command. Delhi might talk of a great flank march through Holland with all the British submarines and hydroplanes and torpedo craft pouring up the Rhine in support of it; Viard might crave for brilliance with the motor-bicycles, aëroplanes, and skee-men among the Swiss mountains and a sudden swoop upon Vienna: the thing was to listen, and wait for the other side to begin experimenting. It was all experimenting. And meanwhile he remained in profile, with an air of assurance, like a man who sits in an automobile after the chauffeur has had his directions.

And every one about him was the stronger and surer for that quiet face, that air of knowledge and unruffled confidence. The clustering lights threw a score of shadows of him upon the maps; great bunches of him, versions of a commanding presence, lighter or darker, dominated the field, and pointed in every direction. Those shadows symbolized his control. When a messenger came from the wireless room to shift this or that piece in the game, to replace under amended reports one central European regiment by a score, to draw back or thrust out or distribute this or that force of the allies, the marshal would turn his head and seem not to see, or look and nod slightly, as a master nods who approves a pupil's self-correction, "Yes, that 's better."

How wonderful he was! thought the woman at the window, how wonderful it all was! This was the brain of the Western World; this was Olympus, with the warring earth at its feet. And he was guiding France—France so long a resentful exile from imperialism—back to her old predominance. It seemed to her beyond the desert of a woman that she should be privileged to participate.

It is hard to be a woman, full of the stormy impulse to personal devotions, and to have to be impersonal, abstract, exact, punctual. She must control herself.

She gave herself up to fantastic dreams —dreams of the days when the war would be over and victory enthroned. Then perhaps this harshness, this armor, would be put aside, and the gods might unbend. Her eyelids drooped.

THE FIRST BLOW OF THE NEW WARFARE

SHE roused herself with a start. She became aware that the night outside was no longer still; that there was an excitement down below there on the bridge, and a running in the street, and a flickering of search-lights among the clouds from some high place away beyond the Trocadéro. And then the excitement came surging up past her and invaded the hall within.

One of the sentinels from the terrace stood at the upper end of the room shouting something and gesticulating.

And all the world had changed—a kind of throbbing. She could not understand. It was as if all the water-pipes and concealed machinery and cables of the ways beneath were beating, as pulses beat. And about her blew something like a wind—a wind that was dismay.

Her eyes went to the face of the marshal as a frightened child might look toward its mother.

He was still serene. He was frowning slightly, she thought, but that was natural enough; for the Earl of Delhi, with one hand gauntly gesticulating, had taken him by the arm, and was all too manifestly disposed to drag him toward the great door that opened on the terrace. And Viard was hurrying toward the huge windows, and doing so in the strangest of attitudes —bent forward and with eyes upturned.

Something up there?

And then it was as if thunder broke overhead. The sound struck her like a blow. She crouched together against the masonry and looked up. She saw three black shapes swooping down through the torn clouds, and from a point a little below two of them there had already started curling trails of red. Everything else in her being was paralyzed; she hung through moments that seemed infinities, watching those red missiles whirl down toward her.

She felt torn out of the world. There was nothing else in the world but a crimson-purple glare and sound—deafening, all-embracing, continuing sound. Every other light had gone out about her, and against this glare hung slanting walls, pirouetting pillars, projecting fragments of cornices, and a disorderly flight of huge, angular sheets of glass.

She had an impression of a great ball of crimson-purple fire like a maddened living thing that seemed to be whirling about very rapidly amid a chaos of falling masonry, that seemed to be attacking the earth furiously, that seemed to be burrowing into it like a blazing rabbit.

She had all the sensations of waking up out of a dream. She found she was lying face downward on a bank of mold and that a little rivulet of hot water was running over one foot. She tried to raise herself, and found her leg was very painful. She was not clear whether it was night or day or where she was; she made a second effort, wincing and groaning, turned over, got into a sitting position, and looked about her.

A HUSHED PARIS

EVERYTHING seemed very silent. She was, in fact, in the midst of a vast uproar; but she did not realize this, because her hearing had been destroyed.

At first she could not join what she saw to any previous experience. She seemed to be in a strange world, a soundless, ruinous world, a world of heaped, broken things. And it was lit—and somehow this was more familiar to her mind than any other fact about her—by a flickering, purplish-crimson light. Then close to her, rising above a confusion of debris, she recognized the Trocadéro. It was changed; something had gone from it, but its outline was unmistakable. It stood out against a streaming, whirling uprush of red-lit steam. And with that she recalled Paris and the Seine and the warm, overcast evening and the beautiful, luminous organization of the War Control.

She drew herself a little way up the slope of earth on which she lay, and examined her surroundings with an increasing understanding.

The earth on which she was lying projected like a cape into the river. Quite close to her was a brimming lake of dammed-up water from which these warm rivulets and torrents were trickling.

Wisps of vapor came into circling existence a foot or so from its mirror-surface. Near at hand, and reflected exactly in the water, was the upper part of a familiar-looking stone pillar. On the side of her away from the water the heaped ruins rose steeply in a confused slope up to a glaring crest. Above, and reflecting this glare, towered pillowed masses of steam, rolling swiftly upward to the zenith. It was from this crest that the livid glow that lit the world about her proceeded, and slowly her mind connected this mound with the vanished buildings of the War Control.

"Mais!" she whispered, and remained, with staring eyes, quite motionless for a time, crouching close to the warm earth.

Then presently this dim, broken human thing began to look about it again. She began to feel the need of fellowship. She wanted to question, wanted to speak, wanted to relate her experience. And her foot hurt her atrociously. There ought to be an ambulance. A little gust of querulous criticisms blew across her mind. This surely was a disaster. Always after a disaster there should be ambulances and helpers moving about.

She craned her head. There was something there. But everything was so still!

"Monsieur!" she cried. Her ears, she noted, felt queer, and she began to suspect that all was not well with them.

It was terribly lonely in this chaotic strangeness, and perhaps this man—if it was a man, for it was difficult to see—might, for all his stillness, be merely insensible. He might have been stunned.

The leaping glare beyond sent a ray into his corner, and for a moment every little detail was distinct. It was Marshal Dubois. He was lying against a huge slab of the war map. To it there stuck and from it there dangled little wooden objects, the symbols of infantry and cavalry and guns as they were disposed upon the frontier. He did not seem to be aware of this at his back; he had an effect of inattention, not indifferent attention, but as if he were thinking.

She could not see the eyes beneath his shaggy brows, but it was evident he frowned. He frowned slightly; he had an air of not wanting to be disturbed. His face still bore that expression of assured confidence, that conviction that, if things were left to him, France might obey in security.

She did not cry out to him again, but she crept a little nearer. A strange surmise made her eyes dilate. With a painful wrench she pulled herself up so that she could see completely over the intervening lumps of smashed-up masonry. Her hand touched something wet, and after one convulsive movement she became rigid.

It was not a whole man there; it was a piece of a man, the head and shoulders of a man that trailed down into a ragged darkness and a pool of shining black.

And even as she stared the mound above her swayed and crumbled, and a rush of hot water came pouring over her. Then it seemed to her that she was dragged downward.

III

WHEN the rather brutish young aviator, with the bullet head and the black hair close cropped *en brosse,* who was in charge of the French special scientific corps, heard presently of this disaster to the War Control, he was so wanting in imagination in any sphere but his own that he laughed. Small matter to him that Paris was burning. His mother and father and sister lived at Caudebec, and the only sweetheart he had ever had, and it was poor love-making then, was a girl in Rouen. He slapped his second in command on the shoulder.

"Now," he said, "there 's nothing on earth to stop us going to Berlin and giving them tit for tat. Strategy and reasons of state—they 're over. Come along, my boy, and we 'll just show these old women what we can do when they let us have our heads."

THE RETURN BLOW

HE spent five minutes telephoning, and then he went out into the courtyard of the château in which he had been installed, and shouted for his automobile. Things would have to move quickly, because there was scarcely an hour and a half before dawn. He looked at the sky, and noted with satisfaction a heavy bank of clouds athwart the pallid east.

He was a young man of great shrewdness, and his material and aëroplanes were

scattered all over the country-side, stuck away in barns, covered with hay, hidden in woods. A hawk could not have discovered any of them without coming within reach of a gun. But that night he wanted only one of the machines, and it was handy and quite prepared, under a tarpaulin between two ricks, not a couple of miles away. He was going to Berlin with that and just one other man. Two men would be enough for all he meant to do.

He had in his hands the black complement to all those other gifts science was urging upon unregenerate mankind—the gift of destruction, and he was an adventurous, rather than a sympathetic, type.

He was a dark young man with something negroid about his gleaming face. He smiled like one who is favored and anticipates great pleasures. There was an exotic richness, a chuckling flavor, about the voice in which he gave his orders, and he pointed his remarks with the long finger of a hand that was hairy and exceptionally big.

"We 'll give them tit for tat," he said. "No time to lose, boys."

And presently over the cloud-banks that lay above Westphalia and Saxony the swift aëroplane, with its atomic engine as noiseless as a dancing sunbeam and its phosphorescent gyroscopic compass, flew like an arrow to the heart of the central European hosts.

It did not soar very high; it skimmed a few hundred feet above the banked darknesses of cumulus that hid the world, ready to plunge at once into their wet obscurities should some hostile flier range into vision. The tense young steersman divided his attention between the guiding stars above and the level, tumbled surfaces of the vapor strata that hid the world below. Over great spaces those banks lay as even as a frozen lava-flow and almost as still, and then they were rent by ragged areas of translucency, pierced by clear chasms, so that dim patches of the land below gleamed remotely through abysses. Once he saw quite distinctly the plan of a big railway station outlined in lamps and signals, and once the flames of a burning rick showing livid through a boiling drift of smoke on the side of some great hill. But if the world was masked, it was alive with sounds. Up through that vapor floor came the deep roar of trains, the whistles of horns of motor-cars, a sound of rifle-fire away to the south, and, as he drew near his destination, the crowing of cocks.

The sky above the indistinct horizons of this cloud sea was at first starry, and then paler with a light that crept from north to east as the dawn came on. The Milky Way was invisible in the blue, and the lesser stars vanished. The face of the adventurer at the steering-wheel, darkly visible ever and again in the oval, greenish glow of the compass-face, had something of that firm beauty which all concentrated purpose gives, and something of the happiness of an idiot child that has at last got hold of the matches. His companion, a less imaginative type, sat with his legs spread wide over the long coffin-shaped box which contained in its compartments the three atomic bombs, the new bombs that would continue to explode indefinitely and which no one so far had ever seen in action. Hitherto carolinium, their essential substance, had been tested only in almost infinitesimal quantities within steel chambers imbedded in lead. Beyond the thought of great destruction slumbering in the black spheres between his legs, and a keen resolve to follow out very exactly the instructions that had been given him, the man's mind was a blank. His aquiline profile against the starlight expressed nothing but a profound gloom.

The sky below grew clearer as the central European capital was approached. So far they had been singularly lucky, and had been challenged by no aëroplanes at all. The frontier scouts they must have passed in the night; probably these were mostly under the clouds; the world was wide, and they had had luck in not coming close to any soaring sentinel. Their machine was painted a pale gray, which lay almost invisible over the cloud levels below. But now the east was flushing with the near ascent of the sun, Berlin was only a score of miles ahead, and the luck of the Frenchman held. By imperceptible degrees the clouds below dissolved.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BERLIN

AWAY to the northeastward in a cloudless pool of gathering light, and with all its nocturnal illuminations still blazing, was

Berlin. The left finger of the steersman verified roads and open spaces below upon the mica-covered square of map that was fastened near his wheel. There in a series of lace-like expansions was the Havel away to the right; over by those forests must be Spandau; there the river split about the Potsdam island; and right ahead was Charlottenburg, cleft by a great thoroughfare that fell like an indicating beam of light straight to the imperial headquarters. There, plainly enough, was the Thiergarten; beyond rose the imperial palace; and to the right those tall buildings, those clustering, beflagged, bemasted roofs, must be the offices in which the central European staff was housed. It was all coldly clear and colorless in the dawn.

He looked up suddenly as a humming sound grew out of nothing and became swiftly louder. Nearly overhead a German aëroplane was circling down from an immense height to challenge him. He made a gesture with his left arm to the gloomy man behind, and then gripped his little wheel with both hands, crouched over it, and twisted his neck to look upward. He was attentive, tightly strung, but quite contemptuous of their ability to hurt him. No German alive, he was assured, could outfly him or, indeed, any one of the best Frenchmen. He imagined they might strike at him as a hawk strikes, but they were men coming down out of the bitter cold up there in a hungry, spiritless morning mood; they came slanting down like a sword swung by a lazy man, and not so rapidly but that he was able to slip away from under them and get between them and Berlin. They began challenging him in German with a megaphone when they were still perhaps a mile away. The words came to him rolled up into a mere blob of hoarse sound. Then gathering alarm from his grim silence, they gave chase and swept down, a hundred yards above him perhaps and a couple of hundred behind. They were beginning to understand what he was. He ceased to watch them, and concentrated himself on the city ahead, and for a time the two aëroplanes raced.

A bullet came tearing through the air by him as though some one was tearing paper. A second followed. Something tapped the machine.

It was time to act. The broad avenues, the park, the palaces below rushed widening out nearer and nearer to them.

"Ready!" said the steersman.

The gaunt face hardened to grimness, and with both hands the bomb-thrower lifted the big atomic bomb from the box and steadied it against the side. It was a black sphere two feet in diameter. Between its handles was a little celluloid stud, and to this he bent his head until his lips touched it. Then he had to bite in order to let the air in upon the inducive. Sure of its accessibility, he craned his neck over the side of the aëroplane and judged his pace and distance. Then very quickly he bent forward, bit the stud, and hoisted the bomb over the side.

"Round," he whispered inaudibly.

The bomb flashed blinding scarlet in mid-air and fell, a descending column of blaze eddying spirally in the midst of a whirlwind. Both aëroplanes were tossed like shuttlecocks, hurled high and sidewise, and the steersman with gleaming eyes and set teeth fought in great banking curves for a balance. The gaunt man clung tight with hand and knees, his nostrils dilated, his teeth biting his lips. Lucky for him that he was firmly strapped.

When he could look down again it was like looking down upon the crater of a little volcano. In the open garden before the imperial castle a shuddering star of evil splendor spurted and poured up smoke and flame toward them like an accusation. They were too high to distinguish people clearly, or mark the bomb's effect upon the façade of the building until it suddenly tottered and crumbled before it as sugar dissolves in water. The man stared for a moment, showed all his long teeth, and then very swiftly staggered into the cramped standing position his straps permitted, hoisted out and bit another bomb, and sent it down after its fellow.

The explosion came this time more directly underneath the aëroplane, and shot it upward nearly edgewise. The bomb box tipped to the point of disgorgement, and the bomb-thrower was pitched forward upon the third bomb, with his face close to its celluloid stud. He clutched its handles, and, with a sudden gust of determination that the thing should not

among the corn and of the bitter outcries of my own men. Damned foolery! It *was* damned foolery. But who was to blame? How had we got to this?

"Early in the afternoon an aëroplane tried to dislodge us with dynamite bombs; but she was hit by bullets once or twice, and suddenly dived down over beyond the trees.

" 'From Holland to the Alps this day,' I thought, 'there must be crouching and lying between half and a million of men, trying to inflict irreparable damage upon one another. The thing is idiotic to the pitch of impossibility. It is a dream. Presently I shall wake up.'

"Then I remember that the phrase changed itself in my mind to 'Presently mankind will wake up.'

THE BEGINNING OF THE SPIRITUAL REBELLION AGAINST WAR

"I LAY speculating just how many thousands of men there were among these hundreds of thousands whose spirits were in rebellion against all these ancient traditions of flag and empire. Were n't we perhaps already in the throes of the last crisis, in that darkest moment of a nightmare's horror before the sleeper will endure no more of it—and wakes?

"I don't know how my speculations ended. I think they were not so much ended as distracted by the distant thunder of the guns that were opening fire at long range upon Namur."

V

BUT as yet Barnet had seen no more than the mildest beginnings of modern warfare. So far he had taken part only in a little shooting. The bayonet attack by which the advanced line was broken was made at a place called Croix Rouge more than twenty miles away, and that night, under cover of the darkness, the rifle-pits were abandoned, and he got his company away without further loss.

His regiment fell back unpressed behind the fortified lines between Namur and Sedan, entrained at a station called Mettet, and was sent northward by Antwerp and Rotterdam to Haarlem. Hence they marched into North Holland. It was only after the march into Holland that he began to realize the monstrous and catastrophic nature of the struggle in which he was playing his undistinguished part.

He describes very pleasantly the journey through the hills and open land of Brabant, the repeated crossing of arms of the Rhine, and the change from the undulating scenery of Belgium to the flat, rich meadows, the sunlit dike roads, and the countless windmills of the Dutch levels. In those days there was unbroken land from Alkmaar and Leyden to the Dollart. Three great provinces, South Holland, North Holland, and Zuyder-Zee-land, reclaimed at various times between the early tenth century and 1945, and all many feet below the level of the waves outside the dikes, spread out their lush polders to the Northern sun and sustained a dense industrious population. An intricate web of laws and custom and tradition insured a perpetual vigilance and a perpetual defense against the beleaguering sea. For more than two hundred and fifty miles from Walcheren to Friesland stretched a line of embankments and pumping-stations that were the admiration of the world.

IN PEACEFUL HOLLAND BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION

IF some curious god had chosen to watch the course of events in those Northern provinces while that flanking march of the British was in progress, he would have found a convenient and appropriate seat for his observation upon one of the great cumulus clouds that were drifting slowly across the blue sky during all these eventful days before the great catastrophe. For that was the quality of the weather, hot and clear, with something of a breeze, and underfoot dry and a little inclined to be dusty. This watching god would have looked down upon broad stretches of sunlit green,—sunlit save for the creeping patches of shadow cast by the clouds,—upon sky-reflecting meres, fringed and divided up by masses of willow and large areas of silvery weeds, upon white roads lying bare to the sun, and upon a tracery of blue canals. The pastures were alive with cattle, the roads had a busy traffic of beasts and bicycles and gaily colored automobiles of peasants, the hues of the innumerable motor-barges in the canal vied with the eventfulness of the road-

engines, but they were not provided with atomic bombs, which were manifestly unsuitable for field use, or indeed with any very effective kind of bomb. And though they manœuvered against each other, and there was rifle-shooting at them and between them, there was little actual aërial fighting. Either the airmen were indisposed to fight, or the commanders on both sides preferred to reserve these machines for scouting.

After a day or so of digging and scheming, Barnet found himself in the forefront of a battle. He had made his section of rifle-pits chiefly along a line of deep, dry ditch that gave a means of intercommunication, he had had the earth scattered over the adjacent field, and he had masked them with tussocks of corn and poppy. The hostile advance came blindly and unsuspiciously across the fields below, and would have been very cruelly handled indeed, if some one away to the right had not opened fire too soon.

"It was a queer thrill when these fellows came into sight," he confesses, "and not a bit like manœuvers. They halted for a time on the edge of the wood, and then came forward in an open line. They kept walking nearer to us and not looking at us, but away to the right of us. Even when they began to be hit, and their officers' whistles woke them up, they did n't seem to see us. One or two halted to fire, and then they all went back toward the wood again. They went slowly at first, looking round at us; then the shelter of the wood seemed to draw them, and they trotted. I fired rather mechanically and missed, then I fired again; and then I became earnest to hit something, made sure of my sighting, and aimed very carefully at a blue back that was dodging about in the corn. At first I could n't satisfy myself and did n't shoot, his movements were so spasmodic and uncertain; then I think he came to a ditch or some such obstacle, and halted for a moment. '*Got* you,' I whispered, and pulled the trigger.

"I had the strangest sensations about that man. In the first instance, when I felt that I had hit him, I was irradiated with joy and pride.

"I sent him spinning. He jumped, and threw up his arms.

"Then I saw the corn-tops waving, and had glimpses of him flapping about. Suddenly I felt sick. I had n't killed him.

"In some way he was disabled and smashed up, and yet able to struggle about. I began to think.

"For nearly two hours that Prussian was agonizing in the corn. Either he was calling out or some one was shouting to him.

"Then he jumped up,—he seemed to try to get upon his feet with one last effort,—and then he fell like a sack and lay quite still and never moved again.

"He had been unendurable, and I believe some one had shot him dead. I had been wanting to do so for some time."

The enemy began sniping the rifle-pits from shelters they made for themselves in the woods below. A man was hit in the pit next to Barnet, and began cursing and crying out in a violent rage. Barnet crawled along the ditch to him and found him in great pain, covered with blood, frantic with indignation, and with the half of his right hand smashed to a pulp.

"Look at this," he kept repeating, hugging it and then extending it. "Damned foolery! Damned foolery! My right hand, sir! My right hand!"

For some time Barnet could do nothing with him. The man was consumed by this tortured realization of the evil silliness of war, the realization which had come upon him in a flash with the bullet that had destroyed his skill and use as an artificer forever. He was looking at the vestiges with a horror that made him impenetrable to any other idea. At last the poor wretch let Barnet tie up his bleeding stump and help him along the ditch that conducted him deviously out of range.

When Barnet returned, his men were already calling out for water, and all day long the line of pits suffered greatly from thirst. To eat, they had chocolate and bread.

"At first," he says, "I was extraordinarily excited by my baptism of fire. Then as the heat of the day came on, I experienced an enormous tedium and discomfort. The flies became extremely troublesome, and my little grave of a rifle-pit was invaded by ants. I could not get up or move about, for some one in the trees had got a mark on me. I kept thinking of the dead Prussian down

land and sea, and flared up again in enormous columns of glare and crimsoned smoke and steam.

And suddenly out of the darkness leaped the little land, with its spires and trees, aghast with terror, still, and distinct, and the sea, tumbled with anger, red-foaming like a sea of blood.

Over the populous country below went a strange, multitudinous crying and a little flurry of alarm-bells.

Like things that suddenly know themselves to be wicked, the surviving aëroplanes turned about and fled out of the sky.

Through a dozen thunderously flaming gaps that no water might quench the waves came roaring in upon the land.

VI

"We had cursed our luck," says Barnet, "that we could not get to our quarters at Alkmaar that night. There, we were told, were provisions, tobacco, and everything for which we craved. But the main canal from Zaandam and Amsterdam was hopelessly jammed with craft, and we were glad of a chance opening that enabled us to get out of the main column and lie up in a kind of little harbor, very much neglected and weed-grown, before a deserted house. We broke into this, and found some herrings in a barrel, a heap of cheeses, and stone bottles of gin in the cellar; and with this I cheered my starving men. We made fires and toasted the cheese and grilled our herrings. None of us had slept for nearly forty hours, and I determined to stay in this refuge until dawn, and then, if the traffic was still choked, leave the barge, and march the rest of the way into Alkmaar.

"This place we had got into was perhaps a hundred yards from the canal, and underneath a little brick bridge we could still see the flotilla and hear the voices of the soldiers. Presently five or six other barges came through and lay up in the mooring near us, and with two of these, full of men of the Antrim regiment, I shared my find of provisions. In return we got tobacco. A large expanse of water spread to the westward of us, and beyond were a cluster of roofs and one or two church towers. The barge was rather cramped for so many men, and I let several squads, thirty or forty perhaps altogether, bivouac on the bank. I did not let them go into the house, on account of the furniture, and I left a note of indebtedness for the food we had taken. We were particularly glad of our tobacco and fires because of the numerous mosquitos that rose about us.

"The gate of the house from which we had provisioned ourselves was adorned with the legend 'Vreugde bij Vrede' ('joy with peace'), and it bore every mark of the busy retirement of a comfort-loving proprietor. I went along his garden, which was gay and delightful with big bushes of rose and sweetbrier, to a quaint little summer-house, and there I sat and watched the men in groups cooking and squatting along the bank. The sun was setting in a nearly cloudless sky.

"For the last two weeks I had been a wholly occupied man, intent only upon obeying the orders that came down to me. All through this time I had been working to the very limit of my mental and physical faculties, and my only moments of rest had been devoted to snatches of sleep. Now came this rare, unexpected interlude, and I could look detachedly upon what I was doing, and feel something of its vast wonderfulness. I was irradiated with affection for the men of my company, and with admiration at their cheerful acquiescence in the subordination and needs of our position. I watched their proceedings and heard their cheerful voices. How willing those men were! How ready to accept leadership and forget themselves in collective ends! I thought how manfully they had gone through all the strains and toil of the last two weeks, how they had toughened and shaken down to comradeship together, and how much sweetness there is, after all, in our foolish human blood. For they were just one casual sample of the species; their patience and readiness lay, as the energy of the atom had lain, still waiting to be properly utilized. Again it came to me with overpowering force that the supreme need of our race is leading, that the supreme task is to discover leading, to forget one's self in realizing the collective purpose of the race. Once more I saw life plain.

"That night Holland seemed all sky. There was just a little black lower rim to things, a steeple, perhaps, or a line of

poplars, and then the great hemisphere swept over us. And at first the sky was empty. Yet my uneasiness referred itself in some vague way to the sky.

"I was melancholy. I found something strangely sorrowful and submissive in the sleepers all about me, those men who had marched so far, who had left all the established texture of their lives behind them to come upon this mad campaign—this campaign that signified nothing and consumed everything, this mere fever of fighting. I saw how little and feeble is the life of man, a thing of chances, preposterously unable to find the will to realize even the most timid of its dreams. And I wondered if always it would be so, if man was a doomed animal who to the last days of his time would never take hold of fate and change it to his will. Always, it may be, he will remain kindly, but jealous; desirous, but discursive; able and unwisely impulsive, until Saturn, who begot him, shall devour him in his turn.

"I was roused by the sudden realization of the presence of a squadron of aëroplanes far away to the northeast and very high. They looked like little black dashes against the deep midnight blue. I remember that I looked up at them at first rather idly, as one might notice a flight of birds. Then I perceived that they were only the extreme wing of a great fleet that was very swiftly advancing in a long line from the direction of the frontier, and my attention tightened.

"Directly I saw that fleet, I was astonished not to have seen it before.

"I stood up softly, undesirous of disturbing my companions, but with my heart beating now rather more rapidly with surprise and excitement. I strained my ears for any sound of guns along our front. Almost instinctively I turned about for protection to the south and west, and peered. And then I saw coming as fast, and much nearer to me, as if they had sprung out of the darkness, three banks of aëroplanes, a group of squadrons very high, a main body at a height perhaps of one or two thousand feet, and a doubtful number flying low and very indistinct. The middle ones were so thick they kept putting out groups of stars. And I realized that, after all, there was to be fighting in the air.

"There was something extraordinarily strange in this swift, noiseless convergence of nearly invisible combatants above the sleeping hosts. Every one about me was still unaware; there was no sign as yet of any agitation among the shipping on the main canal, the whole course of which, dotted with unsuspicious lights and fringed with fires, must have been clearly perceptible from above. Then a long way off toward Alkmaar I heard bugles, and after that shots, and then a wild clamor of bells. I determined to let my men sleep on for as long as they could.

THE SKY BATTLE SEEN FROM THE LAND

"THE battle was joined with the swiftness of dreaming. I do not think it can have been five minutes from the moment when I first became aware of the central European air fleet to the contact of the two forces. I saw it quite plainly in silhouette against the luminous blue of the Northern sky. The allied aëroplanes—they were mostly French—came pouring down like a fierce shower upon the middle of the central European fleet. They looked exactly like a coarser sort of rain. There was a crackling sound—the first sound I heard; it reminded one of the aurora borealis, and I suppose it was an interchange of rifle-shots. There were flashes like summer lightning, and then all the sky became a whirling confusion of battle that was still largely noiseless. Some of the central European aëroplanes were certainly charged and overset; others seemed to collapse and fall, and then flare out with so bright a light that it took the edge off one's vision and made the rest of the battle disappear as though it had been snatched back out of sight.

THE SWEEPING AWAY OF HOLLAND

"AND then while I still peered, and tried to shade those flames from my eyes with my hand, and while the men about me were beginning to stir, the atomic bombs were thrown at the dikes. They made a mighty thunder in the air, and fell like Lucifer in the picture, leaving a flaring trail in the sky. The night, which had been pellucid and detailed and eventful, seemed to vanish, to be replaced abruptly by a black background to these tremendous pillars of fire.

"Hard upon the sound of them came a

roaring wind, and the sky was filled with flickering lightnings and rushing clouds. There was something discontinuous in this impact. At one moment I was a lonely watcher in a sleeping world; the next saw every one about me afoot, the whole world awake and amazed.

"And then the wind had struck me a buffet, taken my helmet, and swept aside the summer-house of 'Vreugde bij Vrede' as a scythe sweeps away grass. I saw the bombs fall, and then watched a great crimson flare leap responsive to each impact, and mountainous masses of red-lit steam and flying fragments clamber up toward the zenith. Against the glare I saw the country-side for miles standing black and clear, churches, trees, chimneys. And suddenly I understood. The central Europeans had burst the dikes. Those flares meant the bursting of the dikes, and in a little while the sea-water would be upon us."

He goes on to tell with a certain prolixity of the steps he took—and, all things considered, they were very intelligent steps—to meet this amazing crisis. He got his men aboard, and hailed the adjacent barges; he got the man who acted as barge engineer at his post and the engines working; he cast loose from his moorings. Then he bethought himself of food, and contrived to land five men, get in a few dozen cheeses, and ship his men again before the inundation reached them.

He is reasonably proud of this piece of coolness. His idea was to take the water head-on, and with his engines full-speed ahead. And all the while he was thanking Heaven he was not in the jam of traffic in the main canal. He rather, I think, overestimated the probable rush of waters; he dreaded being swept away, he explains, and smashed against houses and trees.

He does not give any estimate of the time it took between the bursting of the dike and the arrival of the waters, but it was probably an interval of about twenty minutes or half an hour. He was working now in darkness, save for the light of his lantern, and in a great wind. He hung out head and stern lights.

Whirling torrents of steam were pouring up from the advancing waters, which had rushed, it must be remembered, through nearly incandescent gaps in the sea defenses, and this vast uprush of vapor soon altogether veiled the flaring centers of explosion.

"The waters came at last, an advancing cascade. It was like a broad roller sweeping across the country. It came with a deep roaring sound. I had expected a Niagara, but the total fall of the front could not have been much more than twelve feet. Our barge hesitated for a moment, took a dose over her bows, and then lifted. I signaled for full-speed ahead, and brought her head up-stream, and held on like grim death to keep her there.

"There was a wind about as strong as the flood, and I found we were pounding against every conceivable buoyant object that had been between us and the sea. The only light in the world now came from our lamps, the steam became impenetrable at a score of yards from the boat, and the roar of the wind and water cut us off from all remoter sounds. The black, shining waters swirled by, coming into the light of our lamps out of an ebony blackness, and vanishing again into impenetrable black. And on the waters came shapes, came things, that flashed upon us for a moment, now a half-submerged boat, now a cow, now a huge fragment of a house's timberings, now a muddle of packing-cases and scaffolding. The things clapped into sight like something shown by the opening of a shutter, and then bumped shatteringly against us or rushed by us. Once I saw very clearly a man's white face.

"All the while a group of laboring, half-submerged trees remained ahead of us, drawing very slowly nearer. I steered a course to avoid them. They seemed to gesticulate a frantic despair against the black steam clouds behind. Once a great branch detached itself and tore shuddering by me. We did, on the whole, make headway. The last I saw of 'Vreugde bij Vrede' before the night swallowed it was almost dead astern of us."

VII

MORNING found Barnet still afloat. The bows of his barge had been badly strained, and his men were pumping or baling in relays. He had got about a dozen half-drowned people aboard whose boat had capsized near him, and he had three other

boats in tow. He was afloat, and somewhere between Amsterdam and Alkmaar, but he could not tell where. It was a day that was still half-night. Gray waters stretched in every direction under a dark-gray sky, and out of the waves rose the upper parts of houses, in many cases ruined; the tops of trees; windmills, in fact the upper third of all the familiar Dutch scenery. And on the waters there drifted a dimly seen flotilla of barges, small boats,—many overturned,—furniture, rafts, and miscellaneous objects.

The drowned were under water that morning. Only here and there did a dead cow or a stiff figure still clinging stoutly to a box or chair or suchlike buoy hint at the hidden massacre. It was not till the Thursday that the dead came to the surface in any quantity. The view was bounded on every side by a gray mist that closed overhead in a gray canopy. The air cleared in the afternoon, and then, far away to the west, under great banks of steam and dust, the flaming, red eruption of the atomic bombs became visible across the waste of water.

They showed flat and sullen through the mist, like London sunsets. "They sat upon the sea," says Barnet, "like frayed-out water-lilies of flame."

Barnet seems to have spent the morning in rescue work along the track of the canal, in helping people who were adrift, in picking up derelict boats, and in taking people out of imperiled houses. He found other military barges similarly employed, and it was only as the day wore on and the immediate appeals for aid were satisfied that he thought of food and drink for his men and what course he had better pursue. They had a little cheese but no water. "Orders," that mysterious direction, had at last disappeared. He saw that he had now to act upon his own responsibility.

"One's sense of a destruction so far-reaching and of a world so altered that it seemed foolish to go in any direction and expect to find things as they had been before the war began.

"Every boat we drew near now hailed us for water, and their demands did much to exasperate our thirst. I decided that if we went away to the south we should reach hilly country, or at least country that was not submerged, and then we should be able to land, find some stream drink, and get supplies and news. It was a voyage in a red-lit mist, in a world of steamy silhouette, full of strange voices and perplexity, and with every other sensation dominated by a feverish thirst. We sat," he says, "in a little huddled group, saying very little, and the men forward were mere knots of silent endurance.

"I do not think any of us felt we belonged to a defeated army, nor had we any strange sense of the war as the dominating fact about us. Our mental setting had far more of the effect of a huge natural catastrophe. The atomic bomb had dwarfed the international issues to complete insignificance. When our minds wandered from the preoccupations of our immediate needs, we speculated upon the possibility of stopping the use of these frightful explosives before the world was utterly destroyed. For to us it seemed quite plain that these bombs and the still greater power of destruction of which they were the precursors might quite easily shatter every relationship and institution of mankind.

" 'It 's plain,' said Mylius, 'we 've got to put an end to war. Things have to be run some way. *This*—all this is impossible.'

"I made no immediate answer. Something, I cannot think what, had brought back to me the figure of that man I had seen wounded on the very first day of actual fighting. I saw again his angry, tearful eyes and that poor dripping, bloody mess, which had been a skilful human hand five minutes before, thrust out in indignant protest. 'Damned foolery!' he had stormed, 'damned foolery! My right hand, sir! My *right* hand!'

"My faith had for a time gone altogether out of me. 'I think we are too—silly,' I said suddenly to Mylius, 'ever to stop war. If we 'd had the sense to do it, we should have done it before this. I think this—' and I waved a gesture at the gaunt, black outline of a smashed windmill that stuck up, ridiculous and ugly, above the red waters—'this is the end.' "

(The third part of Mr. Wells's Prophetic Trilogy will appear in the March CENTURY.)

THE HEART OF INDIA

BY E. F. BENSON

Author of "The Relentless City," "Account Rendered," etc.

THERE is not a pious Hindu in all India who would not, if it were possible for him, come to Benares to die, nor count himself happy in dying if only, when the ardent purity of fire had embraced and devoured his outworn body, the ashes thereof might be given into the liquid keeping of holy Ganges, which makes all things pure, and purges whatever it touches with waves of absolution and supreme unction. Until we accept and, as far as we can, understand the literal truth of this statement, and believe unquestioningly in the unquestioning faith that inspires it, we cannot hope to form the faintest idea of what Benares means, and shall find there only what so many find, namely, a picturesque river-bank crowded with idle folk who bathe in the morning and do nothing all day long, a repulsive method of publicly disposing of the dead, and sour, distrustful glances at the cameras of tourists, their loud voices, and jostling progress, at their pointed fingers, and looks averted from the burning ghat, or glued there with horrified curiosity.

Such features as these strike every one who with superficial eye and hustling steps visits this incomparable riverside, and superficially they are quite undeniable. He will draw hurried conclusions from some of those fakirs and contemplative folk who spend their time there, and have an eager eye to their begging-bowls, and, hastily generalizing, will call them a mob of idle beggars. To him this crowded theater of a town, which forever gazes on the mute, flowing stage of the Ganges, where nothing happens, where no dramatic presentment is made, will be to him but a curious huddle of dusty and tumbling palaces, a muck-heap of wrecked religions, and meaningless superstitions inspired by the Oriental love of indolence; while of the river itself he will see nothing more than a broad and strangely pellucid stream, considering the pollutions that are cast eternally into it, with flotsam of withered marigold flowers, a mere highroad for the stacked boats that bring incessant loads of wood to the city. Rows of great palaces, decaying and untended, are buried up to their very balconies in alluvial accumulations; others the scouring action of the river has bodily uprooted, and they have slipped and toppled down the steep bank, none underpinning them, till here a steeple rises from the river-bed itself, here, until the next rains come, a flight of steps and the terrace that once crowned it are strewn sidewise and disjectedly along the margin of the stream. Next year the flooded river will complete the destruction it has begun, and this massive bastion will vanish forever below the blind, devouring waters. To him an indescribable throng of fraudulent fanatics who do not believe in the faith they profess, and only play with the austerities they apparently practise, people these ruinous banks. On wooden platforms, shaded by straw umbrellas, sit those false fakirs and Oriental Pecksniffs, geniuses, at any rate, in one art, namely, that of complete lethargy. Some bemuse themselves with silence, some with bodily immobility that has soaked through to their souls, and they are lost and drowned not in sacred meditation, but in fathomless gulfs of vacancy.

FAITH OR FRAUD?

PERHAPS he may allow that once, when religion in these mystical lands of the East was alive and bred men who were holy of soul, such life of concentrated immobility, which led to the "seedless contemplation," was genuine. But such took their crutch and begging-bowl not on to crowded riversides, but into the empty places of forest and of jungle, and in stillness realized their souls. He cannot credit that such an accumulation of holiness as professes to unfold itself on this left bank of the Ganges is conceivable. These loin-clothed drones find that it is easier to earn

others, most particularly for those who, like ourselves, were of no caste at all, and then began following us at a little distance. We had been told that there was a good deal of espionage of strangers going on, and supposed that we were being kept under surveillance. He was young, perhaps sixteen, and evidently poor, for his clothes were threadbare with usage, and he had no shoes; but poverty, of course, has nothing to do with caste, and more than once some portly and silk-bedizened merchant stepped swiftly out of his path, so as not to impede the convenience of his progress, and saluted him, the salute being returned with the courtesy of a superior to one who was far below him. We had, I am glad to say, no cameras, and we did not point at and comment on the strange figures of naked fakirs and meditating holy men, and at last, after strolling quietly along to within some hundred yards of the burning ghat, we sat down on a fragment of tumbled masonry. Then slowly, with pauses of silence, he approached, and asked us why we had come to Benares. *Were we thinking?* And all Benares was in that phrase.

Near by was a dog, with her new-born litter lying round her, pitifully thin and emaciated. My friend went to a shop close by, bought a saucerful of milk, and set it down by her. At that the aloofness of our young Brahman altogether broke down. We were of no caste, it is true, but such an action as that made us faintly tolerable, and without more ado he attached himself to us as our guide. For himself, he was "learning to think"; he was also learning astrology, and his father was a carpenter with a wage of fifteen rupees (one pound) per month. Did we wish to see the Nepaulese temple? Most Englishmen wanted to go to the Nepaulese temple. He could take us there, though it was not open of an afternoon. But we did not desire to see that Augean stable of mean and unimaginative obscenity, and rose a little in his estimation. By degrees he melted into a sort of chattering merriment, sparred boyishly with a combative goat that squarely occupied our path, told us what manner of women were those who leaned over the balcony above us, said he would meet us at the same place early next morning at the bathing-hour to row up the river and drift back again. And yet the whole current of his life, of which this boyish friendliness was a mere surface straw, ran as remote from, and unconjecturable by, us as if he had been an inhabitant of the moon. He tolerated us, perhaps because we did not hurry and shout, but he only condescended to us: to himself he was a being as vastly superior to us as were we to the dog to which we had given milk. For he was a Brahman, and he was learning to think. I would give a year's life, I believe, to penetrate into that boy's soul, to see with his eyes, to enter into the mental heritage that the generations of his Brahman forefathers had given him, to be aware with his consciousness, and for a month to understand Benares and all that makes it what it is.

MORNING RITUAL

EARLY next morning we were back again at the river-bank, while yet the sun was hardly risen, and there waited for us our Brahman, who had engaged a boat from "some common fellow." He had bathed already and, cool and glistening, was squatting by the river-edge, cleaning his teeth with white wood ash. Strangely different this morning was the aspect of air and sky and river and thronging worshipers. For the hard, tired blaze of the afternoon, for the sense of awful age and antiquity that sometimes is almost crushing in those sun-smitten and dusty plains, there was exchanged the fresh and scentless air of dawn and an atmosphere of tender pearl. The glorious river, curved like a simitar, lay dim and steely at our feet, and above it was piled the iridescent fairyland of temples and palaces. All had been renewed by the coolness of the sacred and starry night, and instead of the dusty crowds that yesterday thronged the banks, a gleaming huddle of brown-skinned men and boys and women, joyous with the cool water and the radiant youth of the sun and air, bathed in, and drank of, the sacred stream. Standing waist-deep in the holy waters, they washed head and chest and shining arms, with ablution for the mouth and ritual of anointment for nose and eyes. Had there lain below these joyful washings no touch of religion or belief, the scene would still have been one of springlike and dewy exhilaration: a whole town was renewing itself with cool water at the dawn of day. But below, dynamic

She gave herself up to fantastic dreams —dreams of the days when the war would be over and victory enthroned. Then perhaps this harshness, this armor, would be put aside, and the gods might unbend. Her eyelids drooped.

THE FIRST BLOW OF THE NEW WARFARE

SHE roused herself with a start. She became aware that the night outside was no longer still; that there was an excitement down below there on the bridge, and a running in the street, and a flickering of search-lights among the clouds from some high place away beyond the Trocadéro. And then the excitement came surging up past her and invaded the hall within.

One of the sentinels from the terrace stood at the upper end of the room shouting something and gesticulating.

And all the world had changed—a kind of throbbing. She could not understand. It was as if all the water-pipes and concealed machinery and cables of the ways beneath were beating, as pulses beat. And about her blew something like a wind—a wind that was dismay.

Her eyes went to the face of the marshal as a frightened child might look toward its mother.

He was still serene. He was frowning slightly, she thought, but that was natural enough; for the Earl of Delhi, with one hand gauntly gesticulating, had taken him by the arm, and was all too manifestly disposed to drag him toward the great door that opened on the terrace. And Viard was hurrying toward the huge windows, and doing so in the strangest of attitudes —bent forward and with eyes upturned.

Something up there?

And then it was as if thunder broke overhead. The sound struck her like a blow. She crouched together against the masonry and looked up. She saw three black shapes swooping down through the torn clouds, and from a point a little below two of them there had already started curling trails of red. Everything else in her being was paralyzed; she hung through moments that seemed infinities, watching those red missiles whirl down toward her.

She felt torn out of the world. There was nothing else in the world but a crimson-purple glare and sound—deafening, all-embracing, continuing sound. Every other light had gone out about her, and against this glare hung slanting walls, pirouetting pillars, projecting fragments of cornices, and a disorderly flight of huge, angular sheets of glass.

She had an impression of a great ball of crimson-purple fire like a maddened living thing that seemed to be whirling about very rapidly amid a chaos of falling masonry, that seemed to be attacking the earth furiously, that seemed to be burrowing into it like a blazing rabbit.

She had all the sensations of waking up out of a dream. She found she was lying face downward on a bank of mold and that a little rivulet of hot water was running over one foot. She tried to raise herself, and found her leg was very painful. She was not clear whether it was night or day or where she was; she made a second effort, wincing and groaning, turned over, got into a sitting position, and looked about her.

A HUSHED PARIS

EVERYTHING seemed very silent. She was, in fact, in the midst of a vast uproar; but she did not realize this, because her hearing had been destroyed.

At first she could not join what she saw to any previous experience. She seemed to be in a strange world, a soundless, ruinous world, a world of heaped, broken things. And it was lit—and somehow this was more familiar to her mind than any other fact about her—by a flickering, purplish-crimson light. Then close to her, rising above a confusion of debris, she recognized the Trocadéro. It was changed; something had gone from it, but its outline was unmistakable. It stood out against a streaming, whirling uprush of red-lit steam. And with that she recalled Paris and the Seine and the warm, overcast evening and the beautiful, luminous organization of the War Control.

She drew herself a little way up the slope of earth on which she lay, and examined her surroundings with an increasing understanding.

The earth on which she was lying projected like a cape into the river. Quite close to her was a brimming lake of dammed-up water from which these warm rivulets and torrents were trickling.

in front of the palaces stood stately black bulls, and on the wooden platforms fakirs and holy men were establishing themselves for the day. Bugles were blaring in the temples, and the drone of drums boomed for rites and secret sacrifices in dim, impenetrable shrines where only the priest might go. There, as in Levitical days, atonement was made by the blood of goats and sheep, while the people purified themselves by the river-bank; and he would indeed be a bigot who should say that the spirit which inspired this early hour of cleansing and sacrifice mounted no higher than to the deaf ears of Siva, cobra-crowned, or Hanuman, the lord of apes, or Ganesha, with his elephant head.

THE BURNING GHAT

THERE was plague in the city, so our young Brahman told us, and he recognized a friend whose sister had died during the night waiting at the burning ghat. On the steps leading down into the water were lying three or four of those swathed and tranquil burdens that had been borne there to be bathed for the last time in the cleansing flood. Gay of color were the cerements in which they were wrapped—pink and yellow and dazzling blue. They were like flowers that had been plucked, and were laid there to drink of the coolness of the water. Even as we came opposite, the bearers lifted one of them, all cool and dripping, from the river, and laid it, the slim, small figure, so quiet, so content, on a half-built pyre. Brushwood and fagots were built over it, and at head and foot and sides the fire was applied. A Brahman directed the rites, and once, as the flames mounted and aspired, the brother, who was watching, clutched at his heart as there appeared for a moment, at the top of the pyre, a girl's face, with closed eyes, and mouth that seemed to smile; then the radiant veil of flame shrouded it again. The smoke rose in gray whorls and streamers against the stainless and tender blue of the sky, and still the brother watched, quiet again and composed: he had given only that one sign to show that he loved her whose ashes now lay among the charred and smoldering logs. Or rather it was only for the moment that, thinking of days of childhood and dawns by the riverside, he forgot that it was not *she* who had been consumed in the flames of the pyre. Then he remembered again, and looking up from the pyre to the dazzling river, he saw there on our boat his friend, the Brahman, and smiled to him.

For half an hour we watched with him till all was over. Then such wood as was still unburned was saved for future use, but the ashes were swept together and given to the keeping of the sacred Ganges. There was only a handful of them, and an eddy of the swift-flowing river caught them and mingled them with blooms of marigold and rose-petals that floated there. Swiftly and gaily they circled, then shot out again from the shadow into the dazzling stream, and were absorbed into it like motes in a sunbeam. Never have I been present at a scene so simple, so true, so radiant with moral beauty. To the mourner, that lonely, quiet boy, to the priest, to the burners, and to all the gay crowd that prayed and were cleansed that morning in sun and water, death was as natural as life; purified and freed, the soul escaped from the discarded body, of which it had need no longer, and for the rest there was the fire that rose skyward beside the holy river, and the sacred Ganges, pellucid, unpollutable.

The pearliness of dawn had hardened into the crystal of day, and the sun had drunk up the blue veils of river mist, before we landed again. The hour of joyful ablution, of early sacrifice and prayer, of souls set free and bodies purified by water and fire, was over, and the breeze of morning fainted in the brazen sky. The fakirs and holy men had seated themselves beneath their straw umbrellas, and begun another day of immobile contemplation; the grave, black bulls wandered into the shade of palaces; the shrines were decked afresh with garlands of flowers; and the cleansed crowd, their devotions over, trooped back up the river-bank with shining brass water-pots and bundles of washed linen. Cornices and columns of the temples echoed to the cooings of the pigeons that patrolled there, and companies of swifts cut airy circles above the river. But still within the temple the drums beat and the conchs sounded, and all day long the Ganges, redeemer and cleanser, flowed by, carrying the ashes of the dead, and the jasmine and marigolds, the offerings of the living.

HÉLAS!

A RONDEAU BY

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ALAS! alack! and woe is me,
For that maids treat me scornfully;
They will not turn their eyes toward mine,
But let me suffer, peek, and pine
In anguish and in misery.

Wealth have I; yea, I hold in fee
Jewels of Ind and Araby,
Dominions of a royal line,
Alas! alack!

Yet some have told me I should be
Thrice grateful, since I still am free;
Maidens are false, they do opine;
Better rare gems than eyes that shine.
If one I met, they say, I 'd see
A lass—a lack!

Drawing by J. C. Coll

STUDY FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON

The site of the memorial is near the banks of the Potomac, on the axis of the Washington Monument and the Capitol, at the end of the avenue planned to be two miles long and three hundred feet wide. The interior of the memorial will contain a statue of Lincoln and memorials of two of his most notable speeches, the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SOCIAL IDEALS

BY ROSE STRUNSKY

EVEN in the most cursory review of Abraham Lincoln's life it becomes evident that there was something beyond mere patriotism which inspired him in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the United States. His significance to-day comes from a deeper cause than the "saving of the Union." It lies in the social ideals he represented, and which animated his acts. They are the beacon-lights by which the average American is trying to guide his political course to-day.

Two conceptions were clear in Lincoln's mind when he undertook the war. One, that the Union, based on the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, carried out successfully the American ideal of government, equal economic opportunity for all, which is the basis of American freedom; and, second, that that freedom could not be maintained by a division of the Union. "Physically speaking," he said, "we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them."

Lincoln said this in his first Inaugural Address in 1861, and he acted upon this idea immediately on his accession to power. The West, which was half Southern, and which understood the nature of the Southerner better than the East, readily agreed with him. The East, even the most Republican East, could not quite see this one-

ness of the Union. They had ever before their eyes the outlines of state constitutions and state borders, of their school geographies and histories. They had never known the long, flowing rivers and wide valleys of the West, with the result that they theorized and "believed" in States' rights almost as much as the South. At the time of the war the South urged this belief as a casus belli, and the North happened to repudiate it. It never could have been a principle strong enough either to prevent war or to cause war. Both the South and the North had certain purposes in going to war, which were far deeper and more vital than the abstract legal theory that the States had a constitutional right to secede from the Union. To hide their main purpose, the slaveholders successfully swept the South with the cry of "rights." Especially did this cry succeed with the youth, who from adventure rushed to the front at the first bugle-call. "We disbelieved in slavery," they said, "but we fight for States' rights."

There was so much reiteration of the statement that the war was being fought to maintain the principle of States' rights that historians writing soon after give it as one of its causes; but the men who undertook the war understood the facts far better.

It was not the right to secede that was questioned, but the purpose of secession, the kind of government which was to be formed after this right had been gained. No American statesman—not Jefferson, not even Hamilton, not Lincoln—ever disclaimed the right of the people to revolt. Lincoln went so far as to reaffirm this principle in his first Inaugural Address, when he was speaking to a country already at fever-heat over the problems before it. It was patent to the men of the time that a civil war was being attempted, and secession only cloaked an attack of a reactionary class in the Union against the people and their government.

The war was not fought, therefore, on the abstract principle as to whether the South had a right to form its own institutions or not, but over the institutions themselves. It was a struggle between conflicting economic interests, and though it was apparently a war of the sections, it was in the fullest sense a civil war. It was a clash over the control of the machinery of one and the same government, and not a mere sectional struggle.

No one understood this more quickly and more fully than Lincoln, the best and truest representative of the West. The East was not so quick to see it, and the South showed a far greater hostility to Lincoln, the candidate of the West, than they showed against Seward, his Eastern rival. Over and over again Lincoln said, "There is no line, straight or crooked, suitable for a national boundary-line upon which to divide." The West, he said, belonged not to one State or to another, but to the nation as a whole. This rich region must have egress to the ocean, it must be allowed to develop its resources, it must follow out its natural destiny, which was that of a region peopled by individual small landholders. "It is the great body of the Republic. The other parts are but marginal borders to it."

Emerson, who did not have to be as politic as Lincoln, could express the truth more bluntly—that the Federal Government was put on the defensive. After two years of struggle, he came to see that the battle-field would have been as large with secession permitted as it was with secession fought. "If we had consented to a peaceable secession of the rebels," he said, "the divided sentiment of the Border States made peaceable secession impossible, and the slaves on the border, wherever the border might be, were an incessant fuel to rekindle the fire. Give the Confederacy New Orleans, Charleston, and Richmond, and they would have demanded St. Louis and Baltimore. Give them these, and they would have insisted on Washington. Give them Washington, and they would have assumed the army and navy and, through these, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It looks as if the battle-field would have been at least as large in that event as it is now."

The truth of this became evident during the war, when the South fostered a Northwestern Confederacy, which was ultimately to join with it. By its acts it accepted the idea of a civil war as well as the North, and by its attacks upon the National Government was the first to force the struggle in that direction. In one sense the war was the French Revolution of America, with the difference that here it was the aristocrat, the great land-

lord, who undertook the offensive against the small property-holder, in the desperate hope of maintaining an already defeated position.

Fundamentally, however, the two opposing classes that struggled for political power were much more closely allied than the aristocrat and the petty bourgeois of France. The structure of Southern society was simple, and to the student of evolutionary history uninteresting. It was a condition as primitive as Judea, in which the free lands forced the tying down of labor to the soil for the benefit of large landlords. Its history could be worked out by the mere formula even without the aid of specific detail. When it found itself hemmed in by opposing forces, it attempted the time-worn means of a political coup d'état to maintain its power.

Its rival was much more interesting. A breath of the new and the modern permeated its being. The free land of the West, which produced slavery in the South, in the North acted as the safeguard of economic and political liberty. It produced ideals of democracy and economic justice which, though they were never tested by the generations that uttered them sincerely enough, were temporarily in actual application by virtue of the free and generous nature about them. Thus America, with her ideals of the eighteenth century, born of France, could, unlike the sister republic, put them into practice for a period of almost a hundred years, or until the free lands were gone.

It must be admitted that there were contradictions and compromises from the very beginning. The property-ridden constitution, where even slavery was accepted, the class form of government, where suffrage was made dependent on property, and the thwarting of the will of the people by vetoes of the Senate or the President or the Supreme Court, cannot be called pure democracy; yet, despite all this, the ideal of an economic democracy was attainable at the time for the majority, and the crises arising from the compromises and contradictions were for the future generations to solve, and not for the fortunate ones enjoying the bounties of the new society.

There is a manifest lack of statesmanship and a lack of sufficient anxiety for the condition of the future of the nation in the compromises of the founders of the republic and the men following them, including Lincoln. On the other hand, they had a utilitarian and pragmatic view of their ideals, which saved them from hypocrisy. Only minorities have ever profited by the revolutions that heretofore had come. Actually to demand that the doctrine of equal economic opportunity then in application be put into practice for all time would mean, as we can see to-day, a denial of perpetual ownership to the classes in power, a hopeless demand at the time; for the Revolution and the struggles leading up to the War of Secession, despite the doctrines and ideals which were expounded, were only struggles between first-comers over the ownership and control of property.

The ideal of Jefferson and of Lincoln, who inherited his philosophy, was a nation of small farmers, who might labor for hire in their youth, but who were later to acquire small homesteads for themselves, while their liberties were to be maintained not by vesting them in a majority, but by negating as much as possible the function of government.

This felicitous state actually existed for three quarters of a century, and still existed in Lincoln's time, and it was supposed would continue forever. However, in 1862, Lincoln wrote that "There are already among us those who, if the Union be preserved, will live to see it contain 250,000,000." He counted on the ratio of increase of population that had existed in these first seventy years of the country's founding. How he hoped to maintain the perpetual right of the individual to acquire property freely and the perpetual state wherein a large reserve property, ever in abundance, was to lie unacquired, is not known. Even at a rate of increase in population much lower than he counted upon, the free lands were already gone by 1890.

Lincoln was blind to all this, though even in his day there were men who foresaw the danger of unlimited ownership, and a radical free-soil movement arose, which reached its height about 1850. Lincoln, who remained, as he described himself, "a Western free-state man," and "a Henry Clay Whig," was not in sympathy with this movement. It went further than his natural conservatism would permit him to go. The non-extension of slavery, he

thought, would facilitate the free-soil movement, which it did, and was the first step to that goal of economic equality.

The radical free-soil movement reached its height in Wisconsin, where, in the legislature of 1851, a bill was almost passed which proposed that the homestead should be virtually inalienable on the one side, and on the other that it should be forbidden that any one inherit more than 160 or 320 acres. The general demand of the moment was that all citizens have the right to a homestead, a demand quite feasible at the time, for there was more than enough land for all.

Up to the time of the war, land sold at $1.25 an acre, supposedly to homesteaders, but more often to speculators and land companies, who later fixed their own price for the actual settler. The history of America is the history of land speculation, in which the most illustrious names are involved, from George Washington to gentlemen in the Senate who dabbled with the lands acquired from the Mexican War. Lincoln, the representative of the genuine homesteaders, stands out remarkably free from the temptation of land deals, though as surveyor he had as much chance for such indulgence as Washington.

During the war, and for a decade after, homesteads were offered absolutely free to all comers, and an attempt to consummate the American ideal of equality was made by this free distribution of land. However, it must have been patent to Lincoln and other American democrats that a "distributive community," as some one called it, could not be maintained when freedom of economic opportunity meant also freedom to accumulate wealth. Within forty-one days after the passage of the Homestead Act, Congress authorized the giving away of 23,500,000 acres of the public domain to private corporations. It also, far from being laissez-faire, as was supposed, aided transportation enterprises by offering to guarantee bonds issued by the companies to the amount of $65,000,000.

The uniting of the Free-soil party with the antislavery factions, instead of being a more radical step for it, was in reality a more conservative one. Instead of looking to a control of wealth as a means of eliminating the feared and obnoxious large landlord class, as in the measure to limit inheritance, it now contented itself only with the non-extension of that class, and left the principle of free acquisition and inheritance of wealth intact.

Lincoln, who was against the large capitalist, as he was against the landed aristocracy represented by the slaveholder, was not opposed to the giving of land grants and subsidies to railroads, for in this case the land had only a speculative value. Land was given instead of the much more needed money, and the prospective sale of the land to the people of the towns and cities that might be built on that land by virtue of the improved transportation did not necessarily throw the railroads into the large landlord class. Not only, was it argued, were these land grants the means of bringing greater prosperity to the whole community, but they were in truth only lending themselves money, for as each man could have a little homestead, so each man could have a small number of shares in the stock of the railroad company.

Internal improvements were clamored for from the beginning of the century, and the building of roads and canals was forced upon the state governments not for the creation of a plutocracy, but in aid of the small property-holder. Lincoln's first public utterance as a young man of twenty-two was a strong plea for internal improvements, and as a member of the state legislature of Illinois he fostered all the plans in that direction. It was natural, then, that when the small property-owner actually came into his own through the election of Lincoln, he should apply the policies he was using in the state governments to the country as a whole.

The contradiction was not between the practice and the theory, but between the ideal and the theory. The ideal was an equal economic opportunity for all, the theory that small private holdings could consummate that state. Knowing only of the past, the one thing that was feared was the most obvious curse of the past, the large landlord. The revolt against the Old World that animated Jefferson and the Federalists, and was passed on to the generations of Americans following, was the revolt against the large landlord, and the consciousness that through him came all the evils of aristocracy and class rule.

Jefferson had no foreshadowing of a plutocracy. For him the country was an

livelihood and savings by sitting still than by honest work: it is not inherent sanctity, but inherent laziness, that sits all day below those straw umbrellas, and has its joints and muscles pleasantly massaged by a black-eyed little bronze statue of a chela, who begs for his master all day and shares his blanket at night. He knows something of the native, does our bustling observer, and we may take it from him this is a mere crowd of fraudulent and idle beggars.

One such he will see who, he will be told, never sits down. For four years he has stood day and night; and all day, as every one may see, he stands in the blaze of the sun, body and head completely uncovered but for a narrow loin-cloth, and, smeared over with the ashes that distinguish the followers of Siva, bends over a wood fire, the smoke of which ascends continually into his face. He has vowed to continue thus for twelve years.

But twelve years already have passed for another, sitting in a small cramped palanquin, so that back and legs can never be extended, and during this time he has never spoken. All power of movement has long since left him, but morning by morning he is borne down by his chelas, and dipped in the sacred river. Then he is brought back and placed in his prison again, from which all day he looks with steadfast eyes upon the Ganges. He is completely naked, but when, a few years ago, the English authorities decreed that for the sake of decency he should wear the minimum of covering, fearing, one must suppose, that visitors who poked their heads through the windows of his palanquin would be shocked, the feeling in Benares was such that the order was hastily rescinded.

In these two cases, and in many more like them, he who attempts to understand Benares without granting the postulate we have started with, may, it is true, be a little shaken in his conclusion; but he will proceed to justify himself by asking what is the good of it all, or by passing on, perhaps, to the burning ghat. There he will see the pyre being built by chattering undertakers; he will see lying on the steps, in shallow water, the shrouded corpse, receiving its last ablution before the flame purifies it and the holy river again receives the ashes of the burning. He will see it cheerfully bestowed on the half-built pyre, and covered with dry wood and fagots; for a little while the son and only mourner, brown and glistening from his half-finished morning's bath, will watch the flames flower round his father's corpse, then, when all is going well, he will return to his interrupted ablutions. Perhaps an arm or leg will shoot out of the blaze, making a wild, indescribable gesture in the air as the flame eats through the sinews of thigh and shoulder, and the superficial observer will look on that with ghoulish interest, or, if more sensitive, with shudder and aversion, as with a shudder he will look at the dogs that live about the burning ghat, and help, if the fire fails. And if that is all that our observer sees, he will have failed as utterly in reaching the essential truth and naturalness of all it holds for the native, as he will have failed in appreciating all the rest.

POTENTIAL SEDITION AND DISEASE

Or, still superficial, though piercing below the actual visible impression, and seeking, though missing, the essential spirit of the place, he will remember how the mutiny was largely spread by just such fakirs as he sees here by the score. He will have been told, too, that the Brahmans, who are the brain of India, are busy with seditions and revolutionary concoctions, and are using this holy place as a hotbed for their schemes. He will remember the sour and suspicious looks cast at him, and feel that the air is thick with treachery and ominous with danger. Here sedition is cooked, and the savor of it spreads, like the drifting smoke of the burning ghat, over the illimitable plains, carried there by those traveling fakirs who pass through Benares and wander over every province. Then this broiling, dusty reach of the Ganges becomes to him a nightmare fecund with potential force, and the whole length of the crowded quays is as deadly as a coiled cobra, which, as it sleeps, distils into its glands an imminent and deadly poison. The poison collects, collects, and such crimes as that of the bomb outrage at Delhi are no more than a somnolent and tentative stroke. To him the place reeks with sinister things, and by contrast the very burning ghat becomes a place of relief from the ominousness of the underlying menace. There, at any rate, fire cleanses and consumes; there is no breeding of sub-

tle and accumulating poison. And thus again, though seeing what is very likely true enough, our wanderer has failed to see what Benares means.

Or, finally, he will take boat in the early morning, and see the mile-long shore of the river as thick as the sands at Margate with naked brown humanity, male and female alike, bathing in and drinking of the sacred stream, or casting into it offerings of coins and flowers. And he will only remember that fifty yards above the main sewer of Benares debouches into the river, bearing with it, without the slightest doubt, millions upon millions of the germs of cholera, smallpox, and enteric fever, while only ten yards away the corpses that wait for the burning are soaking in the river. All that again is perfectly true, but again, as utterly as before, he misses not only the significance of what is passing before his eyes, mounted on his hobby-horse of hygiene, but from ignorance, even as in his judgments on the fakirs and the ruined palaces, misses even the facts of the case. But we will let our wanderer hurry home to breakfast, thrilled and horrified by what he has certainly seen, and uncomprehending how the nature of his vision was defective from the beginning, because he did not know or would not appreciate the power that lies within Benares, and every year, through the evanescent generations, drives it forward, unchanging, though altered, by ruinous decay, and draws to it the eyes and travel-weary footsteps of thousands, a light to lighten their darkness, a very dayspring from on high.

GENIUS LOCI

BENARES is a holy place, the home of Hinduism, the cradle, as far as we can tell, of the faith. India, which has so often been conquered, which is so fickle in allegiance, has here preserved an inviolable constancy, and all the tyrannies that have overrun it, even the newest and bitterest of all, coming from the ultimate West and the far-off island of fog, have left this strange cathedral by the river even as they found it, and as it is to-day. There may be, and certainly are, faithless worshipers in its liquid courts, those in whom superstitions, savagely alive, have taken the place of the religion which to them is dead; in others worship may be but apathetic, though race hatred may be fervent, and their brains teem with secret schemes, silently matured; in others the contents of the fakir's bowl may be of more consequence than the tenor of the fakir's meditation, but to miss the note of worship that sounds so sonorously along the river-bank, and merely listen for the discords, to miss the incense of prayer and meditation that rises all day as thick as the dust-clouds along its trampled terraces, is to miss all. It is not from laziness that its inhabitants allow palace and shrine and cupola and minaret to slide and topple down the river-bank: it is because there dwells that in the place compared with which the crumble of masonry and the action of the river, viewed as destroyer only, are less than the motes in the sunbeam compared with the sun. And who shall deny the river the gold and the flowers that are given it, for is it not the holy Ganges, which washes clean of all sin, even as an established and scientific fact its waters at once cleanse and remove from it the putrefaction and disease that the sewers of the city pour into it, so that you may drink of its waters, dismounting from your hobby of hygiene, and risk contracting none of the plagues that pour into it? Of this there is no doubt; for not long ago some scientific soul took a sample of water from the mouth of the main sewer, and found it to be swarming with the deadly life of cholera and enteric fever. Half he mixed with distilled water, half with water out of the Ganges itself. Two days later he found that the portion mingled with pure water contained its deadliness in unimpaired vitality; in the other the bacilli which had swarmed there were all dead. The explanation of this we will leave to those who study such things, and remember only, if we want to understand Benares, that the holy Ganges has on those who flock there a power of spiritual cleansing as sure and speedy as this material property of the actual fluid. That is the dayspring that flows clear and pellucid below these hallowed banks.

THE YOUNG BRAHMAN

ON my first visit to the river with a friend one grilling afternoon in March, a young Brahman, with his threefold cord bound below his left shoulder, looked at us as we passed with the unconscious pride and aloof contempt of his caste for all

others, most particularly for those who, like ourselves, were of no caste at all, and then began following us at a little distance. We had been told that there was a good deal of espionage of strangers going on, and supposed that we were being kept under surveillance. He was young, perhaps sixteen, and evidently poor, for his clothes were threadbare with usage, and he had no shoes; but poverty, of course, has nothing to do with caste, and more than once some portly and silk-bedizened merchant stepped swiftly out of his path, so as not to impede the convenience of his progress, and saluted him, the salute being returned with the courtesy of a superior to one who was far below him. We had, I am glad to say, no cameras, and we did not point at and comment on the strange figures of naked fakirs and meditating holy men, and at last, after strolling quietly along to within some hundred yards of the burning ghat, we sat down on a fragment of tumbled masonry. Then slowly, with pauses of silence, he approached, and asked us why we had come to Benares. *Were we thinking?* And all Benares was in that phrase.

Near by was a dog, with her new-born litter lying round her, pitifully thin and emaciated. My friend went to a shop close by, bought a saucerful of milk, and set it down by her. At that the aloofness of our young Brahman altogether broke down. We were of no caste, it is true, but such an action as that made us faintly tolerable, and without more ado he attached himself to us as our guide. For himself, he was "learning to think"; he was also learning astrology, and his father was a carpenter with a wage of fifteen rupees (one pound) per month. Did we wish to see the Nepaulese temple? Most Englishmen wanted to go to the Nepaulese temple. He could take us there, though it was not open of an afternoon. But we did not desire to see that Augean stable of mean and unimaginative obscenity, and rose a little in his estimation. By degrees he melted into a sort of chattering merriment, sparred boyishly with a combative goat that squarely occupied our path, told us what manner of women were those who leaned over the balcony above us, said he would meet us at the same place early next morning at the bathing-hour to row up the river and drift back again. And yet the whole current of his life, of which this boyish friendliness was a mere surface straw, ran as remote from, and unconjecturable by, us as if he had been an inhabitant of the moon. He tolerated us, perhaps because we did not hurry and shout, but he only condescended to us: to himself he was a being as vastly superior to us as were we to the dog to which we had given milk. For he was a Brahman, and he was learning to think. I would give a year's life, I believe, to penetrate into that boy's soul, to see with his eyes, to enter into the mental heritage that the generations of his Brahman forefathers had given him, to be aware with his consciousness, and for a month to understand Benares and all that makes it what it is.

MORNING RITUAL

EARLY next morning we were back again at the river-bank, while yet the sun was hardly risen, and there waited for us our Brahman, who had engaged a boat from "some common fellow." He had bathed already and, cool and glistening, was squatting by the river-edge, cleaning his teeth with white wood ash. Strangely different this morning was the aspect of air and sky and river and thronging worshipers. For the hard, tired blaze of the afternoon, for the sense of awful age and antiquity that sometimes is almost crushing in those sun-smitten and dusty plains, there was exchanged the fresh and scentless air of dawn and an atmosphere of tender pearl. The glorious river, curved like a simitar, lay dim and steely at our feet, and above it was piled the iridescent fairyland of temples and palaces. All had been renewed by the coolness of the sacred and starry night, and instead of the dusty crowds that yesterday thronged the banks, a gleaming huddle of brown-skinned men and boys and women, joyous with the cool water and the radiant youth of the sun and air, bathed in, and drank of, the sacred stream. Standing waist-deep in the holy waters, they washed head and chest and shining arms, with ablution for the mouth and ritual of anointment for nose and eyes. Had there lain below these joyful washings no touch of religion or belief, the scene would still have been one of springlike and dewy exhilaration: a whole town was renewing itself with cool water at the dawn of day. But below, dynamic

HÉLAS!

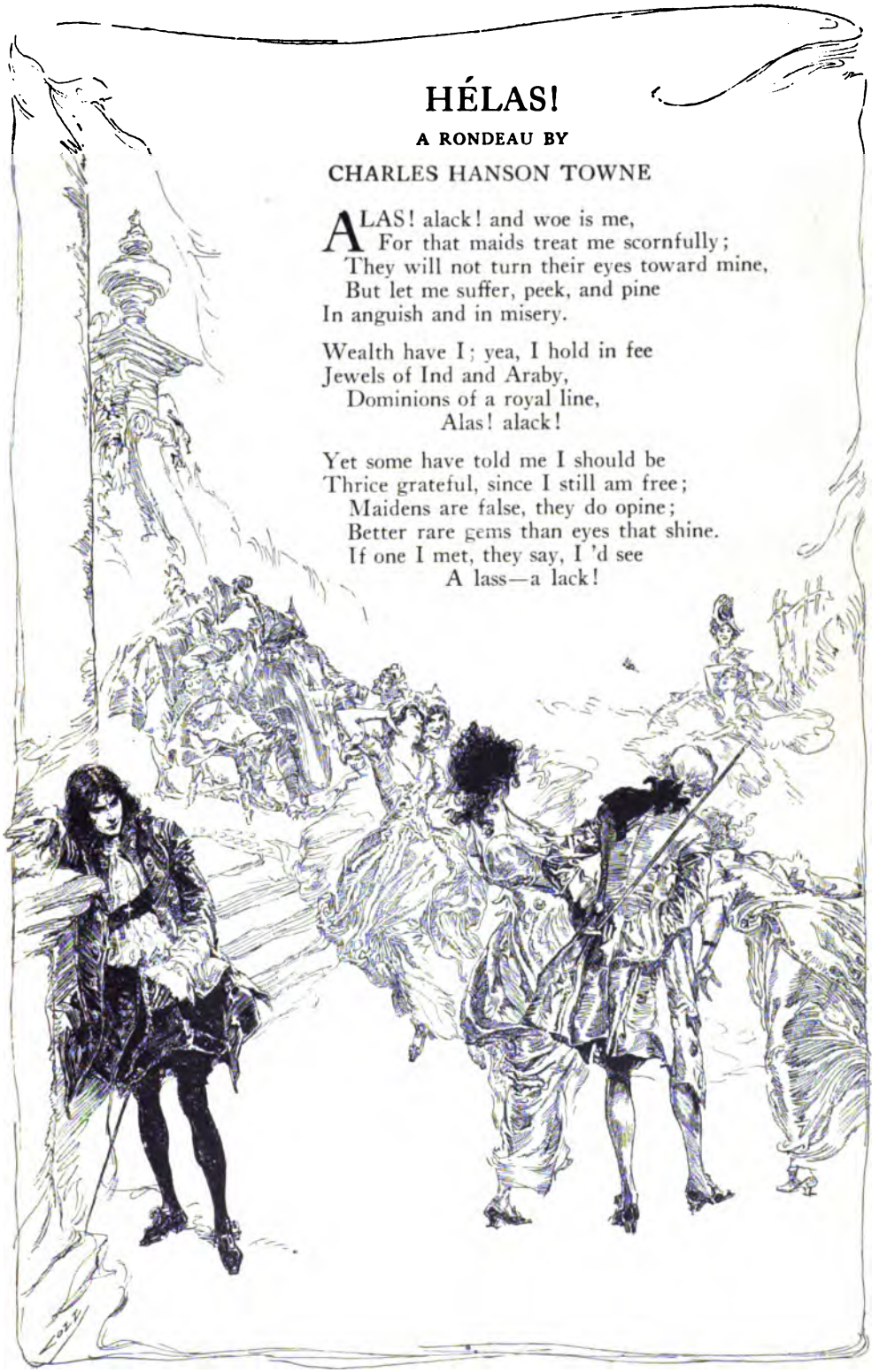
A RONDEAU BY

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ALAS! alack! and woe is me,
For that maids treat me scornfully;
They will not turn their eyes toward mine,
But let me suffer, peek, and pine
In anguish and in misery.

Wealth have I; yea, I hold in fee
Jewels of Ind and Araby,
Dominions of a royal line,
Alas! alack!

Yet some have told me I should be
Thrice grateful, since I still am free;
Maidens are false, they do opine;
Better rare gems than eyes that shine.
If one I met, they say, I 'd see
A lass—a lack!



Drawing by J. C. Coll

in front of the palaces stood stately black bulls, and on the wooden platforms fakirs and holy men were establishing themselves for the day. Bugles were blaring in the temples, and the drone of drums boomed for rites and secret sacrifices in dim, impenetrable shrines where only the priest might go. There, as in Levitical days, atonement was made by the blood of goats and sheep, while the people purified themselves by the river-bank; and he would indeed be a bigot who should say that the spirit which inspired this early hour of cleansing and sacrifice mounted no higher than to the deaf ears of Siva, cobra-crowned, or Hanuman, the lord of apes, or Ganesha, with his elephant head.

THE BURNING GHAT

THERE was plague in the city, so our young Brahman told us, and he recognized a friend whose sister had died during the night waiting at the burning ghat. On the steps leading down into the water were lying three or four of those swathed and tranquil burdens that had been borne there to be bathed for the last time in the cleansing flood. Gay of color were the cerements in which they were wrapped—pink and yellow and dazzling blue. They were like flowers that had been plucked, and were laid there to drink of the coolness of the water. Even as we came opposite, the bearers lifted one of them, all cool and dripping, from the river, and laid it, the slim, small figure, so quiet, so content, on a half-built pyre. Brushwood and fagots were built over it, and at head and foot and sides the fire was applied. A Brahman directed the rites, and once, as the flames mounted and aspired, the brother, who was watching, clutched at his heart as there appeared for a moment, at the top of the pyre, a girl's face, with closed eyes, and mouth that seemed to smile; then the radiant veil of flame shrouded it again. The smoke rose in gray whorls and streamers against the stainless and tender blue of the sky, and still the brother watched, quiet again and composed: he had given only that one sign to show that he loved her whose ashes now lay among the charred and smoldering logs. Or rather it was only for the moment that, thinking of days of childhood and dawns by the riverside, he forgot that it was not *she* who had been consumed in the flames of the pyre. Then he remembered again, and looking up from the pyre to the dazzling river, he saw there on our boat his friend, the Brahman, and smiled to him.

For half an hour we watched with him till all was over. Then such wood as was still unburned was saved for future use, but the ashes were swept together and given to the keeping of the sacred Ganges. There was only a handful of them, and an eddy of the swift-flowing river caught them and mingled them with blooms of marigold and rose-petals that floated there. Swiftly and gaily they circled, then shot out again from the shadow into the dazzling stream, and were absorbed into it like motes in a sunbeam. Never have I been present at a scene so simple, so true, so radiant with moral beauty. To the mourner, that lonely, quiet boy, to the priest, to the burners, and to all the gay crowd that prayed and were cleansed that morning in sun and water, death was as natural as life; purified and freed, the soul escaped from the discarded body, of which it had need no longer, and for the rest there was the fire that rose skyward beside the holy river, and the sacred Ganges, pellucid, unpollutable.

The pearliness of dawn had hardened into the crystal of day, and the sun had drunk up the blue veils of river mist, before we landed again. The hour of joyful ablution, of early sacrifice and prayer, of souls set free and bodies purified by water and fire, was over, and the breeze of morning fainted in the brazen sky. The fakirs and holy men had seated themselves beneath their straw umbrellas, and begun another day of immobile contemplation; the grave, black bulls wandered into the shade of palaces; the shrines were decked afresh with garlands of flowers; and the cleansed crowd, their devotions over, trooped back up the river-bank with shining brass water-pots and bundles of washed linen. Cornices and columns of the temples echoed to the cooings of the pigeons that patrolled there, and companies of swifts cut airy circles above the river. But still within the temple the drums beat and the conchs sounded, and all day long the Ganges, redeemer and cleanser, flowed by, carrying the ashes of the dead, and the jasmine and marigolds, the offerings of the living.

HÉLAS!

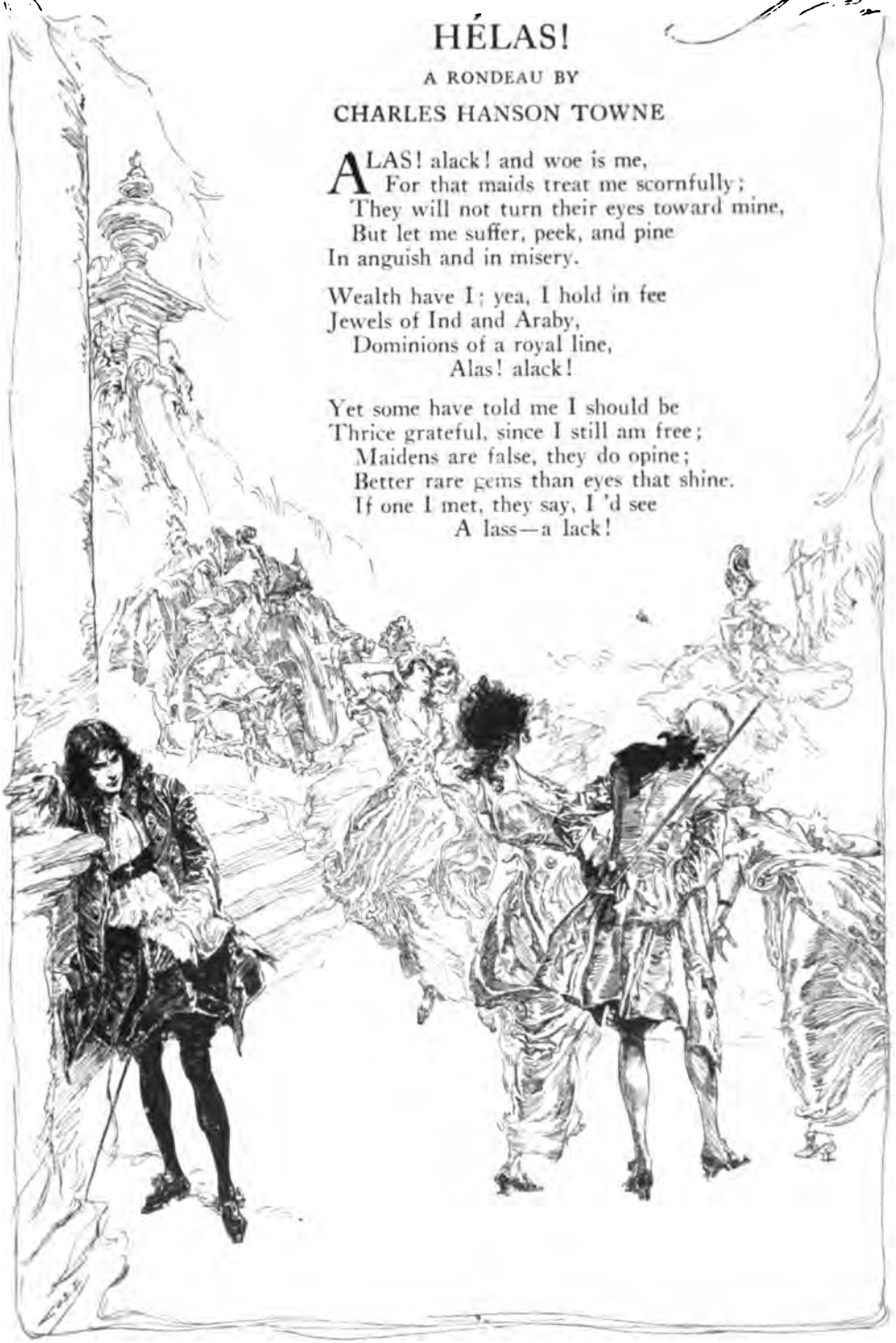
A RONDEAU BY

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

ALAS! alack! and woe is me,
For that maids treat me scornfully;
They will not turn their eyes toward mine,
But let me suffer, peek, and pine
In anguish and in misery.

Wealth have I; yea, I hold in fee
Jewels of Ind and Araby,
Dominions of a royal line,
Alas! alack!

Yet some have told me I should be
Thrice grateful, since I still am free;
Maidens are false, they do opine;
Better rare gems than eyes that shine.
If one I met, they say, I 'd see
A lass—a lack!



Drawing by J. C. Coll

STUDY FOR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON

The site of the memorial is near the banks of the Potomac, on the axis of the Washington Monument and the Capitol, at the end of the avenue planned to be two miles long and three hundred feet wide. The interior of the memorial will contain a statue of Lincoln and memorials of two of his most notable speeches, the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S SOCIAL IDEALS

BY ROSE STRUNSKY

EVEN in the most cursory review of Abraham Lincoln's life it becomes evident that there was something beyond mere patriotism which inspired him in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the United States. His significance to-day comes from a deeper cause than the "saving of the Union." It lies in the social ideals he represented, and which animated his acts. They are the beacon-lights by which the average American is trying to guide his political course to-day.

Two conceptions were clear in Lincoln's mind when he undertook the war. One, that the Union, based on the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, carried out successfully the American ideal of government, equal economic opportunity for all, which is the basis of American freedom; and, second, that that freedom could not be maintained by a division of the Union. "Physically speaking," he said, "we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them."

Lincoln said this in his first Inaugural Address in 1861, and he acted upon this idea immediately on his accession to power. The West, which was half Southern, and which understood the nature of the Southerner better than the East, readily agreed with him. The East, even the most Republican East, could not quite see this one-

ness of the Union. They had ever before their eyes the outlines of state constitutions and state borders, of their school geographies and histories. They had never known the long, flowing rivers and wide valleys of the West, with the result that they theorized and "believed" in States' rights almost as much as the South. At the time of the war the South urged this belief as a casus belli, and the North happened to repudiate it. It never could have been a principle strong enough either to prevent war or to cause war. Both the South and the North had certain purposes in going to war, which were far deeper and more vital than the abstract legal theory that the States had a constitutional right to secede from the Union. To hide their main purpose, the slaveholders successfully swept the South with the cry of "rights." Especially did this cry succeed with the youth, who from adventure rushed to the front at the first bugle-call. "We disbelieved in slavery," they said, "but we fight for States' rights."

There was so much reiteration of the statement that the war was being fought to maintain the principle of States' rights that historians writing soon after give it as one of its causes; but the men who undertook the war understood the facts far better.

It was not the right to secede that was questioned, but the purpose of secession, the kind of government which was to be formed after this right had been gained. No American statesman—not Jefferson, not even Hamilton, not Lincoln—ever disclaimed the right of the people to revolt. Lincoln went so far as to reaffirm this principle in his first Inaugural Address, when he was speaking to a country already at fever-heat over the problems before it. It was patent to the men of the time that a civil war was being attempted, and secession only cloaked an attack of a reactionary class in the Union against the people and their government.

The war was not fought, therefore, on the abstract principle as to whether the South had a right to form its own institutions or not, but over the institutions themselves. It was a struggle between conflicting economic interests, and though it was apparently a war of the sections, it was in the fullest sense a civil war. It was a clash over the control of the machinery of one and the same government, and not a mere sectional struggle.

No one understood this more quickly and more fully than Lincoln, the best and truest representative of the West. The East was not so quick to see it, and the South showed a far greater hostility to Lincoln, the candidate of the West, than they showed against Seward, his Eastern rival. Over and over again Lincoln said, "There is no line, straight or crooked, suitable for a national boundary-line upon which to divide." The West, he said, belonged not to one State or to another, but to the nation as a whole. This rich region must have egress to the ocean, it must be allowed to develop its resources, it must follow out its natural destiny, which was that of a region peopled by individual small landholders. "It is the great body of the Republic. The other parts are but marginal borders to it."

Emerson, who did not have to be as politic as Lincoln, could express the truth more bluntly—that the Federal Government was put on the defensive. After two years of struggle, he came to see that the battle-field would have been as large with secession permitted as it was with secession fought. "If we had consented to a peaceable secession of the rebels," he said, "the divided sentiment of the Border States made peaceable secession impossible, and the slaves on the border, wherever the border might be, were an incessant fuel to rekindle the fire. Give the Confederacy New Orleans, Charleston, and Richmond, and they would have demanded St. Louis and Baltimore. Give them these, and they would have insisted on Washington. Give them Washington, and they would have assumed the army and navy and, through these, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It looks as if the battle-field would have been at least as large in that event as it is now."

The truth of this became evident during the war, when the South fostered a Northwestern Confederacy, which was ultimately to join with it. By its acts it accepted the idea of a civil war as well as the North, and by its attacks upon the National Government was the first to force the struggle in that direction. In one sense the war was the French Revolution of America, with the difference that here it was the aristocrat, the great land-

lord, who undertook the offensive against the small property-holder, in the desperate hope of maintaining an already defeated position.

Fundamentally, however, the two opposing classes that struggled for political power were much more closely allied than the aristocrat and the petty bourgeois of France. The structure of Southern society was simple, and to the student of evolutionary history uninteresting. It was a condition as primitive as Judea, in which the free lands forced the tying down of labor to the soil for the benefit of large landlords. Its history could be worked out by the mere formula even without the aid of specific detail. When it found itself hemmed in by opposing forces, it attempted the time-worn means of a political coup d'état to maintain its power.

Its rival was much more interesting. A breath of the new and the modern permeated its being. The free land of the West, which produced slavery in the South, in the North acted as the safeguard of economic and political liberty. It produced ideals of democracy and economic justice which, though they were never tested by the generations that uttered them sincerely enough, were temporarily in actual application by virtue of the free and generous nature about them. Thus America, with her ideals of the eighteenth century, born of France, could, unlike the sister republic, put them into practice for a period of almost a hundred years, or until the free lands were gone.

It must be admitted that there were contradictions and compromises from the very beginning. The property-ridden constitution, where even slavery was accepted, the class form of government, where suffrage was made dependent on property, and the thwarting of the will of the people by vetoes of the Senate or the President or the Supreme Court, cannot be called pure democracy; yet, despite all this, the ideal of an economic democracy was attainable at the time for the majority, and the crises arising from the compromises and contradictions were for the future generations to solve, and not for the fortunate ones enjoying the bounties of the new society.

There is a manifest lack of statesmanship and a lack of sufficient anxiety for the condition of the future of the nation in the compromises of the founders of the republic and the men following them, including Lincoln. On the other hand, they had a utilitarian and pragmatic view of their ideals, which saved them from hypocrisy. Only minorities have ever profited by the revolutions that heretofore had come. Actually to demand that the doctrine of equal economic opportunity then in application be put into practice for all time would mean, as we can see to-day, a denial of perpetual ownership to the classes in power, a hopeless demand at the time; for the Revolution and the struggles leading up to the War of Secession, despite the doctrines and ideals which were expounded, were only struggles between first-comers over the ownership and control of property.

The ideal of Jefferson and of Lincoln, who inherited his philosophy, was a nation of small farmers, who might labor for hire in their youth, but who were later to acquire small homesteads for themselves, while their liberties were to be maintained not by vesting them in a majority, but by negating as much as possible the function of government.

This felicitous state actually existed for three quarters of a century, and still existed in Lincoln's time, and it was supposed would continue forever. However, in 1862, Lincoln wrote that "There are already among us those who, if the Union be preserved, will live to see it contain 250,000,000." He counted on the ratio of increase of population that had existed in these first seventy years of the country's founding. How he hoped to maintain the perpetual right of the individual to acquire property freely and the perpetual state wherein a large reserve property, ever in abundance, was to lie unacquired, is not known. Even at a rate of increase in population much lower than he counted upon, the free lands were already gone by 1890.

Lincoln was blind to all this, though even in his day there were men who foresaw the danger of unlimited ownership, and a radical free-soil movement arose, which reached its height about 1850. Lincoln, who remained, as he described himself, "a Western free-state man," and "a Henry Clay Whig," was not in sympathy with this movement. It went further than his natural conservatism would permit him to go. The non-extension of slavery, he

thought, would facilitate the free-soil movement, which it did, and was the first step to that goal of economic equality.

The radical free-soil movement reached its height in Wisconsin, where, in the legislature of 1851, a bill was almost passed which proposed that the homestead should be virtually inalienable on the one side, and on the other that it should be forbidden that any one inherit more than 160 or 320 acres. The general demand of the moment was that all citizens have the right to a homestead, a demand quite feasible at the time, for there was more than enough land for all.

Up to the time of the war, land sold at $1.25 an acre, supposedly to homesteaders, but more often to speculators and land companies, who later fixed their own price for the actual settler. The history of America is the history of land speculation, in which the most illustrious names are involved, from George Washington to gentlemen in the Senate who dabbled with the lands acquired from the Mexican War. Lincoln, the representative of the genuine homesteaders, stands out remarkably free from the temptation of land deals, though as surveyor he had as much chance for such indulgence as Washington.

During the war, and for a decade after, homesteads were offered absolutely free to all comers, and an attempt to consummate the American ideal of equality was made by this free distribution of land. However, it must have been patent to Lincoln and other American democrats that a "distributive community," as some one called it, could not be maintained when freedom of economic opportunity meant also freedom to accumulate wealth. Within forty-one days after the passage of the Homestead Act, Congress authorized the giving away of 23,500,000 acres of the public domain to private corporations. It also, far from being laissez-faire, as was supposed, aided transportation enterprises by offering to guarantee bonds issued by the companies to the amount of $65,000,000.

The uniting of the Free-soil party with the antislavery factions, instead of being a more radical step for it, was in reality a more conservative one. Instead of looking to a control of wealth as a means of eliminating the feared and obnoxious large landlord class, as in the measure to limit inheritance, it now contented itself only with the non-extension of that class, and left the principle of free acquisition and inheritance of wealth intact.

Lincoln, who was against the large capitalist, as he was against the landed aristocracy represented by the slaveholder, was not opposed to the giving of land grants and subsidies to railroads, for in this case the land had only a speculative value. Land was given instead of the much more needed money, and the prospective sale of the land to the people of the towns and cities that might be built on that land by virtue of the improved transportation did not necessarily throw the railroads into the large landlord class. Not only, was it argued, were these land grants the means of bringing greater prosperity to the whole community, but they were in truth only lending themselves money, for as each man could have a little homestead, so each man could have a small number of shares in the stock of the railroad company.

Internal improvements were clamored for from the beginning of the century, and the building of roads and canals was forced upon the state governments not for the creation of a plutocracy, but in aid of the small property-holder. Lincoln's first public utterance as a young man of twenty-two was a strong plea for internal improvements, and as a member of the state legislature of Illinois he fostered all the plans in that direction. It was natural, then, that when the small property-owner actually came into his own through the election of Lincoln, he should apply the policies he was using in the state governments to the country as a whole.

The contradiction was not between the practice and the theory, but between the ideal and the theory. The ideal was an equal economic opportunity for all, the theory that small private holdings could consummate that state. Knowing only of the past, the one thing that was feared was the most obvious curse of the past, the large landlord. The revolt against the Old World that animated Jefferson and the Federalists, and was passed on to the generations of Americans following, was the revolt against the large landlord, and the consciousness that through him came all the evils of aristocracy and class rule.

Jefferson had no foreshadowing of a plutocracy. For him the country was an

idyllic state of small farmers, and the city was largely composed of mobs of sailors and journeymen artisans, and a floating proletariate who might at any moment, as long as there was unoccupied land, enter the farmer class.

Lincoln of necessity knew more of the capitalist than did Jefferson, and often he took the capitalist as well as the landowner into consideration. But he did not conceive his full significance. He saw the capitalist born, but he did not see the colossal height, unprecedented in any previous civilization, to which he was to grow. This is not to be wondered at, for the capitalist was born of the conception of the inalienable and individual right to property (business and government therefore being two separate institutions) plus the miraculous factor of human invention. The latter factor was unlooked for and could not have been foretold. It was the unknown quantity that ate up the land much more quickly than Lincoln had calculated, and through monopolies and trusts created a class stronger and more firmly intrenched than the large landlords had ever been, and left the unpropertied and small propertied classes as powerless to acquire property or to enlarge what they had as they had been under the landlord aristocracies of Europe or the South.

Lincoln had not the same excuse for his failure to foresee this as had Jefferson, for already in the fifties the railroads were being laid, patents for thousands of inventions were being issued by the patent office every year, and industries were rising so rapidly that a very large part of the population were becoming working-men. It is difficult to understand on what grounds he based his hope that their condition was temporary instead of permanent. "Nor is there any such thing," he said, "as a free man being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer."

With the revolution that was taking place in transportation, the ideal of the small landlord proprietor became translated into the ideal of the small capitalist, so that even the large fortunes of the Astors and the Vanderbilts were in no way frowned at. There was no fear at the time of overconcentration of wealth. The curious shibboleth that the American social order went from "shirt-sleeve to shirt-sleeve in three generations" helped to color roseate any divinings into the future. The doctrine came of the overthrow of primogeniture, and it was firmly believed that the generation following the one that acquired property would surely lose it, and the third would have to begin with sleeves rolled up, true sons of toil. Thus no class, no aristocracy, not even inheritance, was possible, and an economic democracy was happily established for all time. It took fifty years of monopolies and trusts for the small capitalist to realize that he was being cut off from the spoils, and to view the Rockefellers and the Morgans of to-day with the same alarm that filled the small Western farmer at the sight of the long-stretching tentacles of the large landlord of the South.

But at the time of the war it was not foreseen that in the overthrow of that large landlord class an equivalent class would spring up in the North composed of the large manufacturer, the large railroad man, and the "money magnate," who would own the industries and wealth of the country as firmly as the landlord owned the limited acres of land. With this new capitalist the absorption of property into one class continued, and the American ideal, economic democracy, was again overthrown.

In the restless surge for the "new freedom" that is being expressed to-day, the aims and ideals of Lincoln are being fruitlessly invoked to help pilot the ship of state over the troubled waters. Except for the inspiration of his ideal of equal economic opportunity, Lincoln can no longer help us. He fought a reaction. He saved his country from a counter-revolution, but he kept firmly to the narrow course laid out by the builders. To-day a broader theory than his is needed, in the social control of wealth, to help consummate his ideal of a democratic state.

MARTIL

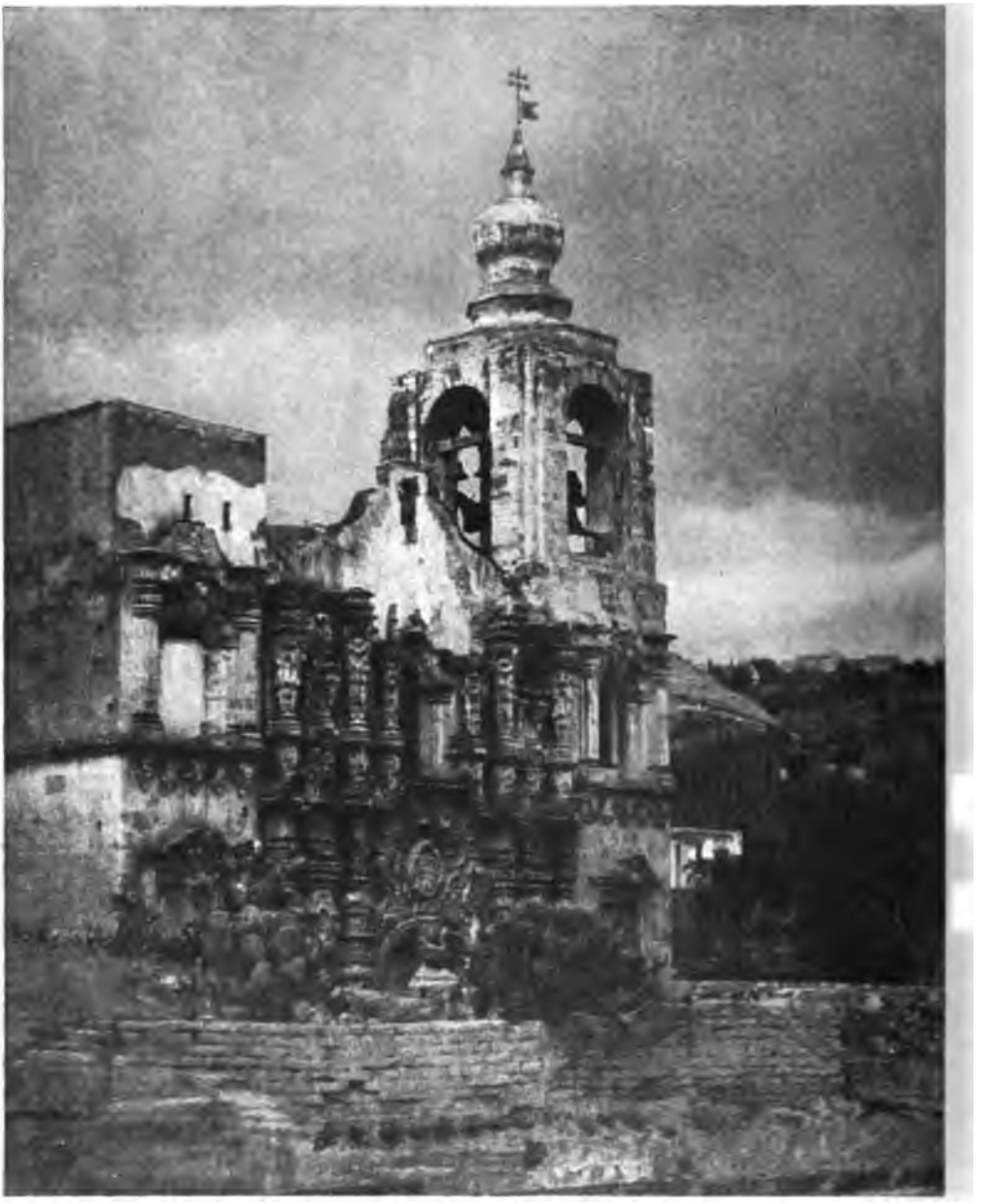
This was once a busy Mexican mining town. Only a few houses remain grouped about the church.

OLD CHURCHES IN MEXICO

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. RAVELL

THE churches of Mexico, built about one hundred and fifty years ago, are a monument to a race of conquerors who extracted much loot from a subjected people. As part of the Spanish Colonial government, the church had a share in the taxation of rich mines and other industries, and lavished the proceeds on many churches and monasteries. The conquered Indians were put to work and directed by those who built the splendid temples of Spain. They produced massive structures, a combination of classical and oriental architecture with richly decorated interiors.

Surrounded by beautiful landscapes or placed in the streets of a town, the splendid tinted walls, tiled domes, and skilfully carved façades prove the Spaniards a great race of builders.



THE OLD CHURCH AT LA CATA

The tower was never finished. It is the spiritual headquarters for a few miners living in the surrounding huts.

THE CHURCH OF SAN CAYETANA AT VALENCIANA

This was once a town with great wealth and a large population. The church was built in 1788 out of the largess of a rich mine, known as "La Valenciana." The town is now abandoned.

THE OLD JESUIT TEMPLE AT GUANAJUATO, MEXICO

This temple was built in 1760. The whole edifice is of magnificent proportions and is surrounded by adobe houses grouped on the uneven hillside, for Guanajuato is built on picturesque terraces.

THE MEXICAN MENACE

BY W. MORGAN SHUSTER

Author of "The Strangling of Persia," "Is There a Sound American Foreign Policy?" etc.

ONE of the strangest phenomena of an epoch-making situation is the atmosphere of comparative calm and normality which up to the very moment of some actual physical clash often seems to surround those vitally interested. This is specially true of the American public. It refuses to take any impersonal question seriously until it absolutely has to do so. For all the threatening aspect of our relations with Spain and Europe prior to February 15, 1898, it was only when the news of the *Maine* catastrophe in Havana harbor reached them that the American people seemed to realize that a crisis had arrived in their foreign affairs.

In these early days of December, 1913,[1] a similar condition exists. Millions of Americans daily discuss the Mexican question in a conversational tone, along with the tariff, currency legislation, the business outlook, and the weather. Beyond those officials and private citizens directly involved for some special reason, few seem to know or care about the acute danger for America which the Mexican embroglio involves.

It is not only that our present and future relationship with fourteen millions of fellow-Americans is at stake. That would be important enough. But it is our prestige, influence, and amity with the wealthiest and most powerful nations of the civilized world which hang in the balance of our actions.

There is undeniably a certain sublimity about the confidence of most Americans in their nation's ability to solve world-wide problems offhand, to change the destiny of races, to uproot the foundations of distant empires, and to take care of itself under any and all conditions. Could the few anxious ones be assured that this is a confidence born of recognized superiority and springing from knowledge of the facts and figures, there would be none left to worry.

To some, however, including no doubt the President and his advisers, it is abundantly clear that, whatever professions of satisfaction with the outlook may be served up for public consumption, the United States has been for some time, and is at this writing, facing one of the most delicate and complex international situations of its century and a third of national existence. What the actual outcome will be, and how the present administration at Washington will eventually acquit itself, no one may safely predict; but no one may deny that the consequences—and there will be "consequences," despite Ambassa-

[1] This article was completed on December 2, 1913.

dor Page's cheery announcement to the contrary at a Thanksgiving banquet in London—of a mistake in policy or action by the President or by Congress will be grave in the extreme.

Such a situation imposes on the American citizen a twofold and somewhat difficult duty. He should, in general, hold up the hands of his Government in any international crisis. This is his patriotic obligation irrespective of political or other affiliations whatsoever, especially as long as his Government does not clearly violate some fundamental principle of justice, morality, or decency. He should do or say nothing to embarrass his Government in the exercise of its proper functions. But it is likewise his duty and his privilege to take part in the formation and crystallization of a sound popular sentiment, lacking the support of which no government in the world, in complex situations, may expect to achieve lasting success.

It must be remembered that even under a representative form of government like that of the United States it is impossible for the citizens at large to express at once or formally their views and wishes concerning any emergency that may arise, however momentous. The polls cannot be invoked, however grave the situation. Thus it may occur—and this is a defect in the actual practice of theoretically popular government—that a duly elected administration, in entire good faith and with the purest motives, in an international emergency may pursue a course diametrically opposed to the conscience, judgment, and wishes of the vast majority of the citizens. In the last four years a somewhat striking example of this phenomenon actually occurred in the United States in the case of a domestic issue.

Such clear mistakes as to the temper of the people are not apt to be repeated, particularly in matters wherein violent partizanship finds little play; but the great safeguard which any government has against similar errors lies in the fullest public discussion, provided always that the opinions expressed voice serious and sincere conviction, and are not couched in unfair, violent, or disrespectful language. Only by this means may those charged with the official responsibility of acting for the American nation in affairs of moment hope to obtain the lasting support and approval of the people.

The very seriousness of the subject of Mexico's lapse into anarchy, the delicacy of the international complications which might at any time ensue, and the exercise of patriotism and common sense, should preclude all partizan utterances, and permit the American public to assume, until the contrary is clearly established, that the Government will act with wisdom.

In the belief that no possible embarrassment could arise from the opinions herein expressed, I venture to set down a brief review of the actions and policy of the United States during the past year in its relations with Mexico, and with other friendly powers deeply interested in that unfortunate country.

A little Mexican girl who has lived for some time in the United States was recently asked by an American whether she thought Uncle Sam should send an army to Mexico to straighten things out.

She replied:

"No. Why cannot this big country let our little country 'born itself'?"

This feeling is characteristic of many Mexicans of all classes and political views. They sincerely believe that, whatever the cost in blood and treasure, they should be allowed to chasten themselves by fire without let or hindrance from the rest of the world.

Ten years ago Mexico was generally rated as a stable and prosperous nation, though many predicted an era of trouble when Porfirio Diaz should lose his grip. If the public of Europe and America, which for months has been aghast at the spectacle presented in that country, could be assured that its present pangs betoken the arrival of an heir in the form of a strong constitutional government, there would be more patience and less anxiety displayed.

But in the face of events and known conditions there, the most optimistic well-wisher of Mexico must feel his enthusiasm wane as the idea takes root in his mind that some outside agency will be compelled to lend a helping hand.

The attention of the American Government and public was sharply focused on Mexico last February, when street fighting on an extensive scale broke out in the capital. For some time every one

had been aware that President Madero was in serious difficulties. With the outbreak in his capital, however, he was suddenly driven to the last ditch. While many in the United States had deplored his apparent inability to maintain peace and order throughout Mexico, he was a constitutional executive, and because of his personal traits and sincerity he had aroused considerable sympathy.

On February 18, 1913, two Mexican generals, Blanquet and Huerta, executed a coup d'état, arrested Madero and Vice-President Suarez, forced them to resign, and cast them into prison. With this event the aspect of Mexico's affairs took an immediate turn for the worse.

Still, the forcible overthrow of a constitutional ruler was no novelty in Latin-American history, and while the fire was getting unpleasantly near home, American public opinion was inclined to suspend judgment and await developments.

When, however, five days later, the news of the cowardly shooting to death of Madero and Suarez was flashed over the country, a veritable wave of horror and indignation swept the American people, and General Victoriano Huerta became the center of obloquy. Rightly or wrongly, he and his clique, who were in military control of Mexico City, were held responsible for the death, without pretense of trial, of the men under whose orders he, only a few days before, had been actively engaged in shooting down his own countrymen. The world exacts some slight stability and permanence in a man's loyalty and allegiance, and one whose conscience turns as lightly as did Huerta's from one side to another, between suns, as it were, may not expect to be credited with unselfish and patriotic motives.

Whether or not Huerta was guilty of even tacit consent to the assassination of his late civil chiefs, the fact remains that he had assumed actual military control of Mexico City, and that, knowing the situation and being aware of the risks and the threats concerning Madero and Suarez, two helpless political prisoners, he failed utterly to take adequate steps to protect their lives. On the contrary, the policy of cowardly assassination soon extended to others connected with the late President Madero.

For Huerta's neglect or failure in this matter, were he guilty of nothing more reprehensible, enlightened public opinion, which often recognizes sheer force, but despises cowardly brutality, will not easily forgive him.

These events took place at the close of President Taft's administration. For some time before there had been a certain exasperated public sentiment in the United States in favor of the President taking some positive action regarding Mexico, but he maintained, in the rather delicate and unusual circumstances, an admirable official patience and self-control. Certainly to have committed or compromised his early successor by any provocative act which might have brought on actual hostilities would have been unjustified, however strong the pretext might have appeared to be.

On March 4, 1913, President Wilson became the official exponent of the attitude of the United States toward Mexico. It very quickly appeared that he had made up his mind as to a line of official action. It may indeed be assumed, with some circumstantial evidence in support, that before he took office President Wilson had determined not to recognize Huerta even as President ad interim. For instance, shortly before March 4, according to uncontradicted press-reports, President Taft offered to send one of his cabinet members to acquaint President-elect Wilson with certain confidential reports regarding Mexican affairs, in order that the new President might not step into a tense situation wholly ignorant of its official status. On the same uncontradicted authority, President-elect Wilson declined the offer, thus indicating, if anything, that the stain of blood on Huerta's titles to office was sufficient in the new President's mind to determine that Huerta was unworthy to be recognized by the United States, whatever the expediency, consequences, or explanations might be. President Wilson's subsequent pronouncement on Latin-American affairs, though couched in general terms, fully sustains this view.

That, in adopting this stand toward Huerta, President Wilson correctly interpreted the sentiment and judgment of the American people, there can be no reasonable doubt. That his action was high-

minded, patriotic, and based on the purest motives, and that it set up a new standard in international custom, is beyond cavil. However carefully Huerta may have complied with the forms of the Mexican law, the fact remains that he came into power only through the betrayal and resulting death of his country's lawful chiefs. The other great nations, following the usual precedents in such cases, promptly recognized Huerta as the de-facto chief executive of Mexico; but the dictates of President Wilson's personal conscience forbade him that course, and he evidently saw no reason for yielding his official conscience to a different keeper. Only a very utilitarian statesman could seriously suggest that the Government of the United States, claiming its peculiar position of moral leadership in the Western Hemisphere, should have adopted the opposite course. President Wilson did not take this view, and for the high standard of morality and even for the disregard of mere expediency which he displayed he will be done full justice.

We find, therefore, that President Wilson, correctly voicing the natural feelings of the American people, had early in his administration made known in plain terms that he would not recognize Huerta, and that in so doing he had placed the American Government on a very high moral plane. All that remained, then, in order that this policy might be crowned with success in actual practice, was that Huerta also should see the light, repent of his misspent old age, and step regretfully, but gracefully, down from the presidential dais. Had he done so, this article, like many others, would not have been written, and the diplomats and statesmen of the whole world would be rubbing their eyes and marveling at the new force come suddenly into international relations. Critics of a cynical bent would be hushed, and the stricken Mexican people would, let us hope, be on the highroad to political regeneration.

But many weary months have dragged on since last March, each with its repulsive tale of murder, rapine, arson, and savagery. Each elapsed month has taken its toll of the growing irritation and, under the surface, official cynicism on the part of other nations whose subjects and their properties in Mexico are suffering or in jeopardy. Each month has brought fresh discouragement to those interested in the prevention of human misery, and, last of all, is the truly sardonic fact that one Victoriano Huerta, styling himself President of Mexico, and a hundred times hailed in official bulletins at Washington as the pirate king "about to go," is still at the head of the Mexican Government and army, and in complete control of the capital and some outlying states and cities. He sits in his castle, a grim, apparently unshaken old usurper; he leers at his minister of foreign affairs, receives with all formality the accredited ministers of most other nations of the world, sends his despatches to his envoys at the capitals of Europe, warmly embraces the American chargé d'affaires at a public reception, and sends his compliments to the "great American people"; but the world is asked to believe that he must go. The moral edict has gone forth. Huerta himself doubtless knows that he cannot last forever. Whether it will be by the victory of the wine-cellar, by the hand of an assassin, by the shell or bullet of a besieging rebel army, or from so-called natural causes, it is of course true that sooner or later Huerta must go. Meanwhile, however, he continues to make sport of the situation, and if he himself is not enjoying it, certainly no one else is.

If anything further were needed to make clear the discordance between the United States and the other leading nations on this subject, it would be furnished by the recent spectacle of the British minister and the commander of the British fleet in Mexican waters lunching in state with "President Huerta" at the very time that President Wilson was officially characterizing him in his message to Congress as a usurper.

This state of affairs, which would be amusing were it not so serious, cannot fail to evoke a question in the mind of the most confiding. President Wilson himself, with his undoubted faith in the compelling force of what has been termed a policy of "moral suasion," must at times ask himself whether, in this scheme of apparently perfect morality and unanswerable theory, some small, but vital, factor has not been overlooked. To think otherwise is to believe that President Wilson foresaw last March that, with the approach of

this Christmas, Huerta would still be preparing lettres-de-cachet for his enemies in and out of the Mexican legislature, that an international fleet would be assembled in Mexican waters, and that all the risks of serious complications between the United States and other nations which have been run during these long months were inevitable. If he did foresee this, his original policy must be recognized as one of great patience and sublime willingness to tread in dangerous places.

If he did not foresee the weary waiting of the last eight months, as it seems reasonable to suppose is the case, then the question again intrudes itself: Was not something lacking in the policy of moral suasion, at least in this instance?

I think that there was. Huerta evidently thought that there was, and though that affable usurper may be dead or cast into outer darkness by the time this article sees the light, the fact will always remain that the policy of saying, in effect, that "Huerta must go," without having any definite plan for actively accelerating his departure, however perfect in ethics or pure in motives, did not meet the practical situation which confronted President Wilson on March 4, 1913.

Whether or not the various bands who call themselves Constitutionalists, but are equally well known by less euphonious names, will terminate their carnival of atrocities within the walls of Mexico City on Christmas day for a breathing-spell, until they again take up the struggle among themselves, the fact will remain that for eight months the American nation has been out of harmony with the rest of the civilized world, and consequently exposed to the grave danger of becoming the objective rallying-point for a concert of powerful nations which have large potential political rights and substantial commercial and property rights in a country being devastated by the bullet, the sword, and the torch.

The American people may well congratulate themselves on the admirable patience which has been displayed in this affair by the friendly powers of Europe. One rift in the lute of outward friendliness, and the gravest consequences might have ensued. It is this factor also which the plan for ousting Huerta by mere words, by implied threats, coupled with neutralizing declarations of intention not to intervene, did not take into proper account.

President Wilson's splendidly conceived and sincerely executed plan of dealing with Huerta by officially directing against him the great prestige and influence of the American nation shows, if anything, that the President either overestimated the effect of that influence or underestimated Huerta's tenacity and powers of resistance. Its failure may also be attributed in part to the belief that the nations of Europe, and their nationals having vested rights in Mexico, would coöperate from the very beginning with the United States by refusing or withdrawing their recognition of Huerta or by closing all sources of financial supply. As far as is known, none of these things has been done, and on more than one occasion Huerta has been actually justified in believing that there was a decided lack of harmony in the positions regarding himself taken by the United States and some of the other great powers.

If I should use the word "failure" in connection with the American plan for settling Mexico's troubles, I would refer to any plan which might leave out of consideration the fact that the present Mexican situation is not wholly an American affair. If it is anything but Mexican, it is decidedly a world affair. A plague-spot in a certain town may be most dangerous to those living in the immediate neighborhood, but it is also dangerous to the entire community. On this theory we have long since outgrown the practice of leaving it to be cleared up only by those whose nostrils are reached by the stench. Such sanitation is community work and duty. So is any outside police work which may become necessary in Mexico. This is manifestly correct in theory. Now, as regards the practice.

That the United States has a well-recognized predominant political interest in Mexico's condition and future is unquestioned throughout the world. This is in addition to the tangible interests which she shares with a number of other nations by virtue of her and their citizens in Mexico being subject to the loss and danger of loss of their lives and property. The predominant political interest of the United States may be termed that of

"strategy and propinquity." The Panama Canal and coterminous frontiers along the Rio Grande sufficiently explain this special relationship, and no statesman in Europe or elsewhere has questioned it.

But as regards the further interest, which we share with other nations, a comparatively recent and very clear precedent is at hand. No reason was found why the United States should not participate in the international relief expedition sent to Peking at the time of the Boxer troubles in 1900. True, the legations at Mexico City have not yet been attacked, but the principle of killing a friendly nation's minister or one of its subjects is the same; the difference is merely one of degree.

The United States and the other leading powers, interested because of their citizens or subjects being endangered, promptly recognized in June, 1900, that there had arisen in China a condition of anarchy and rebellion with which the Chinese Government was unable to cope successfully. At least two nations felt that they had special political interests in China, but this feeling was no bar to the formation and harmonious conduct of a joint expedition to the Chinese capital, in which Japanese, Russian, British, French, and American troops participated. The United States originally destined and set in motion for China about 17,500 soldiers and marines, although only 6000 actually arrived in China before the capture of Peking. By August 16, 1900, the allied forces had relieved the besieged legations, and divided Peking among themselves for the maintenance of order. Both the admiral and the commanding general of the American forces in China received instructions to confer freely with the representatives of other powers on the ground and, if necessary, to act concurrently with their forces, under a common official direction, which was done. The Japanese Government allowed Nagasaki to be used for a secondary base and the transhipment of stores for the American forces. Two battalions of American infantry formed part of a brigade under a British general, and were highly commended by him. The American flag was the first foreign color to be raised on the walls of Peking.

There were many conflicting political interests in China, yet when the powers interested felt that the time had come to use force for the protection of the lives and property of their subjects and citizens, the international police power was successfully and harmoniously invoked. When the emergency disappeared, the greater part of the forces was withdrawn.

By no possible means could the Boxer troubles in China be said to affect the political interests of the United States in the broader sense of the word. The sole justification for American participation was the fact that the American legation and citizens in China, in common with other foreigners, were in grave danger.

It is difficult, from the world's point of view, to see any difference between the Boxer rebellion and the present state of anarchy and chaos in Mexico except perhaps in degree. Why, then, would it not be better to invoke in similar fashion the vast moral influence and repressive force which could be exercised by three or four of the leading nations of Europe acting in harmony with the United States?

The other nations of the world having substantial national and commercial interests in Mexico have every right to be consulted and, if they desire, to participate in any exercise of the international police power in that country which may be decided on. The United States, on the other hand, has the right to expect of them that they should bear their respective parts in any such necessary, but noisome, task. Furthermore, the other nations should and would agree in advance on certain general conditions under which, the contingency arising, the task should be undertaken. This is only just, and it has the sanction of precedent.

But by far the most important feature of such joint action by all the powers interested, instead of by the United States alone, is that it would be the part of common sense and prudence. It is as certain as such a thing can well be that if the United States, acting alone, should send its armed forces upon Mexican soil to oust Huerta, that very step would unite behind him a large part of the Mexican people, whatever their present opinion of Huerta may be. It is also certain that the same spirit would prevent any other sane Mexican from succeeding Huerta for any longer time than American bayonets surrounded him. These are unpleasant, but practical, facts. There is

no need to speculate at this time on their origin.

If, however, foreign intervention by force should be deemed necessary either to unseat Huerta or to seat some Constitutionalist general, or to place and hold any Mexican citizen in control of that country, it must be remembered that the assumption of the task by the United States alone means war between the Mexican and the American peoples. On the moral and physical effects of such an unholy struggle, and on its outcome, there is no need to dilate here. Suffice it to indicate that we should not be fighting to kill Huerta and his clique of congenial power-tasters, but thousands of ignorant and blameless peons, Indians, and other Mexican citizens who would be found bearing a gun in Huerta's or other ranks either through misguided patriotism, because above them would fly their country's flag, or through being pressed into military service under pain of death. For fear of the vengeance of his own people, no rebel leader or even bandit chief in Mexico would dare ally his men with United States troops, and a war entered into with the best and highest motives would speedily lapse into a long-drawn-out guerrilla struggle, with the usual degenerating effect on both sides engaged.

If, however, the Government of the United States, having determined to put an end to Huerta's régime in Mexico, or to intervene for the purpose of assisting in the choice by the people of a constitutional executive, should invite the principal European nations interested to participate in that effort by placing in coöperation with the American commander-in-chief suitable detachments of their marines and sailors, the effect of this joint action on the minds of even the densest and most ignorant of the Mexican people, as well as on the most patriotic and enlightened, would be wholly different. It would be no longer a case of a war to the death by a proud people against the "hated Yankees seeking to annex their country." Such an incitement would then fall on comparatively deaf ears. The existence and publication of an agreement of the powers among themselves that the integrity of Mexican territory was to be absolutely maintained, that no forces of any nation were to be continued on Mexican soil beyond the time adjudged by all nations to be necessary to restore peace and order, and that the sole purpose of an intervention was to secure the establishment of some form of constitutional government by the Mexicans themselves, under the leadership of some one approximating a popular choice, would give the lie to those who sought to incite resistance through deceiving their more ignorant countrymen. Proud Mexicans might well be stirred into resisting bitterly the advance from Vera Cruz of American blue-jackets and marines alone, but would they make war on the columns under the flags of the United States and England, France, Germany, and Spain, all engaged in the same enterprise? They would hardly feel called on to fight the whole world.

The important point is that the mere reaching of an agreement to adopt this course, in case Huerta should still absolutely refuse to step down, would probably accomplish the desired result through pressure on him from inside the capital. The details of such a joint expedition could be easily arranged on the basis that the United States Government should be predominant in the common official direction of the allied forces, and that the question of indemnities to be exacted should be submitted to arbitration.

The European powers would unquestionably welcome this solution of the difficulty even at this late day, just as they would have done at any time since the opposition of the United States to the Huerta Government became known to them. Even had they, or should they now, refuse to participate with the United States on these terms, no harm would be done, and the position of the United States would be vastly stronger through having made the proposal.

Only one thing could stand in the way of President Wilson's proposing such a plan, a sentiment which will quickly find expression on the lips of many sincere, but, with all respect, misguided, fellow-citizens. It may be put thus: no foreign force should be allowed to land on Mexican soil. Yet the answer is not difficult. It is: first, that it has already been done; yet we live. Second, that having foreign war-ships patrolling the Mexican coast in company with American war-ships is not vastly different, politically or diplo-

matically speaking, from a similar joint performance on land. It is merely less efficient. Third, that a mere sentiment of exclusiveness, or a belief in some divine right to sit in judgment on and police one half of the earth's habitable surface, should not be allowed to stand in the way of a common-sense solution of a serious problem, and the prompt alleviation of untold and undefinable suffering on the part of innocent people.

It is this course which should have been tried before any announcement was made to Huerta that he must go. It is to be sincerely hoped that it either has been or will be attempted. The same announcement which was actually made by President Wilson, if it had been accompanied by a statement from the powers interested, or even by one from Great Britain, that disobedience would be followed by the landing of an international expeditionary force to march on Mexico City, under the direction of a United States officer, would probably have had a vastly different effect both on Huerta himself and on his confrères and compatriots.

Once President Wilson had made up his mind to be rid of Huerta, he should manifestly have contemplated the situation to be produced by Huerta's refusal to go. Assuming that the latter would probably refuse to obey a mere admonition, President Wilson could have contemplated, if anything further at all, only one of two things—the use of force by the United States alone or in company with some other nation or nations. Yet his frequent and unqualified declarations that he would not think of forcible intervention in Mexico give the impression that the President's mind, at the time he made his declaration concerning Huerta, had never traveled so far along the path of possibilities as to contemplate Huerta's refusal. No other conclusion seems possible.

The longer one studies the events of the last eight months, the stronger grows the conviction that President Wilson, while following the dictates of his conscience, did not seem to realize the practical nature of the problems which had inevitably to follow the utterance of his dictum. He might well have withheld his admonition to Huerta until he had formulated a definite plan of action to meet the contingency of Huerta's refusal to heed it. So far as any evidence goes to show, there was never any plan. While granting freely that the President could not be expected to take the public fully into his confidence in such cases as this, it should have been possible to disclose a sufficiently clear general policy to serve as a rallying-point for public support in this country. As a matter of fact, there has been in Washington an abundance of official and semi-official commentaries and bulletins on the Mexican situation, even to suggestions through the press that the representatives of the Mexican Constitutionalists should come forward with any proposals for the settlement of the problem, but nowhere, and at no time, has any ordinary American citizen been able to know whether his Government seriously contemplated going to war to restore peace in the republic to the south of the Rio Grande. Every citizen has been compelled to guess for himself.

President Wilson knew exactly how a political criminal like Huerta ought to be dealt with, just as he knew that a thief ought to be arrested and imprisoned by due process of law. But he apparently failed to grasp the significance of the fact that in the latter case it is only a matter of catching the thief, proving his crime, and letting a law-abiding community inflict punishment, whereas in the case of Huerta the process of catching him and inflicting punishment spells war, precisely the method which President Wilson had declared that he would not countenance. Even had he not announced his proper and natural aversion to making war on Mexico, we may assume that Huerta's own knowledge of certain inevitable advantages to accrue to himself in such a contingency would lead him rather to invite hostile action by remaining in power than to commit the folly, from his point of view, of stepping down voluntarily from the place which he had risked his life and lost his reputation to attain.

The purely "moral appeal" is slowly gaining strength among civilized peoples, and no effort should be spared by those in power to extend its influence or scope. But there has not yet been developed such a new force as might be styled "moral intervention" in the affairs of another nation. Its appeal to the person against

whom it is directed can operate, if at all, only through the fear that it will be backed by physical force; and it is worse than useless to indulge in admonitions in serious affairs unless the contingency of having to employ force shall have been previously faced and fully accepted.

In the same category must be placed the tenuous hopes which have been unofficially expressed that some rebel or Constitutionalist leader would show himself sane enough and strong enough to receive recognition as a belligerent, or possibly to take Mexico City from Huerta, and afford an opportunity to recognize the captor as an ad-interim executive. Unfortunately, if Huerta should abdicate to-morrow, or if any rebel leader in Mexico now known to the world should take Mexico City, there is no reason to believe that the general situation throughout that unfortunate land would be substantially altered. Such a new dictator, whatever he might style himself, would be faced by the same local or internal problems, jealousies, and hatreds which have afflicted and obstructed Huerta. There would still be Constitutionalists in arms against the new "insider." Bandits accustomed to live on the country would hardly lay down their weapons and suddenly take to a life of prayer and fasting. Disappointed candidates for the office of generalissimo of the Constitutionalist army would promptly go to the hills and shout, "Down with the new upstart!"

In other words, some form of foreign intervention and assistance will be just as necessary then as it is now; probably even more so.

The problem which faces the United States Government, therefore, will not be fundamentally changed by the withdrawal or removal of Huerta. If there is any abstract justice at all in outside interference in present Mexican affairs, it must be based on the belief by the other nations interested that Mexico, unaided, cannot restore herself to even comparative peace, order, and prosperity. If this is so now, it will be equally true no matter whether General Venustiano Carranza or some one else gets temporarily in the saddle. The fundamental trouble is with the social and economic state of the masses of the people.

What Mexico needs is a breathing-spell, a reasonable respite from internecine strife and butcherous brigandage paraded in the guise of patriotism. If there are solid and sane elements in the political maelstrom, they must be given an opportunity to assert themselves in calmer waters.

Mexico can secure this respite within any reasonable time in one of only two ways: either by the sudden and miraculous agreement of all the factions and people on some one leader who can secure the recognition of the powers, or by forcible outside interference to such extent as to secure comparative peace while a plan is devised for holding an election under foreign supervision, with the understanding that the successful candidate will be placed and held in power, if necessary, by foreign bayonets. Otherwise, the world may expect the same sickening story of Madero over again.

It is for these reasons that some positive plan of action seems wiser than the present policy of waiting for something to turn up, for the miracle to happen. Day by day the country is being devastated, railroads are destroyed, houses and crops burned, innocent men, women, and children killed, while various generals direct their motley armies against the federal troops. There is no agreement as to what will happen even if the rebels succeed. If, then, there could ever be any justification for foreign intervention in Mexico, surely the time has arrived. Why delay until an army of undertakers and sextons would be the only appropriate force?

If the powers of the world have not yet made up their minds that they would be justified in intervening in Mexico, then they should retire from any interference whatsoever with Mexican affairs, express no opinions on the merits, warn their citizens and subjects to flee, and allow Huerta, Carranza, Pancho Villa, and half a dozen others to fight it out to a finish.

But if the powers have decided that it is their right to intervene at some time, not only to protect their subjects and their property, but, as some express it, in the name of humanity, then no international suspicions or sparring for position should be allowed to delay the practical execution of the idea.

The United States, as the nation most vitally concerned, could perfectly well

take the ground that patience had now ceased to be a virtue from any point of view, and propose to the other powers interested a joint ultimatum to the Huerta Government and all others in arms in Mexico. This notification should call for an immediate cessation of hostilities and foreshadow the designation by the powers of a provisional executive, who should have full power to prepare the ground for a general election for a president and federal congress (he himself being held ineligible), the election to be conducted under the supervision of foreign commissioners. Warning should be given in the ultimatum that failure to accept these terms would be followed by an international expeditionary force which would take the country under military control pending such time as order could be restored and valid elections held. This would be very blunt diplomacy, but it would be more efficacious than mere suasion.

Under an imaginary policy termed "Pan-Americanism" it has been proposed that this duty should be undertaken by the United States in conjunction with some other Western nations, such as Brazil and Argentina. The idea is splendid, but it entirely lacks international countenance. Neither of those stronger Southern countries has any substantial interests in Mexico. Their participation, however nominal, in policing Mexico would therefore be purely political in its origin, and would be in pursuance of a new policy of American exclusiveness and self-arrogation which would find little favor with the nations of Europe. To attempt it, even were Brazil and Argentina not so occupied with their own affairs as to make their participation a mere empty pretext, would add only another complication to the existing international muddle.

Sooner or later the American people will come to see that there is only one practical solution of the Mexican situation; namely, joint intervention, after proper warning has been given, by the nations substantially interested. This would be based on the well-known and accepted principle of international relations which gives each nation the right to protect the lives and property of its citizens or subjects wherever located. The time and manner of exercising that right must of course vary with the foreign policy, the circumstances, and the discretion of the nations involved. Any other theory of intervention, such as mere humanity, the desire to stop a fight, however lofty in conception or beautiful and praiseworthy in motives, would in practice inevitably upset the established usage of the civilized world, invite unnecessary and meddlesome crusades by impetuous peoples, and encourage campaigns of conquest in the name of chivalry by those nations willing to take the hazard. This applies as strongly to the United States in its position in the Western Hemisphere as to any other nation in the world.

There is still a chance to avoid the further indiscriminate letting of blood on the hills and in the valleys of Mexico, but the United States must take the lead. Acting in harmony with the other powers interested, the American nation may yet convince Huerta and the Mexican people that his and their failure to heed the civilized world's just admonition will result in the prompt and complete exercise of that international police power which in the end must reside in the leading civilized nations of the earth.

But to lead successfully along these lines the United States Government must remember that suspicion on one side bars confidence on the other; that the first duty of a Christian gentleman is a just consideration and respect for the rights and feelings of others; and that the first duty of a Christian nation is not vastly different.

The only debatable question is one of fact: Has the situation in Mexico reached such a point that no reasonable hope exists of her being able to rid herself of anarchy without foreign aid? If the answer of the world be "Yes," there should be no hesitation or delay in setting about the task.

Acting alone in Mexico, the American nation will only soil its hands in a useless, aimless, inglorious struggle with a weaker, if misguided, people. Whatever the result, the American people would leave a heritage of hatred to the generations to come.

Should mere national sentimentalism stand against the right thing to do in a case involving the lives and future happiness of millions of fellow-beings?

SHADOWS

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RHOSCOMYL RHYS, ESQ., SCHOLAR, SOCIOLOGIST, LAW-BREAKER

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "The Red Light of Mars," "Snobs," "An Enemy to Society," etc.

I

THE month December, the weather snowy, the place Canary's, Canary's, as you may know, being an "avenue" restaurant—*the* avenue. There is only one avenue in New York, if you believe in "blue books"; although had you been in Canary's at the time this narrator takes up his tale, he would have pardoned you for imagining your social cicerone a deceiver, who had landed you two blocks west. They were turkey-trotting; but, observing more closely, you would have seen that "they" were also smart.

A young man whom nobody knew and everybody liked was commenting upon the misuse of this adjective.

"I always imagined a 'smart' fellow was one who could preach a fine sermon or pick a fat purse, play a fiddle or play a sucker," he said. Society, just beginning to learn that English aristocrats approved American slang, laughed. "Instead," the young man pursued, "it 's a lad who crams a fifteen neck into a fourteen collar, and lets a seven and a half hat cover the back of a six and a half head. Eh?"

"You 're too quaint, Mr. ——" Neither Miss Snapp nor Mrs. Stearres knew him, really. But one did social settlement work just then, and they had observed him instructing in gymnastics the boys and men of their favorite settlement house. Later, he had escorted the two ladies through the quarter, preserving them from the painful necessity of telephoning for a taxicab, such flaunting of wealth among the lowly being bad form, keeping alive class hatred. Observing that the young man's clothes were right, his hair clipped in the manner esteemed proper by the barber of the Racquet Club, his speech correctly careless, it had been suggested that he might change, and drop in at Canary's later. "Up-stairs. Tell Albert, Mrs. Stearres or Miss Snapp," they had said. Albert, like Horatio, kept the bridge, warning mere Whittingtons to turn back.

The young man had defeated successfully this Roman, and in the two hours following had become easily the most popular man in the room. Had he not taught débutantes a new variant of the "Todolo,"—the unwrapping of the arm that whirled your female partner round and round, the wrapping that drew her, dizzy, back again,—all in perfect step? In a class where women have all the ideas, this was enchantingly enough, but, also, he was fascinatingly rude, and maintained an adorable pretense of being, as he expressed it, when questioned as to himself, "just a common or garden outsider who up to now had never got any nearer to the lions than the bars." Of course that proved he was somebody. Nobodies always asked if you did n't know the Duke of Something or the Prince Somersault, "who were so nice to us" somewhere; but they never knew plain John Smith, cotillion-leader in their own town. Also, nobodies were so terribly afraid of bad form that they were never good form.

But when, breathless, they ceased for supper, it was discovered that his whisperings during dances had done small justice to his highly developed conversational powers. He had coruscated. Both his wit and his words were alive; neither reminded anybody of anything they had read in books. Many débutantes wished they had cuffs like those upon which many of the men wrote down some of his "perfectly deevy" slang. Yet no one knew his name. Therefore Jane Snapp persisted.

"Mr. ——," she said again.

"Rice," said he—"R-h-y-s. Welsh. Rhoscomyl Rhys. Looks better spelled out. Listens like pudding."

"Why are you so cynical about women, Mr. Rhys?" asked a very young débutante who thought everything not romantic cynical. She spoke loudly, to be

heard. She wanted to be noticed by the hero of the hour.

Rhys, surveying her, wished they would keep away from turkey-trots young women with eyes so innocent. "My name 's Jenny Pendleton, if that 's what you 're hesitating for," chirped the "chicken." "Why *do* you?"

"I don't," said Rhys, wishing she was not so *very* young. She was just his type: fluffy black hair, Irish eyes, cherry-red lips.

"But you said—" she fluted.

"You did n't understand—*baby,*" he returned. The "baby" was not an endearment; it was an accusation. "Women," he said seriously, "achieve greatness through superlative baseness. To achieve the loftiest altruism in one thing, they sacrifice the common decencies in all things. Excuse me for pulling philosophic platitudes, people," he said to the others; "but for such a serious subject as women our colloquial speech provides no adequate expressions—and she brought it on herself."

"Yes, sir; please, sir; thank you, sir," said Albert, the Roman. "For the gentleman who wore the yellow orchid. You, sir?"

Rhys recognized the handwriting. Suitably rewarding Albert with one hand, he tore open the envelop with the other, and, after a swift and urgent "Pardon," read it. It caused no change of expression to come to his face, although to him it seemed that for a heart he had suddenly a jellyfish, especially when he saw that Jenny Pendleton's Irish eyes were still admiring him.

"If she were two years older," he told himself, "Paris forever for both of us. She 'd elope with me between here and home."

The note received, had it been read aloud, would have convinced the visiting stranger that he was on the avenue two blocks west. A foreigner, apt at academic English, would have asked in what language was it.

Beat it while the hoofing 's good. Nix on where you kip. Front-office dicks in hall, one on fire-escape, four harness-bulls on block. Nix also on hang-outs or pals' drums, joints, ferries, or tubes. Whole force got your number, and told to ring it if they rumble you. Keep under cover in some new snare until I square the rap for you. No chance for get-away on rattlers or the drink.

Rhys arose.

"Urgent call," he said. "Delightful time. See you all some more some time. So long." There was a storm of protest, but nevertheless he got into his coat, the orchid from which he presented to Miss Pendleton, saying, "You *are* a baby, you know." It was as near to being affectionate as he dared come in public. Some young men pressed their cards on him, asking him to call at their clubs. He grinned. "You never can tell," said he, cryptically. He *had* called at one of their clubs, but *not* by request, nor at any daylit or lamplit hour.

He passed into the street, muffling himself high about the neck, abandoning the fashionable angle for silk hats, tilting his over his eyes. Thus a policeman was passed in safety and under a glaring, blue carbon light. Strangely enough, Rhys had not noticed the policeman any more than the policeman had noticed him.

As long as he remained in this avenue district he was safe. The wisest thing would have been to brazen it out at Canary's; the dance over, to have demanded a room; thereafter to remain in bed, pretending to doctors alcoholic delirium. But the turkey-trotters had been decent, had taken him on trust. Spoil that trust? In return for hospitality give notoriety, hateful newspaper gibes for their gullibility? Could he look in the mirror and meet his own eyes, imagining little Jenny's after the disclosure?

You will perceive that Master Rhys had a code of honor as exotic as his habitual orchid. The same code kept him away from the homes of other friends. To be sure, he had been warned to avoid "pals' drums" and "hang-outs"; no doubt more plain-clothes men awaited him at these places. But he had other than Tenderloin friends—friends who had never caused the police a moment's uneasiness. But one never could tell (his favorite expression); some clue might lead to the home of an eminent scholar, sociologist, author, or dignified doctor, all of whom had met Rhys without introductions or knowledge of his past. Had their friendship been

other than his most precious possession, he might have risked making them liable to the law as "accessories after the fact."

But since honor forbade, and he could hardly hope to tramp between the park and Canary's until dawn, especially as it was snowing and snowing hard, chance must serve, a stranger give shelter. He looked around alertly, bird-like. The sides of the city-cañon seemed blacker because of the whiteness of the driving snow. Save for the policeman on fixed post, beating and blowing, two blocks away, there was none abroad; for it was past two in the morning, and no lights were burning except those behind Canary's curtains, afar off. But even as his mind formed these words, a light flew up to give them the lie.

Rhys's brain had worked swiftly. When he searched for lights, he had done so dumbly, but an idea was trembling into birth even then; and now, with Fortune's lamp shining, his hand went to a pocket where reposed many cards—visiting-cards, business cards. He hardly remembered the evening when strangers desiring to become friends had not given him one or the other, and they had long remained in the pocket of his dress-coat. He was now searching for one in particular—one that would serve to save his liberty and prove a long-held theory. He grinned, but not with joy at his possible safety. He was, first of all, an intellect, and such always lose the personal in the more absorbing abstract; for a discussion in metaphysics forget their meals or unconsciously break profitable appointments. Therefore they are often ill and never rich.

II

His ring at the stranger's door awoke many echoes in the old house, but seemingly awoke nothing else. He rang again, again, and again, until finally the door flew open with a thunderous crash, and revealed an old man in pajamas of quilted purple Chinese silk, like a certain sort of dressing-gown. Rhys did not give him time to speak.

"After sending for a man at this hour of the night, you might have the courtesy to keep awake," he grumbled, and brushed past the astonished old fellow, to stand in a hall where hung old armor. "A skeleton in it; there had better be," said the persisting humor of his metaphysics; then aloud: "Come, close the door, man. You 'll have no need of paying high for my services if you stand in that cold air long. Which way?"

The old man had surveyed his visitor's high forehead, humorous mouth, and clear eyes, the exceedingly well-shaped head under the very glossy, very smart, hence very expensive top-hat, an expensiveness and smartness common to his Cork Street clothes. And the old man smiled. He was a very dull old man, rich and friendless, and he could not sleep nowadays for thinking of the many things he had done to get the riches and lose the friends. Therefore, after tossing about every night, he would light up the bedroom again and add up columns of figures, computing compound interest, to him the most fascinating of all pursuits. Or else he read romances. The entrance of this good-looking, apparently opulent young man, suffering under a hallucination or from liquor or a mistake, promised some diversion. Any company is a relief to one who cannot sleep and who has no pleasant abstract or ambitious thoughts. But he must voice the natural question first, and did:

"Have n't you made a mistake?" He said it surlily enough, in all truth, and for the moment Rhys was afraid he must seek the streets again and search for a second lighted window; for his safety and the proof of his theory went together: one could not be without the other. However, he answered confidently enough, even casually:

"A mistake? With this the only light in three blocks? I told my man to steer for the light."

It sounded sufficiently mysterious, yet real enough. Any one who had a spark of curiosity in him would want to play eavesdropper and learn the secret of a young gentleman who had his man steer for a lighted window, for whom some one on the avenue was waiting at two in the morning—some one who had sufficient power to bring him, yet whom, evidently, he did not know by sight. The old man had read many romances that began with a secret stumbling into the wrong house. Therefore he chuckled, and pointed to the stairs.

"Two flights up," he said, and they went up over the velvet stair carpeting.

III

THE bedroom seemed older than the house itself. It was monastic, yet not cell-like; the sleeping-room of an abbot rather than of a mere brother. The bed was narrow, and there was neither mattress nor springs, only a pallet; but it was a four-poster, each post a holder for a thick cathedral candle, and all four burning, filling the room with lambent light. There was a bishop's stole on the wall near by, a silver crucifix before a red shrine to Mary, where incense burned. The floor was bare. This was the key-note of the furnishing: much expense, but no bodily comforts. It seemed that all had been spent to the glory of God, save that on a long, low, nail-studded table that might have served in a refectory some books, cheap enough in theme or treatment to sell by the hundred thousand, jostled Thomas à Kempis and St. Augustine.

The first sight of the room had moved Rhys to consider withdrawing, with apologies for his mistake. He respected the anchorite or the ascetic; to him types of theology did not matter as long as each exalted the spirit equally. But a sight of the best-selling romances stayed his tongue, and, when he had surveyed the old man in the light, his apology remained unuttered. It was a cruel face, like that of a bald eagle's, fleshly withal. No cleric this, or holy man; but a fierce old bucaneer seeking to bribe God, now that his earthly end seemed near. Such would serve excellently; so he gave him a card.

"Sharp is sick; that 's why," said Rhys, as though anticipating an inevitable question. "I 'm really better equipped to set your mind at rest than he was, your personal friendship aside; for I am the man who followed Greenbaum around the world."

The old man smiled as one at a musical comedy; when Rhys said no more, he read the card. And then his attitude altered; for here was a distinguished name, that of a firm of attorneys above reproach, as must be, to be allowed offices in a building where were required of tenants references, like the rents, too lofty for shysters or any others who were shady. Rhys had known that such a name and address would inspire respect in any who lived on the avenue. When his host spoke again, it was with equal gruffness, but as of one addressing a nephew or a brother or at least a fellow-member of an exclusive club; and such people believed the heavens would fall if any failed in taking seriously their farce of superiority.

"You 've made a mistake," he said positively.

Rhys shook his head.

"The light—" he began.

"Insomnia; just lit it," explained the old man; then, as Rhys smiled: "What, must I prove myself in my own house? My name—" He thrust forward an open missal, with an illuminated presentation page, with his own name and a cardinal's limned in letters of gold. Rhys counterfeited shock in a masterly manner.

"Not *Mr.* ——" he paused.

"Mr. Who?" asked the old man, curiously. He was not averse to knowing that scandal was in the life of a highly respected neighbor; for only a scandal could bring out a young barrister of sorts on a night so snowy, at an hour so ghostly.

"Well, you see—" began Rhys. Again he paused. When he spoke further, it was with the air of one who would make a clean breast of it. "You see, sir, we have a peculiar sort of clients. We visit them at night to avoid the very publicity you 're asking me to give. We 've kept our secret right enough, but they have n't always kept theirs. So to be known as our client nowadays is virtually a confession of past crime."

"I don't understand," said the old man.

"When you do," said Rhys, "you 'll see why I 'd rather you 'd guess who sent for me." He caught his host in a cunning smile, and digressed. "I realize, if you look out of your window when I 'm gone, you 'll see which house I enter. Therefore I 'll reassure our client by telephone, and arrange another meeting for the details."

"Your business—you were going to tell me—" said the old man, impatiently, such superlative caution making curiosity actually painful.

"We make restitution," said Rhys; then he explained: "Almost every rich man of to-day has had temptation. Temptations are everywhere in a land like this, too old not to have a lot of law, too young to have much justice. In such countries the law replaces the Indian toma-

hawk and the robber baron's battle-ax. It makes things easy for the strong man who wants to kill the weak one. Kill? Yes, souls; the Indian and the robber baron killed only bodies. Once a man has committed a crime against nature, it is easy to go a step further and commit one against law, too, although clever lawyers can generally justify these. But crimes against nature are n't so simply disposed of. When a man approaches death"—Here the old man shuddered—"there are shadows in the air." As he paused purposely, the old man stole a furtive, uneasy glance at the flickering candles; he seemed to fear they would go out and leave him in darkness.

"Shadows," Rhys continued, watching him—"shadows of dead men, of dead women, some starved, some suicides. Derelicts lurking in dark corners, drunkards stealing about slums. Children, too, in dirt and degradation, who should have had soap and sunlight. Shadows—*grim* shadows, *gaunt* shadows, *ghastly* shadows, *ghosts.*"

He paused, shivering slightly. "We drive those shadows away," he said, still speaking softly, "quite away. Priests and preachers can't do it, nor any repentance. Would a just God forgive when a man shirks the work his sin has caused, asks God to do what he can do himself? While shadows lurk, that sin 's alive; for they are there rejoicing that you, too, are on the road to suffering. That is their revenge. It is not enough to give to philanthropies that will perpetuate your name. You cannot fool God. He knows you are buying, not expiating. And they know too, and so they don't go away, those shadows."

"What 's a man to do?" asked the old man, hoarsely.

"Our business," said Rhys, briefly. "Confess to us; let us seek out those victims of your sin, make restitution, if not to them, to their people. The world never knows. You die still respected, and happy, too; for the shadows are gone. Your neighbor committed a crime that has taken a year of my time to wipe out, for I 've followed the sun around the globe; his last victim was far to seek. Tonight I would have told him to die happy. He has been keeping alive only to hear me say that to him."

"A neighbor of *mine* a criminal?" again croaked the old man, hoarsely. "A neighbor of *mine?*" One could see that the figures of philanthropists and churchmen were passing before him in procession; that, puzzling vainly, he wondered which upright one was without rectitude.

"One?" said Rhys, slowly. "Three! Each sent the other to us. They know we are *honest* and discreet; that it is our religion rather than our profession." He rose, took his hat, and seemed about to go. "No doubt, some day, one will send *you,*" he said, shrugging.

"Send *me!*" The old man jumped to his feet. A candle went out. His thin, blue-veined hand jumped, too.

"You?" yawned Rhys. "Why not? You are rich, are n't you? And respected? And you have been a financier? We see most of such. Good night."

"You *know* me?" asked the old man. Rhys said something respectful about his reputation, and opened the door. "Wait," said his host—"wait." He was thinking.

"Oh, we could not possibly take your case just now," said Rhys. "Really—" Then, with one of his flashes of genius, he said, "Why, look here—" Coming back into the flickering circle of candlelight, carefully shielding each name with his hand, he showed the old man, on the lower portions of many cards, the engraved names of exclusive clubs, smart country places, hill and avenue residences. "And not one case yet attended to," said Rhys. "Oh, no; if you *must* see us, make it six months at *least.*"

"I might die before then," said the old man, his head bowed. "I am seventy-nine." Another candle went out. "Die; yes, I might die," he mumbled. "I don't look ahead six months. Never *now.*" He put a hand to his heart; his lips moved; his eyes turned to the silver crucifix and the image of Mary. Rhys had looked perplexed.

"Well," he said hesitantly, "in that case—" Swiftly, while the old man's eyes were turned away, he blew out the third candle. So, in his host's unguarded moments, he had extinguished the others. "Shadows," he murmured; "there are shadows here."

The old man caught his hand in a kind of frenzy.

"You must listen!" he said. "Listen!"

matically speaking, from a similar joint performance on land. It is merely less efficient. Third, that a mere sentiment of exclusiveness, or a belief in some divine right to sit in judgment on and police one half of the earth's habitable surface, should not be allowed to stand in the way of a common-sense solution of a serious problem, and the prompt alleviation of untold and undefinable suffering on the part of innocent people.

It is this course which should have been tried before any announcement was made to Huerta that he must go. It is to be sincerely hoped that it either has been or will be attempted. The same announcement which was actually made by President Wilson, if it had been accompanied by a statement from the powers interested, or even by one from Great Britain, that disobedience would be followed by the landing of an international expeditionary force to march on Mexico City, under the direction of a United States officer, would probably have had a vastly different effect both on Huerta himself and on his confrères and compatriots.

Once President Wilson had made up his mind to be rid of Huerta, he should manifestly have contemplated the situation to be produced by Huerta's refusal to go. Assuming that the latter would probably refuse to obey a mere admonition, President Wilson could have contemplated, if anything further at all, only one of two things—the use of force by the United States alone or in company with some other nation or nations. Yet his frequent and unqualified declarations that he would not think of forcible intervention in Mexico give the impression that the President's mind, at the time he made his declaration concerning Huerta, had never traveled so far along the path of possibilities as to contemplate Huerta's refusal. No other conclusion seems possible.

The longer one studies the events of the last eight months, the stronger grows the conviction that President Wilson, while following the dictates of his conscience, did not seem to realize the practical nature of the problems which had inevitably to follow the utterance of his dictum. He might well have withheld his admonition to Huerta until he had formulated a definite plan of action to meet the contingency of Huerta's refusal to heed it. So far as any evidence goes to show, there was never any plan. While granting freely that the President could not be expected to take the public fully into his confidence in such cases as this, it should have been possible to disclose a sufficiently clear general policy to serve as a rallying-point for public support in this country. As a matter of fact, there has been in Washington an abundance of official and semi-official commentaries and bulletins on the Mexican situation, even to suggestions through the press that the representatives of the Mexican Constitutionalists should come forward with any proposals for the settlement of the problem, but nowhere, and at no time, has any ordinary American citizen been able to know whether his Government seriously contemplated going to war to restore peace in the republic to the south of the Rio Grande. Every citizen has been compelled to guess for himself.

President Wilson knew exactly how a political criminal like Huerta ought to be dealt with, just as he knew that a thief ought to be arrested and imprisoned by due process of law. But he apparently failed to grasp the significance of the fact that in the latter case it is only a matter of catching the thief, proving his crime, and letting a law-abiding community inflict punishment, whereas in the case of Huerta the process of catching him and inflicting punishment spells war, precisely the method which President Wilson had declared that he would not countenance. Even had he not announced his proper and natural aversion to making war on Mexico, we may assume that Huerta's own knowledge of certain inevitable advantages to accrue to himself in such a contingency would lead him rather to invite hostile action by remaining in power than to commit the folly, from his point of view, of stepping down voluntarily from the place which he had risked his life and lost his reputation to attain.

The purely "moral appeal" is slowly gaining strength among civilized peoples, and no effort should be spared by those in power to extend its influence or scope. But there has not yet been developed such a new force as might be styled "moral intervention" in the affairs of another nation. Its appeal to the person against

whom it is directed can operate, if at all, only through the fear that it will be backed by physical force; and it is worse than useless to indulge in admonitions in serious affairs unless the contingency of having to employ force shall have been previously faced and fully accepted.

In the same category must be placed the tenuous hopes which have been unofficially expressed that some rebel or Constitutionalist leader would show himself sane enough and strong enough to receive recognition as a belligerent, or possibly to take Mexico City from Huerta, and afford an opportunity to recognize the captor as an ad-interim executive. Unfortunately, if Huerta should abdicate to-morrow, or if any rebel leader in Mexico now known to the world should take Mexico City, there is no reason to believe that the general situation throughout that unfortunate land would be substantially altered. Such a new dictator, whatever he might style himself, would be faced by the same local or internal problems, jealousies, and hatreds which have afflicted and obstructed Huerta. There would still be Constitutionalists in arms against the new "insider." Bandits accustomed to live on the country would hardly lay down their weapons and suddenly take to a life of prayer and fasting. Disappointed candidates for the office of generalissimo of the Constitutionalist army would promptly go to the hills and shout, "Down with the new upstart!"

In other words, some form of foreign intervention and assistance will be just as necessary then as it is now; probably even more so.

The problem which faces the United States Government, therefore, will not be fundamentally changed by the withdrawal or removal of Huerta. If there is any abstract justice at all in outside interference in present Mexican affairs, it must be based on the belief by the other nations interested that Mexico, unaided, cannot restore herself to even comparative peace, order, and prosperity. If this is so now, it will be equally true no matter whether General Venustiano Carranza or some one else gets temporarily in the saddle. The fundamental trouble is with the social and economic state of the masses of the people.

What Mexico needs is a breathing-spell, a reasonable respite from internecine strife and butcherous brigandage paraded in the guise of patriotism. If there are solid and sane elements in the political maelstrom, they must be given an opportunity to assert themselves in calmer waters.

Mexico can secure this respite within any reasonable time in one of only two ways: either by the sudden and miraculous agreement of all the factions and people on some one leader who can secure the recognition of the powers, or by forcible outside interference to such extent as to secure comparative peace while a plan is devised for holding an election under foreign supervision, with the understanding that the successful candidate will be placed and held in power, if necessary, by foreign bayonets. Otherwise, the world may expect the same sickening story of Madero over again.

It is for these reasons that some positive plan of action seems wiser than the present policy of waiting for something to turn up, for the miracle to happen. Day by day the country is being devastated, railroads are destroyed, houses and crops burned, innocent men, women, and children killed, while various generals direct their motley armies against the federal troops. There is no agreement as to what will happen even if the rebels succeed. If, then, there could ever be any justification for foreign intervention in Mexico, surely the time has arrived. Why delay until an army of undertakers and sextons would be the only appropriate force?

If the powers of the world have not yet made up their minds that they would be justified in intervening in Mexico, then they should retire from any interference whatsoever with Mexican affairs, express no opinions on the merits, warn their citizens and subjects to flee, and allow Huerta, Carranza, Pancho Villa, and half a dozen others to fight it out to a finish.

But if the powers have decided that it is their right to intervene at some time, not only to protect their subjects and their property, but, as some express it, in the name of humanity, then no international suspicions or sparring for position should be allowed to delay the practical execution of the idea.

The United States, as the nation most vitally concerned, could perfectly well

take the ground that patience had now ceased to be a virtue from any point of view, and propose to the other powers interested a joint ultimatum to the Huerta Government and all others in arms in Mexico. This notification should call for an immediate cessation of hostilities and foreshadow the designation by the powers of a provisional executive, who should have full power to prepare the ground for a general election for a president and federal congress (he himself being held ineligible), the election to be conducted under the supervision of foreign commissioners. Warning should be given in the ultimatum that failure to accept these terms would be followed by an international expeditionary force which would take the country under military control pending such time as order could be restored and valid elections held. This would be very blunt diplomacy, but it would be more efficacious than mere suasion.

Under an imaginary policy termed "Pan-Americanism" it has been proposed that this duty should be undertaken by the United States in conjunction with some other Western nations, such as Brazil and Argentina. The idea is splendid, but it entirely lacks international countenance. Neither of those stronger Southern countries has any substantial interests in Mexico. Their participation, however nominal, in policing Mexico would therefore be purely political in its origin, and would be in pursuance of a new policy of American exclusiveness and self-arrogation which would find little favor with the nations of Europe. To attempt it, even were Brazil and Argentina not so occupied with their own affairs as to make their participation a mere empty pretext, would add only another complication to the existing international muddle.

Sooner or later the American people will come to see that there is only one practical solution of the Mexican situation; namely, joint intervention, after proper warning has been given, by the nations substantially interested. This would be based on the well-known and accepted principle of international relations which gives each nation the right to protect the lives and property of its citizens or subjects wherever located. The time and manner of exercising that right must of course vary with the foreign policy, the circumstances, and the discretion of the nations involved. Any other theory of intervention, such as mere humanity, the desire to stop a fight, however lofty in conception or beautiful and praiseworthy in motives, would in practice inevitably upset the established usage of the civilized world, invite unnecessary and meddlesome crusades by impetuous peoples, and encourage campaigns of conquest in the name of chivalry by those nations willing to take the hazard. This applies as strongly to the United States in its position in the Western Hemisphere as to any other nation in the world.

There is still a chance to avoid the further indiscriminate letting of blood on the hills and in the valleys of Mexico, but the United States must take the lead. Acting in harmony with the other powers interested, the American nation may yet convince Huerta and the Mexican people that his and their failure to heed the civilized world's just admonition will result in the prompt and complete exercise of that international police power which in the end must reside in the leading civilized nations of the earth.

But to lead successfully along these lines the United States Government must remember that suspicion on one side bars confidence on the other; that the first duty of a Christian gentleman is a just consideration and respect for the rights and feelings of others; and that the first duty of a Christian nation is not vastly different.

The only debatable question is one of fact: Has the situation in Mexico reached such a point that no reasonable hope exists of her being able to rid herself of anarchy without foreign aid? If the answer of the world be "Yes," there should be no hesitation or delay in setting about the task.

Acting alone in Mexico, the American nation will only soil its hands in a useless, aimless, inglorious struggle with a weaker, if misguided, people. Whatever the result, the American people would leave a heritage of hatred to the generations to come.

Should mere national sentimentalism stand against the right thing to do in a case involving the lives and future happiness of millions of fellow-beings?

SHADOWS

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RHOSCOMYL RHYS, ESQ., SCHOLAR, SOCIOLOGIST, LAW-BREAKER

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "The Red Light of Mars," "Snobs," "An Enemy to Society," etc.

I

THE month December, the weather snowy, the place Canary's, Canary's, as you may know, being an "avenue" restaurant—*the* avenue. There is only one avenue in New York, if you believe in "blue books"; although had you been in Canary's at the time this narrator takes up his tale, he would have pardoned you for imagining your social cicerone a deceiver, who had landed you two blocks west. They were turkey-trotting; but, observing more closely, you would have seen that "they" were also smart.

A young man whom nobody knew and everybody liked was commenting upon the misuse of this adjective.

"I always imagined a 'smart' fellow was one who could preach a fine sermon or pick a fat purse, play a fiddle or play a sucker," he said. Society, just beginning to learn that English aristocrats approved American slang, laughed. "Instead," the young man pursued, "it 's a lad who crams a fifteen neck into a fourteen collar, and lets a seven and a half hat cover the back of a six and a half head. Eh?"

"You 're too quaint, Mr. ——" Neither Miss Snapp nor Mrs. Stearres knew him, really. But one did social settlement work just then, and they had observed him instructing in gymnastics the boys and men of their favorite settlement house. Later, he had escorted the two ladies through the quarter, preserving them from the painful necessity of telephoning for a taxicab, such flaunting of wealth among the lowly being bad form, keeping alive class hatred. Observing that the young man's clothes were right, his hair clipped in the manner esteemed proper by the barber of the Racquet Club, his speech correctly careless, it had been suggested that he might change, and drop in at Canary's later. "Up-stairs. Tell Albert, Mrs. Stearres or Miss Snapp," they had said. Albert, like Horatio, kept the bridge, warning mere Whittingtons to turn back.

The young man had defeated successfully this Roman, and in the two hours following had become easily the most popular man in the room. Had he not taught débutantes a new variant of the "Todolo,"—the unwrapping of the arm that whirled your female partner round and round, the wrapping that drew her, dizzy, back again,—all in perfect step? In a class where women have all the ideas, this was enchantingly enough, but, also, he was fascinatingly rude, and maintained an adorable pretense of being, as he expressed it, when questioned as to himself, "just a common or garden outsider who up to now had never got any nearer to the lions than the bars." Of course that proved he was somebody. Nobodies always asked if you did n't know the Duke of Something or the Prince Somersault, "who were so nice to us" somewhere; but they never knew plain John Smith, cotillion-leader in their own town. Also, nobodies were so terribly afraid of bad form that they were never good form.

But when, breathless, they ceased for supper, it was discovered that his whisperings during dances had done small justice to his highly developed conversational powers. He had coruscated. Both his wit and his words were alive; neither reminded anybody of anything they had read in books. Many débutantes wished they had cuffs like those upon which many of the men wrote down some of his "perfectly deevy" slang. Yet no one knew his name. Therefore Jane Snapp persisted.

"Mr. ——," she said again.

"Rice," said he—"R-h-y-s. Welsh. Rhoscomyl Rhys. Looks better spelled out. Listens like pudding."

"Why are you so cynical about women, Mr. Rhys?" asked a very young débutante who thought everything not romantic cynical. She spoke loudly, to be

heard. She wanted to be noticed by the hero of the hour.

Rhys, surveying her, wished they would keep away from turkey-trots young women with eyes so innocent. "My name 's Jenny Pendleton, if that 's what you 're hesitating for," chirped the "chicken." "Why *do* you?"

"I don't," said Rhys, wishing she was not so *very* young. She was just his type: fluffy black hair, Irish eyes, cherry-red lips.

"But you said—" she fluted.

"You did n't understand—*baby,*" he returned. The "baby" was not an endearment; it was an accusation. "Women," he said seriously, "achieve greatness through superlative baseness. To achieve the loftiest altruism in one thing, they sacrifice the common decencies in all things. Excuse me for pulling philosophic platitudes, people," he said to the others; "but for such a serious subject as women our colloquial speech provides no adequate expressions—and she brought it on herself."

"Yes, sir; please, sir; thank you, sir," said Albert, the Roman. "For the gentleman who wore the yellow orchid. You, sir?"

Rhys recognized the handwriting. Suitably rewarding Albert with one hand, he tore open the envelop with the other, and, after a swift and urgent "Pardon," read it. It caused no change of expression to come to his face, although to him it seemed that for a heart he had suddenly a jellyfish, especially when he saw that Jenny Pendleton's Irish eyes were still admiring him.

"If she were two years older," he told himself, "Paris forever for both of us. She 'd elope with me between here and home."

The note received, had it been read aloud, would have convinced the visiting stranger that he was on the avenue two blocks west. A foreigner, apt at academic English, would have asked in what language was it.

Beat it while the hoofing 's good. Nix on where you kip. Front-office dicks in hall, one on fire-escape, four harness-bulls on block. Nix also on hang-outs or pals' drums, joints, ferries, or tubes. Whole force got your number, and told to ring it if they rumble you. Keep under cover in some new snare until I square the rap for you. No chance for get-away on rattlers or the drink.

Rhys arose.

"Urgent call," he said. "Delightful time. See you all some more some time. So long." There was a storm of protest, but nevertheless he got into his coat, the orchid from which he presented to Miss Pendleton, saying, "You *are* a baby, you know." It was as near to being affectionate as he dared come in public. Some young men pressed their cards on him, asking him to call at their clubs. He grinned. "You never can tell," said he, cryptically. He *had* called at one of their clubs, but *not* by request, nor at any daylit or lamplit hour.

He passed into the street, muffling himself high about the neck, abandoning the fashionable angle for silk hats, tilting his over his eyes. Thus a policeman was passed in safety and under a glaring, blue carbon light. Strangely enough, Rhys had not noticed the policeman any more than the policeman had noticed him.

As long as he remained in this avenue district he was safe. The wisest thing would have been to brazen it out at Canary's; the dance over, to have demanded a room; thereafter to remain in bed, pretending to doctors alcoholic delirium. But the turkey-trotters had been decent, had taken him on trust. Spoil that trust? In return for hospitality give notoriety, hateful newspaper gibes for their gullibility? Could he look in the mirror and meet his own eyes, imagining little Jenny's after the disclosure?

You will perceive that Master Rhys had a code of honor as exotic as his habitual orchid. The same code kept him away from the homes of other friends. To be sure, he had been warned to avoid "pals' drums" and "hang-outs"; no doubt more plain-clothes men awaited him at these places. But he had other than Tenderloin friends—friends who had never caused the police a moment's uneasiness. But one never could tell (his favorite expression); some clue might lead to the home of an eminent scholar, sociologist, author, or dignified doctor, all of whom had met Rhys without introductions or knowledge of his past. Had their friendship been

other than his most precious possession, he might have risked making them liable to the law as "accessories after the fact."

But since honor forbade, and he could hardly hope to tramp between the park and Canary's until dawn, especially as it was snowing and snowing hard, chance must serve, a stranger give shelter. He looked around alertly, bird-like. The sides of the city-cañon seemed blacker because of the whiteness of the driving snow. Save for the policeman on fixed post, beating and blowing, two blocks away, there was none abroad; for it was past two in the morning, and no lights were burning except those behind Canary's curtains, afar off. But even as his mind formed these words, a light flew up to give them the lie.

Rhys's brain had worked swiftly. When he searched for lights, he had done so dumbly, but an idea was trembling into birth even then; and now, with Fortune's lamp shining, his hand went to a pocket where reposed many cards—visiting-cards, business cards. He hardly remembered the evening when strangers desiring to become friends had not given him one or the other, and they had long remained in the pocket of his dress-coat. He was now searching for one in particular—one that would serve to save his liberty and prove a long-held theory. He grinned, but not with joy at his possible safety. He was, first of all, an intellect, and such always lose the personal in the more absorbing abstract; for a discussion in metaphysics forget their meals or unconsciously break profitable appointments. Therefore they are often ill and never rich.

II

His ring at the stranger's door awoke many echoes in the old house, but seemingly awoke nothing else. He rang again, again, and again, until finally the door flew open with a thunderous crash, and revealed an old man in pajamas of quilted purple Chinese silk, like a certain sort of dressing-gown. Rhys did not give him time to speak.

"After sending for a man at this hour of the night, you might have the courtesy to keep awake," he grumbled, and brushed past the astonished old fellow, to stand in a hall where hung old armor. "A skeleton in it; there had better be," said the persisting humor of his metaphysics; then aloud: "Come, close the door, man. You 'll have no need of paying high for my services if you stand in that cold air long. Which way?"

The old man had surveyed his visitor's high forehead, humorous mouth, and clear eyes, the exceedingly well-shaped head under the very glossy, very smart, hence very expensive top-hat, an expensiveness and smartness common to his Cork Street clothes. And the old man smiled. He was a very dull old man, rich and friendless, and he could not sleep nowadays for thinking of the many things he had done to get the riches and lose the friends. Therefore, after tossing about every night, he would light up the bedroom again and add up columns of figures, computing compound interest, to him the most fascinating of all pursuits. Or else he read romances. The entrance of this good-looking, apparently opulent young man, suffering under a hallucination or from liquor or a mistake, promised some diversion. Any company is a relief to one who cannot sleep and who has no pleasant abstract or ambitious thoughts. But he must voice the natural question first, and did:

"Have n't you made a mistake?" He said it surlily enough, in all truth, and for the moment Rhys was afraid he must seek the streets again and search for a second lighted window; for his safety and the proof of his theory went together: one could not be without the other. However, he answered confidently enough, even casually:

"A mistake? With this the only light in three blocks? I told my man to steer for the light."

It sounded sufficiently mysterious, yet real enough. Any one who had a spark of curiosity in him would want to play eavesdropper and learn the secret of a young gentleman who had his man steer for a lighted window, for whom some one on the avenue was waiting at two in the morning—some one who had sufficient power to bring him, yet whom, evidently, he did not know by sight. The old man had read many romances that began with a secret stumbling into the wrong house. Therefore he chuckled, and pointed to the stairs.

"Two flights up," he said, and they went up over the velvet stair carpeting.

matically speaking, from a similar joint performance on land. It is merely less efficient. Third, that a mere sentiment of exclusiveness, or a belief in some divine right to sit in judgment on and police one half of the earth's habitable surface, should not be allowed to stand in the way of a common-sense solution of a serious problem, and the prompt alleviation of untold and undefinable suffering on the part of innocent people.

It is this course which should have been tried before any announcement was made to Huerta that he must go. It is to be sincerely hoped that it either has been or will be attempted. The same announcement which was actually made by President Wilson, if it had been accompanied by a statement from the powers interested, or even by one from Great Britain, that disobedience would be followed by the landing of an international expeditionary force to march on Mexico City, under the direction of a United States officer, would probably have had a vastly different effect both on Huerta himself and on his confrères and compatriots.

Once President Wilson had made up his mind to be rid of Huerta, he should manifestly have contemplated the situation to be produced by Huerta's refusal to go. Assuming that the latter would probably refuse to obey a mere admonition, President Wilson could have contemplated, if anything further at all, only one of two things—the use of force by the United States alone or in company with some other nation or nations. Yet his frequent and unqualified declarations that he would not think of forcible intervention in Mexico give the impression that the President's mind, at the time he made his declaration concerning Huerta, had never traveled so far along the path of possibilities as to contemplate Huerta's refusal. No other conclusion seems possible.

The longer one studies the events of the last eight months, the stronger grows the conviction that President Wilson, while following the dictates of his conscience, did not seem to realize the practical nature of the problems which had inevitably to follow the utterance of his dictum. He might well have withheld his admonition to Huerta until he had formulated a definite plan of action to meet the contingency of Huerta's refusal to heed it. So far as any evidence goes to show, there was never any plan. While granting freely that the President could not be expected to take the public fully into his confidence in such cases as this, it should have been possible to disclose a sufficiently clear general policy to serve as a rallying-point for public support in this country. As a matter of fact, there has been in Washington an abundance of official and semi-official commentaries and bulletins on the Mexican situation, even to suggestions through the press that the representatives of the Mexican Constitutionalists should come forward with any proposals for the settlement of the problem, but nowhere, and at no time, has any ordinary American citizen been able to know whether his Government seriously contemplated going to war to restore peace in the republic to the south of the Rio Grande. Every citizen has been compelled to guess for himself.

President Wilson knew exactly how a political criminal like Huerta ought to be dealt with, just as he knew that a thief ought to be arrested and imprisoned by due process of law. But he apparently failed to grasp the significance of the fact that in the latter case it is only a matter of catching the thief, proving his crime, and letting a law-abiding community inflict punishment, whereas in the case of Huerta the process of catching him and inflicting punishment spells war, precisely the method which President Wilson had declared that he would not countenance. Even had he not announced his proper and natural aversion to making war on Mexico, we may assume that Huerta's own knowledge of certain inevitable advantages to accrue to himself in such a contingency would lead him rather to invite hostile action by remaining in power than to commit the folly, from his point of view, of stepping down voluntarily from the place which he had risked his life and lost his reputation to attain.

The purely "moral appeal" is slowly gaining strength among civilized peoples, and no effort should be spared by those in power to extend its influence or scope. But there has not yet been developed such a new force as might be styled "moral intervention" in the affairs of another nation. Its appeal to the person against

whom it is directed can operate, if at all, only through the fear that it will be backed by physical force; and it is worse than useless to indulge in admonitions in serious affairs unless the contingency of having to employ force shall have been previously faced and fully accepted.

In the same category must be placed the tenuous hopes which have been unofficially expressed that some rebel or Constitutionalist leader would show himself sane enough and strong enough to receive recognition as a belligerent, or possibly to take Mexico City from Huerta, and afford an opportunity to recognize the captor as an ad-interim executive. Unfortunately, if Huerta should abdicate to-morrow, or if any rebel leader in Mexico now known to the world should take Mexico City, there is no reason to believe that the general situation throughout that unfortunate land would be substantially altered. Such a new dictator, whatever he might style himself, would be faced by the same local or internal problems, jealousies, and hatreds which have afflicted and obstructed Huerta. There would still be Constitutionalists in arms against the new "insider." Bandits accustomed to live on the country would hardly lay down their weapons and suddenly take to a life of prayer and fasting. Disappointed candidates for the office of generalissimo of the Constitutionalist army would promptly go to the hills and shout, "Down with the new upstart!"

In other words, some form of foreign intervention and assistance will be just as necessary then as it is now; probably even more so.

The problem which faces the United States Government, therefore, will not be fundamentally changed by the withdrawal or removal of Huerta. If there is any abstract justice at all in outside interference in present Mexican affairs, it must be based on the belief by the other nations interested that Mexico, unaided, cannot restore herself to even comparative peace, order, and prosperity. If this is so now, it will be equally true no matter whether General Venustiano Carranza or some one else gets temporarily in the saddle. The fundamental trouble is with the social and economic state of the masses of the people.

What Mexico needs is a breathing-spell, a reasonable respite from internecine strife and butcherous brigandage paraded in the guise of patriotism. If there are solid and sane elements in the political maelstrom, they must be given an opportunity to assert themselves in calmer waters.

Mexico can secure this respite within any reasonable time in one of only two ways: either by the sudden and miraculous agreement of all the factions and people on some one leader who can secure the recognition of the powers, or by forcible outside interference to such extent as to secure comparative peace while a plan is devised for holding an election under foreign supervision, with the understanding that the successful candidate will be placed and held in power, if necessary, by foreign bayonets. Otherwise, the world may expect the same sickening story of Madero over again.

It is for these reasons that some positive plan of action seems wiser than the present policy of waiting for something to turn up, for the miracle to happen. Day by day the country is being devastated, railroads are destroyed, houses and crops burned, innocent men, women, and children killed, while various generals direct their motley armies against the federal troops. There is no agreement as to what will happen even if the rebels succeed. If, then, there could ever be any justification for foreign intervention in Mexico, surely the time has arrived. Why delay until an army of undertakers and sextons would be the only appropriate force?

If the powers of the world have not yet made up their minds that they would be justified in intervening in Mexico, then they should retire from any interference whatsoever with Mexican affairs, express no opinions on the merits, warn their citizens and subjects to flee, and allow Huerta, Carranza, Pancho Villa, and half a dozen others to fight it out to a finish.

But if the powers have decided that it is their right to intervene at some time, not only to protect their subjects and their property, but, as some express it, in the name of humanity, then no international suspicions or sparring for position should be allowed to delay the practical execution of the idea.

The United States, as the nation most vitally concerned, could perfectly well

take the ground that patience had now ceased to be a virtue from any point of view, and propose to the other powers interested a joint ultimatum to the Huerta Government and all others in arms in Mexico. This notification should call for an immediate cessation of hostilities and foreshadow the designation by the powers of a provisional executive, who should have full power to prepare the ground for a general election for a president and federal congress (he himself being held ineligible), the election to be conducted under the supervision of foreign commissioners. Warning should be given in the ultimatum that failure to accept these terms would be followed by an international expeditionary force which would take the country under military control pending such time as order could be restored and valid elections held. This would be very blunt diplomacy, but it would be more efficacious than mere suasion.

Under an imaginary policy termed "Pan-Americanism" it has been proposed that this duty should be undertaken by the United States in conjunction with some other Western nations, such as Brazil and Argentina. The idea is splendid, but it entirely lacks international countenance. Neither of those stronger Southern countries has any substantial interests in Mexico. Their participation, however nominal, in policing Mexico would therefore be purely political in its origin, and would be in pursuance of a new policy of American exclusiveness and self-arrogation which would find little favor with the nations of Europe. To attempt it, even were Brazil and Argentina not so occupied with their own affairs as to make their participation a mere empty pretext, would add only another complication to the existing international muddle.

Sooner or later the American people will come to see that there is only one practical solution of the Mexican situation; namely, joint intervention, after proper warning has been given, by the nations substantially interested. This would be based on the well-known and accepted principle of international relations which gives each nation the right to protect the lives and property of its citizens or subjects wherever located. The time and manner of exercising that right must of course vary with the foreign policy, the circumstances, and the discretion of the nations involved. Any other theory of intervention, such as mere humanity, the desire to stop a fight, however lofty in conception or beautiful and praiseworthy in motives, would in practice inevitably upset the established usage of the civilized world, invite unnecessary and meddlesome crusades by impetuous peoples, and encourage campaigns of conquest in the name of chivalry by those nations willing to take the hazard. This applies as strongly to the United States in its position in the Western Hemisphere as to any other nation in the world.

There is still a chance to avoid the further indiscriminate letting of blood on the hills and in the valleys of Mexico, but the United States must take the lead. Acting in harmony with the other powers interested, the American nation may yet convince Huerta and the Mexican people that his and their failure to heed the civilized world's just admonition will result in the prompt and complete exercise of that international police power which in the end must reside in the leading civilized nations of the earth.

But to lead successfully along these lines the United States Government must remember that suspicion on one side bars confidence on the other; that the first duty of a Christian gentleman is a just consideration and respect for the rights and feelings of others; and that the first duty of a Christian nation is not vastly different.

The only debatable question is one of fact: Has the situation in Mexico reached such a point that no reasonable hope exists of her being able to rid herself of anarchy without foreign aid? If the answer of the world be "Yes," there should be no hesitation or delay in setting about the task.

Acting alone in Mexico, the American nation will only soil its hands in a useless, aimless, inglorious struggle with a weaker, if misguided, people. Whatever the result, the American people would leave a heritage of hatred to the generations to come.

Should mere national sentimentalism stand against the right thing to do in a case involving the lives and future happiness of millions of fellow-beings?

SHADOWS

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RHOSCOMYL RHYS, ESQ., SCHOLAR, SOCIOLOGIST, LAW-BREAKER

BY GEORGE BRONSON-HOWARD

Author of "The Red Light of Mars," "Snobs," "An Enemy to Society," etc.

I

THE month December, the weather snowy, the place Canary's, Canary's, as you may know, being an "avenue" restaurant—*the* avenue. There is only one avenue in New York, if you believe in "blue books"; although had you been in Canary's at the time this narrator takes up his tale, he would have pardoned you for imagining your social cicerone a deceiver, who had landed you two blocks west. They were turkey-trotting; but, observing more closely, you would have seen that "they" were also smart.

A young man whom nobody knew and everybody liked was commenting upon the misuse of this adjective.

"I always imagined a 'smart' fellow was one who could preach a fine sermon or pick a fat purse, play a fiddle or play a sucker," he said. Society, just beginning to learn that English aristocrats approved American slang, laughed. "Instead," the young man pursued, "it 's a lad who crams a fifteen neck into a fourteen collar, and lets a seven and a half hat cover the back of a six and a half head. Eh?"

"You 're too quaint, Mr. ——" Neither Miss Snapp nor Mrs. Stearres knew him, really. But one did social settlement work just then, and they had observed him instructing in gymnastics the boys and men of their favorite settlement house. Later, he had escorted the two ladies through the quarter, preserving them from the painful necessity of telephoning for a taxicab, such flaunting of wealth among the lowly being bad form, keeping alive class hatred. Observing that the young man's clothes were right, his hair clipped in the manner esteemed proper by the barber of the Racquet Club, his speech correctly careless, it had been suggested that he might change, and drop in at Canary's later. "Up-stairs. Tell Albert, Mrs. Stearres or Miss Snapp," they had said. Albert, like Horatio, kept the bridge, warning mere Whittingtons to turn back.

The young man had defeated successfully this Roman, and in the two hours following had become easily the most popular man in the room. Had he not taught débutantes a new variant of the "Todolo,"—the unwrapping of the arm that whirled your female partner round and round, the wrapping that drew her, dizzy, back again,—all in perfect step? In a class where women have all the ideas, this was enchantingly enough, but, also, he was fascinatingly rude, and maintained an adorable pretense of being, as he expressed it, when questioned as to himself, "just a common or garden outsider who up to now had never got any nearer to the lions than the bars." Of course that proved he was somebody. Nobodies always asked if you did n't know the Duke of Something or the Prince Somersault, "who were so nice to us" somewhere; but they never knew plain John Smith, cotillion-leader in their own town. Also, nobodies were so terribly afraid of bad form that they were never good form.

But when, breathless, they ceased for supper, it was discovered that his whisperings during dances had done small justice to his highly developed conversational powers. He had coruscated. Both his wit and his words were alive; neither reminded anybody of anything they had read in books. Many débutantes wished they had cuffs like those upon which many of the men wrote down some of his "perfectly deevy" slang. Yet no one knew his name. Therefore Jane Snapp persisted.

"Mr. ——," she said again.

"Rice," said he—"R-h-y-s. Welsh. Rhoscomyl Rhys. Looks better spelled out. Listens like pudding."

"Why are you so cynical about women, Mr. Rhys?" asked a very young débutante who thought everything not romantic cynical. She spoke loudly, to be

heard. She wanted to be noticed by the hero of the hour.

Rhys, surveying her, wished they would keep away from turkey-trots young women with eyes so innocent. "My name 's Jenny Pendleton, if that 's what you 're hesitating for," chirped the "chicken." "Why *do* you?"

"I don't," said Rhys, wishing she was not so *very* young. She was just his type: fluffy black hair, Irish eyes, cherry-red lips.

"But you said—" she fluted.

"You did n't understand—*baby,*" he returned. The "baby" was not an endearment; it was an accusation. "Women," he said seriously, "achieve greatness through superlative baseness. To achieve the loftiest altruism in one thing, they sacrifice the common decencies in all things. Excuse me for pulling philosophic platitudes, people," he said to the others; "but for such a serious subject as women our colloquial speech provides no adequate expressions—and she brought it on herself."

"Yes, sir; please, sir; thank you, sir," said Albert, the Roman. "For the gentleman who wore the yellow orchid. You, sir?"

Rhys recognized the handwriting. Suitably rewarding Albert with one hand, he tore open the envelop with the other, and, after a swift and urgent "Pardon," read it. It caused no change of expression to come to his face, although to him it seemed that for a heart he had suddenly a jellyfish, especially when he saw that Jenny Pendleton's Irish eyes were still admiring him.

"If she were two years older," he told himself, "Paris forever for both of us. She 'd elope with me between here and home."

The note received, had it been read aloud, would have convinced the visiting stranger that he was on the avenue two blocks west. A foreigner, apt at academic English, would have asked in what language was it.

Beat it while the hoofing 's good. Nix on where you kip. Front-office dicks in hall, one on fire-escape, four harness-bulls on block. Nix also on hang-outs or pals' drums, joints, ferries, or tubes. Whole force got your number, and told to ring it if they rumble you. Keep under cover in some new snare until I square the rap for you. No chance for get-away on rattlers or the drink.

Rhys arose.

"Urgent call," he said. "Delightful time. See you all some more some time. So long." There was a storm of protest, but nevertheless he got into his coat, the orchid from which he presented to Miss Pendleton, saying, "You *are* a baby, you know." It was as near to being affectionate as he dared come in public. Some young men pressed their cards on him, asking him to call at their clubs. He grinned. "You never can tell," said he, cryptically. He *had* called at one of their clubs, but *not* by request, nor at any daylit or lamplit hour.

He passed into the street, muffling himself high about the neck, abandoning the fashionable angle for silk hats, tilting his over his eyes. Thus a policeman was passed in safety and under a glaring, blue carbon light. Strangely enough, Rhys had not noticed the policeman any more than the policeman had noticed him.

As long as he remained in this avenue district he was safe. The wisest thing would have been to brazen it out at Canary's; the dance over, to have demanded a room; thereafter to remain in bed, pretending to doctors alcoholic delirium. But the turkey-trotters had been decent, had taken him on trust. Spoil that trust? In return for hospitality give notoriety, hateful newspaper gibes for their gullibility? Could he look in the mirror and meet his own eyes, imagining little Jenny's after the disclosure?

You will perceive that Master Rhys had a code of honor as exotic as his habitual orchid. The same code kept him away from the homes of other friends. To be sure, he had been warned to avoid "pals' drums" and "hang-outs"; no doubt more plain-clothes men awaited him at these places. But he had other than Tenderloin friends—friends who had never caused the police a moment's uneasiness. But one never could tell (his favorite expression); some clue might lead to the home of an eminent scholar, sociologist, author, or dignified doctor, all of whom had met Rhys without introductions or knowledge of his past. Had their friendship been

other than his most precious possession, he might have risked making them liable to the law as "accessories after the fact."

But since honor forbade, and he could hardly hope to tramp between the park and Canary's until dawn, especially as it was snowing and snowing hard, chance must serve, a stranger give shelter. He looked around alertly, bird-like. The sides of the city-cañon seemed blacker because of the whiteness of the driving snow. Save for the policeman on fixed post, beating and blowing, two blocks away, there was none abroad; for it was past two in the morning, and no lights were burning except those behind Canary's curtains, afar off. But even as his mind formed these words, a light flew up to give them the lie.

Rhys's brain had worked swiftly. When he searched for lights, he had done so dumbly, but an idea was trembling into birth even then; and now, with Fortune's lamp shining, his hand went to a pocket where reposed many cards—visiting-cards, business cards. He hardly remembered the evening when strangers desiring to become friends had not given him one or the other, and they had long remained in the pocket of his dress-coat. He was now searching for one in particular—one that would serve to save his liberty and prove a long-held theory. He grinned, but not with joy at his possible safety. He was, first of all, an intellect, and such always lose the personal in the more absorbing abstract; for a discussion in metaphysics forget their meals or unconsciously break profitable appointments. Therefore they are often ill and never rich.

II

His ring at the stranger's door awoke many echoes in the old house, but seemingly awoke nothing else. He rang again, again, and again, until finally the door flew open with a thunderous crash, and revealed an old man in pajamas of quilted purple Chinese silk, like a certain sort of dressing-gown. Rhys did not give him time to speak.

"After sending for a man at this hour of the night, you might have the courtesy to keep awake," he grumbled, and brushed past the astonished old fellow, to stand in a hall where hung old armor. "A skeleton in it; there had better be," said the persisting humor of his metaphysics; then aloud: "Come, close the door, man. You 'll have no need of paying high for my services if you stand in that cold air long. Which way?"

The old man had surveyed his visitor's high forehead, humorous mouth, and clear eyes, the exceedingly well-shaped head under the very glossy, very smart, hence very expensive top-hat, an expensiveness and smartness common to his Cork Street clothes. And the old man smiled. He was a very dull old man, rich and friendless, and he could not sleep nowadays for thinking of the many things he had done to get the riches and lose the friends. Therefore, after tossing about every night, he would light up the bedroom again and add up columns of figures, computing compound interest, to him the most fascinating of all pursuits. Or else he read romances. The entrance of this good-looking, apparently opulent young man, suffering under a hallucination or from liquor or a mistake, promised some diversion. Any company is a relief to one who cannot sleep and who has no pleasant abstract or ambitious thoughts. But he must voice the natural question first, and did:

"Have n't you made a mistake?" He said it surlily enough, in all truth, and for the moment Rhys was afraid he must seek the streets again and search for a second lighted window; for his safety and the proof of his theory went together: one could not be without the other. However, he answered confidently enough, even casually:

"A mistake? With this the only light in three blocks? I told my man to steer for the light."

It sounded sufficiently mysterious, yet real enough. Any one who had a spark of curiosity in him would want to play eavesdropper and learn the secret of a young gentleman who had his man steer for a lighted window, for whom some one on the avenue was waiting at two in the morning—some one who had sufficient power to bring him, yet whom, evidently, he did not know by sight. The old man had read many romances that began with a secret stumbling into the wrong house. Therefore he chuckled, and pointed to the stairs.

"Two flights up," he said, and they went up over the velvet stair carpeting.

In the light of that one flickering candle he poured out a story of such wrong and injustice, such crime and oppression, the criminal part nothing to that which was legal, that Rhys shuddered; for the excuse was too pitiful, so small was it, so mean and hateful; less a barbaric desire for wealth at all costs than that a small, cunning man might believe himself a Napoleon, holding great power over lawmakers. And it had been only through their greed, not, as he imagined fondly, by bending them to his inflexible will.

But now he was near to death and could not sleep, and Rhys had mentioned shadows; *that* was indeed torture. They gibbered in dreams, and, when he awoke, seemed to have spun about his bed-posts webs that, first entangling him, then bound him down like chains; so that he lay there helpless and alone, with shrieks in his throat that every night he feared none would ever hear.

"Here are some names," he said feverishly; "ten thousand dollars to each, eh?" He called them out one by one, initials, former residences, descriptions, all at his tongue's end, and Rhys asked for the reason of each restitution, and that, too, was reluctantly given. As he wrote them down, he imagined that such would, indeed, be reason for a web each filament of which was stronger than the mightiest chain.

"Thank God! I 'll sleep again!" said the old man, hysterically, when he had coughed out his last horror.

Enraged, Rhys looked at him. Did he imagine the giving of money he did not need would be expiation for such dark deeds, the darker because they lacked so pitifully even rationality? For a space the thief could not speak, so hateful had the old man become to him. He put away carefully his many sheets of detailed notes. Then the hate within him flamed.

"You rat!" he said angrily.

The old man's bristling brows met.

"You insult me?" he shouted, starting up.

"Sit down!" said Rhys. "How can I insult a man who has so insulted himself? And now," he added swiftly, "the truth. It has always been a theory of mine that such people as you always need crime to set you above your fellows. How else had such a super as you played a star part? I know thieves. The richest thief is never the greatest; only the most heartless. The richest burglars never the bravest; only the bloodiest. So I reckon you fellows, you millionaires. You know why I had to prove my theory to-night? The police are after me; they 've plugged up every get-away, so I 'm a prisoner on this island. I *know* thieves because I *am* a thief, but not a rat."

He sat down, and steadily looked at the old man, whose old hands seemed galvanized, they shook so.

"A rat," he continued, "like you. Why, I would n't even take your hand. Nor your hospitality, either, if I could help it. But I need a rat's hole to hide in just now; and having found my rat."

"Me—hide—you!"

"Yes, Papa," said the thief, remembering Villon's old seigneur, and yawning; "your wandering young nephew or cousin or old schoolmate's son come home. Suffering with his eyes so he must be left undisturbed in a dark room for a month, maybe only for a week. That depends on how long you take to square the 'rap' against me. All it requires are money and pull, and rats have plenty of both."

He wrote down a name and an address, and flicked the paper across the table. "My political friend, another rat; but one must know rats to keep out of jail. The charge is n't so dreadfully serious. It 's only police pride. Will you ring for a servant, Papa? I 'm really very sleepy."

"You think *I* will shelter a *thief,* a common thief?" shrilled the old man.

"An uncommon one, rather," returned Mr. Rhys, "who has no shadows. Who has never ruined anybody or stolen a poor man's purse, as rats do. Remember? I 'm a *very* uncommon one, Mr. Rat, with a pocketful of evidence here"—he tapped his pocket—"to bring your respected gray whiskers in sorrow to the jail. Much more evidence than there is against *me.* Suppose we swap evidences, Papa, yours for mine, with a little bonus on the side, to enable your excellent young nephew to look about him and possibly quit stealing, although there is a fascination about the life, especially when it comes to taking it from rats. However, have you rung?"

Slowly and not without a certain admiration, the older thief stepped toward the bell-button and rang the bell.

Color Plate engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

UNDER THE GREENWOOD

FROM THE PAINTING MADE FOR THE CENTURY IN 1887 BY GEORGE INNESS

NEW HOPE FOR THE CONVICT

BY RICHARD BARRY

THE two papers of which this is the first sum up the penal situation in the United States to-day. As in most else, we are passing from an old order to a new. The modern spirit applying itself to the reformation of our prisons considers the individual first, and, through him, society. Its prime object is no longer to punish, but to reform. In this paper the writer shows the evolution of the new idea out of the errors of the past. In his next paper he will consider the practical working out of these new and interesting theories.—THE EDITOR.

IN September, 1913, the convicts in Sing Sing prison had their first Sunday dinner. The hideous old masonry cell block that confines fifteen hundred New York criminals on the banks of the Hudson was built nearly a hundred years ago, the exact date being lost. For perhaps ninety years its inmates went without a Sunday dinner until a jovial-faced Irish warden named Clancy, newly appointed, who had never seen the inside of a prison before, gave the revolutionary order.

"But you can't feed them meat on Sunday," objected the principal keeper, whose iron government had haunted the place for forty years.

"Why not?" asked Warden Clancy.

"Because there 's a regulation against it. No convict can be fed meat on Sunday. Have you read the regulations that define the warden's duties?"

"Until I 'm sick of them. If I follow those regulations, the warden of Sing Sing will have less liberty than his prisoners. What is the penalty for breaking this no-Sunday-dinner rule?"

"There is no penalty; but it has never been done. It can't be done. It is against the law."

The warden's Celtic countenance beamed on the old keeper. "Look here," he said, "if there 's no penalty attached to the breaking of a law, then I 'm just the man who 's going to break it. No penalty, no law; that will be my regulation. To begin with, these boys get a good dinner next Sunday noon: meat, potatoes, another vegetable, bread, coffee, and pie."

"Pie!" wailed the principal keeper.

"Yes," commanded the warden, "pie. They don't get it other days in the week. There 's no reason why they should n't have it Sunday."

The principal keeper went off muttering rebelliously. He has not recovered, and it is said that he never will recover, from the blow. Worshiper of the old order, guardian of traditions, believer in the majesty of stern and unrelenting discipline, pie for convicts is more than he can endure.

If trivial, the incident well illustrates the country-wide revolution that is going on within our prisons. There is no greater proof of our advancing civilization than the change in our attitude toward the convicted criminal.

Various men and agencies are credited with this. Many declare that Tom Tynan, the picturesque warden at Cañon City, Colorado, who sends his convicts out without guards to work in the fields and on the roads, is responsible. He is an imaginative, voluble, benevolent juggler with the diseased, bent, and broken minds of unfortunate men, but not an originator.

Others assert that Woodrow Wilson, as Governor of New Jersey, in recommending the building of a camp where convicts might live and work in the open air, authoritatively fathered the new movement; but he was only one of the executive torch-bearers of the new light.

Governor Hunt of Arizona, large-bodied, large-hearted, impatient of restraint, personally swept the old order from the prisons of his State. The new Progressive administrations of California, of Washington, of Oregon, and of Illi-

nois have abolished many of the old abuses. The press and people of each locality are wont to believe that they are the founders of the new system. That which is at once a larger humanity and a wiser statecraft appeals to them like a new toy. The sentimentalists are delighted with it; the reactionaries are predicting trouble.

In New York the horrors of Auburn, of Clinton, and of Sing Sing have been shaken before the public in every grim detail, and the general evil-bearer, Tammany, is obliged to endure the brunt of the odium, while Governor Sulzer is credited with the stray shafts of light which have penetrated the penal system of the Empire State.

However, no one person, no single locality, is responsible for this new hope which is dawning everywhere for the convict. It seems as though the entire nation, a generation after its utterance, is only now waking up to the significance of a remark made by Rutherford B. Hayes from the White House: "A civilization cannot long endure which neglects its criminals."

We have been shamefully neglecting our criminals until very recently. After hunting, convicting, and imprisoning them, we have seemed to feel that our whole duty to them and society was ended. We forgot not only the duty we owed ourselves, which the words of President Hayes well pointed out, but we forgot the duty we owed the man from whom we had taken liberty.

Depriving him of liberty, we hastened to assume, deprived him of all rights. Not so. Even a man condemned to death possesses certain rights. Especially does the ordinary convict possess rights which do not belong to the man who has never been convicted of a crime. For, in depriving him of his powers of initiative, we assume those powers. Therefore it is his right that he should receive from us the proper exercise of those powers of which we have deprived him.

Yet mark how slowly that lesson is learned. To illustrate, let us take the State of Indiana, using this single commonwealth as an epitome of all. It is no better than some others; it is not so bad as some. Yet in one way Indiana is unique: it anticipated by nearly a century the now prevailing attitude toward criminals. In their dim, vague way its earliest fathers foresaw the light of the present decade.

In 1816 the first constitution for the State of Indiana proclaimed to the world that the penal code should be founded on the principle of reformation and not of vindictive justice. In other words, the criminal must be sent to prison not with the idea primarily of punishing him, but with the definite purpose of making him over into a better citizen.

That is all the prison reformers of the present day ask for. That is all the wise statesmen of the last few years have attempted to incorporate in their so-called "revolutionary" measures. Yet it was enunciated into state law nearly a century ago by a group of inexperienced frontier legislators.

Enunciated only. The principle was not practised. For eighty-one dark years the Indiana penal institutions languished in a condition similar to the conditions in the prisons of virtually all the sister States. There were stripes, whippings, humiliation, degradation, darkness. By handing out the official positions as rewards for personal or party service, and because of frequent changes, so that political appointees might draw salaries, there was never any settled policy in the conduct of the prisons. Convicts were obliged to live under a sort of Oriental despotism in which the will of the warden was supreme. For trivial offenses men were thrown into a dungeon, lashed on the bare back, condemned to bread and water, tied up by their wrists until they stood on their toes for hours at a time.

In the Indiana prisons, as in those of nearly all the sister States, the prevailing scheme of government was that the will of each convict must be broken, and that until it was broken, he was a menace to the discipline of the place. This was proceeding on the fallacious idea that discipline exists for the sake of the prison, whereas present-day penologists agree that discipline exists not for the sake of the prison, but for the sake of the prisoner. He is to be held rigidly to rule and method not to preserve the prison, but to strengthen his character. It was formerly held that when a man was sentenced to prison the chief duty of the

warden was to keep him there safely during the time of his sentence, and thus protect the community. It was assumed that, being there, he was a bad man, and that the first thing to do was to break his will, thus making him a nonentity. He was to be a number, not a man. After that he was to be held for the specified time, and then shuffled, rebellious, useless, back on the community which had broken him.

Indiana had a vision of an entirely different scheme in 1816, but that vision never became a fact until 1897, when the Indeterminate Sentence and Parole Law was passed. This was the initial step. It was soon followed by laws which removed the prison government from politics, provided for a system of benevolent supervision of criminals after their discharge, and placed the rules of prison management under the guidance of a non-partizan uniform board instead of under the changing disciplinary notions of various wardens.

For the last fifteen years Indiana has been steadily approaching the modern ideal of prison management. There is still much to be done in her prisons, but the foundation of a new and correct attitude toward the criminal himself is well laid. It is no quixotic sentimentality which will change with the years or with administrations, but is a distinct current of organic thought now deeply marked in civilization.

Indiana is only typical of the Union. Some States languish behind her; some stride ahead; many are abreast.

It remained, however, for the far-Western States to add the impulsive human note to the new common weal. The clarion peal came first from Colorado. To begin with, it was almost an accident, a curious accident, which, if it did not originate, at least gave great impulse to what is now known as the honor system of managing convicts.

A dozen years ago the warden at Cañon City, Colorado, was a taciturn political appointee, John Cleghorne. One day, without consulting any one, and apparently without much forethought, he sent a gang of convicts, over one hundred and fifty men in stripes, *without a guard,* to work on a road forty miles from the prison. They camped there for a week, just like any other gang of workmen. An unarmed prison official accompanied them, to act as foreman.

Within a few days the State was in an uproar. Residents in the neighborhood of Cañon City were protesting righteously to the governor. They claimed that convicts were being loosed on the highways, to the imminent danger of every resident of the neighborhood. Near-by ranchers kept vigorous guard, with pistol and rifle, before their houses. The women folks were agitated with fear and dread. In a short while the opinion spread that the warden was crazy, and that he would have to be removed. To people who interrogated him he made only sarcastic replies.

At the end of the week he brought in the first gang, and then he sent out another one, without a guard, to stay all night. By this time the tension was such that no one would travel by the road where the convicts were working, and the governor had many requests for the instant dismissal of the warden.

Finally Cleghorne made an explanation.

"In the first place," said he, "there is not room enough in the prison for all the convicts that are sent here. Unless I crowd them as no man would crowd even pigs in a pen, some of them must sleep outside. In the second place, I have n't guards enough to man the prison walls, let alone sending any with the road gang. Now, then, there is road work to be done, and these convicts not only can do it, but ought to do it. They save money for the State, and it is good for their health. More than that, they are sentenced here to "hard labor." There is not room enough inside the walls, in the shops, to employ them all at hard labor. So I am obliged to send them out to work on the roads; not only obliged to, but I think I ought to, if I were not obliged. I can spare no more than a single guard to go with them. He acts as foreman."

"But why not arm the guard?" he was asked.

"What could one man with a rifle do with a hundred and fifty men if they took it into their heads to overpower him? No. I instructed him to go unarmed, and every convict knows that he is unarmed. I simply put it up to them that they are to go out there on their honor. If they

want to escape, they can easily do so. If they do escape, the chances are less than one in ten that they will not be caught again sometime, somewhere. If not, they would have to remain in hiding, skulking, dodging, for the rest of their lives. When caught, they would never again have any privileges, and their terms in prison would be lengthened.

"Most people," concluded Cleghorne, "get the idea that convicts are unlike other men. They are mistaken. Convicts are human beings. They reason, just like other people, and they are usually a lot more sensitive to argument than any one else. I 'll gamble my job against a nickel that if one of those convicts runs away and we catch him and bring him back here, the others will just about kill him. For the first time in the history of this prison the inmates have been told that they had honor, and it will go hard with the first man that tries to disprove it."

Cleghorne's prediction was justified. One of the men ran away from the road gang, and he got clear of the State of Colorado; but about three months afterward he was caught in Montana. He was brought back to Cañon City, and the first night he was in the yard with his fellows the members of the road gang from which he had escaped beat him very nearly to death. They would have killed him had the guards not intervened.

Shortly afterward, Cleghorne was replaced at Cañon City by the present warden, Tom Tynan, who has elaborated, popularized, and entirely justified the honor system which Cleghorne said he never would have attempted had he not been short of guards and crowded for room. Thus economical common sense, not statecraft or benevolence, first virtually demonstrated the efficacy of the modern penological idea. Tynan was not a sociologist, but a traveling salesman, before he became a warden.

Tynan usually has from a quarter to a third of his prisoners at work in the open air "on honor." Yet he carefully chooses the convicts whom thus he is to distinguish. He holds membership in the "honor squad" as a prize to be earned, not as a privilege inherent with incarceration. After a man has demonstrated obedience to the rules, Tynan calls him to his office and has a talk with him.

In effect the talks are all alike. Tynan says:

"You have shown me you can be trusted. I believe in you. Therefore I am going to send you out to work in the camp. It will probably be easy for you to escape if you try, and I only ask you to remember this: if you escape or try to escape, I shall be held responsible for you. I know you don't want to put me in bad, and I believe you have sense enough to know the probable consequences to yourself if you make a mistake."

In the course of a decade the people of Colorado have largely lost their fear of convicts. The ranchers in the neighborhood of the camps no longer guard their homes at night. Some of them say they even feel safer than before. The honor system is no longer even a novelty there. It would be impossible to revert to the old ways, the lock-step, the dungeon, and the lash. It is enough to punish a man by taking from him his chance to be placed "on honor." That is more efficacious than any physical punishment formerly was.

Tynan reports that less than one per cent. of his men fail to justify his faith. This does not seem to be a much larger percentage of faithless men than would be found outside of prison.

Other parts of the country, however, have still to be educated in this respect. Early in October, 1913, Clancy, the new warden at Sing Sing, wrote to the chairman of the board of supervisors of Westchester County that he would like to offer forty or fifty convicts, "judiciously chosen for trustworthiness," for labor on the county highways. He added that he thought this would be a good way to begin dissipating the public fear of the inmates of Sing Sing.

"This is a beautiful dream," replied the chairman, "but it does not appeal to me as a practical plan for the crowded roads of Westchester County." Dreams, it appears, are separated from facts. Eighty-one years separated them in Indiana. How long will it be in New York?

Yet New York presents a far different problem from Colorado, and the Empire State is not dragging so far behind as the condition of Sing Sing and Auburn prisons might seem to indicate. Tom Ty-

nan's system of an honor squad in which membership is held forth as a prize for which all convicts may strive has been incorporated in the penological system of the commonwealth by the establishment at Comstock of the Great Meadow prison farm. There the State owns eleven hundred acres on which it has built a prison capable of holding over a thousand convicts.

No man, however, goes to Great Meadow directly after sentence. He must earn a sojourn there by behaving himself for at least a year either at Sing Sing, Auburn, or Clinton. Then, if the warden approves, and as a reward of merit, he is sent to Great Meadow.

What a difference between Sing Sing and Great Meadow! There is no worse prison on the continent than Sing Sing. It destroys the health and corrupts the morals of those confined there. Every cell is literally a hole in the wall, slimy, foul, infested with vermin, and containing only 164 cubic feet of air. Until last July two convicts were usually placed in each cell. The sanitary arrangements are unspeakable. There is no recreation. Labor is not enforced. Convicts are locked up on Saturday afternoon and stay locked up, except for an hour at chapel on Sunday, until Monday morning. Silence is enforced. No one can speak to his neighbor, not even to his guard. Grade A men may write one letter a month, Grade B men one letter in two months, and Grade C men may not write at all. A large percentage of those who go in clean physically come out with some loathsome disease.

At Great Meadow all is different. Every cell is clean, airy, and about twice the size of those in Sing Sing, and every man is given a separate cell. Plumbing and sanitation are well provided for. Prisoners may talk when and where they please except in the mess-hall. They may write as often as they please, at the discretion of the warden, if their letters are censored. They bowl and play foot-ball and base-ball. For occupation they operate the farm, and are employed in various ways in developing the state property.

A stream runs by the prison. At its side one day I saw two old men with poles and lines and bait. I asked the warden who they were.

"A lifer and a twenty-year man. They are old and decrepit, so I let them go fishing. They like the air."

On Saturday afternoons in summer, when the base-ball nines are at play, with the warden and keepers as spectators, groups of men go into the hills berrying without guards. I was driven about the place by a highway robber who was serving a seven-year sentence. We came to the farm boundary-line. Nothing separated us from free soil but a fence. Canada was less than two hundred miles away. There was no one in sight.

"Why not escape?" said I. "You have a fine pair of horses and a good start."

"Not I," replied the convict; "for that would probably make me a criminal for the rest of my life. If they did not catch me, I should never dare show my face again in this part of the country; and what is liberty worth if you cannot see your old friends? If they did catch me and bring me back, I think those boys in the yard would kill me. I should not dare. Besides, the warden is a good fellow, and I 'd hate to put him in bad."

The best part of the new scheme lies in the parole board. Indeterminate sentences are the rule now. A man may be released, at the discretion of the board, at the expiration of his minimum time, but he must report acceptably, in person or by letter, until the expiration of his maximum time. For all convicts who have no place to go or no work waiting them at the expiration of their sentence the parole board finds employment.

Thus one of the worst features of prison life is virtually eliminated. This feature is that period of time when a man comes out of prison disgraced, depressed, weak. It is the period of moral convalescence, the moment when the man is least able to meet life, and when life comes at him in its severest aspects.

The majority of States now have parole boards and the indeterminate sentence. Yet only the minority have learned to treat the convict while he is a prisoner as a human being, with the same instincts, reason, and desires as men out of prison.

The old idea of Lombroso that the criminal is a man apart, marked for crime from birth, distinct from other men, dies hard, despite the fact that numerous scientific investigators have disproven Lombroso's theory. Robert Pinkerton, the

detective who spent his life studying crime and its perpetrators, when asked to define the criminal classes, said: "There is no criminal class. A criminal is a human being, and every human being is potentially a criminal; every criminal of sound mind is potentially a good citizen."

The old wardens and guards who came into constant touch with criminals would never subscribe to such a theory. Letting the light into their minds has proved a difficult task. One of the pioneers of the new movement is Frank Randall, now at the head of the prison system of the State of Massachusetts. Several years ago he was the warden of the St. Cloud penitentiary in Minnesota. He was studying ways to enhance the self-respect of prisoners, yet going about it slowly, realizing that sudden changes might be harmful at first.

Among other prison customs he found one that prohibits all convicts from having razors. Up to his time no prison in the country had ever permitted its inmates the luxury of individual razors. Prison barbers were supplied, but no man was allowed to shave himself.

Randall determined to change this, and told two of his fellow-wardens about it. They looked at him in astonishment.

"If you give them razors, they 'll all commit suicide," exclaimed one. "It never was done in any prison I ever heard about. You 'll ruin your discipline and you 'll have your place full of suicide, murder, and escape."

"I think not," said Randall. "I know what the custom has been, but it does not sound reasonable to me. If a man wants to commit suicide, he will do it, razor or no razor. In fact, I know a physician who, when asked the best way to commit suicide, always gives a method, with graphic details. He proceeds on the theory that suicide is merely a last desperate attempt to overcome opposition, and that if you remove the opposition, the desire for suicide is largely dissipated. My experience tells me that convicts are very similar to other men. Moreover, if I give them razors, I appeal to their honor, and anything which can legitimately build up a prisoner's sense of honor is highly desirable."

Randall bought three hundred razors and distributed them in his prison. In eighteen months he had just one suicide, and that was by hanging.

So it was with James Johnston when he was made warden of Folsom penitentiary, in California, in June, 1912. A thousand of the worst men in the West are imprisoned in Folsom. They are murderers, burglars, highwaymen, embezzlers, forgers, or perpetrators of sex crimes. Before Johnston's advent they had never had a Sunday out of their cells and never any recreation.

Johnston proceeded to organize several base-ball nines, and he let them play all day Sunday. His predecessor predicted the direst consequences. "They 'll kill each other with the bats and beat up the prison," he said. Eighteen months have passed, and there has not yet been any disturbance in Folsom. Instead, the men are healthier and better workmen.

Five years ago the annual number of lashes administered to the bare backs of prisoners in the prisons of Kentucky averaged twelve hundred. For the last four years there has not been a lash struck officially in the Blue-Grass State. Most States are following their general trend.

It is yet too soon to note just what the new treatment of criminals has produced or will produce. That it will lessen crime is problematical. That it will have a beneficial effect on criminals is more than likely. There is no doubt that it pleases the quickened sympathies of humanity.

It has been stated on good authority that a country-wide census, if it could be made, would show that criminals constitute less than one per cent. of the population. The same authority asserts that it costs more to apprehend, convict, and incarcerate this group than it does to educate the other ninety-nine per cent. who are good citizens.

That so costly a machinery should have been operated in so antiquated a method for so long does not speak well of our economy. Perhaps it has been so costly because it has been so antiquated.

RACIAL CONSEQUENCES OF IMMIGRATION

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin

THIS paper frankly and fearlessly states the lamentable consequences to the American people, as Professor Ross sees them, that must follow upon the continuance of our open-door policy toward the "sub-common" millions of the least desirable nationalities recently pouring into our land. He earnestly combats arguments against restricted laws which have been advanced by interests that favor turning this country into the melting-pot for the backward and outcast of the earth.—THE EDITOR.

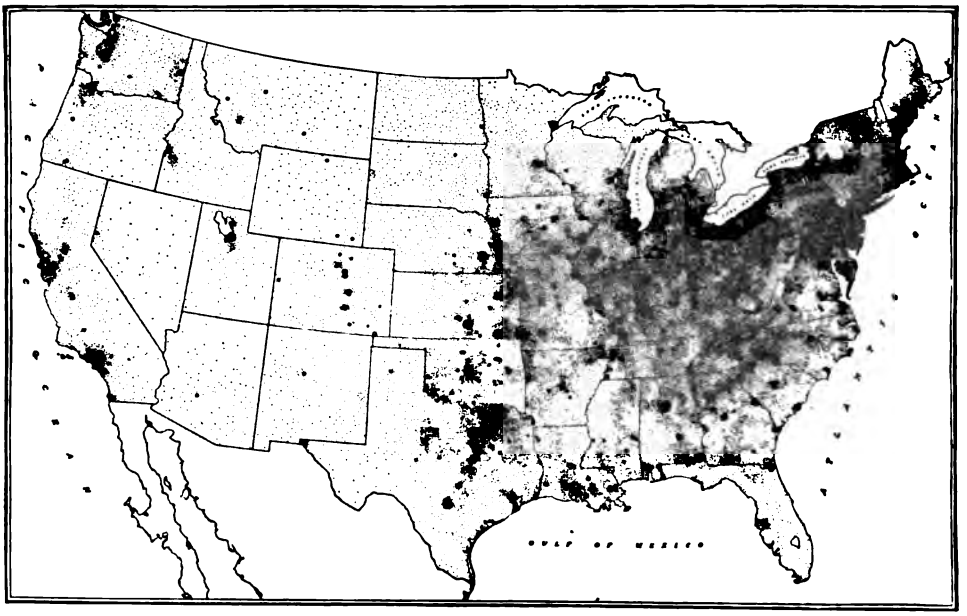
THE RACIAL CONSEQUENCES OF IMMIGRATION

THE submergence of the "American" pioneer breed goes on apace. In Atlanta still seven out of eight white men had American parents; in Nashville and Richmond, four out of five; in Kansas City, two out of three; and in Los Angeles, one out of two; but in Detroit, Cleveland, and Paterson one man out of five had American parents; in Chicago and New York, one out of six; in Milwaukee, one out of seven; and in Fall River, one out of nine. Certainly never since the colonial era have the foreign-born and their children formed so large a proportion of the American people as at the present moment. I scanned 368 persons as they passed me in Union Square, New York, at a time when the garment-workers of the Fifth Avenue lofts were returning to their homes. Only thirty-eight of these passers-by had the type of face one would find at a county fair in the West or South.

In the six or seven hundred thousand strangers that yearly join themselves to us for good and all, there are to be found, of course, every talent and every beauty. Out of the steerage come persons as fine and noble as any who have trodden American soil. Any adverse characterization of an immigrant stream implies, then, only that the trait is relatively frequent, not that it is general.

In this sense it is fair to say that the blood now being injected into the veins of our people is "sub-common." To one accustomed to the aspect of the normal American population, the Caliban type shows up with a frequency that is startling. Observe immigrants not as they come travel-wan up the gang-plank, nor as they issue toil-begrimed from pit's mouth or mill gate, but in their gatherings, washed, combed, and in their Sunday best. You are struck by the fact that from ten to twenty per cent. are hirsute, low-browed, big-faced persons of obviously low mentality. Not that they suggest evil. They simply look out of place in black clothes and stiff collar, since clearly they belong in skins, in wattled huts at the close of the great ice age. These oxlike men are descendants of those *who always stayed behind.* Those in whom the soul burns with the dull, smoky flame of the pine-knot stuck to the soil, and are now thick in the sluiceways of immigration. Those in whom it burns with a clear, luminous flame have been attracted to the cities of the home land and, having prospects, have no motive to submit themselves to the hardships of the steerage.

To the practised eye, the physiognomy of certain groups unmistakably proclaims inferiority of type. I have seen gatherings of the foreign-born in which narrow and sloping foreheads were the rule. The shortness and smallness of the crania were very noticeable. There was much facial asymmetry. Among the women, beauty, aside from the fleeting epidermal bloom of girlhood, was quite lacking. In every face there was something wrong—lips thick, mouth coarse, upper lip too long, cheek-bones too high, chin poorly formed, the



DISTRIBUTION OF NATIVE WHITE STOCK IN THE UNITED STATES, IN 1910

· dot this size represents 500 people.
• dot this size represents 5000 people.
• dot this size represents 50,000 people.
● dot this size represents 500,000 people.

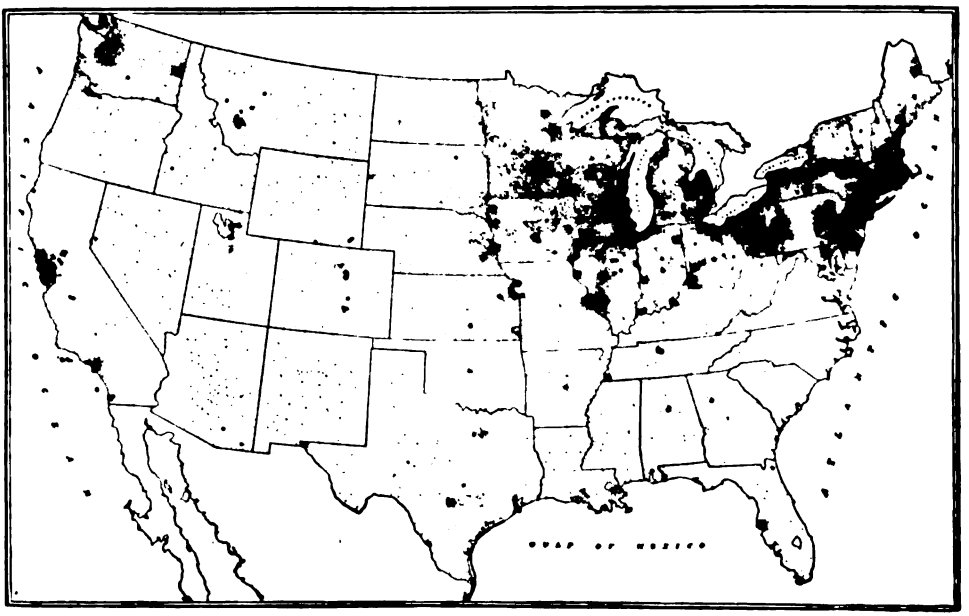
bridge of the nose hollowed, the base of the nose tilted, or else the whole face prognathous. There were so many sugar-loaf heads, moon-faces, slit mouths, lantern-jaws, and goose-bill noses that one might imagine a malicious jinn had amused himself by casting human beings in a set of skew-molds discarded by the Creator.

Our captains of industry give a crowbar to the immigrant with a number nine face on a number six head, make a dividend out of him, and imagine that is the end of the matter. They overlook that this man will beget children in his image, —two or three times as many as the American,—and that these children will in turn beget children. They chuckle at having opened an inexhaustible store of cheap tools and, lo! the American people is being altered for all time by these tools. Once before captains of industry took a hand in making this people. Colonial planters imported Africans to hoe in the sun, to "develop" the tobacco, indigo, and rice plantations. Then, as now, business-minded men met with contempt the protests of a few idealists against their way of "building up the country."

Those promoters of prosperity are dust, but they bequeathed a situation which in four years wiped out more wealth than two hundred years of slavery had built up, and which presents to-day the one unsolvable problem in this country. Without likening immigrants to negroes, one may point out how the latter-day employer resembles the old-time planter in his blindness to the effects of his labor policy upon the blood of the nation.

IMMIGRATION AND GOOD LOOKS

It is reasonable to expect an early falling off in the frequency of good looks in the American people. It is unthinkable that so many persons with crooked faces, coarse mouths, bad noses, heavy jaws, and low foreheads can mingle their heredity with ours without making personal beauty yet more rare among us than it actually is. So much ugliness is at last bound to work to the surface. One ought to see the horror on the face of a fine-looking Italian or Hungarian consul when one asks him innocently, "Is the physiognomy of these immigrants typical of your people?" That the new immigrants are inferior in looks to the old immigrants may be seen by comparing, in a Labor-day parade, the faces of the cigar-makers and the garment-



DISTRIBUTION OF FOREIGN STOCK IN THE UNITED STATES, IN 1910

• dot this size represents 500 people.
• dot this size represents 5000 people.
• dot this size represents 50,000 people.
● dot this size represents 500,000 people.

workers with those of the teamsters, piano-movers, and steam-fitters.

Even aside from the pouring in of the ill-favored, the crossing of the heterogeneous is bound to lessen good looks among us. It is noteworthy that the beauty which has often excited the admiration of European visitors has shown itself most in communities of comparative purity of blood. New England, Virginia, and Kentucky have been renowned for their beautiful women, but not the commonwealths with a mixed population. It is in the less-heterogeneous parts of the Middle West, such as Indiana and Kansas, that one is struck by the number of comely women.

Twenty-three years ago the greatest living philosopher advised inquiring Japanese statesmen to interdict marriages of Japanese with foreigners, on the ground that the crossings of the too-unlike produce human beings with a "chaotic constitution." Herbert Spencer went on to say, "When the varieties mingled diverge beyond a certain slight degree, the result is inevitably a bad one." The greatest students of hybridism to-day confirm Spencer's surmise. The fusing of American with German and Scandinavian immigrants was only a reblending of kindred stocks, for Angles, Jutes, Danes, and Normans were wrought of yore into the fiber of the English breed. But the human varieties being collected in this country by the naked action of economic forces are too dissimilar to blend without producing a good many faces of a "chaotic constitution." Just as there is a wide difference in looks between Bretons and Normans, Dutch and Hanoverians, the Chinese of Hu-peh and the Chinese of Fukien, so broad contrasts in good looks may in time appear between the pure-blood parts of our country and those which have absorbed a motley assortment of immigrants.

STATURE AND PHYSIQUE

ALTHOUGH the Slavs stand up well, our southern Europeans run to low stature. A gang of Italian navvies filing along the street present, by their dwarfishness, a curious contrast to other people. The Portuguese, the Greeks, and Syrians are, from our point of view, undersized. The Hebrew immigrants are very poor in physique. The average of Hebrew women in New York is just over five feet, and the young women in the garment factories, although well developed, appear to be no taller than native girls of thirteen.

"The Old Man in Leather,"—who, upon closer inspection, is really clothed in "gold-figured black shagreen,"—accompanies the poet to his bachelor quarters, occupies the arm-chair, makes himself at home. Grave eyes, filled with love and pity, gaze steadfastly at his new acquaintance. Then from the drift of hopes and dreams his identity emerges: incarnation of youth's ideals and early manhood's imaginings, "Just as a child had pictured once, just as a fool had will'd":

No need was there to tell his name, no need
to speak his meaning,
I recognized him through the mists of ages
intervening,
This was the Ghost which in my dreams the
Future show'd to me:
Myself! that never was; alas, myself! that
could not be.

World traveler, the poet contemplates the Sphinx, buried in burning sands, once overtopped by the image of earthly omnipotence. But now the nations have forgotten his very name, and the desert broods o'er the broken god,

While on so much of its base that stands
Worn by the tides of men's lips, and the
sands,
This is inscribed, in a cockney's scrawl,
Last and bloodiest gibe of all:
HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on a WALL.

We are made acquainted with the unhappy history of "The Old Woman under the Hill," once a fair young lassie, beguiled by a demon lover who led her into Shadowland, where she lost her youth and beauty:

A queer little body, all shrivelled and brown,
In her earth-colour'd mantle and rain-
colour'd gown,
Incessantly fumbling strange grasses and
weeds,
Like a ricketty cricket, a-saying its beads.

In "Curly Locks" we find new treatment of a text that has often tempted the rhyme-makers. In "Cock-a-doodle-do!" dame and master struggle home, bedraggled, through the thick silence and ghastly dawn that follow upon carnival. Cock-a-doodle-do! In the uncertain glow of the red-eyed street lamps we see them trudging through the storm:

Tame goblins, sleepy sprites,
Glum ladies, rueful knights,
Pale slender angels in drabbled gowns,
Plump devils in ravell'd tights.

And, arm in arm, God wot!
The sorriest of the lot,
My master, as an old Volkslied,
My dame, as a Gavotte.

"Willy Winkie," intrusted with the care of all baby-kind,

From the mud-lark, fast asleep
On bare curbstone,
To the puppet, plump and pink,
Heir to the throne,

is an inspiration. We follow him eagerly as he goes his rounds with lanthorn and staff, ministering in all manner of queer ways to his sleeping charges, until day comes, and off he flies to blow out the stars. "The Beggars Come to Town," and King Cophetua no longer pines. "Little Blue Betty," with her good ale, and her own notions about kissing, fades away with the inn that a railroad buffet has invaded; in her place a proper young person in pink, selling ale which he has n't the heart to drink. "Burnie Bee" is exhorted to take her wings and fly away from the poison-flowers of art and song, gorgeous blossoms, but, to him who ventures near, laden with a fever no physic can allay.

And his soul—fire-crown'd and shod—
Will go sorrowing like a god
Fallen from the stars astray—
Take your wings and fly away.

The reader, let us hope, has been enabled to perceive that Daniel Henry Holmes is indeed a "find," for American poets who "in lighter vein" have sung with ease and elegance are all too few. In England, only Owen Seaman lingers on the scene. Behind him, in almost unbroken procession, are Locker, Praed, and Gilbert, Calverley, Lang, and J. K. Stephen. Linked with the names of these is Thackeray himself, who could turn from an "Esmond" and the essays on the Georges to the production in light-footed rhyme of

MORALITY

THAT the Mediterranean peoples are morally below the races of northern Europe is as certain as any social fact. Even when they were dirty, ferocious barbarians, these blonds were truth-tellers. Be it pride or awkwardness or lack of imagination or fair-play sense, something has held them back from the nimble lying of the Southern races. Immigration officials find that the different peoples are as day and night in point of veracity, and report vast trouble in extracting the truth from certain brunnette nationalities.

Some champions of immigration have become broad-minded enough to think small of the cardinal virtues. The Syrians, on Boston testimony, took "great pains to cheat the charitable societies" and are "extremely untrustworthy and unreliable." Their defender, however, after admitting their untruthfulness, explains that their lying is altruistic. If, at the fork of a road, you ask a Syrian your way, he will, in sheer transport of sympathy, study you to discover what answer will most please you. "The Anglo-Saxon variety of truthfulness," she adds, "is not a Syrian characteristic"; but, "if truthfulness includes loyalty, ready self-denial to promote a cause that seems right, the Syrian is to that extent truthful." Quoting a Syrian's admission that his fellow-merchants pay their debts for their credit's sake, but will cheat the customer, she comments, "This, however, does not seem to be exclusively a Syrian vice." To such paltering does a sickly sentimentality lead.

IN southern Europe, team-work along all lines is limited by selfishness and bad faith. Professor Fairchild notes "the inveterate factionalism and commercial dishonesty so characteristic of the [Greek] race," "the old dishonesty and inability to work together." "One of the maxims of Greek business life, translated into the American vernacular, is 'Put out the other fellow's eye.'" "These people seem incapable of carrying on a large coöperative business with harmony and success."

Nothing less than verminous is the readiness of the southern Europeans to prey upon their fellows. Never were British or Scandinavian immigrants so bled by fellow-countrymen as are southern Italian, Greek, and Semitic immigrants. Their spirit of mutual helpfulness saved them from *padrone*, "banker," and Black Hand. Among our southern Italians this spirit shines out only when it is a question of shielding from American justice some cutthroat of their own race. The Greek is full of tricks to skin the greenhorn. A grocer will warn fellow-countrymen who have just established themselves in his town that he will have the police on them for violating municipal ordinances unless they buy groceries from him. The Greek mill-hand sells the greenhorn a job, and takes his chances on the foreman giving the man work. A Greek who knows a little English will get a Greek peddler arrested in order that he may get the interpreter's fee. The Greek boot-black who has freed himself from his serfdom, instead of showing up the system, starts a place of his own, and exploits his help as mercilessly as ever he was exploited.

The Northerners seem to surpass the southern Europeans in innate ethical endowment. Comparison of their behavior in marine disasters shows that discipline, sense of duty, presence of mind, and consideration for the weak are much more characteristic of northern Europeans. The southern Europeans, on the other hand, are apt, in their terror, to forget discipline, duty, women, children, everything but the saving of their own lives. In shipwreck it is the exceptional Northerner who forgets his duty, and the exceptional Southerner who is bound by it. The suicide of Italian officers on board the doomed *Monte Tabor*, the *Notice*, and the *Ajace*, is in striking contrast to the sense of responsibility of the Northerners in charge of the *Cimbria*, the *Geiser*, the *Strathcona*, and the *City of Paris*. Compare the mad struggle for the boats among the southern Europeans on *La Bourgogne*, the *Ailsa*, and the *Utopia*, with the self-possession of the Scandinavian emigrants on the *Waesland* and the *Danmark*, and the consideration for women and children shown on the sinking *Mohegan*, the *Waesland*, and the *Titanic*. Among all nationalities the Americans bear the palm for coolness, orderly saving of life, and consideration for the weak in shipwreck, but they will lose these traits in proportion as they absorb excitable blood from southern Europe.

NATURAL ABILITY

THE performance of the foreign-born and their children after they have had access to American opportunities justifies the democrat's faith that latent capacity exists all through the humbler strata of society. On the other hand, it also confirms the aristocrat's insistence that social ranks correspond somewhat with the grades of natural ability existing within a people. The descendants of Europe's lowly are to be met in all the upper levels of American society, *but not so frequently* as the descendants of those who were high or rising in the land they left.

In respect to the value it contains, a stream of immigrants may be representative, superrepresentative, or subrepresentative of the home people. When it is a fair sample, it is representative; when it is richer in wheat and poorer in chaff, it is superrepresentative; when the reverse is the case, it is subrepresentative. What counts here, of course, is not the value the immigrants may have acquired by education or experience, but that fundamental worth which does not depend on opportunity, and which may be transmitted to one's descendants. Now, in the present state of our knowledge, it is perhaps risky to make a value comparison between the races which contributed the old immigration and those which are supplying the new immigration. Though backward, the latter may contain as good stuff. But it is fair to assume that a superrepresentative immigration from one stock is worth more to us than a subrepresentative immigration from another stock, and that an influx which subrepresents a European people will thin the blood of the American people.

Many things have decided whether Europe should send America cream or skimmed milk. Religious or political oppression is apt to drive out the better elements. Racial oppression cannot be evaded by mere conformity; hence the emigration it sets up is apt to be representative. An unsubdued and perilous land attracts the more bold and enterprising. The seekers of homesteads include men of better stuff than the job-seekers attracted by high wages for unskilled labor. Only economic motives set in motion the sub-common people, but even in an economic emigration the early stage brings more people of initiative than the later. The deeper and smoother the channels of migration, the lower the stratum they can tap.

It is not easy to value the early elements that were wrought into the American people. Often a stream of immigration that started with the best drained from the lower levels after it had worn itself a bed. It is therefore only in a broad way that I venture to classify the principal colonial migrations as follows:

Superrepresentative: English Pilgrims, Puritans, Quakers, Catholics, Scotch Covenanters, French Huguenots, German sectaries.

Representative: English of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, Scotch-Irish, Scotch Highlanders, Dutch, and Swedes.

Subrepresentative: English of early Georgia, transported English, eighteenth-century Germans.

In our national period the Germans of 1848 stand out as a superrepresentative flow. The Irish stream has been representative, as was also the early German migration. The German inflow since 1870 has brought us very few of the élite of their people, and I have already given reasons for believing that the Scandinavian stream is not altogether representative. Our immigration from Great Britain has distinctly fallen off in grade since the chances in America came to be less attractive than those in the British Empire. However, no less an authority than Sir Richard Cartwright thinks that "between 1866 and 1896 one third at least of the whole male adult population of Canada between the ages of twenty and forty found their way to the United States," and this "included an immense percentage of the most intelligent and adventurous." To-day we reciprocate by sending Western farmers with capital into the Canadian Northwest. Our loss has amounted to as many as 100,000 in a single year.

Oppression is now out of fashion over most of Europe, and our public lands are gone. Economic motives more and more bring us immigrants, and such motives will not uproot the educated, the propertied, the established, the well connected. The children of success are not migrating, which means that we get few scions from families of proved capacity. Europe re-

tains most of her brains, but sends multitudes of the common and the sub-common. There is little sign of an intellectual element among the Magyars, Russians, southern Slavs, Italians, Greeks, or Portuguese. This does not hold, however, for currents created by race discrimination or oppression. The Armenian, Syrian, Finnish, and Russo-Hebrew streams seem representative, and the first wave of Hebrews out of Russia in the eighties was superior. The Slovaks, German Poles, Lithuanians, Esthonians, and other restive subject groups probably send us a fair sample of their quality.

RACE SUICIDE

THE fewer brains they have to contribute, the lower the place immigrants take among us, and the lower the place they take, the faster they multiply. In 1890, in our cities, a thousand foreign-born women could show 565 children under five years of age to 309 children shown by a thousand native women. By 1900 the contribution of the foreign women had risen to 612, and that of the American women had declined to 296. From such figures some argue that the "sterile" Americans need the immigrants in order to supply population. It would be nearer the truth to argue that the competition of low-standard immigrants is the root cause of the mysterious "sterility" of Americans. Certainly their record down to 1830 proved the Americans to be as fertile a race as ever lived, and the decline in their fertility coincides in time and in locality with the advent of the immigrant flood. In the words of General Francis A. Walker, "Not only did the decline in the native element, as a whole, take place in singular correspondence with the excess of foreign arrivals, but it occurred chiefly in just those regions"—"in those States and in the very counties," he says elsewhere—"to which those new-comers most frequently resorted."

"Our immigrants," says a superintendent of charities, "often come here with no standards whatever. In their homes you find no sheets on the bed, no slips on the pillows, no cloth on the table, and no towels save old rags. Even in the mud-floor cabins of the poorest negroes of the South you find sheets, pillow-slips, and towels, for by serving and associating with the whites the blacks have gained standards. But many of the foreigners have no means of getting our home standards after they are here. No one shows them. They can't see into American homes, and no Americans associate with them." The Americans or Americanized immigrants who are obliged to live on wages fixed by the competition of such people must cut somewhere. If they do not choose to "live in a pig-pen and bring up one's children like pigs," they will save their standards by keeping down the size of the family. Because he keeps them clean, neatly dressed, and in school, children are a burden to the American. Because he lets them run wild and puts them to work early, children are an asset to the low-standard foreigner.

When a more developed element is obliged to compete on the same economic plane with a less-developed element, the standards of cleanliness or decency or education cherished by the advanced element act on it like a slow poison. William does not leave as many children as 'Tonio, because he will not huddle his family into one room, eat macaroni off a bare board, work his wife barefoot in the field, and keep his children weeding onions instead of at school. Even moral standards may act as poison. Once the women raisin-packers at Fresno, California, were American born. Now the American women are leaving because of the low moral tone that prevails in the working force by reason of the coming in of foreigners with lax notions of propriety. The coarseness of speech and behavior among the packers is giving raisin-packing a bad name, so that American women are quitting the work and taking the next best job. Thus the very decency of the native is a handicap to success and to fecundity.

As they feel the difficulty of keeping up their standards on a Slav wage, the older immigrant stocks are becoming sterile, even as the old Americans became sterile. In a generation complaint will be heard that the Slavs, too, are shirking big families, and that we must admit prolific Persians, Uzbegs, and Bokhariots, in order to offset the fatal sterility that attacks every race after it has become Americanized. Very truly says Professor Wilcox, in praise of immigration: "The cost of rearing chil-

dren in the United States is rapidly rising. In many, perhaps in most cases, it is simpler, speedier, and cheaper to import labor than to breed it." In like vein it is said that "a healthy immigrant lad of eighteen is a clear $1000 added to the national wealth of the United States."

Just so. "The Roman world was laughing when it died." Any couple or any people that does not feel it has anything to transmit to its children may well reason in such fashion. A couple may reflect, "It is simpler, speedier, and cheaper for us to adopt orphans than to produce children of our own." A nation may reason, "Why burden ourselves with the rearing of children? Let them perish unborn in the womb of time. The immigrants will keep up the population." A people that has no more respect for its ancestors and no more pride of race than this deserves the extinction that surely awaits it.

FIFTH AVENUE IN FOG

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THE winter breath of ocean, cool and clean,
Comes floating high and drifting down
Into the lights of town.
The sins of streets are hidden in a mist
Pale yellow, shot with topaz, amethyst;
Houses old and harsh and mean,
The veriest hags in conscious ugliness,
Are garmented in luminous loveliness,
Veils of thinnest lawn
Billowing over their feet and over their shoulders drawn.

Here on the splendid avenue
I swear but a moment ago there stood
Ten thousand tons of steel and stone and wood,
With a thousand lights aflare
Story upon story. All are gone.
Blown away like the wraith of a dream
Into the upper air,
With the thousand lamps agleam.

True is the fine illusion, true!
The ponderous, leaden world
So stubborn to resist,
Is melted by the magic of the mist.
The elements disintegrate and shift,
They mingle and surge and flow;
Sudden the whole vast city swings adrift
And knows not where to go.

A POET IN A FOOL'S CAP

BY W. T. LARNED

THE best of it is that Mother Goose has always ministered to our imaginations. There is a reticence in her recitals that suggests the drawn curtain. Behind it, in the land of the unknown, live the little old men and women, the beggars and witches, princes and pretty ladies, who are conjured for a moment before the silken folds, only to be whisked away when our curiosity is most aroused.

Mother Goose, like all world poets, never told half she knew. Poetess laureate of the English-speaking nursery, her most complete achievements in rhyme are yet of an incompleteness that insure us against satiety. In those shreds and patches of verse, those isolated couplets and quatrains suggesting so much and saying so little, we perceive the promise of that perfected art foreshadowed in the unfinished tales of a Dickens and a Stevenson. Rudyard Kipling, deliberately fashioning metrical fragments for preludes to his Indian tales, struck a note seldom sustained in his completed compositions.

Who was Daffy-down-dilly, and what did she do when she came to town? Was Jumping Joan flesh, fairy, or symbol? Would we laugh or cry did we understand the fantastic apparition of Banbury Cross? Why did Margery Daw sell her bed to lie upon straw, and was there not something behind the appearance of her purely eccentric depravity?

We never expected an answer to these riddles, nor cared, perhaps, to get it, as it was pretty sure to be political, or historic, or psychological; something scholarly, of course, but none the less destructive to poetry and its purposes. The folly of supposing that we must wholly understand things would rob us of our two greatest literary possessions, the Bible and Shakspere. We really need neither theologian nor glossary to thrill with the message of the prophets or bow before the majesty of the blank verse in "Macbeth." Reduce poetry to perfectly intelligible terms, and you get a kind of rhymed prose.

Always we return to the things we never wholly understand—the things and the people. Mother Goose and her progeny we never quite outgrow. Even her assonance is not an unpleasant offset to the sometimes too cloying consonance of our faultless rhymes.

Yet it has remained for an American poet whose very name is known only to a few Americans to penetrate behind the mysterious curtain, and, gaining the confidence of Mother Goose herself, disclose to our duller ears and imperfect vision the true and unrelated adventures of her immortal brood. The man who did this—and in doing it produced poetry unique in contemporary literature—was in life a dilettante, who must have dreamed many dreams that died with him.

Yet Daniel Henry Holmes, desultory practitioner of the law, musical composer, linguist, poet, who was and was not New Yorker, Kentuckian, expatriate, has left behind him a memorial wrought in affection for his fellows. The unobtrusiveness of a life lived without struggle, apart from the main currents of intercourse, yields little to would-be biographers; an apparent indifference to literary fame suggests the self-effacement of modesty. At a time when originality, coupled with a rare note in metrical expression, is not a loud cry in our market-place, his continuous obscurity seems almost astonishing. First disclosed, under a pseudonym, in England, and now, with the lapse of thirty years, finding a limited, though joyful, audience in the United States, we must seek excuse for our oversight in the welter of books and the modest medium of his initial appearance. Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, American re-discoverer of verses printed by a London publisher in 1884, in a volume limited to five hundred copies, holds the copyright to "Under a Fool's Cap," and has put in circulation a second edition.

It is the age of the superlative, and mediocrity, adroitly advertised and even critically extolled, has too often assailed the porches of our ears with its insistent tom-toms. But listen to Holmes:

Daffy-down-dilly has come up to town,
In her green petticoat and yellow gown.

With this cryptic jingle for a text, Holmes retires behind the curtain, and emerges triumphantly with that all-too-mysterious maiden,

From the far-away South,
  Where endless Summer sleeps endless dreams,
  With her eyes and hair full of loose sunbeams,
And a kiss on her mouth,

she stands amidst the broil and babble of the market-place. It is a dead, dreary, smoke-laden town, with cheerless people living somehow through a dragging day,

Till Daffy-down-dilly suddenly trips
Her tambourine over her finger-tips
  And begins to dance.

A poet's dream of the bayadere, with her naked arms, and slender legs bare up to the knees. The dance of the fauns! Gradually the tired and timid people gather about her "as the spell of her spreads,"

Till a sunbeam strikes like a sabre-flash,
And turns to fire and gold the trash
  Of her gypsy-shreds.

And then her witchery reigns supreme:
The streets flash white, the houses gleam
  While in maddening whirl,
From end to end of the market-place
A frenzied chorus of dance keeps pace
  With the dancing-girl.

And it seems as though Almighty Pan
Had sudden blown in the nostrils of man
  His fiery breath of laughter:
So Daffy-down-dilly came up to town,
In her green petticoat and yellow gown,
  And April came after.

But this is the flash from just one facet. It is not easy to classify the man who wrote these lines. What, indeed, is "light" verse, and in what category will the label-maker place certain of the songs in this little volume? Surely, for sheer lyric quality, for tenderness, feeling, humanity, and the grace that disguises strength, the metrical art of Holmes reveals a singer who belongs in the most distinguished company. There is great variety in the twenty-four sets of verses. The suggestion of Pantaloon is mere pretense; for when did Pantaloon learn to strike the lyre of the true lyric poet? In all simplicity and unaffectedness, Holmes sings his song with the Mother Goose motive, and, lo! you are listening to the sort of tragic recital with which a supernormal *Trilby* thrilled her audience, the metamorphosis of a Marlborough into a hero of Valhalla. Or it is Pierrot, with the brave gaiety that hides a sad heart. At times it is Béranger, with a touch of the American Bunner. Smiling lips and grave eyes belong to the man who embroiders the old catch:

Violet 's blue—Diddle, diddle!
  Lavender 's green,
When I am king—Diddle, diddle!
  You shall be queen.

But, he asks lightly, pretending all the time that he is not terribly in earnest:

Can our hearts beat—Diddle, diddle!
  Our love unfold,
Prisoned in pomp,—Diddle, diddle!
  Girdled with gold?

Ah, no, for,

Love thrives alone—Diddle, diddle!
  In open air;
Where pageants are—Diddle, diddle!
  Love is not there.

Memories of Mother Goose come with cloudy wings to us grown-ups, as the recollections of his childhood came to Renan, "like the bells of a lost city rung under water." When this unpretentious singer sets the chimes a-going, it is sometimes a silvery peal and sometimes a knell. You will recall the pleasant jingle of "Banbury Cross"—of the fine lady

With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

Whence and whither rode she? To greet her lover, to be sure, "home from his quest to the Holy Shrine." Observe her cavaliers—squires in scarlet and helmeted knights, pages and heralds and clowns. In

her cap, cock-feathers of crimson, herself "red-rose with the joy to come," she comes to Banbury town, and there lies the corpse of her lover, "like a dog that is let to die in the street." And that is why (Mother Goose this time supplies the final stanza):

Thro' the wax and wane of the changing years,
A lady rides with wailing and tears,
A rich-clad lady—a lady mad—
Singing a song that is wondrous sad:

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine Lady ride on a gray horse,
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

There is one poem that might well have been addressed to Americans of to-day. It celebrates that idle urchin "Little Boy Blue," who could not even discharge his easy task of tending the sheep, but must fall asleep under a hay-cock, while the hard-wrung fruit of the farmer's toil is trodden under foot by the wandering herds. Plague on all idlers and dreamers of dreams! And yet:

How often his horn's silver melody came,
Staying your courage, when courage had flagg'd,
Lighting the dead heavy burden you dragg'd:

Where do you think he has found them grow,
These wonderful songs which have cheer'd you so?
Toil as you may, in the sweat of your brow,
You will find none such, where you delve and plough.

Would you know why Margery Daw sold her bed to live in dirt? It is not a tale for children, so how could Mother Goose tell it? "Daniel Henry, Jun." (the name that buried Holmes's identity in the original edition), takes up the song where the nursery-rhyme leaves off, departing for once from the meter of his text. Margery is Victor Hugo's *Fantine,* the *Gretchen* of Goethe. With her baby to provide for, and the door closed to repentance, she sells her bed, gown, shawl,

Till her all lay piled on the pawner's shelf;
Then she clench'd her teeth and sold herself.

Shame, sickness, hunger, cold, fever, madness, a loaf snatched in a moment of despair, the gaol—

Not a sparrow falls, they say—Oh well!
God was not looking when Margery fell.

It is not a pleasant story, but even unpleasant stories have an ending:

See-saw! Margery Daw!
What a wise and bountiful thing, the Law!
It makes all smooth—for she 's out of her head,
And her brat is provided for. It 's dead.

It is impossible of course to convey in extracts the cumulative force and beauty of a brief poem. Around the suggestion, in "My Lady's Garden," of "silver bells, and cockle-shells, and pretty girls all in a row," Holmes has woven a garland of verses that exhales the perfume of roses, and enshrines the sanctity of pure womanhood. By day the pretty girls, with wonderful wings and silver crowns, sway and swing with the nodding of the flowers. Only with night begins their magic toil, when, decked with their bells and shells, and "chaunting Runic hymns and spells,"

They spread their faint green wings abroad,
Their wings and clinging robes abroad,
And upward through the pathless blue
They soar, like incense smoke, to God,

Who gives them crystal dreams to hold,
And snow-white hopes and thoughts to hold,
And laughter spun of beams of the sun,
And tears that shine like molten gold.

Then, when their chaliced hands can hold no more,

Through space and night they take their flight
To where my Lady lies asleep.

Under their ministrations she grows in loveliness,

In sorcery such, that at her touch,
Sweet laughter blossoms and songs unclose.

Given the suggestion, Holmes embroiders the bare idea with the magic of his own errant fancy. That enigmatic ancient

"The Old Man in Leather,"—who, upon closer inspection, is really clothed in "gold-figured black shagreen,"—accompanies the poet to his bachelor quarters, occupies the arm-chair, makes himself at home. Grave eyes, filled with love and pity, gaze steadfastly at his new acquaintance. Then from the drift of hopes and dreams his identity emerges: incarnation of youth's ideals and early manhood's imaginings, "Just as a child had pictured once, just as a fool had will'd":

No need was there to tell his name, no need
to speak his meaning,
I recognized him through the mists of ages
intervening,
This was the Ghost which in my dreams the
Future show'd to me:
Myself! that never was; alas, myself! that
could not be.

World traveler, the poet contemplates the Sphinx, buried in burning sands, once overtopped by the image of earthly omnipotence. But now the nations have forgotten his very name, and the desert broods o'er the broken god,

While on so much of its base that stands
Worn by the tides of men's lips, and the
sands,
This is inscribed, in a cockney's scrawl,
Last and bloodiest gibe of all:
HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on a WALL.

We are made acquainted with the unhappy history of "The Old Woman under the Hill," once a fair young lassie, beguiled by a demon lover who led her into Shadowland, where she lost her youth and beauty:

A queer little body, all shrivelled and brown,
In her earth-colour'd mantle and rain-
colour'd gown,
Incessantly fumbling strange grasses and
weeds,
Like a ricketty cricket, a-saying its beads.

In "Curly Locks" we find new treatment of a text that has often tempted the rhyme-makers. In "Cock-a-doodle-do!" dame and master struggle home, bedraggled, through the thick silence and ghastly dawn that follow upon carnival. Cock-a-doodle-do! In the uncertain glow of the red-eyed street lamps we see them trudging through the storm:

Tame goblins, sleepy sprites,
Glum ladies, rueful knights,
Pale slender angels in drabbled gowns,
Plump devils in ravell'd tights.

And, arm in arm, God wot!
The sorriest of the lot,
My master, as an old Volkslied,
My dame, as a Gavotte.

"Willy Winkie," intrusted with the care of all baby-kind,

From the mud-lark, fast asleep
On bare curbstone,
To the puppet, plump and pink,
Heir to the throne,

is an inspiration. We follow him eagerly as he goes his rounds with lanthorn and staff, ministering in all manner of queer ways to his sleeping charges, until day comes, and off he flies to blow out the stars. "The Beggars Come to Town," and King Cophetua no longer pines. "Little Blue Betty," with her good ale, and her own notions about kissing, fades away with the inn that a railroad buffet has invaded; in her place a proper young person in pink, selling ale which he has n't the heart to drink. "Burnie Bee" is exhorted to take her wings and fly away from the poison-flowers of art and song, gorgeous blossoms, but, to him who ventures near, laden with a fever no physic can allay.

And his soul—fire-crown'd and shod—
Will go sorrowing like a god
Fallen from the stars astray—
Take your wings and fly away.

The reader, let us hope, has been enabled to perceive that Daniel Henry Holmes is indeed a "find," for American poets who "in lighter vein" have sung with ease and elegance are all too few. In England, only Owen Seaman lingers on the scene. Behind him, in almost unbroken procession, are Locker, Praed, and Gilbert, Calverley, Lang, and J. K. Stephen. Linked with the names of these is Thackeray himself, who could turn from an "Esmond" and the essays on the Georges to the production in light-footed rhyme of

verses which he himself described, in a letter to Locker, as "small beer, but the right brew." Each one of them wrote, in his own style, certain things that approximate what we call poetry, assuming even, in some instances, a gossamer singing robe cut close to the pattern of Euterpe's.

Here, in the United States, the genre has not been sedulously cultivated. Dr. Holmes, Bret Harte more especially, Lowell, and Stedman least of all, intermittently wore the motley or piped in minor key. Bayard Taylor, author of our greatest pure lyric, took his ease in the critical parodies of "The Echo Club." Yet we hardly think of any one of these great masters in his own métier as brothers to the band of minor poets.

He who seeks for sterner stuff may look askance at the poet crowned with the fool's cap. Yet somehow his trade is not of the overcrowded—I mean in master craftsmen. For mastery in this craft means a metrical utterance that is not alone prosody, with perfection of accent, rhyme attuned to the modern exacting ear; not merely mellifluous fluting to some pretty conceit or threadbare theme, but verse charged as well with feeling, thought, and sincerity. Passion, pity, sentiment, imagination, a perception of life as it is lived to-day, not in the time of the Greeks, enter into the composition of that "cap-and-bells" poetry for which, in its more significant forms of expression, we have no truly descriptive name. But whether it registers a lighter mood alone, touches, though with raillery, the fringe of emotion, or deftly indicates an episode or experience or impression too fluid for the medium of prose, too fanciful or too tripping for the trumpet tones of the wholly serious poet, it must somehow be adorned with that unmistakable, but quite inexplicable, "touch" which distinguishes the literary and lasting, however "slight," from the unliterary and ephemeral performance.

This is the test you may safely apply to Daniel Henry Holmes (1851–1908), who, striking the strings in troubadour fashion, left to poets more pretentious the pursuit of that "grand manner" which has been many a bard's undoing.

My own first impressions of his songs remain with me: I would not willingly exchange them for some poems I acknowledge as classics. They are of the things that we are drawn to when more commanding voices cannot call us. And as Holmes appears to me, may I metrically inscribe it as one admirer's halting tribute to a true and tender poet?

"Under a Fool's Cap."—Whom it fits may wear it.
Fitting the word to action: *Homo sum.*
Crowned like a Jester, as a Knight I bear it.
Would ye be Knights? To our dominion come:—
Holmes, prince of poets, enters on his own—
King, that a clown is; dead, that sits a throne.

Poet, whose pangs were ever pain of others;
Jongleur, whose joys were touched with just a tear;
Stranger to strife, yet moved by all it mothers,
Singer, aloof from all who would give ear:
He who had caught a whisper of your song
Whispered to Echo—Echo to the throng.

Dullards are we that only drink of sorrow,
Plodders are we perceiving only pain—
Wooing our woe that greater hearts do borrow,
Gray with our grief to master minds a gain.
You whom Misfortune passed so lightly by—
You had divined the meaning of *our* sigh.

Dear dilettante! Idle was your singing—
Idyl your song in those idyllic days:
Harlequin-Orpheus! Hear the harebells ringing—
Columbine coyly listening to your lays.
Little Boy Blue! Sad Ruth amid the corn
Ravished of ruth, had she but heard your horn.

Horn of a Roland—yet somehow refashioned:
Wound for the runes of rhythmic revelry.
Proteus of poets! with new notes impassioned,
Showing us shapes of World-old poesy—
Wordsworth, had he but let the gods go by,
Still might have caught the music of you cry.

THE NEW NEST

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Author of "The Messenger," "White Roses," etc.

GWENDOLEN, my daughter-in-law, motored up rather early that blustering March morning to take me to the folk-song recital at the Signers'. Somehow it rasped me a little to see her trail in looking so gracious and serene. It was a raspy morning, anyway, for I was in the midst of a fretting wrangle with Winifred, my son Norton's little girl. Ever since Gertrude, my son's wife, died, his two daughters have made their home with me. They 're dear children, but for some reason they 're harder to manage than all five of my own ever were. Maybe I 'm too easily worried. When you 're seventy-six, you just can't stand contention. It makes you limp and trembly all over.

"But, Granny, it 's so tiresome to have Eliza forever tagging," whined Winifred. "Why can't Lila Elliott's maid take both of us?"

"But Eliza is so faithful, Winifred," I began, with my usual quavering apology. However, Gwendolen came to my rescue. I 'm just a harmless, necessary grandmother, but Aunt Gwen is quite another story. Both little girls stand in admiring awe of her, her tall, withdrawn beauty, her marvelous clothes. I stand a little in awe of her myself, though I would n't let her know it. Not for untold gold.

"Eliza is acting as Winifred's maid, Mother?" Her delicate brows arched sharply. "I wonder you dare ask it. Eliza is invaluable to you. Let one of the younger maids go about with the girls."

Winifred's small, discontented face was a study.

"It is imposing on Eliza, but I feel so safe about Winifred—"

"Feel safe about Winifred! I should hope you might. Of all the admirable—"

"I think I 'll go on, Grandmother," Winifred piped up meekly. "I don't want to keep Eliza waiting."

She bobbed two demure curtsies, and sped away. Gwendolen sighed.

"Winifred is twelve now, and Louise ten. How Norton's children are growing up! Norton asks a great deal of you, Mother. I wonder if he appreciates what you do for them."

"Norton always appreciates everything," I flared. "N-no, he has n't said so. He never does speak out. He always was the most close-mouthed child I ever had. But I know he is grateful and loving. He does n't need to tell me so."

"Of course. But they are difficult children. Poor little things! they had such a wretched start in life!"

I flinched at that. My poor little motherless girls! Gwendolen did not look my way.

"They say a man can always build again." Gwendolen spoke half to herself.

"We women can't. There 's only the one nesting-time for us. But they say, no matter how shattered his life may be, a man can forget. He can begin anew. If Norton would marry again—if he only could! But he never will. There is nothing left to build with." She stood looking down at the snowy park. I don't think she knew how every word was stabbing me. "Norton's life is like a burned-out world, for Gertrude wrecked everything long before she died—all his courage, all his faith, all that splendid, gay ambition of his. No, it would be a dismal joke for poor old Norton to try to build again."

I must have put my hands up over my ears, for Gwendolen stopped short, then cried out in quick self-reproach:

"O Mother! Oh, I did not mean to hurt you so!"

"It does n't matter; I 've long since known that, Gwendolen."

Yet her words had hurt, and sorely, although every thought of my dear, good younger son is like a thorn in my heart because of the long, thorny road that he has trodden.

"It is time for the recital, Mother. Of course you 're going?"

"I suppose so, though I 'd rather go to that new Scotch comedy."

"But there 's so much more to the music, Mother!" Gwen's voice fluted with angelic patience toward the cantankerous old lady. True; there 's so much more to the music that I 'd rather stay away. It rouses too many aching thoughts, it stirs the ashes of old, frustrated hopes and dreams. Better to go to the comedy, and laugh, and come away.

"Well, I 'll go. I may as well."

After all, the recital did not make much difference. All the old, harsh memories were awake. The music could neither evoke nor quell. Through the long program I sat there in the great rose room, my old brain toiling away on its eternal round, like a stumbling old horse on its treadmill.

Last winter Gwendolen heckled me into attending a course of lectures on eugenics, given by a world-renowned, yet singularly artless, scientist. After dragging us by our weary ears all around Robin Hood's barn, he won this ingenuous goal: that, for all our boasted civilization, we are at best only primitive animals. That our basic needs are just as sovereign as they were in the gray mornings, a thousand centuries ago, when we women stood on the ledges before our caves, with our babies on our backs, and watched our men paddle away down the roaring cañon-river, and cried them good hunting. And that these needs are today what they were then—a safe, quiet hiding-place for the little ones; work for the woman to do for her own, with her own hands; warmth and food and comfort for the man when he comes home tired and cold from the day's hunt. Well, Gwen's artless scientist was indubitably correct. I knew all that when he was cutting his milk-teeth. So did every other woman. Almost every other woman; for that was what Gertrude never knew, what Gertrude never could understand.

Perhaps there had been no real woman in Gertrude. Perhaps she was just a charming pink-and-white shell. All the big, powerful, vital instincts were shrunk and withered in her. Her own home made no appeal. Her children always irritated her. Even when they were just tiny, soft armfuls, she left them to the nurse as much as she could. As for Norton, she had no more longing to protect him, to mother him, to shield him at his work, than would a pink-and-white butterfly. Like Professor Agassiz, Norton had no time to make money. But Gertrude was minded to mend all that. The first years she coaxed and teased, with pretty beguilings. After that she grew plaintive, abused, and frequently wondered why Norton could not realize that she was young, pretty, and eager for all the things that money could buy. I dare say it never occurred to her that, given peace of mind and time, Norton might make some discovery that would give her all the luxuries she craved. But, as Charles Edward grimly said, Gertrude never wasted good gray matter in reasoning things out. Instead, she lived by one precept alone: let Norton do it.

And Norton did it, or tried to. Year after year he plodded on, teaching all day, keeping an eye on the little girls and their haphazard nurses, calming the perennial tempests in the kitchen, forever struggling against the tides of debt that forever menaced him. Silent, taciturn, never complaining—all that was Norton's way;

and concerning Gertrude his mouth was sealed with the double seal of love and shame.

When Winifred was five and Louise three, Gertrude's uncle died and left her all his money. At last, she jubilantly declared, she could go as far as she liked. She went far enough. Norton's hands were full that winter, for his senior professor had gone to Berlin for his sabbatical year. Gertrude managed very well without him. She was already popular among the rich, gay younger set. She had several devoted cavaliers. One, a handsome, reckless boy, heir to a great fortune, had made her conspicuous more than once by his flamboyant attentions. No, she did not need Norton; and Norton, fagged, angry, disheartened, held his tongue, and let her gang her ain gait.

It was all wrong of Norton, of course. He should have held her back. His was a strong nature; he could have ruled. But that was Norton all over. Never would he speak out. Always he kept silent, though the heavens should fall.

The black months that followed! Charles Edward and Gwendolen were conspiring to keep things from me, I well knew. But sinister echoes reached me. Only Norton's prestige, joined to an eloquent handful of Charles Edward's money, had availed to keep one or two of her exploits from the public eye. Norton never said anything. Yes, Gertrude was well. She was spending this week in the Berkshires, he believed. Next week she had planned a run to Washington in young Schoonover's private car. Somehow he did n't care to see her accept so much from Schoonover. "But you know Gertrude." He stopped, with a wry laugh that sent the furious pulses leaping in my throat. Yes, I knew Gertrude.

Two weeks later I fled up to Boston, swept on a wind of mad, unknowing fear. I did not go out to Harbridge, though. Instead, I telephoned from the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth were out for the evening. Yes, both were well. Yes, the maid would give my message to Mr. Wentworth. Certainly.

"So much for your foresight, you flighty, old wild goose!" I scolded as I settled down with a book. But at midnight Norton came to me. That hour is burned into my soul.

It was a rough, wet night, and Norton was in evening dress, but he 'd forgotten his overcoat. He blundered into my room at the heels of the page. In his arms he carried little Louise, sound asleep. Winifred toddled beside him. Norton stared at me. His face was drawn and ghastly, as hard as steel.

"Good evening, Mother. Sorry to come so late, but—it could n't be helped. I 've brought you the kids. Do you remember, Mother, when we were little tads,"—his ashy face whitened, his lean hands twitched,—"when we were little tads, like my babies here, you—you saved us jolts? Well, that 's why I 'm bringing you the children. I"—he stopped; the veins swelled dark on his forehead—"I don't want them to see their mother for a while. Do you—do you see?"

I took the children from him. They did n't seem to matter so much; but if only I could have taken my son in my arms and comforted him! He was not my grave, dignified young professor any longer; he was my little beaten, hurt boy. But I dared not touch him lest I unnerve him. I dared not say one word. This woman, this breathing shame, was his wife. I must hold silence. But the anger that swept me crushed out the last spark of youth in me. No, it is better not to remember.

I don't recall things very distinctly after that. Nobody ever mentioned Gertrude to me, and through those months I never mustered courage to ask one question. I waited, cowering, before the shadow of prescience that darkened with every hour.

When the blow fell, my children had not the heart to tell me. Instead, the news leaped out at me from flaming headlines.

Gertrude and Landon Schoonover had motored up to Pittsfield to the Aëro Club races. There, according to the newspapers, Norton would meet them later in the day. As it chanced, Norton was attending the Academy of Science meeting in Worcester, so the lying report carried conviction. Young Schoonover, it was well known, drove always at a reckless pace. Flying down a long hill, he had not seen the red flag at the culvert ahead. His heavy car crashed through the timbers and capsized in the gully below.

When the horrified laborers pried the car from his body, he was just breathing his last. Gertrude was instantly killed.

Over and over those cruel, eager despatches shouted their tale. Never once did they carry a word, a hint, of blame. Once more Charles Edward's money had done its work. To the eyes of the world, to her college acquaintances even, Gertrude had died unscathed. A charming woman; rather pronounced in her tastes, perhaps, for the wife of a college professor, but all the more charming for that. She had been widely known. She would be deeply mourned.

After those terrible days, life turned again into dun, quiet paths. Norton brought the children to me. Then he went back to Harbridge, and threw himself into his work. By July he was so fearfully worn that Charles Edward dragged him out of his laboratory, and packed him off to Norway with me.

He was docile enough about going, docile and silent. I had tried all along to interest him in other things; I 'd tinkered up many foolish, loving diversions, only to see them fail. But now, when I saw this journey fail, all hope died in me. He was very patient about it, a little dull, a little benumbed, like a creature stupefied by a mortal blow. I did n't try to rouse him any more. I just sat by, hour on hour, and watched that beaten soul give way, quenched, lifeless, the ship go down in port, her pilot broken by his wheel.

At the piano a woman was singing a ballad of pity and tears, with a haunting, wild refrain. I locked my shaking hands. The music was lashing those memories into my heart.

"Wasted, wasted, wasted! No, it cannot be. All my boy's splendid promise shall not fall away to ashes. It cannot be. It shall not be!" But the song wailed it on, crying my heart aloud, telling it all to the listening world.

"You look pale, Mother. I 'm afraid that long program bored you. I 'll stop to luncheon with you." Gwendolen looked at me keenly.

I did n't want Gwendolen, I did n't want anybody; but maybe it was as well to keep her with me awhile.

So Gwendolen went home with me. But as luncheon was announced, Eliza brought in my mail.

"Here 's a letter from Norton," said I.

"Read it, Mother. Luncheon can wait."

Gwen sat down to the piano. Absently she began to play that Cossack ballad. Its aching refrain beat through the page before my eyes as I read:

My dear, dear Best Ever [for Norton, whose dumb lips hardly ever speak a loving word, is tenderness itself when he writes to me], "I want to tell you my news this minute. You must be the first to know of my great honor and happiness. Hilda Brewster, whom you know and love, has promised to be my wife. At Easter. I know you will be glad for me, dear Mother.

Always your affectionate son,

NORTON.

I stared at it line on line. Gwen's music flickered through the words, a mocking web of sorcery. One minute ago that refrain had been the cry of endless grief. Now it lilted to those tranquil, incredible words, "I know you will be glad for me —glad for me."

"What *is* it, Mother?" Gwen's hands dropped with a clash. She sprang to me.

"Nothing. Only—Norton."

"Norton?" Swift dread woke in Gwendolen's face.

"No, it 's good news, Gwen. He is to be married."

"Married! Norton!"

"Yes; to Hilda Brewster."

"Hilda Brewster! Why, she 's a mere child! She was graduated at Smith in Isabel's class. She 's a darling, but she can't be a day over twenty-four. And Norton is forty. It can't be true!"

"What if he is forty? It is true, just the same." Maybe I was a little snappish. Sixteen years seem a grave difference; yet a great, pounding surge of hope was leaping through me thrill on thrill.

I had seen a good deal of Hilda the summer before. Norton had seen a good deal of her, too, though I 'd thought nothing of that. Hilda stood before my eyes as she looked, in those hot, bright mornings, when she 'd stop on the porch to cool off after her round of tennis. I could see her tall, vigorous young figure, the Saxon-blue of her eyes, the velvet curve of her cheek. I could hear her low, deferential young voice; for Hilda, athlet

modern girl, was reared to all the fine courtesies of an older day. Woven into her nature were all the gentle old-time precepts: industry, patience, duty, grace, and reverence. True, wise, happy-hearted, a Salem Brewster, every sound, sweet inch of her. Into those young, strong hands my son had laid the tangled threads of his life. "I know you will be glad for me—" O my son, my beloved, wounded child! Could he only know how glad!

Those weeks flashed by, a shining pageant. Hilda and Norton were married very quietly at Easter, and went straight to Harbridge. There Hilda set up the new home precisely as you 'd know a Salem Brewster would go about it. She chose a small, cozy house on a quiet street. She filled it with Norton's old furniture, and decked it with her wedding-gifts. She made for Norton and the children the first real home that they had ever known.

The little girls adored her from the start. They bloomed under her hand. And Norton—oh, I need not ask how it was with my son! Even the children's letters told so blessedly much. "Mother and father and us kids motor out to the lake twice a week and go swimming, and it 's simply great." "Mother has double-dared father to sign up for the tennis finals. He has gone into stiff training, and he growls most awfully because she won't allow him but one cigar a day. But we girls are betting our allowances on him, and he says, if his own wife and daughters are willing to gamble on him, he guesses he must buck up and save the family coin." "Mother's class has its fifth reunion in June. She 's going to cart us all up to Northampton and show us off. She says father absolutely must finish his 'Plant Physiology' by that time, so she can blow about it. He 's working like a Turk, and she 's helping revise. She helps on the drawings, too."

That was enough. Straws, maybe; but give any mother such straws, and she 'll build her whole House of Content. At first I 'd thought Hilda might be a little too young, too practical, too "concrete." She had never known suffering. Would she fail in sympathy? Mind you, she knew nothing of the ugly truths of his earlier marriage. When that sordid tragedy was played, she was a child at school. But now I knew. Sympathy was the last thing that Norton needed. Instead, he hungered for the very things Hilda gave—work, laughter, ambition, the clean, flashing joy of life, the awakening of desire.

The one day they spent with me gave all I could ask. Peter put that visit into words. Peter sees everything.

"Gosh! Granny," said Peter, sadly, "ain't I your heart's own treasure any more? You have n't given me one blink to-day. You do nothing but gape and gaze at Hilda. You look at her as if she was your one best bet."

Peter was right. I 'd chanced my all on Hilda, and she had won for me. I looked at my girl, so sweet, so fair, in her new wifely dignity. I looked at my son —my son, a year ago a worn, gray, silent man; to-day a great, eager, spirited boy, his head up, his eyes shining, pride and delight in every word and glance. And my heart knelt in love and gratitude to the girl who had worked this miracle.

"It is all well with my children; it 's all settled, all serene. I 'll never have any excuse for grieving over Norton again. It 's just like the old fairy-tales. 'And so they were married, and lived happily ever after. Forever and ever.' "

Much I knew about it. Even then—

NORTON won the tennis championship, to his huge satisfaction, and the scandalous profit of his gamester progeny. He published his "Plant Physiology," and it made the success of the year. The European reviews made me strut like a sinful old peafowl. Every letter was full of new achievements, glowing with well-being. Hilda's letters, less frequent, bore no shadow of reserve. I never once suspected, I never even dreamed.

In October they came to New York. Norton was to exchange with one of the Columbia men. He was bounding with health and energy. I saw now that his marriage had not just healed; it had renewed the deepest springs. Body and mind were made anew. He was throwing himself headlong into life, like a splendid runner eager for his race.

"Just you watch Uncle Norton's smoke," remarked Peter, pensively. "He 's not on the side-lines any longer, thank you. He 's right in the game."

I laughed at Peter while I exulted. Then I looked at Hilda.

Somehow Hilda was rather quiet nowadays. Very likely it was just my fretty, old-woman notion. Yet mothers develop extra tricks of sight and touch—extra feelers, Peter would say. All was well with my son, but all was not well with my girl.

"Hilda? Why, she looks superbly, Mother." Charles Edward laughed at me. "Too sober? Nonsense. She 's trying to be a dignified Frau Professor, and she 's putting it on a bit thick, that 's all."

I looked at the shadows under Hilda's eyes, the faint, new lines about her lovely mouth. She sat a little back from the noisy family roomful. Somehow it was as if she sat withdrawn behind a curious barrier—a barrier as impalpable as frost, maybe, as impassable as a wall of stone.

"If there 's anything more tiresome than an old lady per se, it 's a prying old lady, Mary Caroline," said I, severely. "Can't you keep your meddlesome thumbs out of other folks' porridge? Is n't it enough to look on happiness, without sticking in a pin to make sure whether it 's alive or stuffed?"

After which, I tossed on my unreasoning pillow all night long. Norton's happiness was n't stuffed with sawdust. That I knew. But Hilda—Hilda! And as I watched her day by day, and saw the deepening shadows in her sweet eyes, the weariness of her silence, it was as if I looked on my own precious daughter in a pain that I could not ease.

It was not long till Gwen spoke. Gwen's eyes are very keen.

"Don't you think, Mother, that Hilda seems a little—different?"

"Different?"

"Well, tired, perhaps. Yet there 's something awry, I know."

All my cunning awoke. Instantly I was wild to shield my girl.

"Hilda is perfectly all right, Gwen. We don't realize what a woman she has grown. Can't you see how faithfully she manages her household? Don't you see how happy she has made Norton?"

Gwen gave me a long, slow, steady glance. Her lips curled. Out of her pitiless woman wisdom she spoke.

"Yes, I can see. Hilda has made Norton so happy that he can forget. As for Hilda herself—"

She caught up her furs. She dared not look at me.

"Good-by, Mother. I must hurry. I 'm late to luncheon now."

"Gwen and I are conjuring up a whole witch-band of terrors," I scolded to myself. "There are no cowards on earth like the women who hold love fast, yet are afraid. I know, because I 'm one of 'em. And Gwen is another. And Hilda—No, I shall not grieve over Hilda another minute. If my own son is n't enough to make any woman happy, what more does the little minx want, pray?"

After that I went right on fretting myself to aching old fiddle-strings. Of mornings I 'd laugh at myself for a pestering, old Meddlesome Matty. By twilight Norton and Hilda would drop in for a moment's gossip, Norton alert, buoyant, bubbling with news of his work; Hilda wan, white-cheeked, icy-still. Sometimes I 'd look at them with a queer, scared thought of the eery old-wives' tale, how one who deeply loves can take on the woe of another, and give back happiness and strength in its stead. Almost it seemed that Norton had seized on Hilda's youth, her verve, her eager, merry spirit; as if she sat here empty, desolate, a weary shadow of the radiant girl.

"If Hilda's own mother had lived, so the child could go to her! If she 'd only come to me! But this thing must stop. Hilda shall tell me. Of course I won't be able to help. Mothers never can help. They can just stand by and suffer. But I must know. I can't live and bear it."

Perhaps the urge of my longing reached Hilda's numb heart. She came to me almost every day. All her talk was of pleasant, trivial doings. But one thing puzzled me: times without number she would look at me, her wistful eyes dark with strange question. Then her heavy gaze would turn to the portrait of Frederic, my husband, that hangs always above my piano. It 's a direful crayon smudge that Charles Edward had made for me, the little dear, with his very first earnings. And I 'd wonder and wonder what that questioning look could mean.

Then one day, as simply as a curtain lifted, she told me all.

"Granny, I want to ask you something." Hilda sat staring at Frederic's portrait. Her cheek was gray-white today. Her pale lips quivered. "Have you ever thought, could you ever consider—could you have married a second time?"

For a minute I did n't see at all. Instead, I caught my breath. Even at seventy-six I possess the lively remains of a very peppery temper. Marry a second time! I who had been Frederic Wentworth's wife! Then I chuckled inside. It was absurd to be so touchy. Hilda had never seen Frederic. The child had no idea what she was saying. Besides, if she judged by that crayon daub!

"Women don't marry twice, Hilda—women like me, who have had all that love can give. If you 'd known Norton's father, you 'd understand."

"What about men, Granny? Is it the same way with them?"

Then at last, poor, old, blind bat, I saw and understood.

"With men it—it 's different. Men can forget. They can build again. Life can be just as exquisite, just as new, as in its beginning."

"Perhaps," Hilda replied. "But it may be with one man as it is with you, Granny. The first life was the real one; the new life is n't new. It 's just patchwork, just makeshift."

"I think not, Hilda." My heart pounded so hard that the words nearly choked me. Oh, the poor, sore-hearted little goose! "New life is not makeshift. It is transformation. It is as supreme as dawn. All the old matters are put away. All the old, sad memories are forgotten."

"Ah, are they, Granny? Are you sure?"

The question flashed out like a sword-thrust. Hilda's eyes blazed, then dulled with heavy mists.

"Hilda, come here! Come to me this minute!"

She hung back; then she came like a child, and crept into my arms. She did not talk to me as one woman talks to another. She poured it all out as if I 'd been a graven image, a dim saint in a shrine. Bleeding shred by shred, she unpacked her soul.

"Granny, he 's got to love me best. I can't take my half-loaf. I won't. And he does n't really love me. He never will. Gertrude came first. Gertrude was his real love. Gertrude has it all."

"*Gertrude!*"

"I 'm not blaming Norton, not one bit. But he treats me like a child, Granny. He laughs at everything I say, he romps with me precisely as he does with the little girls. He comes tearing home from his classes, and he storms all over the house, and sings and whistles, and wants the most ridiculous things to eat, and behaves as if he was about fifteen. So do I, for that matter. I 'm always so glad when he comes back to me that I—I don't think about things then; I don't seem to care. But Norton never does think. He never does care. He does nothing but rest and enjoy himself and just be glad."

I thought what Norton's home-comings used to be seven years ago.

"But surely you want him to enjoy his home!"

"Want him to? I 'm wilder than he is. Every minute that Norton is with me, I 'm just so happy!" Her soft eyes deepened. Her voice took on the exquisite cadence of the woman beloved. "Oh, he 's such a darling, Granny! But to him I 'm nothing but a nice kid, that 's all. I don't reach the depths of Norton's nature. I never shall."

"Well, but maybe he 'd quite as lief not have those depths stirred up. Most of us feel that way. And mind this: Norton is yours, my child, heights and depths and all."

"If I could believe that!" Hilda trembled. "But I know you, Granny. You 'd perjure yourself cheerfully to comfort me. Anyway, no matter what tender fibs you 'd tell, I 'd know better. Gertrude came first. She had it all. She has it all now."

I opened my mouth; then I shut it again hard.

Gertrude was in her grave. All her poor, faulty days were buried with her. She had been my son's wife, the mother of his children. I could not say one word; but these words were scorching on my tongue:

"Yes, Gertrude had it all—all his youth, his clean ambition, his eager hopes. And she wasted and blighted and threw away. She killed his love so utterly that she 's no more to him now than the dead grass above her. Then you came. And

you, Hilda, are not just the love of his heart; you are the breath of life to your man."

But I dared not. Even to the pleading face that I loved I could not give comfort. For my lips were closed. I could not tell the cruel truth about the dead—the poor dead to whom only silence can be kind.

"Her portrait has told me so much," Hilda went on in her slow, colorless voice—"the beautiful, unfinished one."

"You don't mean you keep that picture hanging in the library!"

Hilda nodded.

"At first Norton said we 'd put it away; but I said no, we 'd keep it right there—for the children. It seemed as if we ought, you know. Norton never speaks of it. But whenever he looks at it, he forgets what he 's saying; and his eyes grow so grave and sad! Oh, poor, poor boy!"

I should think his eyes would sadden when he looks at that portrait. It was painted by a man of whom he bitterly disapproved, a fat-witted, impudent young adorer of Gertrude's. Gertrude's sittings to him had occasioned so much talk that the artist himself had taken alarm, and had sailed for Europe without giving the last touches.

"Though he never speaks of it, he seems to shrink from it, poor fellow!"

Yes, I understood that, too; but I set my lips.

"If I only counted—the *least* bit!" Hilda's hand trembled in mine. "But I don't; I 'm just the thing that holds his home together."

"Well, that 's a pretty important job, Hilda."

"Any hired woman could do it."

"Could she? My child, listen. Don't you know your husband loves you so dearly that he never thinks of telling you so? Norton never speaks out. Even when he was a baby, he was the most provoking, tongue-tied little clam! But his love is as deep as his silence."

"If he does love me, he should tell me."

Yes, he ought; but he never would. That 's Norton. I felt an unmotherly desire to cuff his ears.

"But he does n't truly care. Gertrude came first; Gertrude has it all. And I 've got to stand it. I 'm a horrid bother to heap all this on your shoulders, Granny. I 'm going, now. Good-by, dear."

She went away heavily. I looked after her. I had n't a word to say; I could only listen. That 's what you pay for being a mother, mind you. You listen, and you wait. If only I dared drop a word to Norton! If only I dared tell Hilda the truth! No, nothing remained but to fold my hands and hold my tongue, though I 'd have bitten a piece out of it for the chance to say one word.

It was days and days before I saw Hilda again. Through that time I was n't a mild, precise old lady any more. I was a sullen, tormented wild thing, threshing myself out against that adamant wall. Yet even in my angry rebellion I could not loose the bonds that held me; for there was my duty to the dead, then the stronger seal that closes the lips of every mother. For your son is flesh of your flesh. The woman he has married may be as dear as your own sweet daughter; yet, as you value their love, hold your silence. Break your heart, if you like; but never lay even your gentlest mother touch upon the secrets of man and wife.

HILDA did not come to me again. I knew why. She was angry with herself for having talked to me. Very likely she was angry with me for having listened. I stood that waiting as long as I could. At last, one gray, cold day, I took my courage in both hands. I went straight to Hilda's apartment, and dragged her home to luncheon.

"Norton will be away all day," I insisted against her faint demur. "I need you, Hilda. I 'm abominably lonesome and grumpy."

"I need you, too, Granny." Hilda sank down before my fire. The little chill of reserve with which she had greeted me was gone. On her white face only weariness remained.

"How is Norton? I hardly see him nowadays."

"Very well. And very busy. His book is bringing him a lot of interesting correspondence, you know. This afternoon he 'll put in at the gymnasium. He 's going in for the Marathon hike, and he 's a bit soft."

"Was it your idea for him to go in on the Marathon?"

"Yes."

"You always do think of the right thing for Norton, Hilda."

Hilda's heavy eyes did not brighten. In these weeks her face had changed mysteriously. The velvety crimson had faded from her cheeks. Her mouth was pinched and gray.

"What have you planned for the afternoon?"

"Nothing, Granny."

"Won't you go somewhere with me? A little drive or shopping?"

"Just as you like, Granny. It does n't matter."

"Hilda, child, what does matter so terribly these days?" I put my arms about her; but it was like clasping a woman of stone. "You are n't breaking your dear, foolish heart over a whim!"

"No, Granny. If I 'm breaking it at all, I 'm breaking it on a fact." A wintry gleam crossed her face. "Don't fret over me, dear. I do well enough. Where shall we go?"

"Hilda, I don't want to plague you, but it hurts me so to see you suffer!"

"Well, I 'm a pig to let you see it, Granny. I 'm a pig, anyway; that 's the whole difficulty. I 'm so greedy I can't just take my little warmed-over slice, and say, 'Thank you kindly; this is a plenty.' It is n't a plenty; I 'm starved out."

"But, Hilda—"

"Don't say, 'But, Hilda,' in that bland mother-superior tone!" She drew back, looking into my face. Her eyes hardened. "Would n't it be the same with you? Would n't you fight with your last breath for your whole loaf? Would n't it just about finish you to know that you never could have it, that another woman had it, every crumb?"

There she had me cornered, beautifully cornered.

"Yes, Hilda. I could n't live and stand it. Once I knew how it feels, only for a week or so. It was long before we were married. There was another girl at our academy, a beauty, and I imagined that Frederic— Yes, I know. Even that one little week—it nearly killed me. I never could laugh about it afterward, though Frederic was always teasing me for my jealousy. I can't laugh about it even now."

"One week! Yet I 've lived and stood it month on month. I 'll have to stand it my whole lifetime. No, I sha'n't." Her eyes flashed dark. "A while ago I thought I could endure it; but now—O Granny, can't you see? Can't you understand?" She hid her face on my breast. "It 's different now. It 's going to be another world, another life, for us. No matter if Gertrude owned him body and soul, he 's got to love me now!"

"Yes, he 's got to, Hilda." I was choking back tears as I kissed her. "But don't I keep telling you that he does love you dearly?"

"He ought to tell me so, and tell me now."

"Yes," said I, grimly. "He ought to tell you now." For the first time in my life a deep, resentful bewilderment filled me toward my dear, oblivious son—my son, who sat before his glowing hearth, the door shut forever on his bleak days; my son, who could see all his new happiness, yet could not see the lonely question in his wife's young eyes. A foolish question; yet when did the woman who loves ever ask a wise one?

Suddenly the senseless misery of it overpowered me. Another minute and I 'd have spoken out; I 'd have smashed all my high-flown vows to splinters, and told it all.

"Hilda, we must n't talk of this any longer. We must n't think about it. Put on your cloak. We 'll go somewhere, anywhere."

"What 's the use, Granny?"

"Because you must get your mind off this—this whimsy. The quickest way is to go and stare at something, no matter what. Stare till you 're so tired you can't think or hear or feel. That new comedy at the Trianon will do. Come."

That hour of the comedy! Through the long, sparkling first act we sat there side by side, like a worried old ghost and an impassive younger one. Not one word of that crisp dialogue reached my ear. I was back on my treadmill, blundering round and round that merciless question. Beside me, Hilda's sleeve was warm against my hand. She sat so close that I heard her faint breathing; yet in her white stillness she seemed a thousand leagues away. Never in all my life have I felt so hopelessly alone.

It was half-way through the second act

when I caught a curious, pungent odor. I have a very keen sense of smell.

At first it was just the slightest acrid tang, a breezy whiff that took me back fifty years and more to a slope of half-cleared woodland, a hot wind in my face, a hazy October sky. I shut my eyes and sniffed in satisfaction at the fine, spicy fragrance of burning brush. Then I smiled at my foolishness. Who, pray tell, would be burning brush on Thirty-ninth Street in front of a nouveau-art theater?

Even in that instant the man beside me turned a blank, yellow-white face toward me and muttered, and a woman in front sprang to her feet, then sat down quickly. Then I knew.

There was no panic at first. Instead, every rustle and whisper stopped. The audience sat moveless, frozen in their seats. It was as if the arched, glittering ceiling were a dome of magic, a vast vacuum-bell in which we could neither speak nor move. In that great, thronged place there was not one sound except the soft clip of the comedian's feet as he took the last steps of his dance.

Then, as if moved by an invisible spring, the audience rose, and began to move decorously toward the aisles.

The orchestra crashed into the next number. The chorus trooped on the stage, laughing and shouting above mad terror. Nobody cried out. Nobody seemed to push or hurry. Past us went those blank, gray lines of faces, staring always upward to where a blue, gauzy wisp curled high across the gilded wall.

"Come, Hilda." I heard my own shaking whisper. "We must go, too. We have n't much time, dear. We have n't much time."

Hilda did not move. Perhaps she did not hear.

"Hilda, child! We must get away. We have n't much time."

Hilda did not stir. She sat as if carved in one with her chair. Her face, pallid, expressionless, was like a mask.

"Hilda!" Then terror shook me—terror of those ghastly faces streaming by, the choking smoke in my throat, the blaring music, my own utter helplessness against this stony, silent girl. Then a dreadful thought came: Hilda did not think of saving herself; Hilda did not care.

"Hilda, you must help me get away. The theater is on fire."

Then at last Hilda roused. She staggered to her feet.

"Get behind me, Granny. Put your arms around my waist. Hold tight."

She pushed into the crowd. Foot by foot we were carried on in that grim, urging flood. Nobody spoke. Nobody struggled to forge ahead. Like doomed things, mute before certainty, we drifted on.

Out rang a woman's voice, piercing scream on scream.

The deathly hush was shattered by a thousand frenzied cries. The crowd stopped, swayed, then broke into a writhing, shrieking mass. Every drop of courage went out of me. I felt myself thrust back, suffocated, crushed.

"Just a minute, Granny. Just one minute more."

Hilda caught me up in her left arm, grasping me like a child. With her right arm she beat her way ahead. She fought out right and left. One man pushed her roughly back. With her shut fist she struck him in the face. He reeled out of her way. Now we had reached the edge of the crowd. Now, with a powerful lift, Hilda swung me through, into a niche under the stairs. I lay against the wall, struggling for breath.

Hilda grasped me again.

"One more pull, Granny. Hold hard, dear."

Again that fighting, smothering mob, those shrieking voices; then a flare of daylight, a gush of blessed, icy air in my face, over my head the blessed, open sky.

"We 'll hurry right up to my apartment. It 's nearer than your house. Now, dear."

She swept me through the crazy horde that blocked the pavement, across the street, then into the nearest taxi. She sat close beside me, rubbing my cold, trembling hands. Her own hands were steady and calm. Her face was set and colorless, as dull as stone.

She put me into the easiest chair, before the fire. She tucked a rug over my knees, and poured the tea that a flustered maid hurried to bring. She was as gentle as an angel. For all her real consciousness of me, she might have been a world away.

I tried to swallow my tea. Somehow it would n't go down.

"Is it too hot, Granny?"

"No, Hilda, I can't. What about the other people? Those who could n't—"

Hilda went to the telephone.

"The department says that no lives were lost, Granny. A great many people were hurt in the crush, but no fatal injuries are reported. Drink your tea, dear."

I tried again. It was no use.

"I can't, Hilda. O my child, my child, can't you be just a little thankful?"

"I suppose so. I 'm glad you were n't hurt, Granny." Her soft cheek dropped against my hand. "As for myself—"

"Hilda! When we all love you so dearly! When you 're the joy of all our hearts!"

"You 're a nice, untruthful duck, Granny." Again it came, that stubborn, weary whisper: "But it is n't one bit of use. What real difference could it make if I"— Then her bitter young face melted with a rare sweetness. "But it would make all the difference in the world if anything had happened to you, Granny."

I should have reasoned with her, reproached her, maybe. That this young, splendid creature, with all of life opening before her, should dare not care! Instead, I felt again that deep, bewildered anger toward my son—my dear, careless son, who took his largess of joy as complacently as the air he breathed, and with as little gratitude. Surely Norton might have thought, he might have known. Yet when did men ever think? When did they ever know? Always we give, and they take, as the wheat takes the sunlight, with no more question or concern. To be sure, that 's quite the most sensible way the wheat can behave. If only we women could learn that before we get to be seventy-six, going on seventy-seven!

I tried to speak again. I had a dim notion of arguing it out with her; but the Fates stooped and caught the whole tangled skein from my hands. There was a ring at the door, then a rush of feet down the hall. Past the astounded maid, in burst Norton—Norton, white-faced, wild-eyed, bare-kneed, an outrageous figure in running-drawers and a pink-silk shirt. Luckily somebody had held him at the gymnasium door long enough to throw a fur coat over his shoulders, else he 'd have been arrested before he could cross the drive. He caught me in his arms.

"Mother, I 've just heard! You were in that theater fire! And Hilda—where is she? O Hilda!" He dropped me instantly, and sprang across the room to his wife.

"Hilda! You were n't killed! You were n't even hurt!" He hung over her, stammering like a great school-boy. "Lord! but the soul was frightened out of me! I thought—I don't know what I thought." He stooped and seized her lax hands. "Hilda, why don't you speak to me?" His voice shook for tenderness on the little name.

Hilda had not moved. She did not seem to breathe. Her blue eyes burned darkly on his face.

"We were n't hurt one bit, Norton," she said finally, with an effort. "I 'm sorry you were needlessly disturbed."

"'Needlessly disturbed!'" Norton tried to laugh. "Well, I *was* a bit upset. To think of you—you—" he choked. Then he sobbed out: "If anything had happened to you! If anything ever did happen!"

"Why, Norton!" Hilda stared at his working face. Her dull face lit with a piteous, frightened gleam. "Why, Norton! Would it matter like that, dear? Could it matter—"

"Could it matter?" Norton laughed rather savagely. "Well, no. No more than losing my eyes, say, or having the soul torn out of me by inches. Merest trifle."

"Well, but I 've never supposed—" Hilda gripped his wrists and pushed him back. She stared into his eyes with the peering eyes of a stranger. "I 've never dreamed, Norton. If I mean all that to you, why have you never told me so?"

"Told you? Told you what?" Poor Norton! He stood gaping, stupidly puzzled. "Why should I? Could n't you see for yourself?"

"No, I did n't see."

"You mean that all this time you 've thought—you 've let yourself imagine—" Norton stuttered helplessly. And then—

No, it was not honorable in Norton. It was not faithful to the dead. He should have held his tongue, and let that foolish, greedy child beat out her life against those bars of silence. And yet—oh, let 's be thankful that, when a man does speak, he tells it all; that when the

time comes, he will burst out, swept past all bounds, royally shameless, brutal in his truth!

"You—you—*you!*"—the words jerked out of him in tearing gasps—"you thought you did n't count! And you 're the light I see by, you 're the air I breathe. Tell you? Why in thunder should I? Could n't you see for yourself that you 're everything—everything? Don't you know what you 've done for me? You lifted me out of the hell that Gertrude made for me. You 've given me hope, and the chance to forget. You 've saved the soul alive in me. And you think I should have told you all this word by word! Dare say you wanted a blue-print. Why, you—you—you infernal little fool!"

Then, I suppose, the absurd, preposterous pity of it came upon him. Down he went on his knees, and buried his sobbing face in her lap. But Hilda lifted her head. Even as I stumbled from the room, I saw the flame of life flow back into that white face, as if his words had poured the very fire of life into her veins.

I GOT away somehow. I have n't the slightest recollection how. Then I was back in my own house, and sitting somewhat limply by my own fire. And then, with the queerest Alice-in-Wonderland feeling, things began to happen all over again. Up from the hall sounded hurrying steps and loud voices. In came Eliza, with a face of amazement. At her heels rushed my children, Charles Edward and Peter and Gwendolen, all breathless and terror-stricken. They swarmed down on me like three great babies, and shrieked demented questions, and upset my tea. Charles Edward got there first, but Peter unfilially punched him out of the way, and snatched me. Gwendolen sank on the floor and clung to my skirts and crouched there, sobbing great, dreadful, tearing sobs, and crying great, splashy tears all over her face. And Charles Edward gripped my shoulders and kept saying, "O Mother! O Mother!" as if he could never say the words enough.

"Please, children, I 'm so tired, don't make such an uproar! Yes, I was a little frightened, but not even singed."

"But you were in that dreadful mob! O Mother, Mother!"

"Well, I got out; at least Hilda brought me out. Now, why in the world must you all dash up in this pouring, cold rain? You 're all spatter-wet, too. Gwendolen, look at your gown!"

"We were just dressing for the Varick dinner when Charles Edward heard," quavered Gwendolen. She clutched aimlessly at the long, mud-spotted tail of her new orchid brocade. "We did n't wait for our motor or call a taxi or anything. We just ran."

"Bareheaded, of course, and bare shoulders! You 're worse than Norton. Charles Edward, what are you carrying under your arm?"

"I guess it 's Gwen's carriage shoes," said Charles Edward, meekly. "Félicie chased me down the front steps with 'em, and I tucked 'em under my arm."

"You 've tucked all the family wits under your arm, I 'd say. Such doings! Don't gulp so, son. I 'm just as alive as I ever was. Stop sobbing, Gwen." I tried to pet them and scold them and pacify them all at once, and it was considerable of a chore. "Peter, you 'll be late for your theater party if you don't hurry. Charles Edward, take off that wet coat, and let Eliza dry it. Gwendolen, look at your slippers. The very idea! Come into my room at once."

Gwendolen followed, quivering, submissive.

"Put on a pair of my black satin slippers. Then you and Charles Edward can go straight on to the Varick dinner. Tut! tut! Of course you will not stay with me to-night. Ridiculous! No, this once it does n't matter if your slippers don't match your gown. Yes, Eliza, you can pull them on, if you tug with all your might."

"Eliza need not tug at all. Your slippers are too large, if anything, Mother." Gwen mopped her eyes and crammed a mauve, silken foot into my narrow shoe. Then she went to my dressing-table, and mopped her blurred face once more. Through the mirror her eyes met mine with a long, questioning, meaning gaze.

"Was n't Norton terribly alarmed for Hilda, Mother?"

I looked at Gwendolen. She might as well know. Really, she quite deserved to. For that matter, she 'd probably find it all out, anyway.

"I think, Gwen, that Norton is the

most completely happy creature that breathes. Unless it 's Hilda herself."

"I see."

Gwendolen patted her fair braids. Through the mirror her keen eyes never left my own.

"And Norton will keep on being happy always, for Hilda has blotted it all out for him—all that misery, all that hateful dread and shame. Norton has built again. He 'll live out his days in serenity, in honor. Mother!" Gwen turned on me sharply. "Is it always so? Does it never make any difference to a man, the great, contented simpletons they are? Can they always build again?"

"Yes, they can always build again."

"It is n't fair." Gwen's breath came short. There was a baffled, frightened gleam in her eyes. "It 's too cruelly unfair! There 's only the one real love for us women, only the one April, only the one nest; but the men— Why is it? How can they, Mother?"

"Because they 're men, that 's all. That 's the only reason I know, dear."

I looked at Gwendolen.

Yes, I know she 's the magnificent Mrs. Charles Edward Wentworth, and she is beautiful and high bred and charming, and I stand in awe of her beauty and her charm, just as her little nieces do. But as she stood there, with her flushed, tense face, her angry, shaking hands, she was n't my imperious daughter-in-law any longer. She was my little, scared girl. And I wanted to take her in my arms, and tell her it was n't true; but the lie would have died in my throat. For Gwendolen knew.

Then Gwendolen spoke. Very quietly she put all our pitiful knowledge into words. The hateful truth that we 've known through all the shadowy centuries, ever since we stood on the windy ledges outside our caves and watched our weary hunter struggle up the cañon, dragging his kill, and knew that in the cave behind us the fire was burning bright, and the meat smoked hot on the stones, and the skins and branches were heaped warm and safe.

"Yes, the men can always build again. And, Mother, I suppose that the only way to save ourselves is to make them so happy —that they don't dare."

JOAN

BY LAURA BENÉT

FATED for conquest, rode she from the door,
Cast a last look at ripening harvest-field,
Shimmering leaves, and all the fruitful yield
Of Domremy's emblazoned autumn floor,
Yearning and silent for the love she bore
To the quaint, homely place. It was a shield
For all her brooding girlhood. Here revealed
Each tiny stream, each tree, its hidden lore.
And elfland bells rang through the wood's green close,
And brilliant birds flashed by with fairy gleams.
But with each wandering breeze forever rose
Voices that called her from those girlish dreams—
Voices that stirred her heart from its repose
With flaming visions of the road to Rheims.

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY by H. C. Merrill and H. Davidson

HER FIRST DANCE

DRAWN BY F. M. ASHE

The Spirit of The Century

A MODERN PRAYER

THIS spirit of truth-seeking with the open mind which is so strikingly the note of these days of changing convention, this spirit of patient, humble searching for what is real in the chaos of discarded old ideas and untried new ones which surrounds us, has not been more nobly exemplified than in the prayer with which Dr. Francis Landey Patton opened the recent dedication ceremonies of the new Princeton Graduate College. It will be recalled that Dr. Patton preceded Woodrow Wilson as President of Princeton University, and, until recently, occupied an important chair in that stronghold of conservative Presbyterianism, the Princeton Theological Seminary. His prayer was in part.

"ALMIGHTY and Eternal God, we come into Thy presence in acknowledgment of our dependence upon Thee, and bring to Thee the grateful homage of our hearts for all Thy goodness. Thou hast made us in Thine image, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth us understanding. We know in part, but our partial knowledge presupposes Thee. Thou art infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in Thy being and in Thine attributes of wisdom and goodness, and our measurements of good and evil are dependent upon our belief in Thee. When we think of the true, the beautiful, and the good, we think of Thee, and when we lose Thee as the superlative of our reason, we are left in doubt respecting the reality of knowledge and the worth of goodness. We pray Thee to keep alive in our hearts the thought of the living God by the indwelling presence of Thy holy spirit. When we feel that knowledge is uncertain, unstable, and contingent, when we are prone to doubt our intellectual integrity, and to challenge the trustworthiness of truth itself, help us, O God, to find a sure anchorage in Thee. When we search in vain for truth in the heights, when we fail to find it in the depths, let us know that it is nigh us, even in our hearts. For there, in the secret places of the soul, Thou hast set the thought of the perfect being, than which a greater cannot be conceived.

* * * * * *

"Have mercy, Lord, on those who have lost their faith in Thee; pity those who have forsaken Thee, the fountain of living waters, and are trying to quench their thirst at cisterns of their own making, only to find that they are broken cisterns that can hold no water. Help them, as they look upon their own disjointed and unstable opinions and feel uncertain even of the criteria of knowledge; and show them, Lord, that in Thee alone can they find support for truth or goodness. Turn their attention away from the things which the eye can see and the hands can handle, and take them up to the high levels of thought where Thou dost reveal the brightness of Thy face. Show us, O Lord, that at bottom our reason is religious; touch our thoughts with emotion, and turn our intellectual activities into channels of feeling. So shall reflection rise up into reverence, and our rational necessities shall minister to devotion; so shall we no longer wander in the dark valley of doubt, but we will lift up our eyes to the hills from whence cometh our help, and know that our safety cometh from the Lord. So shall we learn that we live and move and have our being in Thee, and that Thou art not far from any one of us.

* * * * * *

"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to take this college under Thy gracious care; guide and direct all those to whom is committed the management of its affairs, to the end that all which is taught here, all books which

are written here, all worthy purposes which are formed here, all high ideals of life which find their inspiration here, may promote Thy glory and serve the highest and best interests of mankind.

"Give to those who teach a sincere love of truth. May their zeal for it be seen alike in conserving the treasures of the past, and in the search for fresh discoveries. Be with those who, in a special sense, will be the custodians of the treasured wisdom of the ages, and give them power so to teach that the lessons of the past may be applied to the needs of the present, to the end that the nation may be warned by the mistakes and profited by the wisdom of the generations that have gone before. May those who are called to deal with the profound problems of human duty know well the solemn obligations of their office, so that superficial views of social phenomena shall not be taken as sound philosophy, nor symptoms of social change as the signs of a new evangel. Make clear to them the basal truths of moral obligation that underlie all sound thinking in social, economic, juristic, and political morality; and may they crown their labors in the philosophy of conduct by presenting to the young men committed to their charge, as part of the program of their life, the words of Thy holy apostle: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' And we pray that Thou wilt so bless the labors of Thy servants that at the last they may be numbered among those who, having turned many unto righteousness, shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

"We pray Thee, O God, to guide the researches of those who are in quest of new truth, and may this college hold an honorable place among the institutions of the world which make valuable additions to the sum of human knowledge. Save those who seek truth from the prejudice and mental bias that would pervert their judgment, darken their understanding, and make them inhospitable to the evidence that claims to accredit the revelation of Thyself in nature and in history."

NOTE ABOUT MR. MACKAYE'S BIRD MASQUE

UNDER the patronage of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, "Sanctuary," the bird masque by Percy MacKaye, printed in this issue, was performed last September by artists of the Cornish colony, to dedicate Mr. Ernest Harold Bayne's now famous bird sanctuary at Meriden, New Hampshire. For the occasion, President Wilson came from Washington to witness the performance of his daughter, Miss Eleanor, as *Ornis,* the Bird-spirit.

In New York, at the end of this month, on the Hotel Astor ball-room stage, the masque will be acted again, under Mrs. Wilson's patronage, by most of the original cast, including Miss Eleanor Wilson, Juliet Barrett Rublee, Percy MacKaye, Joseph Linden Smith, and Ernest Harold Baynes. Charles Douville Coburn will enact the Plume-hunter.

Under auspices of the League for Political Education, the Natural History Museum, the Audubon Society, the Meriden Bird Club, and other societies, there will be held, in direct connection with the masque, a unique conference of artists of the theater and naturalists to discuss an address by Mr. MacKaye on "The Relation of Dramatic Art to Nature Conservation," one aspect of which the acted masque will illustrate. Many notable members of the world of art and society are preparing to participate, with symbolic bird-costumes, in the spectacle, which will conclude with a festival dance. One whole day will be devoted to the conference and the masque. The masque is also to be produced in London by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, to influence the pending plumage bill in Parliament, and for a like purpose, in translation, at Budapest. The International Cause of Bird Conservation is thus for the first time being served by the art of the theater as a vital civic influence.

A PHILHARMONIC CONCERT, ULTRA-MODERN

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

Author of "Through the Outlooking Glass," etc.

A SNAP and rattle of short-arm, white kid-glove musketry. Through a little door at one side of the stage the conductor enters. Frock-coat, tall, slender; beaked nose, pointed chin, a dandy captain of Imperial Uhlans, you would say, or eminent author of contributions to the history of the passive verb in Sanskrit.

The conductor mounts his little pulpit. Diminutive pulpit about three feet by three, a dizzy perch. Some day a temperamental conductor, taking coda of Tschaikovsky's Sixth at high speed, will lose his balance and fall off to the moaning of the cellos. Expectation of such an event is always one of the elements of suspense in symphonic music.

The conductor mounts his pulpit. He bows forward like a Parsee adoring the sun, then forty-five degrees to the right, then forty-five degrees to the left, and his smoldering eyes fall on piled-up waves of feminine millinery on the orchestra floor. The conductor apparently wonders whether the feminine waves will sweep over the stage and wash away the gallant little Spartan band of first violins, second violins, trombonists, etc., upholding the oriflamme of the male sex. He evidently makes up his mind there is no danger. About face! Rap, rap, rap of baton on desk! Ready? Go! A horn lets out a blare of defiance at the serried female ranks. Come one, come all! The challenge is reinforced by timpani and kettledrums breathing defiance, scorn, vituperation, contempt, war of the sexes, and then pity, as the violins begin to sing the sorrow of it all.

At the first sound of the bugle the torrent of babbling sound in the audience, quite like the waters over the precipice at Lover's Leap, is hushed to the murmur of brook over beds of pebbles, and so to silence. Simultaneously the flutter of millinery simmers down to gentle undulation, and so to immobility. The violins sing on their *Weltschmerz*. I am fearfully lonely. In the same row, F, only thirty seats away, there is another man, and there are two men back in the shadow of the balcony, present either by mistake or by compulsion, gentle or other. A wireless S. O. S. of sympathy flashes through ether among us four lonely survivals of a sex. The sense of loneliness increases, probably due to the violins reciting in the minor key of the Little Russians.

Most extraordinary plumage in the world is the plumage on ladies' bonnets.

No apparent relation whatever to principles or practice of ornithology. The same is true of foliage in millinery: no relation whatever between crown and stem, between wearer and worn. In the vegetable kingdom your palm-fronds bespeak the nature of the palm trunk; a dark gable of evergreen is eminently suitable to the trunk of fir or pine; an elaborate network of ropes and tendrils and creepers is quite appropriate to the nature of a banian-tree: but no such harmony here.

Women do not wear hats. Hats are just affixed. I imagine a huge scythe swinging through the auditorium, deftly shaving off elaborate head-gear, and the effect is most pleasing, the removal of an excrescence.

Amazing, this dead array of plumage—feathers like a fern, feathers like a fan, feathers like a clam-shell, feathers like a stick of celery; and beneath them,—can one believe it?—thoughts, temperaments, passions, dreams, minds! Amazing! What a wonderful gift is a milliner's! A touch here and a pin there, and behold a masterpiece nature cannot match—a tower of Babel, a pancake, swooping pinion of a bird of prey, a visible typewriter, a man-of-war, a pagoda, a beefsteak pie, a lyre, a bass viol of the Christmas kind in confectionery stores! And now the bass viols are grunting away like mad, drowning out the timorous flutes, voicing the dyspepsia of the universe.

I assume it 's cosmic dyspepsia. No? Well, here 's the program, with detailed analysis. Alas! here, too, the experts differ. Schmuck says andante in this particular symphony represents the master passing from a period of storm and stress into the peace of reconciliation. Farinetti differs. He insists that andante here is intended to mirror dawn after a night of heavy rain on the coast of Dalmatia, high notes on strings representing shimmer of first rays of sun on blue waters of Adriatic near Ragusa. Branitsky says no. Andante represents the retreat from Moscow. But the retreat from Moscow evidently cannot be andante. The retreat from Moscow should evidently be scherzo prestissimo.

The composer's own utterances on the disputed point are unfortunately vague. In a letter to Du Pontrace the composer says that this particular movement was written during an unhappy love-episode. In a letter to Hatzfeld he speaks of rheumatism. No matter. As absolute music the andante is beautiful; it saddens, soothes, leads on to reverie.

Another extraordinary fact about women's hats is this: they are apparently adapted to the greatest unhappiness of the greatest number. Tall women, who might wear lofty plumes, and so harmlessly brush the tops of derbies, prefer short feathers, which get into the ear in the subway and scratch. Small women, who ought to wear squat plumes, and so do no mischief, go in for long quills, which get under male chins and tickle. Between tickling and sneezing who shall choose? Respectable men in the subway frequently laugh into the faces of strange women not because they want to, but because the effect of feather brushing against the upper lip is irresistible.

In masculine breasts the wild desire to retaliate on tickling feathers frequently arises. Something more than biting off the plume or pinning it down. The desire, say, to pay back by growing a beard two feet long and letting it hang over the shoulder of ladies armed with irritating plumes. A dangerous experiment, however. There are the pins.

Up and down sweep bows over strings, chanting nasal, silvery chorals in praise of man's capacity to send his soul forth to dwell amidst the clouds. O mind of man that is Beethoven! Deaf as a post, and his brain was glutted on the ravishment of melody. It heard everything—love, wrath, pity, laughter, sobs, crackle of fire on the hearth, and the thunderous march of the world-conqueror. In the beginning was the idea. Beethoven, deaf, heard with his brain. Turner, blind, saw with his brain. And who was it who conquered empires from his litter?

After half an hour with Beethoven, I could do it myself.

Soul, temperament, passion? Fiddlesticks! Give me mind to conceive music, and perfect vibratory organs to produce the necessary wave-lengths. Temperament? Bosh! Behold a hundred ordinary men at forty-five dollars a week playing the deuce with my heartstrings in sunlit spaces of radiant enchantment. During the intermission people say they drink beer. Twenty-five dollars a week

and no temperament; forty-five dollars a week and a rehearsal every day, and they play together like the angels.

That time the conductor nearly fell off. Crash, blare, bang, and crash, and blare, and bang, and the elegant captain of Uhlans, disguised as *Kapellmeister,* turns around, salaams and disappears through a little door at the side.

Once more there rises a Lover's Leap of voices in the auditorium, following upon a general sigh and heaving of shoulders, stirring, nodding of plumage—positively I will not be drawn into a consideration of millinery. Only, as woman turns to woman for confidence or platitude, I feel lonely once more. The man at the other end of Row F is visible, but the two under the balcony are submerged.

The oppressed sex! What rot! Three thousand five hundred women have been journeying on the wings of ecstasy, while their husbands, four miles farther down on Broadway, have recited "Yours of the 6th ultimo to hand, and in reply would state" the same dead and dreary facts and lies they have been stating six days in the week, fifty weeks in the year, year in and year out. Woman's sphere? Yes, the home, *and* the music-hall, *and* the art gallery, *and* the library, *and* the shops full of new, glistening, shimmering things, among others, feathers—but I am determined not to.

Rattle of kid-glove musketry, and captain of Uhlans reappears. He bows. Rat, tat, tat! Go, muted, sibilant violins! Let us hear what this decadent French maestro has to say.

Very little, apparently. A queer story he tells, a whimpering, querulous narrative, rehearsing his grievances, though angry at no one in particular; "tapestry in sound" they have called it.

But, then, it 's all explained in the program. Queer thing this about your arts! When they want to say something really significant, they must step out and borrow something from a neighboring art. Poets use colors; painters paint sound; music in its highest, symphonic form must use words to explain itself. Not quite ideal the business of a descriptive program, but useful. Read, and things grow plain. A horn-blast is the hero's challenge to fate: dark notes on violas represent fatal princess drinking poison of her own brewing after setting fire to the palace on the triangles. Pardon! We are on the wrong page. Here we are, now, page 8. What we have heard is spring in the woodland and the bird calling to her mate. Useful things, programs, but disastrous when the finger strays.

Drawing by Luis Mora

"BE WITH ME, ROGET!"

And now crash, bang, ting-a-ling, bang! Love triumphs over death! Captain of Uhlans bows ritually, there comes a sharp fire of kid-glove musketry, and the feminine sea upheaves, and the Spartans on the platform dash for the rear entrance. The feminine tide pours out into the street.

A waving sea of plumes, feathers, wings, cockscombs, tufts, tails, panaches (be with me, Roget!), cilia, fimbria, crests, manes, pinions, quills, feathers; and on this ebbing tide, bobbing here and there, a castaway derby.

"ACCOMPLISHED IN A THOUSAND WAYS"

A Modern Valentine

OR, THE DECLINE OF POESY

BY E. L. McKINNEY

PICTURES BY HARRY RALEIGH

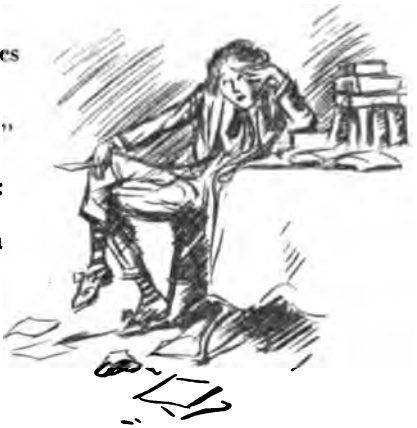
A MAIDEN of these modern days
Was Almadine Richelle;
Accomplished in a thousand ways,
And beautiful as well.
She tangoed when she did not bridge,
And bridged the time between;
In all, it would be hard to find
A girl so socially inclined
As little Almadine.
Of swains she counted thousands, but
she counted most on two,—
And one was known as James McGruff,
and one as George Ladue.

"OF SWAINS SHE COUNTED THOUSANDS"

"THE MARKET WAS HIS FORTE"

McGruff was practical in plan,
The dominating sort,
A money-making business man;
The market was his forte.
Upon the stock exchange, with bulls
And bears, he had his fun,
And when they figured up the score
(With ciphers in a row of four),
'T was James that always won.
He could not quote from Tennyson,
his bookcase shelves were drear,
But he piled up chilly thousands,
uniformly, year by year.

Ladue was quite another kind,
An amateur in art;
Poetic fancies were entwined
About his burning heart.
In styles that ranged from Pope to Noyes
He wrote of lyric love,
In which a gem like "limpid eyes"
Quite aptly rhymed with "leaden skies,"
And "dove" with "heav'n above."
When February came in sight, he cried:
"What luck is mine!
To fair and fairy Almadine I 'll write a valentine."



"HE WROTE OF LYRIC LOVE"

"A BIT FROM BYRON"

McGruff thought not of valentines,
Of poesy and such;
His mind was more upon the lines
Of "What?" and then, "How much?"
But when that day came dancing by,
He sought a flower store.
"Three dozen, please, to this address;
Inclose this card. That 's all, I guess;
But get them up by four."
Then back into the taxi-cab and hurtling on his way;
He had wasted fifteen minutes of his valuable day.

On January twenty-third
Ladue began to write;
Lighter than air became each word
In his poetic flight.
A bit from Byron here, and there
A Browning-tinctured line,
All met in this inspired gust;
And at the end no name, but just
These words, "Your Valentine."
He sent the incandescent thoughts to Almadine the fair,
Who read the words that follow as she rearranged her hair:—

"'THREE DOZEN, PLEASE'"

"When the moon, like a door-knob, is shimmering
In the vestibule shadows of night,
With the stars scintillatingly glimmering
In their dewy, diaphanous light,
When the motor-cars murmur incessantly
To their mates in the moonlight above,
Then my soul titillates effervescently
With the turbulent bubbles of love.

"LITTLE ALMADINE"

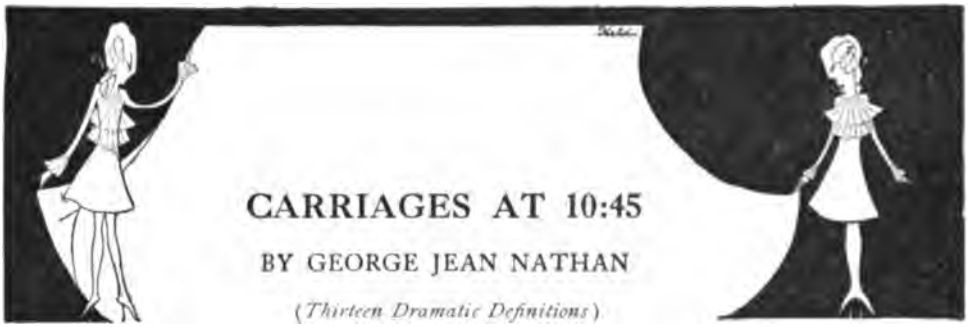
"FOR FEAR SOME HAIR-PINS WOULD FALL OUT"

"Near your image my thoughts
have been lingering
Like a fly near a cranberry tart,
While your feverish fingers were
fingering
All the silver-wound strings of
my heart.
Were I hunting the magpie
or marabou,
Or whatever the course
I pursue,
There 's a voice like the
caroling caribou
That is calling me ever to you."

She wondered why the words were queer
And what they were about;
But did not rack her brains, for fear
Some hair-pins would fall out.
But when the orchids came from James,
She loved him on the spot;
She vowed he was "the dearest thing."
Indeed, no self-respecting king
Could be what James was not.

So Almadine and James were wed,—he
found a minute free,—
And George is now rejoicing that he
banked on poesy.

"SHE LOVED HIM ON THE SPOT"



CARRIAGES AT 10:45

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

(Thirteen Dramatic Definitions)

I

TO be successful in the American drama, an argument must be of such a quality that it coincides with the belief of nine tenths of an American theater audience. In other words, an unsound argument.

II

To be regarded as a villain in the American drama, a character must be of such a nature that his opinions differ from the opinions of the hero, who has no opinions.[1]

III

The ingénue in a play containing a woman "star" is a female character who is older and homelier than the "star" and who wears an unbecoming dress.[2]

IV

In the American theater, "the play 's the thing" in the following proportion: 1. The "star." 2. The press-agent. 3. The scenery. 4. The lighting effects. 5. The modiste or costumer. 6. The play (provided the play is not a good play).

V

For a theme to be regarded as a new and sensational theme in the American drama, two things are essential: first, the theme must be an old theme; second, the theme must have no basis in fact.

VI

The heroes and villains in the American drama may be classified as follows:

Heroes	*Villains*
Crooks	Bridge-players
Westerners	Easterners
Americans	Foreigners
Pipe-smokers	Cigarette-smokers
Paupers	Millionaires
Inventors	Lawyers
Brothers	Cousins

VII

The so-called "punch" in an American play is that part of the play that has been stolen from a play by Brieux.

VIII

The heroine in the play is the best-looking woman in the cast.

IX

A "Play of New York Life" is any play that does not reflect New York life.

X

"Comedy relief"—relief from comedy.

XI

The star system—a substitute for acting.

XII

Acting—a substitute for drama.

XIII

Drama—a substitute for moving-pictures.

[1] Hence the term "sympathetic," usually applied to the hero.

[2] This is what is so often referred to as the star "system."

"YOU SEEM SO OUTRAGEOUSLY GAY!"

"THERE 'S A LOT FOR YOU AT HOME!"

GROWING OLD DISGRACEFULLY

("*Uxor pauperis Ibyci*")

(TRANSLATION OF AN ODE BY HORACE; BOOK III. ODE 15)

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

PICTURES BY THELMA CUDLIPP

I

WIFE of poor Ibycus, listen; a word with you.
How can you seem so outrageously gay!
Think of your years—it is sad and absurd, with you
Acting this way.

II

Truly, old lady, it 's time that you ceased all this.
Here, with young girls, you should never be found—
Stop those ridiculous antics; at least all this
Running around.

III

It 's all very well for a kitten like Pholoë
To smile at the lads who repay her in kind,
But when *you* approach them, they rapidly stroll away—
Lord, are you blind!

IV

Strange—you won't see that the thing which delights a man
Is always the dancer and seldom the dance—
A Thyiad with white hair and wrinkles affrights a man;
He looks askance. . . .

V

Roses and romance and wine-jars are *not* for you—
There is the loom and the raw wool to comb;
Mending and baking, and—oh there 's a lot for you
Right here at home!

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

DELIQUESCENT SOCIALISM

I ADMIT that freedom of thought includes the freedom of not thinking; that it includes the inalienable rights of absent-mindedness, complete irrelevance, forgetfulness, divagation, ambiguity, and confusion, all of which are essential to the mind's pursuit of happiness, especially in the happy hunting-grounds of political discourse. I am not one of those inhuman folk who would pin a Socialist to his premises; but I do think our present-day Socialists are far too careless in what they say of brotherly love. It is possible, says one of them, for men to live like brothers, each working for the good of all, and he sees signs that we are now approaching that blessed consummation. But human nature once perfected, any social system would work well, and brotherly love would shine as brightly through a trust, or a pool, or a poker-game, or one's own personal and private capitalistic peanut-stand, as through the very best of brand-new Utopian world devices.

Why bother with Socialism if the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand? Why socialize further the prince of a biscuit factory who has already risen to the conception of his private business as a sort of consecrated social job? To expropriate him, and shut him up in a phalanstère, and pay him in labor checks, and exact of him his due share of chamberwork, garbage-collecting, iron-puddling, and tailoring, is altogether superfluous, if he is an all-round, fully developed, social proto-martyr at the start.

That is the trouble with this latter-day breed of spineless, lukewarm, and propitiatory Socialists. They let the life-blood out of their thoughts, and their arguments die of weak concessions. Give us back the good old two-seed-in-the-word supralapsarian Marxist if there is to be a debate of the matter. He gave the enemy something to think about and the faithful something to do. He did not wait for "eternal justice" or assume a brotherly love. He assumed that the employer never had any, and never could have any, except through Socialism. "A vampire sucking the blood of the workingman"—that was the way he spoke of him. And a good, rousing sentiment it was, and made people feel that they should be up and doing something, if it were only pounding the table and letting the beard grow long.

Professor Simkhovitch in his new and admirable book on Marxism has shown how one after another the Socialist leaders have abandoned their faith. And a social movement "can no more keep alive without faith than faith can keep alive without miracles." The overwhelming majority of Socialists to-day are, he says, tending to be mere reformers. They even say that "industries expropriated in a revolution would prove to be empty shells," and though they remain members of the Socialist parties and repeat the same old "melodramatic phrases," they have long since explained Socialism away.

It seems to be in the very nature of a Socialist, as soon as he has found and settled on his premises, to long for escape. For fifty years Socialists have never seemed so much at home as when living outside their definitions. I suppose it is not right at the present time to try to limit the term Socialism to any particular way of thinking, though it may still imply some peculiar activity of feeling whether with or without thought. Find the greatest common factor of a Socialist Church Leaguer, Laborite, Reformist, Guesdist, Marxist, Neo-Marxist, Social Democratic Federationist, North German Orthodox, South German Heterodox, Biological Sociologist, Sociological Biologist, Syndicalist, Shavian, Fabian, Hervéist, an H. G. Wells, and a Eugene V. Debs, and I doubt very much if it will turn out to be a principle. I doubt if it will be anything more definable than a sort of mental glow.

The "economic interpretation of history" has gone by the board, and so has the Marxian theory of value, and so has the "revolution," and so has the "class war," and there is little to be hoped from the Socialism of the future, for if we may believe Professor Simkhovitch, Socialists will become even tamer than they now are, though it is hard to conceive how that is possible. I have known the completest of fogies, even a leading citizen of the city of New York, to confess in a coquettish way and in a sort of stage-whisper, that he is, after all, a bit of a Socialist himself.

Drawing by Held

BANQUET OF THE INTERNATIONAL EUGENICAL SOCIETY.—AT THE SPEAKER'S TABLE

AN ABJECT APOLOGY TO COLONEL WATTERSON

IN the November CENTURY, in Lighter Vein, there appeared a squib upon what we took to be some recent editorials by Colonel Henry Watterson.

The editorials in question were, it now appears, not from Colonel Watterson's pen, so that a humble, though tardy, apology is certainly in order. We tender it cheerfully to our old and trusted friend.

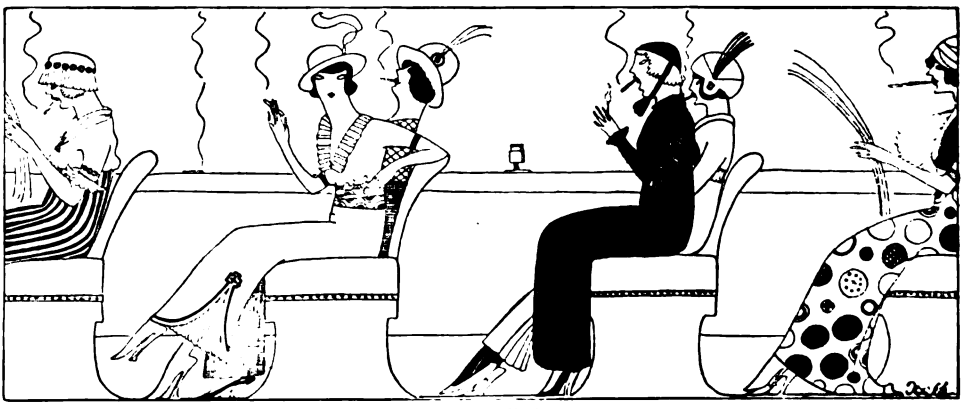
One of our baser insinuations was to the effect that Marse Henry's English style tended at times to be a trifle catachrestic. It was this charge, we suspect, that prompted the colonel to write us an outraged but good-natured letter from France, a portion of which we are making bold to print. He says:

"Gentlemen:

"What 'catachrestic' may mean or imply, I confess myself at a loss to know—perhaps nothing worse than many loose accusations to which a lifetime of conflict, more or less rough-and-tumble, has somewhat hardened my sensibilities."

"I never minded 'horse-thief.' I even in time grew used to the card-playing pictures and the mint-julep jokes. They were the penalties fixed upon the atrocious crime of being a Kentuckian. But, to be charged with the corrupt use of my oracular tongue—with fouling the limpid depths of the well of English undefiled—*does* stick in my gizzard. I appeal to your sense of justice. Do me the favor to massacre the culprit; give him a first-class funeral, and, after sending the bills to me, bid him rise from the dead and sin no more!

"Sincerely, HENRY WATTERSON."



Drawing by Held

IN THE SMOKING-CAR

If the present fashions in smart society should become general.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

"TRULY THIS MAN WAS THE SON OF GOD"

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS, JR.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 87 MARCH, 1914 No. 5

THE EDUCATION OF POPO

BY MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "John of God, the Water-Carrier," "The Emotions of Maria Concepción," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY F. LUIS MORA

GOVERNOR FERNANDO ARRIOLA and his amiable señora were confronted with a critical problem in hospitality: it was nothing less than the entertaining of American ladies, who by all means must be given the most favorable impressions of Mexican civilization.

Hence some unusual preparations. On the backs of men and beasts were arriving magnificent quantities, requisitioned from afar, of American canned soups, fish, meats, sweets, hors-d'œuvres, and nondescripts; ready-to-serve cereals, ready-to-drink cocktails, a great variety of pickles, and much other cheer of American manufacture. Even an assortment of can-openers had not been forgotten. Above all, an imperial call had gone out for ice, and precious consignments of that exotic commodity were now being delivered in various stages of dissolution, to be installed with solicitude in cool places, and kept refreshed with a continual agitation of fans in the hands of superfluous servants. By such amiable extremities it was designed to insure the ladies Cherry against all danger of going hungry or thirsty for lack of conformable aliment or sufficiently frigid liquids.

The wife and daughter of that admirable Señor Montague Cherry of the United States, who was manipulating the extension of certain important concessions in the State of which Don Fernando was governor, and with whose operations his Excellency found his own private interests to be pleasantly involved, their visit was well-timed in a social way, for they would be present on the occasion of a great ball to be given by the governor. For other entertainment the Arriola family would provide as God might permit. Leonor, the only unmarried daughter, was practising several new selections on the harp, her mama sagaciously conceiving that an abundance of music might ease the strain of conversation in the event of the visitors having no Spanish. And now Próspero, the only son, aged fourteen, generally known as Popo, blossomed suddenly as the man of the hour; for, thanks to divine Providence, he had been studying English, and could say prettily, although slowly, "What o'clock it is?" and "Please you this," and "Please you that," and doubtless much more if he were put to it.

Copyright, 1914, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

Separately and in council the rest of the family impressed upon Popo that the honor of the house of Arriola, not to mention that of his native land, reposed in his hands, and he was conjured to comport himself as a true-born caballero. With a heavy sense of responsibility upon him, he bought some very high collars, burned much midnight oil over his English "method," and became suddenly censorious of his stockinged legs, which, accompanying him everywhere, decoyed his down-sweeping eyes and defied concealment or palliation. After anxious consideration, he put the case to his mama.

"Thou amiable companion of all my anguishes," he said tenderly, "thou knowest my anxiety to comport myself with credit in the view of the honored Meesees Cherry. Much English I have already, with immobile delivery the most authentic and distinguished. So far I feel myself modestly secure. But these legs, Mama—these legs of my nightmares—"

"*Chist, chist!* Thou hadst ever a symmetrical leg, Popo mine," expostulated Doña Elvira, whose soul of a young matron dreaded her boy's final plunge into manhood.

"But consider, little Mama," he cried, "that very soon I shall have fifteen years. Since the last day of my saint I have shaved the face scrupulously on alternate mornings; but that no longer suffices, for my maturing beard now asks for the razor every day, laughing to scorn these legs, which continue to lack the investment of dignity. Mother of my soul, for the honor of our family in the eyes of the foreign ladies, I supplicate thy consent that I should be of long pantaloons!"

Touched on the side of her obligations as an international hostess, Doña Elvira pondered deeply, and at length confessed with a sigh:

"It is unfortunately true, thou repose of my fatigues, that in long pantaloons thou wouldst represent more."

And it followed, as a crowning graciousness toward Mrs. Montague Cherry and her daughter, that Popo was promoted to trousers.

WHEN the visitors arrived, he essayed gallantly to dedicate himself to the service of the elder lady, in accordance with Mexican theories of propriety, but found his well-meaning efforts frustrated by the younger one, who, seeing no other young man thereabout, proceeded methodically to attach the governor's handsome little son to herself.

Popo found it almost impossible to believe that they were mother and daughter. By some magic peculiar to the highly original country of the *Yanquis,* their relation appeared to be that of an indifferent sisterliness, with a balance of authority in favor of the younger. That revolutionary arrangement would have scandalized Popo had he not perceived from the first that Alicia Cherry was entitled to extraordinary consideration. Never before had he seen a living woman with hair like daffodils, eyes like violets, and a complexion of coral and porcelain. It seemed to him that some precious image of the Virgin had been changed into a creature of sweet flesh and capricious impulses, animate with a fearless urbanity far beyond the dreams of the dark-eyed, demure, and now despised damsels of his own race. His delicious bewilderment was completed when Miss Cherry, after staring him in the face with a frank and inviting smile, turned to her mother, and drawled laconically:

"He just simply talks with those eyes!"

There was a moon on the night of the day that the Cherrys arrived. There was also music, the bi-weekly *serenata* in the plaza fronting the governor's residence. The band swept sweetly into its opening number at the moment when Don Fernando, with Mrs. Cherry on his arm, stepped out upon his long balcony, and all the town began to move down there among the palms. Miss Cherry, who followed with Popo, exclaimed at the romantic strangeness of the scene, and you may be sure that a stir and buzzing passed through the crowd as it gazed up at the glittering coiffure and snowy shoulders of that angelic señorita from the United States.

Popo got her seated advantageously, and leaned with somewhat exaggerated gallantry over her chair, answering her vivacious questions, and feeling as one translated to another and far superior planet. He explained as well as he could the social conventions of the *serenata* as unfolded before their eyes in a concerted coil of languid movement—how the la-

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"'I SUPPLICATE THY CONSENT THAT I SHOULD BE OF LONG PANTALOONS!'"

dies, when the music begins, rise and promenade slowly around the kiosk of the band, and how the gentlemen form an outer wheel revolving in the reverse direction, with constant interplay of salutations, compliments, seekings, avoidings, coquetries, intrigues, and a thousand other manifestations of the mysterious forces of attraction and repulsion.

Miss Cherry conceived a strong desire to go down and become merged in that moving coil. No, she would not dream of dragging Doña Elvira or Leonor or mama from the dignified repose of the balcony; but she did beg the privilege, however unprecedented, of promenading with a young gentleman at her side, and showing the inhabitants how such things were managed in America—beg pardon, the United States.

So they walked together under the palms, Alicia Cherry and Próspero Arriola, and although the youth's hat was in the air most of the time in acknowledg-

ment of salutes, he did not really recognize those familiar and astonished faces, for his head was up somewhere near the moon, while his legs, in the proud shelter of their first trousers, were pleasantly afflicted with pins and needles as he moved on tiptoe beside the blonde Americana, a page beside a princess.

Miss Cherry was captivated by the native courtliness of his manners. She thought of a certain junior brother of her own, to whom the business of "tipping his hat," as he called it, to a lady occasioned such extreme anguish of mind that he would resort to the most laborious manœuvers to avoid occasions when the performance of that rite would be expected of him. As for Próspero, he had held the tips of her fingers lightly as they had descended the marble steps of his father's house, and then with a charming little bow had offered her his arm, which she with laughing independence had declined. And now she perused with sidelong glances the infantile curve of his chin, the April fluctuations of his lips, the occasional quiver of his thick lashes, and decided that he was an amazingly cute little cavalier.

With a deep breath she expelled everything disagreeable from her mind, and gave up her spirit to the enjoyment of finding herself for a little while among a warmer, wilder people, with gallant gestures and languorous smiles. And the aromatic air, the tantalizing music, the watchful fire that glanced from under the sombreros of the peons squatting in colorful lines between the benches—all the ardor and mystery of that unknown life caused a sudden fluttering in her breast, and almost unconsciously she took her escort's arm, pressing it impulsively to her side. His dark eyes flashed to hers, and for the first time failed to flutter and droop at the encounter; this time it was her own that lost courage and hastily veiled themselves.

"That waltz," she stammered, "is n't it delicious?"

He told her the name of the composer, and begged her to promise him the privilege of dancing that waltz with her at the ball, in two weeks' time. As she gave the promise, she perceived with amusement, and not without delight, that he trembled exceedingly.

Mrs. Cherry was a little rebellious when she and Alicia had retired to their rooms that night.

"Yes, I suppose it 's all very beautiful and romantic," she responded fretfully to her daughter's panegyrics, "but I 'm bound to confess that I could do with a little less moonlight for the sake of a few words of intelligible speech."

"One always feels that way at first in a foreign country," said Alicia, soothingly, "and it certainly is a splendid incentive to learn the language. You ought to adopt my plan, which is to study Spanish very hard every moment we 're here."

"If you continue studying the language," her mother retorted, "as industriously as you have been doing to-night, my dear, you will soon be speaking it like a native."

Alicia was impervious to irony. Critically inspecting her own pink-and-gold effulgence in the mirror, she went on:

"Of course this is also a splendid opportunity for Próspero to learn some real English, which will please the family very much, as they 've decided to send him to an American college. I do hope it won't spoil him. Is n't he a perfect darling?"

"I don't know, not having been given a chance to exchange three words with—'Sh-h! Did you hear a noise?"

It had sounded like a sigh, followed by a stealthy shuffle. Alicia went to the door, which had been left ajar, and looked out upon the moonlit gallery just in time to catch a glimpse of a fleeting figure, as Próspero raced for his English dictionary, to look up the strange word "darling."

"The little rascal!" she murmured to herself. "What a baby, after all!" But to her mother she only said, as she closed the door, "It was nothing, dear; just one of those biblical-looking servants covering a parrot's cage."

"Even the parrots here speak nothing but Spanish," Mrs. Cherry pursued fretfully. "Of course I am glad to sacrifice my own comfort to any extent to help your dear father in his schemes, although I do think the syndicate might make some graceful little acknowledgment of my social services; but I 'm sure that papa never dreamed of your monopolizing the only member of this household to whom it is possible to communicate the most primitive idea without screaming one's head

off. I am too old to learn to gesticulate, and I refuse to dislodge all my hairpins in the attempt. And as for your studies in Spanish," she continued warmly, as Alicia laughed, "I 'd like to know how you reconcile that pretext with the fact that I distinctly heard you and that infant Lord Chesterfield chattering away together in French."

"French does come in handy at times," Alicia purred, "and if you were not so shy about your accent, Mama dear, you could have a really good time with Doña Elvira. I must ask her to encourage you."

"Don't do anything of the kind!" Mrs. Cherry exclaimed. "You know perfectly well that my French is not fit for foreign ears. And I do think, Alicia, that you might try to make things as easy as possible for me, after my giving way to you in everything, even introducing you here under false pretenses, so to speak."

"It is n't a case of false pretenses, Mama. I 've decided to resume my maiden name, and there was no necessity to enter into long explanations to these dear people, who, living as they do in a Catholic country, naturally know nothing about the blessings of divorce."

"So much the better for them!" retorted Mrs. Cherry. "However much of a blessing divorce may be, I 've noticed that since you got your decree your face has not had one atom of real enjoyment in it until to-night."

"Until to-night!" Alicia echoed with a stoical smile. "And to-night, because you see a spark of reviving interest in my face, you try to extinguish it with reproaches!"

"No, no, my darling. Forgive me, I 'm a little tired and nervous. And I can't help being anxious about you. It 's a very trying position for a woman to be in at your age. It 's trying for your mother, too. I could box that wretched Edward's ears."

"Not very hard, I 'm thinking. You wanted me to forgive him."

"No, my dear, only to take him back on probation. We can punish men for their favorite sins much more effectually by not giving them their freedom."

"I could n't be guilty of that meanness, and I shall never regret having shown some dignity. And I think that closes the subject, does n't it, dearest?" Alicia yawned.

"Poor Edward!" her mother persisted. "How he would have enjoyed this picturesque atmosphere with you!"

Alicia calmly creamed her face.

PRÓSPERO spent a great part of the night over his English dictionary. Again and again he conned the Spanish equivalents listed against that word "darling." A significant word, it seemed, heart-agitating, sky-transporting. He had not dreamed that the harsh, baffling English language could contain in seven letters a treasure so rare. *Predilecto, querido, favorito, amado*—which translation should he accept as defining his relation to Mees Cherry, avowed by her own lips? The patient compiler of that useful book could never have foreseen the ecstasy it would one day bring to a Mexican boy's heart.

He was living in a realm of enchantment. To think that already, on the very day of their meeting, he and his blonde Venus should have arrived at intimacies far transcending any that are possible in Mexico except between the wedded or the wicked! In stark freedom, miraculously unchaperoned, they had talked together, walked together, boldly linked their very arms! In his ribs he still treasured the warmth of her; in his fingers throbbed the memory that for one electric instant their hands had fluttered, dove-like,

Drawn by Louis Mora

"AGAIN AND AGAIN HE CONNED THE SPANISH EQUIVALENTS LISTED AGAINST THAT WORD 'DARLING'"

each to each. Small enough, those tender contacts; yet by such is the life force unchained: Popo found himself looking into a seething volcano, which was his own manhood. That discovery, conflicting as it did with the religious quality of his love, disturbed him mightily. Sublimely he invoked all his spiritual strength to subdue the volcano. And his travail was richly rewarded. The volcano became transformed magically into a fount of pellucid purity in which, bathing his exhausted soul, young Popo became a saint.

In that interesting but arduous capacity he labored for many days, during which Miss Cherry created no further occasion for their being alone together, but seemed to throw him in the way of her mama, a trial which he endured with fiery fortitude. He was living the spiritual life with rigorous intensity, a victim of the eternal mandate that those fountains of purity into which idealism has power to transform the most troublesome of volcanoes should be of a temperature little short of the boiling-point.

His dark eyes kept his divinity faithfully informed of his anguish and his worship, and her blue ones discreetly accepted the offering. Once or twice their hands met lightly, and it seemed that the shock might have given birth to flaming worlds. When alone with her mama, Alicia showed signs of an irritable ardor which Mrs. Cherry, with secret complacency, set down to regrets for the too hastily renounced blessings of matrimony.

"Poor old Ned!" the mother sighed one night. "Your father has seen him, and tells me that he looks dreadful."

On the morning of the night of the ball the entire party, to escape from the majordomo and his gang of hammering decorators, motored into the country on a visit to Popo's grandmother, whose house sheltered three priests and a score of orphan girls, and was noted for its florid magnificence of the Maximilian period.

Popo hoped that some mention might be made in Alicia's hearing of his grandmother's oft-expressed intention to bequeath the place to him, and he was much gratified when the saintly old lady, who wore a mustache *á la española,* brought up the subject, and dilated upon it at some length, telling Popo that he must continue to make the house blessed by the presence of the three padres, but that she would make provision for the orphans to be taken elsewhere, out of his way, a precaution she mentioned to an accompaniment of winks and innuendos which greatly amused all the company, including the padres, only Alicia and Popo showing signs of distress.

After dinner, which occurred early in the afternoon, Popo manœuvered Alicia apart from the others in the garden. His eyes telegraphed a desperate plea, to which hers consented, and he took her by the hand, and they ran through a green archway into a terraced Italian garden peopled with marble nymphs and fauns, from which they escaped by a little side gate into an avenue of orange-blossoms. Presently they were laboring over rougher ground, where their feet crushed the fat stems of lilies, and then they turned and descended a roughly cut path winding down the scarred, dripping face of a cliff into the green depth of a little cañon, at the upper end of which a cascade resembling a scarf flung over a wall sang a song of eternity, and baptized the tall tree-ferns that climbed in disorderly rivalry for its kisses.

Alicia breathed deeply the cool, moss-scented air. The trembling boy, suddenly appalled at the bounty of life in presenting him with this sovereign concatenation of the hour, the place, and the woman, could only stammer irrelevantly, as he switched at the leaves with his cane:

"There is a cave in there behind the waterfall. One looks through the moving water as through a thick window, but one gets wet. Sometimes I come here alone, all alone, without going to the house, and *mamagrande* never knows. The road we came by passes just below, crossing this little stream, where thou didst remark the tall bamboos before we saw the porter's lodge. The mud wall is low, and I tie my horse in the bamboo thicket."

"Why do you come here?" she asked, her eyes tracing the Indian character in the clear line of his profile and the dusky undertone of his cheek.

"It is my caprice to meditate here. From my childhood I have loved the *cañoncito* in a peculiar way. Thou wilt laugh at me—no? Well, I have always

felt a presence here, unseen, a very quiet spirit that seemed to speak to me of—*quién sabe?* I never knew—never until now."

His voice thrilled, and his eyes lifted themselves to hers, as if for permission, before he continued in ringing exaltation:

"Now that thou hast come, now that thou appearest here in all thy lovely splendor, now I know that the spirit I once felt and loved in secret was a prophecy of thee. Yes, Alicia mine, for thee this place has waited long—for thee, thou adored image of all beauty, queen of my heart, object of my prayers, whose purity has sanctified my life."

Alicia, a confirmed matinée girl, wished that all her woman friends might have seen her at that moment (she had on a sweet frock and a perfectly darling hat), and that they might have heard the speech that had just been addressed to her by the leading man. He was a thought juvenile, to be sure, but he had lovely, adoring eyes and delightfully passionate tones in his voice; and, anyhow, it was simply delicious to be made love to in a foreign language.

She was extremely pleased, too, to note that her own heart was going pitapat in a fashion quite uncomfortable and sweet and girly. She would n't have missed that sensation for a good deal. What a comfort to a bruised heart to be loved like this! He was calling her his saint. If that Edward could only hear him! Perhaps, after all, she *was* a saint. Yes, she felt that she certainly was, or could be if she tried. Now he was repeating some verses that he had made to her in Spanish. Such musical words! One had to come to the hot countries to discover what emotion was; and as for love-making! How the child had suffered!

As he bowed his bared head before her she laid her hands, as in benediction, where a bronze light glanced upon the glossy, black waves of his hair; and that

Drawn by F. Luis Mora

"'"WELL, I RAG-TIMED UP IN MY BEST TRA-LA-LA STYLE, BUT HE HALTED ME WITH A SPLENDID GESTURE, AND STARTED A SPEECH"'"

touch, so tender, felled Popo to the earth, where he groveled with tears and broken words and kisses for her little shoes, damp from the spongy soil. And she suddenly dropped her posings and her parasol, and forgot her complexion and her whalebones, and huddled down beside him in the bracken, hushing his sobs and wiping his face, with sweet epithets and sweeter assurances, finding a strange, wild comfort in mothering him recklessly, straight from the soul. At the height of which really promising situation she was startled by a familiar falsetto hail from her mama as the rest of the party descended into the *cañoncito,* whither it had been surmised that Popo had conducted Miss Cherry.

After flinging an artless yodel in response to the maternal signal, and while composing Popo and herself into lifelike attitudes suggestive of a mild absorption in the beauties of nature, she whispered in his ear:

"The next time you come here you shall have two horses to tie in the bamboos."

"Ay Dios! All blessings on thee! But when?" he pleaded. "Tell me when!"

"Well, to-morrow," she replied after quick thought; "as you would say, my dear, *mañana.* Yes, I 'll manage it. I 'm dying for a horseback ride, and I 've had such a lovely time to-day."

To be the only blonde at a Mexican ball is to be reconciled for a few hours to the fate of being a woman. Alicia, her full-blown figure habited in the palest of pink, which seemed of the living texture of her skin, with a generous measure of diamonds winking in effective constellations upon her golden head and dazzling bosom, absorbed through every pore the enravished admiration of the beholders, and beneficently poured it forth again in magnetic waves of the happiness with which triumph enhances beauty. Popo almost swooned with rapture at this apotheosis of the being who, a few hours earlier, had actually hugged him in the arms now revealed as those of a goddess. And to-morrow! With swimming brain he repeated over and over, as if to convince himself of the incredible, *"Mañana!"*

Almost as acute as the emotions of Popo, in a different way, were those of a foreign gentleman who had just been presented to the governor by the newly arrived Mr. Montague Cherry. So palpably moved was the stranger at the sight of Alicia that Mrs. Cherry laid a soothing hand on his arm and whispered a conspirator's caution. Presently he and Alicia stood face to face. Had they been Mexican, there would have ensued an emotional and edifying scene. But all that Alicia said, after one sharp inspiration of surprise, was, with an equivocal half-smile:

"Why, Edward! Of all people!"

And the gentleman addressed as Edward, finding his voice with difficulty, blurted out hoarsely:

"How are you, Alicia?"

At which Alicia turned smilingly to compliment Doña Elvira on the decorations.

Mr. Edward P. Winterbottom was one of those fortunate persons who seem to prefigure the ideal toward which their race is striving. A thousand conscientious draftsmen, with that national ideal in their subconsciousness, were always hard at work portraying his particular type in various romantic capacities, as those of foot-ball hero, triumphant engineer, "well-known clubman," and pleased patron of the latest collar, cigarette, sauce, or mineral water. Hence he would give you the impression of having seen him before somewhere under very admirable auspices. Extremely good-looking, with long legs, a magnificent chin, and an expression of concentrated manhood, he had every claim to be classed as "wholesome," cherishing a set of opinions suitable to his excellent station in life, a proper reverence for the female of the species, and an adequate working assortment of simple emotions easily predicable by a reasonably clever woman. Of the weaknesses common to humanity he had fewer than the majority, and in the prostration of remorse and desire in which he now presented himself to Alicia he seemed to offer timber capable of being made over into a prince of lifelong protectors.

Alicia had come to feel that she needed a protector, chiefly from herself. Presently, without committing herself, however, she favored him with a waltz. As they started off, she saw the agonized face of Popo, who had been trying to

reach her. She threw him a smile, which he lamentably failed to return. Not until then did she identify the music as that of the waltz she had promised him on the night of that first *serenata*. After it was over she good-naturedly missed a dance or two in search of him, meaning to make amends; but he was nowhere to be found.

WITH many apologies, Doña Elvira mentioned to Alicia, when she appeared the following morning, that the household was somewhat perturbed over the disappearance of Próspero. No one could remember having seen him since early in the progress of the ball. He had not slept in his bed, and his favorite horse was missing from the stable. Don Fernando had set the police in motion. Moreover, *la mamagrande*, informed by telephone, was causing masses to be said for the safety of her favorite. God would undoubtedly protect him, and meanwhile the honored señorita and her mama would be so very gracious as to attribute any apparent neglect of the canons of hospitality to the anxieties of an unduly affectionate mother.

Alicia opened her mouth to reply to that tremulous speech, but, finding no voice, turned and bolted to her room, trying to shut out a vision of a slender boy lying self-slain among the ferns where he had received caresses and whispers of love from a goddess of light fancy and lighter faith. She had no doubt that he was there in his *cañoncito*. But perhaps he yet lived, waiting for her! She would go at once. Old Ned should escort her as far as the bamboos, to be within call in case of the worst.

Old Ned was so grateful for the privilege of riding into the blossoming country with his Alicia that she rewarded him with a full narration of the Popo episode; and he received the confidence with discreet respect, swallowing any qualms of jealousy, and extolling her for the high-minded sense of responsibility which now possessed her to the point of tears.

"It 's all your fault, anyway," she declared as they walked their horses up a long hill.

He accepted the blame with alacrity as a breath of the dear connubial days.

"One thing I 've demonstrated," she continued fretfully, "and that is that the summer flirtation of our happy land simply cannot be acclimated south of the Rio Grande. These people lack the necessary imperturbability of mind, which may be one good reason why they 're not permitted to hold hands before the marriage ceremony. To complicate matters, it seems that I 'm the first blonde with the slightest claim to respectability that ever invaded this part of Mexico, and although the inhabitants have a deluded idea that blue eyes are intensely spiritual, they get exactly the same Adam-and-Eve palpitations from them that we do from the lustrous black orbs of the languishing tropics."

"Did you—ah—did you get as far as —um—kissing?" Mr. Winterbottom inquired, with an admirable air of detachment.

"Not quite, Edward; that was where the rest of the folks came tagging along. But I promise you this: if I find that Popo alive, I 'm going to kiss him for all I 'm worth. The unfortunate child is entitled to nothing less."

"But would n't that—hum—add fuel to the flame?" he asked anxiously.

"It would give him back his self-respect," she declared. "It is n't healthy for a high-spirited boy to feel like a worm."

MR. WINTERBOTTOM, while waiting among the bamboos in company with three sociable horses,—Popo's was in possession when they arrived,—smoked one very long cigar and chewed another into pulpy remains. Alicia not having yodeled, he understood that she had found the boy alive, and he tried to derive comfort from that reflection. He had promised to preserve patience and silence, and such was his anxiety to propitiate Alicia that he managed to subjugate his native energy, although the process involved the kicking up of a good deal of soil. She reflected, when she noted on her return his carefully cheerful expression, that a long course of such discipline would go far toward regenerating him as a man and a husband.

"Well, how is our little patient today?" he inquired with gentle jocosity as he held the stirrup for her.

"I believe he 'll pull through now," Alicia responded gravely. "I 've sent him

up to his grandmother's to be fed, and he 's going to telephone his mother right away."

"That 's bully," Mr. Winterbottom pronounced heartily; and for some moments, as they gained the road, nothing more was said. Alicia seemed thoughtful. Mr. Winterbottom was the first to speak.

"Poor little beggar must have been hungry," he hazarded.

"He had eaten a few bananas, but as they 're not recognized as food here, they only increased his humiliation. You know, banana-trees are just grown to shade the coffee-plants, which are delicate."

Mr. Winterbottom signified a proper interest in that phase of coffee culture, and Alicia took advantage of a level stretch of road to put her horse to the gallop. When he regained her side, half a mile farther on, he was agitated.

"Alicia, would you mind enlightening me on one point?" he asked. "Did you—give him back his self-respect?"

"Perhaps I 'd better tell you all that happened, Edward."

"By Jove! I wish you would!" he cried earnestly.

"Well, Popo was n't a bit surprised to see me. In fact, he was expecting me."

"Indeed? Had n't lost his assurance, then."

"He had simply worked out my probable actions, just as I had worked out his. Of course he looked like a wild thing, hair on end, eyes like a panther, regular young bandit. Well, I rag-timed up in my best tra-la-la style, but he halted me with a splendid gesture, and started a speech. You know what a command of language foreigners have, even the babies. He never fumbled for a word, and all his nouns had verbs waiting, and the climaxes just rolled over one another like waves. It was beautiful."

"But what was it about?"

"Me, of course: my iniquity, the treacherous falseness residing as ashes in the Dead Sea fruit of my beauty, with a lurid picture of the ruin I had made of his belief in woman, his capacity for happiness, and all that. And he wound up with a burst of denunciation in which he called me by a name which ought not to be applied to any lady in any language."

"Alicia!"

"Oh, I deserved it, Edward, and I told him so. I did n't care how badly he thought of me if I could only give him back his faith in love. It 's such a wonderful thing to get *that* back! So I sang pretty small about myself; and when I revealed my exact status as an ex-wife in process of being courted by her divorced husband, his eyes nearly dropped out of his head. You see, they don't play 'Tag! You 're it!' with marriage down here. That boy actually began to hand me out a line of missionary talk. He thinks I ought to remarry you, Ned."

"He must have splendid instincts, after all. So of course you did n't kiss him?"

"Wait a minute. After mentioning that I was eleven years older than he, and that my hair had been an elegant mouse-drab before I started touching it up—"

"Not at all. I liked its color—a very pretty shade of—"

"After that, I told him that he could thank his stars for the education I had given him, in view of the fact that he 's going to be sent to college in the U. S. A., and I gave him a few first-rate pointers on the college widow breed. And finally, Ned, I put it to him that I was anxious to do the square thing, and if he considered himself entitled to a few kisses while you were waiting, he could help himself."

"And he?" Mr. Winterbottom inquired with a pinched look.

"He looked so cute that I could have hugged him. But he nobly declined."

"That young fellow," said Mr. Winterbottom, taking off his hat and wiping his brow, "is worthy of being an American."

"Why, that was his Indian revenge, the little monkey! But he was tempted, Ned."

"Of course he was. If you 'd only tempt *me!* O Alicia, you 're a saint!"

"That 's what Popo called me yesterday, and it was neither more nor less true than what he called me to-day. I suppose we 're all mixtures of one kind and another. And I 've discovered, Ned, that it 's the healthiest kind of fun to be perfectly frank with—with an old pal. Let 's try it that way next time, shall we, dear?"

She offered her lips for the second time that day, and—

THREE SISTERS

from

CHARCOAL DRAWINGS

by

John S. Sargent

John S. Sargent - 1907

WHAT HAVE WOMEN DONE WITH THE VOTE?

BY GEORGE CREEL

EVEN more amazing than the prairie-fire sweep of equal suffrage is its effect on those who champion or oppose it. It is an issue that seems to have the disturbing values of hemp or poppy, shutting out actualities and inducing dreams.

As far as the United States is concerned, equal suffrage ceased to be a theory in 1869, when Wyoming gave women the vote. Since then nine more States and a Territory have enfranchised their females, each one a potential laboratory for the ascertainment of facts.

The ten States and one Territory that have already answered in the affirmative are calling for company. Montana, Nevada, and the two Dakotas will vote on the proposition in 1914, and the legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Iowa have taken the first steps for submitting a constitutional amendment to the people in 1915. The law-making bodies of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania are on record with favorable, but not final, action, and in every State the equal-suffrage movement eclipses all others in size, strength, and iron determination.

Since an answer is inevitable, patriotism demands the elimination of *prejudice* and *theories* and sole consideration of *facts* and *figures*. Equal-suffrage leaders, as a matter of course, will dispute this point of view, insisting that woman is entitled to the ballot because she is an adult human being, and that what she does with it is no more to be considered than man's use of his vote, whether wise or unwise.

This claim has never been allowed by the majority. It is for man to say whether woman shall have the vote, and as a consequence man views the ballot not as a *right* that he must give, but as a *privilege* that he is at liberty to confer or withhold.

HOW WOMEN HAVE AFFECTED LEGISLATURE

HAS equal suffrage made good? If so, he desires to aid in its extension. Has equal suffrage failed? If so, he wants to fight its spread. This, in a word, is the mental attitude of the great mass of men in the thirty-eight non-suffrage States. They are waiting to be "shown."

The first approach of the investigator who is searching for truth, and not endeavoring to obtain confirmation of previous prejudices, is through the statute-books of the ten equal-suffrage States. These experiment-stations, with the year in which they gave the vote to women, are:

Wyoming	1869
Colorado	1893
Utah	1896
Idaho	1896
Washington	1910
California	1911
Oregon	1912
Kansas	1912
Arizona	1912
Illinois	1913
Alaska	1913

What statutory enactments are admittedly due to the woman vote? In many respects this is the only fair approach. Laws speak for themselves, and that which is set down in black and white does not lend itself readily to distortion and misrepresentation. Do women avail themselves of the franchise privilege? Does the "bad" woman outvote her "good" sister? Have women become inveterate office-seekers? Has equal suffrage disrupted the home?

At the outset of the inquiry, Colorado and California suggest themselves as examples that may serve all purposes of computation and comparison. One has had suffrage for twenty years, the other for two. Colorado represents the old and its evolutions; California stands for the new, with its revolutions.

There is also this postulate to be accepted: ***absolute segregation of the woman***

vote is impossible. Men far outnumber the women in the nine Western equal-suffrage States, and the adoption of any law means that a certain portion of the male vote has given it the necessary approval. Reference to "women's laws," therefore, must be taken to mean those measures originated by women, introduced by women legislators, or else indorsed and lobbied for unflaggingly by women's organizations.

The procedure in all the equal-suffrage States is very similar. A state federation of women's clubs, at its annual convention, will discuss what it wishes in the way of legislation, and what it does not wish. Bills already in the field are indorsed or condemned, new bills are framed to meet the demands, and then everything is placed in the hands of a legislative committee that is virtually an unpaid lobby. This committee, with an elastic membership of from ten to seventy-five, attends every session of the legislature. The progress of bills is watched, care is taken to see that none of them is lost or hidden, and in the event of trouble, these Paul Reveres send out a warning that rains down scores of telegrams from every quarter of the State on the heads of recalcitrant legislators. As a result of these methods, the following "women's laws," grouped in order that development may be studied, have been adopted by Colorado:

1893 to 1900: a state home for dependent children, three of the five members of the board of control to be women; making the mother joint guardian of the child with the father; raising age of protection for girls to eighteen years; a state industrial school for girls, three of the five members of the board of control to be women; a factory inspection law; creating the indeterminate sentence, out of which Tom Tynan's wonderful "honor-and-trust" idea has been evolved; truant-schools; requiring one woman physician on the state asylum board; provision for the inspection of maternity homes and lying-in hospitals conducted by private persons, etc.

1900 to 1910: juvenile court system; drastic compulsory-education law; a child-labor law taking little ones under fourteen out of factories, stores, and mines, and forbidding the employment of those under sixteen in unhealthful or dangerous trades; making father and mother joint heirs of deceased child; providing penalties for failure to support aged or infirm parents; a traveling-library commission, consisting of five women, for the purpose of seeing that books reach the most remote mountain camp and prairie hut; making it a criminal offense to contribute to the delinquency of a child; a local-option law; and the establishment of a state free-employment bureau, with offices in all the principal cities and towns.

It is at this point that a break must be made in the recital of laws, for 1910 heard the first gun of Colorado's winning struggle for equal justice. Without entering into causes, suffice it to say that the people believed themselves outraged by a supreme court, enslaved by a "bipartizan machine," and pillaged by a *plunderbund* made up of public-service monopolies, railroads, smelters, and various trusts.

Hard fighting wrenched the initiative and referendum from a venal legislature, and a vote in Denver for municipal ownership of the water-plant marked the first defeat that the allied public-utility corporations had ever received.

In 1911 a commission-government campaign was launched at various points in Colorado, and put into operation in Grand Junction, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, and various other municipalities. In Denver a corrupt council consigned a petition containing 20,000 signatures to the waste-basket. A citizens' movement was formed, a full mayoralty ticket placed in the field, and on May 21, 1912, the non-partizan candidates were overwhelmingly elected by 10,000 more votes than the combined totals of the Democratic and Republican parties.

In November, using the initiative for the first time, the people wrote these statutes and constitutional amendments: an eight-hour law for working-women; a mothers' compensation act; the recall of officials, with particular emphasis on the judiciary; state-wide civil service; an eight-hour law for miners; home rule for cities; the recall of decisions, providing that only the supreme court of the State shall have the power to declare laws unconstitutional, and that these decisions may be disapproved and set aside by a majority vote of the people; and the headless ballot.

In February, 1913, the long-delayed

commission-government election was held, the change adopted, and on June 1 five commissioners, elected without party designations and by a preferential system of voting, took charge of Denver's affairs.

There can be no question that women were literally the life of the revolution, bringing an even greater degree of radicalism to bear upon the various propositions than the men. Judge Lindsey, speaking for the citizens, John H. Gabriel, president of the Direct Legislation League, and the writer, as chairman of the commission-government campaign, have never failed to say that the women, volunteering their services for the circulation of petitions, throwing open their homes when halls could not be hired, and as willing to trudge and drudge as to lead and sit in council, constituted the moving force of the forward movement.

THE EMPHASIS ON ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

In considering the laws enacted subsequent to 1910, mark the new economic and industrial emphasis: creation of a minimum-wage commission, with power to act; establishment of fifty dollars as a minimum monthly wage for teachers, and doubling the length of the minimum school year; amendments putting teeth in the child-labor law, the factory-inspection law, and the compulsory-education law; a workmen's compensation act; a law putting loan sharks out of business; a strong non-support law, and a companion statute making non-support an extraditable offense; a state home for the feeble-minded; validating the wills of married women; perfecting the "honor-and-trust" system at the penitentiary in many particulars; making the "third degree" a felony, etc.

It is also important to note that a first act of the citizens' administration was the abolition of the infamous "red-light district," long protected by the bipartizan alliance.

Consideration of the case of California with respect to equal suffrage inevitably begins with the Weller recall and the campaign against commercialized vice. Foes of equal suffrage blame the women voters in toto, and accuse them of hysteria, emotionalism, and crack-brained theories. The women accept full responsibility, but plead ample justification, and both sides agree on this statement of fact as to the recall:

One Albert Hendricks had raped a young girl in peculiarly revolting circumstances. Judge Shortall, before whom he was arraigned, demanded bond in the sum of $3000; but when he left town two days later, Judge Weller reduced the bail to $1000. Hendricks promptly fled, leaving a wife and two children behind him without means of support, and the incident would have been closed but for the women of the neighborhood in which the girl lived.

At the outset of the investigation it was discovered that Hendricks had been in Weller's court before on a similar charge, and had gone unpunished. Further delving developed that in scores of cases of criminal assault the bonds ranged from $50 to $300, and that continuance and dismissal were the favorite Wellerian modes of treatment.

One particular scandal was that of a fourteen-year-old girl about to become a mother. Ten times Weller continued the case against her assailant, and the tenth time, which fell on the day the child gave birth to her baby, Weller dismissed the case because the "complainant failed to appear."

The fight on commercialized vice has been waged chiefly in San Francisco, for Los Angeles abolished its infamous "crib district" in 1909 as the result of a scandal that exposed a city administration's intimate connection with the under-world.

San Francisco's answer to the Ruef-French restaurant infamies, however, was the creation of a municipal clinic for the purpose of segregating prostitutes and subjecting them to physical examination. It was against this condition specifically, but against the whole system generally, that the women revolted.

When the men declared that prostitution was a "necessary evil," the women asked them if they were willing to let a member of their own families recruit the industry. When the men said that a "wide-open town" was a good thing for business, and that tourists would avoid a "closed town," the women answered: "If drunkenness and debauchery are necessary to make business good, then the sooner we get rid of that sort of business the better. If tourists come to San Francisco only for whisky and lust, we don't want that class of travel near the homes in which we are rearing our children."

The city was forced to sever its relations with the clinic, whole sections of the vice district were cleansed, notably the Barbary Coast, and it was from these victories that the women of San Francisco joined with the womanhood of California in winning the injunction and abatement act from the legislature.

With regard to the general run of legislation, the following list was prepared by C. E. Sebastian, chief of police of Los Angeles, and read by him before the International Association of Police Chiefs as being the laws "mothered" by the voting women of California. His compilation is verified by Francis J. Heney and Judge W. P. Lawlor, who tried the graft cases.

Raising the age of consent from sixteen to twenty-one; juvenile-court amendment separating dependent from delinquent children; requiring fathers to support illegitimate children; requiring certificate of freedom from all venereal diseases from men as a precedent to the marriage license; the sterilization of certain inmates of lunatic asylums and a certain class of convicts; and a drastic law against pandering.

Minimum-wage law; workmen's compensation law; mothers' pension law; teachers' pension law, granting a pension of $500 a year to teachers who have been in service thirty years; a state housing and immigration commission to prepare for the handling of immigrants with the opening of the Panama Canal; and a state training-school for girls, with the most approved correctional methods and thorough vocational training.

Joint guardianship law; requirement of a wife's signature to the assignment of a husband's wages; good milk-inspection statute; a net container law; a weights and measures law; a law prohibiting the destruction of food-stuffs fit for human consumption; and a prison reform bill.

Raising the age limit of child workers from twelve to fifteen; state-wide civil service; a billboard nuisance act; and an amendment to the liquor law hitting particularly at San Francisco's all-night sale.

The legislature that submitted the equal-suffrage amendment to the people passed an eight-hour law for women, and the new voters contented themselves at the last session by having it extended to include workers in apartment-houses and nurses in training.

LAWS RELATING TO WOMAN'S INTERESTS

So much for results in Colorado and California. In a general way these activities denote the usual trend of the woman vote in all the equal-suffrage States. Virtually every one of the laws relating to the personal and property rights of the female are found on the statute-books of the other eight States. In none of the ten has the woman failed to free herself of notorious political disabilities and ancient injustices, or neglected to acquire what she considers her full rights.

This was to be expected. Common sense dictates such a course. The women would be fools if they did not make such first use of the ballot, nor do men quarrel with it. But—and here is an interesting study in psychology—the average man demands a larger reason than this for his gift of the vote. Consciously or subconsciously he resents the inference that women need more protection than he is willing to give. Gross inequalities persist because of the male voter's procrastination rather than his meanness or indifference. More important things, to him, push forward, and he finds difficulty in "getting around" to what the women want. Yet he hates and refuses to be put in the position of denying or resisting.

Because of this quirk, it is with such fundamentals as are social rather than personal that he is concerned. What of the social evil, the liquor traffic, working day, poverty problems, education, child-labor laws, penal reform, minimum-wage laws? How has the woman voter approached these things? How will equal suffrage affect these questions?

Taking these demands in order, the injunction and abatement law is admittedly the most effective weapon yet devised against commercialized vice, because it is directed against the owner of the property, and puts the power of action in the hands of every citizen. In addition to California, also Utah, Washington, Kansas, and Oregon possess the law. Only five non-suffrage States have it.

Of the other equal-suffrage States, Colorado's attempt to secure the measure at the last session failed, and the women will initiate the bill in 1914. Illinois, armed with the Chicago vice-commission's report, is "cleaning-up," and in Arizona,

Wyoming, and Idaho, where the evil is sporadic, a fight is being made with very good general laws. The two Carolinas, Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, New Mexico, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia have no state law against prostitution at all.

A referendum has prevented the operation of the California law, but even without it, Los Angeles remains a "red-lightless" city, while in San Francisco the vice district has been abolished in large measure. Seattle, Denver, Sacramento, Boise, and Salt Lake City, other equal-suffrage metropolises, have also stamped out their "bad lands," and put an end to municipal sanction of commercialized vice.

The Seattle campaign, it may be remembered, involved the recall of Mayor Gill. As in the case of California, this first use of the ballot by the women of Washington was made the ground for charges of narrowness, puritanism, and emotionalism. The facts in the case are these:

"Hi" Gill was the open and avowed champion of the saloon and disorderly house. He insisted that they were necessary to the prosperity of Seattle. The climax of this policy was reached when two huge municipal brothels were erected in a public street. It was then that the people recalled him, 22,000 women voting, each woman an anti-Gill committee of one. Shortly afterward, Gill's chief of police was convicted of collecting thousands from the women of the under-world, and is now in the penitentiary. The "higher-ups" escaped, owing to a kindly judge who quashed the indictments because commas were omitted!

The equal-suffrage States are also far in advance of the rest of the country in the matter of the age of consent. California is the only commonwealth with twenty-one years; Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming have eighteen; Arizona has seventeen; and Oregon and Illinois have sixteen.

In Georgia and North Carolina it is *ten;* in Mississippi, twelve; in seven other non-suffrage States, fourteen; in fifteen others, sixteen; and only three go as high as eighteen.

According to the National Vigilance Association, every single equal-suffrage State has a "good" statute against white slaving or pandering. Georgia, Mississippi, and South Carolina have no such law, and those on the statute-books of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, and Tennessee are grossly inadequate.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

WITH regard to the liquor traffic, there can be no question that the voting woman is as bitterly opposed to the saloon as she is to the brothel. Kansas, of course, has had state-wide prohibition for years; and Illinois, Oregon, and Arizona, where the woman vote is scarcely a year old, cannot be fairly counted either one way or the other. All the other seven, however, have local-option laws that are drying up the liquor like some huge blotter. Wyoming is ninety per cent. dry. Colorado has fifty "dry" counties out of sixty-two. Only eighteen of Utah's twenty-eight counties are "wet," and sixteen of these are mining-camps. Idaho, ninety per cent. dry, passed a search and seizure bill at the last session, also a law compelling an oath from patrons of drug stores, and California's list of "dry" towns has grown from 200 odd to over 600 since suffrage.

An eight-hour day for the working-woman is a boon possessed by equal-suffrage States alone. Colorado, California, and Washington alone have gone this far, although Arizona's eight-hour law for laundries is almost as good, since that State has few other industries employing women. Washington, where the women had been begging for the law for eight years, received it from the first legislature after the adoption of the equal-suffrage amendment.

Utah and Idaho have the nine-hour day. In each State the women made the fight for eight, and were forced to compromise. Only five non-suffrage States can say as much. It took Massachusetts forty years to win the reform that Utah got in two.

A frequent attack along these industrial lines is to show that protective legislation for women is found in States where women do not vote, and that these similar laws have not been passed in equal-suffrage States. For instance, Massachusetts and New York have some measures relating to factory women that are not found on the statute-books of Idaho and Wyoming. Also a law providing seats for saleswomen is possessed by Illinois, Massachusetts, and New York, and not by Idaho.

The validity of these criticisms cannot be allowed. While Massachusetts and New York have 152,713 and 136,788 factory girls respectively, Idaho and Wyoming have 681 and 501. In saleswomen the same absurd disparities are noted. Illinois, Massachusetts, and New York have 12,149, 11,985, and 30,858, while Idaho comes forward with 153. One might as well blame Idaho and Wyoming for failure to adopt statutes for the protection of deep-sea fishermen.

LAWS RELATING TO POVERTY

IN the matter of taking poverty out of the list of crimes, the equal-suffrage States lead easily. Colorado, California, Washington, Illinois, Idaho, Oregon, and Utah have mothers' pension laws that stop the cruel business of kidnapping children because the mother cannot earn enough to keep the wolf from the door. Only six non-suffrage States have adopted this humane measure. Idaho and Utah carry off first honors for generosity, both awarding ten dollars a month for the oldest child, but Utah allowing seven dollars per month for each additional child against Idaho's five dollars.

Child labor seems also to be a first consideration of the voting woman. Arizona is the one State in all the Union to adopt the model law framed by the National Child Labor Committee. California sets fifteen as the working age, and Washington, Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Illinois, and Oregon have well-nigh perfect laws. Fourteen years is the dead-line, fifteen years during the school term, and sixteen years in all dangerous trades.

Idaho lets down the bars to children of twelve,—fourteen during school term,—and Wyoming establishes the age limit of fourteen only for certain occupations, and then makes an exemption for poverty. These are the two rotten spots, and even the fact that child labor is not a pressing problem in either State will not serve as an excuse.

They shine white, however, by comparison with the sordid tragedies of Alabama, South Carolina, New Mexico, Georgia, and Mississippi, where babes of twelve are permitted to work incredible hours for incredible pittances. Or side by side with the cranberry bogs of New Jersey, the glass factories of Pennsylvania, and the canneries of the Northern States.

THE FIGHT AGAINST ILLITERACY

EVERY one of the equal-suffrage States has a complete compulsory-education law, splendidly safeguarded and bulwarked by truant-schools and truant-officers, parental-delinquency provisions, etc. Florida, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Texas have no such law, and in Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Louisiana, and Virginia the laws are utterly worthless.

It is distinctly noteworthy that in the list of the ten most illiterate States in the Union—Louisiana, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and West Virginia—there is not an equal-suffrage State.

Colorado, Arizona, and Oregon are the three great experiment-stations for penitentiary reform, and have demonstrated the absolute practicability of the "honor-and-trust" plan. California women have just secured an extension of the indeterminate sentence to all crimes except murder, and also a provision for the payment of wages to working convicts and for assistance to discharged prisoners. Illinois, since equal suffrage, is experimenting with the "honor-and-trust" plan, and Idaho and Utah have sent committees to Colorado to study Tom Tynan's methods. Of the non-suffrage States, only Iowa has bettered penal conditions, the others resting content with prison methods that are stupid and wasteful when they are not cruel and barbarous.

Minimum-wage laws are almost entirely peculiar to the equal-suffrage States. California, Colorado, Washington, Oregon, and Utah have them, and *at work*. Massachusetts is the only non-suffrage State in their class.

The slightest analysis of these summaries, and their comparisons with non-suffrage States, develops certain facts instantly. The woman vote is definitely against the saloon, against commercialized vice, and against the theory that an "open" town helps business.

It is for more schools and better schools and compulsory education, for the home in preference to the institution, and for the dignity and protection of motherhood in

any and all circumstances. It is against the exploitation of the child, and for almost entire emphasis upon the corrective note in punishment rather than the punitive or deterrent.

In taking up stock objections, the charge that women do not avail themselves of the right to vote must necessarily be approached through typical instances. The following table is furnished by the Seattle election that recalled Gill:

WARD	MEN	WOMEN	PER CENT.
1st Ward	1873	345	17
2d Ward	2570	1162	44
3d Ward	4178	2320	55
4th Ward	3938	1334	34
5th Ward	2848	981	34
6th Ward	1815	610	34
7th Ward	5852	3674	63
8th Ward	3839	2025	53
9th Ward	3291	2088	63
10th Ward	2475	1633	66
11th Ward	2185	1457	67
12th Ward	2773	1426	51
13th Ward	2543	1367	54
14th Ward	3309	1385	42
Total	43,489	21,807	48

By way of explanation, the first ward was the vice district, the fifth and sixth wards constitute the heart of the business section, and the seventh, ninth, tenth, and eleventh wards are residential.

From the 1912 election in Los Angeles the following figures are gleaned:

	MEN	WOMEN	WOMEN PER CENT.
Highland Park	1556	1504	49
Hollywood	1348	1350	50
Angeleno Heights	2104	1429	40
East Side	3154	2127	40
Boyle Heights	3619	2485	41
Down-town and Industrial	10907	4827	31
Westlake	4201	3567	46
Edendale	1313	1011	43
Wilshire Northwest	3706	3079	46
West Adams	7456	5842	47
Southwest	6551	5096	44
Southeast	7290	4389	38
Wilmington—San Pedro	1420	693	32
	54,625	37,399	41.3

The percentage of registered men voting was 54.2, and that of women, 50.2. Further comparisons are made possible by these facts: Hollywood, Westlake, Wilshire, and West Adams are prosperous, fashionable districts, while the others are given over to the moderately circumstanced or poor. A very interesting survey of the Berkeley election returns establishes similar conclusions: the larger woman's vote was cast in the so-called "exclusive" neighborhoods, the smaller woman's vote in the poorer districts, and the average in the precincts inhabited by people of modest means.

THE RATIO OF VOTING MEN AND WOMEN

In Idaho, according to tables prepared by Mrs. Burton French and Mrs. Frederick Dubois, about seventy-six per cent. of the women voted at the last election, and about eighty-four per cent. of the men. Mrs. Frank Mondell of Wyoming and Mrs. Sutherland of Utah are authority for the statement that every election calls out the same proportion of women as men.

While no large election has been held in Illinois since equal suffrage, various small-town elections have been held, and the figures are rather interesting:

	MEN	WOMEN
Carpentersville	172	155
Carthage	540	423
Rosiclare	106	107
Mt. Auburn	102	118
Benton	414	422
Geneva	180	227

Seattle and Denver furnish figures with regard to the claim that "bad women" have a way of controlling elections in equal-suffrage States. As will be seen, 345 women voted in the first ward, where Seattle's red-light had its being at that time. In Denver the "bad lands" were confined to Precincts 1, 2, and 3 of the fourth ward prior to abolition. The election commission presents this table:

	REGISTERED	VOTED
Precinct 1	54	46
Precinct 2	61	53
Precinct 3	61	45
	176	144

Assuming that every one of these votes represented prostitutes, what of it? Compare 345 with 21,807, or 144 with 38,000. As a matter of fact, the assumption is grossly false. The writer, out of his experience as newspaper man and police commissioner in Denver, is willing to assert that not ten per cent. were prostitutes. The majority of these women are girls under the voting age or foreigners, while the remainder, practising their sorry trade under assumed names, are unwilling to expose their identities by registration. In both Denver and Seattle, a large percentage of the vice-ward vote probably represented the wives of the day-laborer class, since segregation is invariably practised at the expense of those whose poverty makes resistance impossible. As a bit of further information, Idaho has a law prohibiting persons of lewd life from voting.

WOMEN AS OFFICE-SEEKERS

Do women become inveterate office-seekers?

In Wyoming, where equal suffrage is forty years old, there are two members of the legislature and a number of women serving as county superintendent of schools. Mrs. Miller, one of the legislators, is the mother of grown sons, one of whom preceded her in the office; and the other, Miss Truax, a teacher, was petitioned to become a candidate as a protest against legislative delay in connection with school measures.

In Colorado, where the women have voted for twenty years, virtually all the educational offices have been turned over to them. Since 1895 the state superintendent of public instruction has been a woman, and to-day forty-three out of sixty-two counties have women for county superintendents of schools. Denver has a woman president of the election board, a woman member of the school board, and, prior to commission government, had another able woman as clerk and recorder of deeds. A member of the board of regents of the state university is a woman, and throughout the State there are these women office-holders: two city auditors, eight city treasurers, three city clerks, ten county clerks, one county commissioner, twice as many as at any previous period in the twenty years.

In the state legislature at the present writing there are two women in the lower house and one in the senate, the latter elected in 1912. Mrs. Riddle is a German epitome of common sense who enjoys a competence through years of dairy farming. Mrs. Lee is the mother of grown children, and Mrs. Robinson, the senator, is an ex-college professor and a very brilliant writer.

In addition to these, two women serve on the state board of charities and corrections. Mrs. Helen Grenfell, as a member of the penitentiary board, has made penal reform possible, and there are women on the boards in charge of the various industrial homes.

Utah has three women in the legislature, and in Idaho the state superintendent of public instruction is a woman, twenty-five out of thirty counties have women superintendents, a woman is on the board of regents, and there are about twenty county treasurers and auditors. Washington has two able women in the legislature.

Instead of being inveterate office-seekers, there is far more ground for a charge that the voting women have entirely failed and absolutely refused to show the interest in office-seeking and office-holding that is entailed by her percentage of the vote.

THE INFLUENCE OF EQUAL SUFFRAGE UPON THE HAPPINESS OF HOME

HAS equal suffrage disrupted the home? As far as divorce statistics may be trusted, these show that Wyoming has 118 to every 10,000; Colorado, 158; Utah, 92; and Idaho, 120. It is questionable, however, whether they amount to anything. Utah has the lowest divorce rate in the Union, which might easily be turned into an argument for Mormonism. It is much more to the point that there is not an instance on record of a divorce arising from anything connected with the vote. This statement is laid down as a challenge.

There is now only the one remaining question to consider: Has the vote coarsened or cheapened women?

In Colorado, most attacked along this line, there is an Equal-Suffrage Aid Association composed of the most prominent men in the State, organized for the sole purpose of denying falsehoods and refuting slanders.

Senator Charles S. Thomas, also an ex-governor, Southern born, and the possessor of a voting wife and voting daughters, expresses the male sentiment of Colorado when he says: "The one offensive feature of equal suffrage has been the flood of blackguardly abuse heaped upon our women by foes of the movement. Scavengers, commissioned to attack and defame, have made pretense of studying our lives, thoughts, laws, and institutions between trains. The supposition that inclusion in the responsibilities of citizenship implies the instant degradation of our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters can only proceed from mental perversion and degeneracy."

Bishop Spaulding of Utah, after long observation, declares that equal suffrage has developed better wives and better mothers, and that women have brought to their duties as citizens and legislators superior humanity and motherliness.

The Portland "Oregonian," unalterably conservative, admits editorially that equal suffrage has turned out to be one of the strongest fortifications of the home, and throughout his entire investigation the writer could not find any one, not even a dethroned "boss," who would put his name to the charge that the vote had debased the women of his State.

The inevitable first result of equal suffrage is the removal of all polling-places from the neighborhood of saloons. What was good enough for men is not good enough for their women folk. For the most part, voting-booths are in churches, parlors, corner groceries, or schools. Illinois had many of its polling-places decorated with potted plants, many Kansas towns introduced "no-smoking" regulations, and in all of the older equal-suffrage States there is yet to be recorded an instance of insult to women in connection with the franchise.

Let conclusion come with the words of Mrs. Grenfell, that very wonderful woman whom many pick as Colorado's best citizen:

The opponents of equal suffrage never tire of declaring that woman's place is the home. I agree with them most heartily. It is because of the home that I want women to have the vote. The State is so much the over-parent to-day that I cannot look after my home without the vote. The law says when the child shall go to school, what books it shall study, what food it shall eat, what carfare it shall pay, when it shall be vaccinated or given serums, punishes the child with truant-officers, truant-schools, juvenile courts, and tells when it may quit school and when it may go to work. It is through franchises gained by the ballot that I am told what to pay for my water, my gas, my electric light, my telephone; it is by the vote that liquor questions are decided, and ordinances adopted for the regulation of morals. I happened to read yesterday where the women of Kansas City were protesting against a return to the policy of licensing prostitution and making the community a sharer in the shameful gains. In another column I saw where an ordinance prohibiting saloons near schools and churches had been smothered in committee by an alderman who happened to be Kansas City's most notorious saloonkeeper. Are those not questions that affect the home? And will any one say that the voteless women of Kansas City are able to give their homes the fullest possible protection?

One must also consider the seven or eight millions of women who are forced outside the home by the necessities of existence. Is this vast army of underpaid, overworked toilers to have no voice at all? If women voted in New York, do you think America would be shamed by the spectacle of the Triangle Factory owners being fined $20 for the very offense that cost the lives of 145 girls in a former fire?

I have always thought, and I still think, that a government entirely by men is as stupid as a government entirely by women would be. There are as many *home* features in municipal or state administration as *business* features. Perhaps you may remember that the Indiana legislature recently passed a $5000 appropriation for the better care of hogs, and defeated an appropriation of $5000 for the better care of children. Do you see what I mean? I do not question the importance of the appropriation for the revenue-producing hog, but would n't it have been well had some woman been in that legislature to stand up for the non-revenue-producing child?

CATCHING IT

BY AMY WENTWORTH STONE

MARIANNA LANE swung back and forth, back and forth, in the hammock, tapping her small, brown toe on the porch as she swung. It was a charming porch, framed in clematis and woodbine, but Marianna had no eye for its good points. She was lying with two slim arms clasped behind her head, staring vacantly up at the ceiling and composing a poem. On the wicker table beside her stood a glass of malted milk and a teaspoon. They were not the subject of the poem, but they were nevertheless responsible for it. In the first place, Marianna would *not* drink her twelve-o'clock malted milk, and as she was forbidden to go off the porch until she had done so, there seemed to be nothing better to do than to cultivate the muse in the hammock. After patiently sipping malted milk for eight years, Marianna had suddenly rebelled. In the second place, her cousin Frank, who lived in the next house, had been inspired by this beverage to make up an insulting ditty.

"Grocerman, bring a can
Baby-food for Mary Ann!"

he sang loudly over the hedge whenever he caught sight of Marianna's middy blouse and yellow pigtails. That was yesterday. To-day the malted milk was standing untouched upon the wicker table, and Marianna in the hammock was trying to think up an offensive rhyme for Frank. When she found it, she intended to go around on the other side of the house and shout it as loud as ever she could in the direction of her uncle's garden. This, it is true, was a tame revenge. What Marianna really wanted to do was to go over and pinch her cousin Frank; but that, unhappily, was out of the question, as Frank had a cold, and she was strictly forbidden to go near anybody with a cold. Frank was always having colds, and Mrs. Lane, who knew how unnecessary they were, was severe upon her sister-in-law.

"Children don't *catch* colds by sitting in drafts any more, Esther," she said. "We know now that it is always due to a germ. There is no need of children of intelligent parents coming in contact with germs. But you let Frank play with anybody and eat anything. Then he does n't assimilate his food, and has no resistance. *Proper assimilation,* that should be our watchword. If you belonged to our Civics and Hygiene Club, you would understand these things, Esther. Some day I want to show you about food values and the proper combinations for Frank."

Meanwhile Marianna lay back in the hammock, trying Frank in all sorts of interesting combinations.

"Frank, bank; Frank, crank; Frank, lank; Frank, sank," she repeated softly to herself. She had gotten as far as "Frank, Frank, spindle-shank," when the screen door opened, and her mother came out upon the porch. She was buttoning her white gloves, and had her card-case and parasol stuck under her arm.

"I 'm going now, Marianna," she said, "and I hope to find my little girl more reasonable when I come back." She glanced at the malted milk.

Marianna pouted down at her blouse.

"And as soon as you have decided to be mama's obedient little daughter," went on Mrs. Lane, "you may go down to Bates's and get ten-cents' worth of animal crackers, and you may eat twelve before supper. Now kiss mama."

Marianna lifted a wayward mouth. Her mother sniffed.

"Marianna," she said gravely, "have you been eating a peppermint?"

"Oh, no, Mama," replied Marianna in a tone of offended innocence.

"Let me see your tongue," said her mother. Marianna stuck that organ out as far as it would go. At the same moment her eyes fell upon a scrap of pink paper almost under the tip of her mother's parasol. On it could be read the words:

A DELICIOUS, LASTING FLAVOR
PERFUMES THE BREATH

It was the wrapping of a recent present from her cousin Frank.

"That 's very strange," said Mrs. Lane as she went down the steps, her nose still elevated, "I thought I smelled something."

Marianna leaned forward in the hammock and listened until she could no longer hear the swish of her mother's skirts; then she darted at that scrap of pink paper and thrust it hastily down a crack; then she searched in the remote corners of her mouth with her tongue to satisfy herself that Frank's present was still there; then she walked over to the steps with the glass of malted milk, and poured it slowly out as a libation upon her mother's fern bed.

"What you doing that for?" called a voice from the garden opposite.

Marianna, looking up, was astonished to see a little girl sitting on the steps across the way. She was a black-haired Gipsy of a little girl in a bright-red frock, and she had her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands. Though the new family had moved in a week ago, this was the very first appearance of anything so vivid and interesting.

"Because I *hate* malted milk," Marianna shouted back.

"They never could make me touch it," said the other.

Marianna liked the tone of this immensely. She went down the steps and across the street to the opposite hedge. The other little girl continued to sit with her chin in her hands, regarding the middy blouse and the yellow pigtails out of two elfish, black eyes. Marianna explored in the back of her mouth again.

"Do you chew gum?" she inquired.

"Yes," replied the other, exploring in the back of hers; "one of my best poems is about it. It begins:

"They do not know that I chew gum
Because I keep so very mum."

"Do *you* write poems, too?" said Marianna, amazed.

The other nodded.

"Piles of 'em," she said; "sometimes I write five a day. My name 's Elizabeth Barrett, so I can make 'em up just as easy. There was another poetess named that, you know. She wrote sonnets from the Porchoo Geese. When I grow up I 'm going to be like her, so I shall give all my gum to John Edward. The rest of that poem is:

"But Mrs. Browning did not chew it,
And so I think I shall not do it."

Marianna was much impressed.

"Do you know a good rhyme for Frank?" she said.

"Spank," said the other without a moment's hesitation. Marianna opened the gate and started up the path.

"Oh, you can't come in here," cried Elizabeth Barrett, scrambling up on the top step; "you must n't get near me. I 've got chicken-pox."

Marianna stopped short, her hands clasped behind her.

"What 's that?" she said.

"Can't you see the little red speckles all over me?" said Elizabeth Barrett, thrusting out a small, pointed chin in the direction of her visitor. "Did n't you ever have it?" Marianna shook her head and came a step nearer. "You did n't?" said the other with a touch of scorn. "What *have* you had?"

"I had a boil once," said Marianna, with dignity, "and my cousin Frank has a cold."

"Oh, colds are n't anything," scoffed Elizabeth Barrett, wrinkling up a brown, snub nose; "everybody has piles of colds. I 've had German measles and scarlet fever and tonsulls and mumps, and John Edward 's had *real* measles and adder-noids, and now he 's got whooping-cough."

"I 've had periter-nighties, too," piped a voice from the apple-tree, and immediately whooped.

Marianna now saw two sturdy legs in blue overalls dangling from a limb that commanded a view up and down the street and above the legs a mischievous little face peering out between the leaves.

"Do you see him yet, John Edward?" said Elizabeth Barrett.

"Nope," replied John Edward, and edged a little farther out on the limb.

"My papa 's a doctor, and my mama 's a doctor, so we have everything," continued Elizabeth Barrett, with doubtful logic. "What do yours do?"

"Papa goes to his office," said Marianna, glad to be able to report some activity on the part of her family.

"And does your mama go to her office, too?" pursued Elizabeth Barrett.

"Oh, no," said Marianna, evidently shocked; "she—she just takes care of me and makes calls and things. She 's gone to make some now."

"Mine makes calls, too, but she gener'lly goes in the middle of the night," said Elizabeth Barrett.

"The middle of the night!" echoed Marianna. "Is n't she scared?"

"She carries a bag full of sharp steel things," explained Elizabeth Barrett.

"Where is she now?" inquired Marianna, peering over Elizabeth Barrett's head to see if she could get a glimpse of this extraordinary mother through the open doorway.

"She 's gone to her office. That 's why we 're waiting for the blowna man. He goes by every afternoon. Do you like blowna?"

"I—I don't know," said Marianna. "What is it?"

"Blowna—b-l-o-w-n-a—blowna sausage," said Elizabeth Barrett, impatient at such stupidity. "We can't go down to the store because we 're in quarrelteen. You might as well come up here now and sit down," she added calmly. "You 've come so close you 'll catch it, anyway."

Marianna, it is true, had been gradually creeping nearer and nearer, as these interesting revelations followed one another, until she was at the foot of the steps.

"Does it hurt, the chick—those speckles?" she asked, retreating a little.

"No; 'course not," said Elizabeth Barrett. The middy blouse sat down cautiously beside the red frock. Elizabeth Barrett pushed up her sleeves and stretched two slim, rigid little arms out in front of her. "Just look at 'em," she said proudly.

Marianna examined them. They were certainly covered with the most luxuriant speckles. Then she rubbed her fingers over them to see if anything came off.

"My arms have a thousand specks,
My ear but one;
But I 'll have some more, you bet,
With the rising of the sun,"

repeated Elizabeth Barrett.

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve," counted Marianna, touching each little speckle lightly with her forefinger.

"Oh, I see him, I see him! He 's coming!" cried John Edward, sliding from his crow's-nest in the apple-tree. The others jumped from the steps, and the three children crowded out upon the sidewalk, regardless of all quarantine regulations. Several blocks away they could see a jaded, white horse toiling up through the vista of maples, a small delivery-wagon behind him.

"Oh, I hope he 'll have *piles* of blownas," said John Edward, dancing up and down in his impatience.

"We 've only got ten cents, anyway," said Elizabeth Barrett.

Then suddenly, as they watched, the old white horse veered.

DELICATESSEN
HECKELSTEIN'S BEST BRAND
BOLOGNAS
SAUERKRAUT

could be read for a moment on the side of the wagon before horse and sign disappeared entirely down a side street.

"He 's going the other way," cried Elizabeth Barrett. John Edward started blindly off down the middle of the street.

"Blowna-man, wait a minute! *Please* wait a minute, blowna-man!" he called. His sister brought him back whooping.

"Come inside the gate," she said sternly, pushing him before her, "or you know we 'll catch it." Then she turned swiftly upon Marianna. "You 'll have to go," she said. "Run after him quick; here 's the ten cents."

Marianna took the money mechanically. The suggestion that she, Marianna Lane, pursue a sausage-man and buy bologna was very shocking. Marianna knew nothing about sausages except that they were one of the seven deadly sins. She had always been hurried past the delicatessen-shop window, where they hung in tempting strings, and where she would fain have lingered. "No one knows what is in them, Marianna," her mother had said; since then Marianna had been hoping for a chance to investigate for herself.

"Hur-ri-*yup!*" said John Edward, placing his small, brown palms on the back of the middy blouse and pushing with all his might. Marianna hesitated for just one moment; then she ran—ran madly, deliriously, after the blowna-man, her pig-

tails bobbing behind her, her slim legs flickering through the patches of sunshine, until she turned the corner and vanished.

Elizabeth Barrett and John Edward, leaning out over the gate, thought she never would reappear. After about ten minutes, however, she did. She was walking very slowly. In one hand she held a paper bag, in the other she clasped a section of bologna, which she was nibbling daintily.

"She 's eating it all up!" cried Elizabeth Barrett.

John Edward ran outside the gate again, and made a trumpet of his hands.

"No fair!" he shouted. "Bring it here! No fair!"

But Marianna went right on nibbling. Then suddenly they saw her stop short in the middle of the sidewalk, the bologna poised at her lips.

"Whasser matter?" they called. But Marianna neither spoke nor stirred. She had heard a voice and a footstep. The footstep was coming down a gravel path behind the line of privet hedge, and the voice was saying:

"Yes, Mrs. Smith, I 'm so glad to have had this little talk with you. *Proper assimilation,* that should be our watchword with these little lives that are intrusted to us. Why, here is my little girl now, waiting for mama. Shake hands with Mrs. Smith, darling."

The moment Marianna heard that watchword she finished the bologna in two gulps. Then she took a fresh grip on the neck of the paper bag and gave her hand prettily to Mrs. Smith.

"I let her go down now and then and get animal crackers," said Mrs. Lane, looking complacently at the paper bag. "I believe in a little sweet for children once in a while, don't you, Mrs. Smith?"

Marianna followed her mother up the street in a trance. She could see two dark heads hanging over the gate a block away, and a glint of red frock flickering like a danger-signal.

"Hur-ri-*yup!*" called John Edward, with a prolonged whoop.

"Mercy! there 's a dreadful child with the whooping-cough over there. Keep close to me, Marianna," said Mrs. Lane, and she steered instantly across the street. Marianna, at her heels, ventured a cautious glance over her shoulder. Elizabeth Barrett and John Edward were staring, speechless, after their departing blowna. They seemed unable to believe in such treason.

"When we get home we 'll have a little tea-party with the animal crackers, you and mama, won't we, darling?" said her mother. "Come, Marianna, don't loiter. You can walk on the curbstone any time." Mrs. Lane set her hand upon the gate.

"O Mama," said Marianna, suddenly, "my paper bag has gone down the sewer!" and she stood gazing into the gutter with the sweetest composure.

"Gone down the sewer?" repeated her mother, turning in astonishment. "Why, Marianna, mama thinks that was very careless of her little girl. I sha'n't let you buy any more to-day. You must learn to be careful with your things."

There could be no doubt about it. It really was inexcusably careless. The sewer hole opened against the curbstone in a vertical position, and things were projected into it only with difficulty from the street.

Marianna walked reluctantly through the gate after her mother. She was full of misgiving as she thought of her five o'clock malted milk; she had never in her life felt less like malted milk. She felt, in fact, very queer. She wondered if it could be the chicken-pox coming out.

Suddenly there arose an indignant chorus from across the street. Elizabeth Barrett had just achieved another poem.

"Fraidy-cat, saw you throw it,
So your mother would n't know it!

"Fraidy-cat, saw you throw it,
So your mother would n't know it!"

"What *are* those rude children saying?" said Mrs. Lane, stopping puzzled at the door, and turning around to listen. "They 're not talking to you, are they, Marianna? What was that—saw you throw something? So your mother would n't *what? Know it?* Know *what,* Marianna? What have you thrown away? Were you carrying anything but the bag of ani— Marianna, I want you to come into the house this minute and tell me exactly *what* was in that paper bag."

And Marianna, as she went through the screen door, thought it quite possible that she might be going to catch other things beside the chicken-pox.

OPERA IN ENGLISH

ITS RELATION TO THE AMERICAN COMPOSER AND SINGER

BY REGINALD DE KOVEN

OPERA in English is no new thing in America. More than a generation ago, when grand opera was a heavily subsidized luxury for the wealthy and the cultivated few, and the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York was still a tentative and costly experiment, the so-called standard operas were being sung in English throughout the country by traveling organizations like those of Emma Abbott, the Boston Ideals, the Bostonians, and others. The operas were generally adequately interpreted by competent artists, with a degree of popular interest and consequent financial success which made handsome fortunes for these enterprises. The artistic success achieved by the Thurber Opera Company, the first to give opera in English on anything like a Metropolitan scale, showed that the lack of permanence of this praiseworthy experiment was due to extravagant conditions of organization and financial mismanagement rather than because the public at large did not care for opera in English. In later years both Mr. Henry W. Savage and the Messrs. Aborn have given grand opera in English in more or less satisfactory artistic fashion and with generally uniform financial success.

In view of these facts, it is hard to see why we are not forced to admit that opera in English in this country has not been for some time an accepted fact rather than a debatable possibility. It is only within the last few years, when interest in opera as a form of entertainment has spread and increased to a notable extent, that individual writers and critics, and societies and organizations like the National Federation of Musical Clubs and the National Society for the Propagation of Opera in English, have voiced a rapidly growing popular sentiment by asking why opera in English should not be admitted to our great opera-houses. The foreign influences which have controlled, and still control, these enterprises, were at first definitely inimical to including opera in English in their scheme of opera-giving; but popular opinion is mighty and will prevail, so that now opera in the vernacular, both original and in translations of standard works, has gained a permanent place in the regular repertoires and plans of our three leading operatic institutions.

This being so, it might seem superfluous to argue the question further, or to insist that we are the only musical people of the world who permit their opera to be sung to them otherwise than in the vernacular or to demand that all our opera should be so sung. But the entering wedge for opera in English has only just been driven in, and there are still so many intelligent opera-lovers who decry opera sung in English that it seems important to indicate briefly the points at issue, and, if possible, to clinch the argument in favor of a proposition which has an important bearing on the development of music in America.

From a purely esthetic point of view it must, I think, be admitted that the contention that opera should be sung in the language which inspired the music is a valid one. From the point of view of practical possibilities, however, this contention can hardly be sustained, as otherwise the Russian opera "Pique Dame" would not be sung to us in Italian; we should not be obliged to hear the original Bohemian text of the "Bartered Bride" in German, or have the original German idiom of "Kuhreigen" distorted into French. If the text of operas must of necessity be translated, why, in an English-speaking country, not translate them into English? Inconsistencies of this kind must surely invalidate the esthetic plea for the original

text often urged against opera in the vernacular.

The principal arguments against opera in English, as I have heard them raised, are:

First, the unaccustomed sound of the language, making the sentiments expressed in song seem oftentimes strange, uncouth, and even ludicrous.

Second, the inferior and inartistic qualities of the translations of the texts in use.

Third, the limitations and difficulties of the English language as a language of song.

Fourth, the lack of artists competent to sing in that language.

The first two of these objections may readily be answered as one; for were we to have the proper artistic translations of foreign texts, now readily obtainable, both would disappear. It is certain, answering the third objection, that any one who has heard Signor Bonci sing in English can no longer maintain that English as a singing language is either difficult or impractical; and it is equally certain, to reply to the last objection, that if the public demands that all operas should be sung in the vernacular, singers to sing them could and would be found. As a practical musician who has sung in four languages, I confidently maintain that to an English-speaking person English, when properly studied, is, next to Italian, the pure language of song, the easiest language in which to sing. In this day and age of dramatic opera, when intelligible dramatic diction has become a sine qua non for any kind of intelligent enjoyment, the hackneyed and lackadaisical argument that opera is always unintelligible, and that therefore the language in which it is sung matters not at all, is too puerile to discuss.

The inwardness of the whole question of opera in English for American audiences is, I think, summed up in a conversation I had two years ago with Signor Gatti-Casazza, the director of the Metropolitan Opera-House, in reference to his including opera in English in his regular operatic plans. Knowing that much of his reputation as an impresario was due to his mounting of the Wagner operas at La Scala, I said to him:

"May I ask, Mr. Gatti, when you gave your performances of Wagner in Milan, in what language these operas were sung?"

"In Italian, of course," he replied.

"May I ask further," I continued, "had you given these operas with the original German text, what would have been the result?"

"Why, nobody would have come to see them," he answered, thus proving conclusively that in Italy at least, it is impossible either from an artistic or a financial point of view to give opera in any language but the vernacular.

If the Italians insist imperatively that their opera should be sung to them exclusively in their native tongue, thereby making of opera an intelligible and therefore more popular and generally interesting entertainment, making of it, in fact, a national institution for the masses, and not alone for the classes, why should not we opera-lovers of America free ourselves from the limitations imposed by foreign influences that impede our national operatic development, and demand the same thing?

We must, I believe, admit that opera in English is practical from the point of view of language, desirable from its resultant intelligibility and consequent wider appeal to popular interest and sympathy, and therefore finally inevitable to us as an English-speaking musical people. For if to-day opera, as it undoubtedly is, has become the dominant, the most popularly appealing, and most opportune musical form for the expression of creative musical thought, it is also inevitable that the future activities of the American composer must be largely operatic to assure to himself artistic progress and development, and to secure for his art the needed wider national recognition, significance, and importance. And to what language shall a composer write opera if not to his own?

I have so far employed the term "opera in English" in referring to that language when used in connection with music in opera. But there is another term—"English opera"—which has a far more pertinent and important significance in its bearing on the subject under discussion. Opera in English and English opera, though correlated terms, are nevertheless not sufficiently coincident to be interchangeable. Opera in English, as I take it, means the performance in the English language of the operas of the standard repertoire; while English opera would mean the production

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF AMRITSAR

BY E. F. BENSON

Author of "The Relentless City," "Account Rendered," etc.

FROM the day when King Solomon laid the foundation-stone of the temple of the Lord of Hosts at Jerusalem until its crowning domes and pinnacles were all complete, the building rose silently, without noise of hammer or chisel. Stone after stone, already graven and prepared, was laid in its appointed place, and all about, while the visible signs and abiding-place of the Lord's glory became daily more manifest, there reigned the stillness of sanctuary and consecration. No carver's tool was heard to fashion the knops and open flowers of cedar, or chisel to engrave the feathers of the wings of the cherubim, or mallet to hammer into place the lintel and door-posts of olive-wood, and the rows of hewed stones grew into their lines as silently as the row of cedar beams that enroofed them.

It must have been in some such awed silence as this that the temple at Amritsar grew upon the waters. Like a golden lotus flower it floats there on the gray-green surface of the windless and four-square lake; it is impossible even to believe that it rests on subaqueous foundations: a gale would set it swaying and shifting in the stem of its marble causeway. One day there must have sprouted from the terrace that encompasses the sacred lake a golden bud, and the white stem of it, its marble causeway, grew slowly and wondrously till the day when it stretched to midway across the holy and healing waters. Then some morning when the sun burned in the zenith above it, petal by marvelous petal the bud unfolded, and the temple, as we see it now, shone out upon the deep noon.

But not alone, and not even chiefly, from soil and water was fed that mystical growth, for even as the pale palaces of Venice rose from its enchanted lagoons, and as the columns of Athene Parthenos were fed with the mother milk of the heroic soil, so it was from the sun and the blaze of unclouded Indian days that the bud that flowered into the golden temple drew its sustenance, the most gorgeous of all the tropical and Orient blossoms of gold and precious stones and marble, the most marvelous and most inexplicable.

We feel that it must have grown as silently as the temple of Solomon, burgeoning with dews and sunshine; and even as its growth was silent, mystical, and hidden, uncharted by measurement or drawn design, so must have been the conception of it. No brain reduced to line and scale so magical a dream; no skill of architect or stone-cutter decreed its myriad-petaled loveliness; and at the most the holy saints and hermits who sat by the lake saw it only dimly as in a sacred vision of the night, and maybe they spoke of it to one another, like sibyls, while they still slept. From the mutter of their smiling lips the architects and craftsmen learned what vision blazed before their lidded eyes, and worked in an inspiration that was not their own, but, conveyed to them through the speech of those sleeping saints, came authentically out of that eternal vault of sun-stricken sky where all day long the kites are wheeling and chiding in companies. Like dew and sunlight the temple descended from heaven; like the smoking incense and the sound of prayers it rose, as pearly as dawn and as holy as Aphrodite, from the waters.

Hallowed from everlasting and instinct with healing were the waters of the spring that gushed out in the midst of the wilderness around Amritsar, and when in the fifteenth century the Sikhs, revolting from the arid formalism of the Brahmans in a crusade of a more virile faith, and discarding all notion of caste as being an unspiritual and material dogma, settled here and built the town of Amritsar, they found this spring already enshrined with tales of healing and attested miracles. To them their military chieftain was also priest; priest and king was he, like Mel-

chizedek, and when wounded in battle he would be borne back to this spring, and while he himself said the office of healing, was bathed in the waters and made whole. There was no wealth of marble and gems bedecking it then, and no palaces of Sikh chiefs surrounding it; for they lived hard and desperately until by force of arms they had won control of all the Panjab.

About a hundred years ago their various tribes were confederated, and it was then, under the infamous and magnificent Ranjit Singh, that the temple blossomed. First round the spring, foursquare, and measuring two hundred paces each way, they built a broad terrace of white marble, so that the spring became a lake, and thousands could bathe in it. They planted the terrace with trees and yellow laburnums, and round it rose the palaces of the chieftains, their chapels and their divans; and these walls and the trees, as they grew, gave shade to the saints and sages who meditated there and looked on the healing waters. There came, too, those who were sick of all manner of diseases. The lame and the blind came there, and the lepers with their snows. And the lame walked, and the blind looked wonderfully on the waters that had given back to them their sight, and to the lepers was their flesh restored, with melting of their unclean snows, and became as the flesh of young children, and their sinews as of the young men who go out to battle. And if those who had lost hand or foot but bathed in the holy lake, the lost member stood forth again on the stump, and they praised God.

In the shade sit the crippled and the palsied, and among them, like a garden-bed of young tulips, sits an assembly of school-children, with yellow turbans and chubby faces and multicolored waistcoats, learning their letters. Their master is a grave, black-bearded Sikh who from time to time gives his class a remission for ten minutes to chat together like daws in rainbow feathers, and he strips himself to the loin-cloth and bathes in the windless waters. Then with dripping beard and runneling hair he calls back his class.

Just where the stem with the golden bud sprouted from the encompassing terrace they built a solemn, square gate-house, and covered the doors of it outside with plates of silver—of pure silver chased and beaten into columns and paneling; and all the back of the door that faces the marble causeway they inlaid with ivory and sandalwood. Outside and within they spread stucco of marble dust over the walls, and on bronze plates covered with gold they wrote the names of saints and sages, and of warriors who had fallen in their wars; and for the rest they painted on it gardens upon gardens of flowers, lily and rose and fritillary. The roof of the gateway they wrought into cells and fretwork of gilded bronze, and inlaid into it a thousand mirrors, so that it shines and twinkles like a company of fireflies.

A doorkeeper stands there who, as you enter, gives you marigold flowers and yellow trumpets of fragrant jasmine: perhaps he has a garland of threaded blossoms which he places round your neck, or else just an unminted handful of this aromatic gold. These you must cast upon the waters of the sacred lake, on the surface of which hundreds are floating, thrown there with prayers by suppliants and pious worshipers.

You will have left your unhallowed shoes behind you before you enter the sanctuary, and have put on the leather slippers of the faithful. On each side, leaning against the low balustrade of fretted marble, lie the sick and the cripples, and on each side are stately, gilded lanterns with tall, marble standards. In front blossoms the golden temple, flower-like, built of white marble, and all its upper story and its domes and its turrets are of bronze thickly covered with gold; and on domes and cornices and column-heads there cluster and hover, like bees, innumerable pigeons with breasts of pearl and broken iris. From within come strange chantings and the beating of a drum, and for the moment, as you step inside out of the blaze of the day, the darkness is impenetrable.

Soon it clears, and you see the lines of priests and squatting worshipers, and, presiding over them, the chief priest, in front of whom lies the holy book of the Sikhs. In the manner of psalmody, he chants one verse, and priests and worshipers, strident with zeal, answer him with the next, beating out the marvelous rhythm of the text with drum-taps and blaring bugles. Under the middle of the dome, with lines of the worshipers at the sides, is spread an embroidered silk sheet, upon which they cast their marigold flowers and their jas-

mine; and when the time of roses comes, the sheet will be covered with their pale petals. Round this central inclosure runs a corridor of white marble, with square embrasures opening upon the holy lake, and over all the walls are inlaid, in jasper and agate and carnelian, flowers and birds and beasts. A staircase at each corner leads to an upper story, where in an alcove sits a holy man meditating over the book of scriptures, and in another chamber sits a very young priest, grave and onyx-eyed, who looks long at you, and bows his head in remote salutation as you pass on. Then ascending once more, you mount the dome-crowned turrets at the corners, and look out over the sacred lake and the marble terrace.

Already the sun declines to its setting, and the shadows of dome and minaret creep silently across the lake. The splendor fades from the gold as the shade of the surrounding palaces falls over it, and it glows with a white lambency. For ten enchanted minutes out of the paleness there dawns a red flush of sundown, then out of the shadows there steals like a ghost a film of pearly iridescent mist that mounts and fades to ash-color. The young priest rises in moonlike calm from his meditation, and walks slim and grave down the marble causeway; the chief priest shuts the sacred book, and the chanting ceases; the aged holy man, leaning on the shoulder of his disciple, shuffles bent and tottering between the lines of the infirm. These draw their tattered clothing round them, for the air has grown chilly; the school breaks up and disperses like spilled quicksilver. But the sick and the cripples linger and look back before they go. And it would not seem strange if One came walking on the waters, and there were gathered round Him, as once before when the sun was set, the sick and the lame and the blind, and He healed them.

LÉON BAKST

BRILLIANT RUSSIAN COLORIST

BY ADA RAINEY

THE art of Léon Bakst is one of the stirring forces of the day. He is the magician of color, and is doing daring things. In color he is doing what Rimsky-Korsakof and Andreef have done in Russian music and literature. He has widened the field of our sensations, for he has gone beyond the usual and ordinary, and has plunged into a new realm.

He began life humbly, having been born of poor Jewish parents in St. Petersburg in 1868. He studied in the fine arts school of his native city, but worked fifteen years with dogged perseverance before recognition came. By turns he painted strictly conventional and the most daringly original paintings. But one day a grand duchess saw his painting of Salome, recognized that it contained something remarkable, and provided the necessary means for him to go to Paris, where he studied and worked for some years. Finally came the turning-point in his career.

From being almost a proscribed person in Russia, Bakst became, after his first success, a fêted man in Paris, and was acclaimed the founder of a new school in decoration. In London, too, through the success of the Russian ballet, he became the latest word; for this fortunate artist maintains a studio in London and another in Paris.

Until within the last fifteen years no serious attempt had been made to have scenic decoration in the theater truly artistic.

The new movement in the theater, as represented in the Künstler-Theater in Munich, the Théâtre d'Art in Moscow, the art of Mariano Fortuny in Berlin, and of Gordon Craig in England, is significant. The results have been successful and far-reaching in their import. In

America we have scarcely heard the distant echoes. The notable exception is in the scenery painted by Jules Guérin for "Cleopatra," the opening production at the New Theatre in New York. Perhaps the production of "Pelléas and Mélisande" at the Manhattan Opera-House may also be excepted.

Bakst is the chief representative abroad of this new movement. Other men of the younger school in Russia, notably Boris Ainsfeld, Benois, and Roerich, are prominently connected with it; but it is from Bakst that the chief inspiration comes.

It was Serge de Daighilew of the opera in St. Petersburg who first suggested to Bakst that he interest himself in stage designing, and it was under the direction of Daighilew that Bakst attained his great success in designing the costumes for the Russian ballet, now become vastly popular and revolutionary in its methods. The Russian ballet has given Bakst his opportunity for recognition, but it is dependent upon his genius for its appeal. It is in the fusion of music, dance, painting, and costume-designing that the ballet is incomparable.

Bakst paints his scenery with masses of color that have a significant relation to the hidden spirit of the drama. He uses the stage-settings as a background against which the costumes of actors or dancers are in effective contrast or in harmony. His purpose is to extract the essential; it is not to be naturalistic, but to convey the impression of the emotion of the play, which is more effectively achieved by color than in any other way. This effect is obtained not by imitating nature, but by symbolic representation and decorative effect. In this lies the chief point of divergence between the art of his precursors and his own.

In Russia the art of the ballet was not allowed to sink into desuetude as in other European countries. Subsidized by the state, it has been the vital expression of the Russian people, and has commanded the services of the best artists. Dancers trained to interpret emotion rather than merely to portray the empty forms of an outgrown art gave their life to the art of the ballet and put into it a new element. Pavlowa, Nijinsky, and Karsavina vitalized the old forms. The dancing of Isadora Duncan, who made a sensation in St. Petersburg before the Russian ballet appeared outside of their native country, had a decided effect on the form, added the element of the bacchanal, and gave breadth and freedom until then not employed. The Russians have built upon and added to Miss Duncan's art.

In November an exhibition of Bakst's paintings was held in New York that was the most complete that has yet been attempted. This collection of water-colors and drawings will also be exhibited in some other of our important cities.

The water-color designs for the ballet costumes are daringly imaginative, startling in their turbulence, linked with a realism of a purely sensual type. The dancers are by turns Arabic, Greek, Muscovite, or Nubian, glowing with the intoxication of life and movement. The drawings are powerful, exquisite in detail, with a masterly expression in line and great feeling for form. The figures are bizarre, weird, frankly sensual creations of a hectic imagination, glowing with color, and vibrating with movement.

That Bakst will prove of interest to us here in America, where he is virtually unknown, is undoubted. America has always taken delight in the expression of the Russian art spirit, whether in music, as represented by Tschaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakof, or in her men of letters, such as Turgenieff, Tolstoy, and Gorky.

The expression of the Russian genius is always profoundly interesting to America, perhaps by reason of a kindred feeling in their wild striving for freedom, which evinces itself in the newly awakened political life of the people, and penetrates to every fiber of the life of the nation. Russian art has been articulate only since 1835; as the art language is growing into maturity it announces itself with startling emphasis. There is an untried strength, an energy, of a new nation in the music, literature, and painting that stimulates and fascinates. Russia has lain fallow through long centuries; as the unused force is bursting into flower, the fragrance of a peculiar richness, born of tropical luxuriance and the stamina of the North, is being manifest.

Léon Bakst has the very roots of his genius sunk deep in the soil of Russia. He could not escape it if he would. The rich Byzantine origin of the peasant art

of Russia speaks in his barbaric, chromatic coloring, elemental in intensity. Russia's peasant art has deeply impressed itself in the picturesque dress of the women, in the embroideries, the decoration of their houses, even the very humblest, and is most closely associated with the feelings and lives of the people. The gorgeous vestments of the Greek clergy and the interiors of their churches, with the deep glow of gold and precious stones, feeds the barbaric feeling for color and richness, and becomes part of the unconscious inheritance of the Russian artist.

As Russia looks both east and west, so Bakst's mind partakes in almost equal degree of the Orient and the Occident. He has the vision of the Asiatic, which dreams dreams, with the reason and sensuous perception of the Greek. Primarily Bakst sought his inspiration in the Persian illuminations, with their wealth of color and detail; secondarily in the Greek dancing figures just before the decadent period. Realism and imagination are both part of his mental equipment, and find expression with equal intensity. He did not copy the designs on the Greek vases or of the Persian illuminators; rather he assimilated and transmuted into something quite his own the richness and beauty of the elder art.

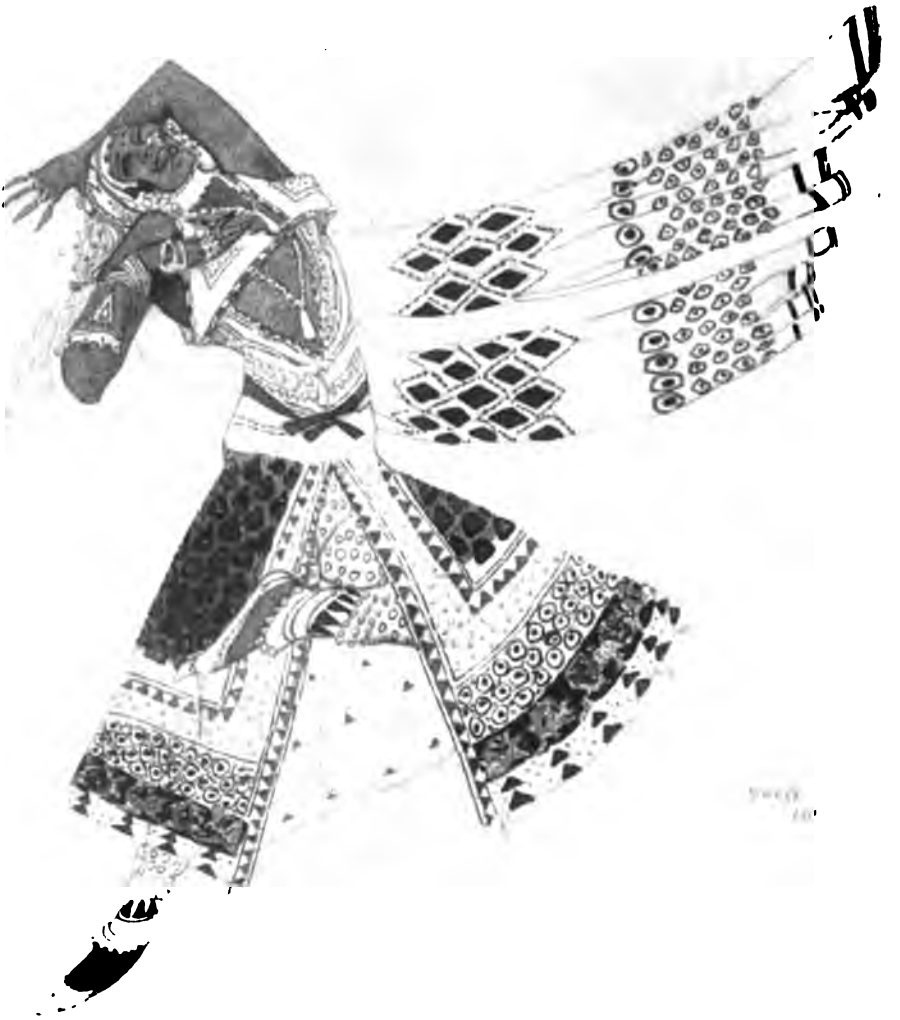
In the ballet of "Scheherazade," as his most characteristic work, the elemental, sensuous note dominates. Consequently there is not visible a touch of white, the symbol of innocence and purity. Instead there is a riot of indigo blues, emerald greens, and flame-colored reds, all instinctively sensual. But he obtains, nevertheless, real harmonious chords with his blatant palette, which is astonishingly successful in conveying the impression of the stifling atmosphere of the harem without being vulgar.

In "Cleopatra," on which Bakst made his reputation, his touch is lighter, more subtle and suggestive. The costumes become the expression of the soul of the dancer; they do not drape the body so much as they are the externalization of the weird spirits that dance in them. They are clothing for the soul rather than for the body, and as such are vibrant, passionate. The coloring of the stage-setting of this ballet was a composition of orange and vivid blue. The columns and walls of the great hall of the queen were orange, flooded with a golden light; the blue Nile was seen in the distance, amid the golden sands of the desert, while the frieze of the room was blue. The only other colors visible were seen in the costumes of the dancers.

But not alone does the artist give expression to fierce animal passions; he is equally adaptable to the rarer air of "Narcisse" and D'Annunzio's "St. Sebastian," in which Ida Rubinstein was so effective. To see the moonlight scene in "Boris Godunoff" is to know that Bakst is poetic. The last-named opera, it is claimed, has never been given a truly representative production outside of Russia, for none but Russians can adequately interpret the emotions and the music.

There are interesting possibilities of development in this new art of the drama that bid fair to change the conception of dramatic art. The movement is only in its infancy. In the new ballet the designs and colors of costume and decoration take the place of the spoken word, and are quite as eloquent as interpreters of the emotions; the spoken word seems superfluous when we are swayed in turn by the rhythm of the dancers, their expressive pantomime, the harmony of the music and the vibrations, and the riotous assemblage of color and decoration.

Whether the influence of Bakst will prove lasting cannot be foreseen. It will undoubtedly leave a marked effect. Perhaps the reaction from the cold, flat clay tones and rigid discipline of our Puritan ancestors is responsible for this mad orgy of colors and the senses. We cannot but feel that the future will take what this splendid barbarian has given us, and lead it to a higher expression. Bakst has helped us to break away from tradition, to find a new realm in the emotional value of color, line, and mass; but we still await a genius who will take what we now have, purge it somewhat of animalism, keeping the force, but awakening a new flaming spirit. We are learning to demand a new beauty and interest, a revelation of the beauty of the "beyondness of things," which alone satisfies.



© The Berlin Photographic Co

A BAYADERE IN "DIEU BLEU"

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

Eight Designs for Costumes

From the Color Sketches by Léon Bakst

© The Berlin Photographic Co.

LA DANSE ORIENTALE

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

© The Detroit Photographic Co.

AN ARCHER IN "ST. SEBASTIAN"

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

© The Berlin Photographic Co.

A SHEPHERDESS IN "DAPHNE AND CHLOE"

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LEON BAKST

© The Berlin Photographic Co.

LE FIANCÉ IN "DIEU BLEU"

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

© The Berlin Photographic Co.

A SACRIFICIAL ATTENDANT IN "DIEU BLEU"

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

© The Berlin Photographic Co.

A SYRIAN SHEPHERD IN "ST. SEBASTIAN"

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

© The Berlin Photographic Co.

"VALSE NOBLE" (CARNIVAL OF SCHUMANN)

FROM A DRAWING BY LÉON BAKST

"HARES"

BY PAUL BARCHAN

IN Russia "blind" passengers, or deadheads, are called "hares." Some of them travel by bribing the guard, or conductor, others by concealing themselves under the benches.

DAWN was about to break. The night that gloomed through the small windows of the third-class carriages began to pale into a bluish mist. The sparks from the wood fuel of the locomotive still whirled by in streaks and curves, only they were no longer red, but yellow.

The wooden benches in the long, unpartitioned Russian car were crowded with passengers. Several were obliged to stand. The thick air was almost tangible, with the dense, vile tobacco-fumes of the muzhiks' pipes, with the smell of oiled boots, sausages, and sour black bread, and with sheepskins, soldiers, and a dozen other odors.

A slender, bearded Armenian, wearing his picturesque national costume,—a skirted coat with dandified waist and silver bobbins dangling across his breast,—was making heroic efforts to sell his goods. He had spread out his entire stock of pearl necklaces and colored cloths in front of a fat woman who, with distended skirts, squatted upon one of the hard benches.

"Buy, mistress! Buy, beautiful lady! Good wares; sell cheap, cheap!" he cried.

He looked winningly at his prospective victim with his small, crafty Armenian eyes. But the fat woman deliberately began to peel a hard-boiled egg with skilful fingers and then as deliberately began to eat it. A pile of egg-shells lay at her feet. Finally, however, she deigned to look at the man's wares. He kept on chattering:

"Five rubles this lovely shawl! Take it, take it—four rubles! No? Three rubles! Well, then, two rubles, only for you, lovely lady! One ruble! Come, do take it, my soul!"

"No."

"Buy, mistress! buy!"

He held his last bargain temptingly under her nose.

"No," she returned coolly, and began a vigorous attack upon another egg.

The Armenian began to pack up his wares, while his little audience, bored and weary, stared in other directions. Nodding and chaffering, the peddler made his way from bench to bench. A sleek and flashy commercial traveler called to him mockingly as he passed:

"I say, my Armenian friend."

"Buy, sir! buy something!"

"Got any Armenian jokes about you?"

The Armenian grinned good-naturedly.

"Now, just listen," the commercial traveler began provocatively, mimicking the Armenian accent. "Tell me, what is this? It hangs in the drawing-room, and it 's green, and when you pull it by the tail—"

THE guard entered, and gave his warning cry:

"Get your tickets ready. *Contrôle!*"

His uniform was threadbare and faded. A rough fur cap surmounted his degenerate, puffed-up face. He made his surly way through the car. The Armenian disappeared as if by magic.

A young fellow who sat opposite the commercial traveler, and had been regarding him with a certain awe, grew suddenly pale. He gazed helplessly at the guard, rose, and stammered:

"But why—"

The guard, without deigning to turn his head, gave him a look out of the corner of his squinting eyes, and said in a low, croaking voice:

"We 'll arrange that later. Stow yourself."

He indicated the long bench with a slight gesture of his head, and then proceeded on his way.

Once again before he left the coach to make way for his superior, the conductor, he cried out:

"Tickets ready, if you please."

The young fellow now made a desper-

ate attempt to creep under the bench that was nearest to him, but some one caught him by the coat and pulled him back.

"There 's some one under there already."

Furtively, and with a mouse-like timidity, he attempted to hide himself under another seat; but here, too, he was repelled for the same reason as before. A slight commotion ensued in the car; some of the passengers murmured, others tittered, there was much talk. Voices were raised in the opposite end of the car, some of them taunting, others sympathetic.

"Here, you! Come over here!"

The fat woman moved her wide-spreading skirts to one side, and exclaimed, a motherly ring in her soft, buttery voice:

"Come, my boy; there 's plenty of room here."

The youth crawled lithely under her seat. She extended the folds of her ample skirt still more, so as to hide him. Her face beamed with benevolence and solicitude for her new charge; she was like a hen sheltering her chicks.

The other passengers arranged themselves anew, so as to help conceal the head and feet of the stowaway. The fat woman nestled back contentedly, and then launched into a tirade against the guard.

"What a rascal! Had n't the sign of a cross about him, either! And why could n't he warn the poor fellow in time? Money, money, that 's all these villains want."

The commercial traveler, as if to mollify her, replied:

"But you see, Motherkin, it was only a small station, and we stopped there only a minute. There was really no time for the conductor to buy a ticket for him."

But the stout lady was not to be placated so easily. Her generous impulses had been outraged.

"They will take your money, yes, but when it comes to doing something in return! A nice state of affairs!"

Although all of the visible passengers were now equipped with tickets, an air of nervous apprehension nevertheless prevailed. It was as if they were all awaiting judgment, as though some mysterious enemy were lurking about. Their consciences were ill at ease. Terrible disclosures seemed to be imminent.

The door opened, and destiny entered in the shape of the conductor. He was a person of comfortable build, bearded and asthmatic:

"Your tickets, ladies and gentlemen."

The government inspector followed immediately behind him, a spare man with a pince-nez and a worried look. He was obviously, guiltily ill at ease.

Without a glance to right or left he took the tickets which the conductor handed him, punched them, and returned them to the passengers, announcing to each his respective destination. Behind him slunk the guard, who with dishonest, dog-like eyes, glanced furtively from side to side.

Our broad and stout protectress quite ignored the conductor, and handed her ticket directly to the inspector, addressing him with a sweet and subservient courtesy and smiling eves:

"If you please, *Monsieur l'Inspecteur.*"

The inspector jerked up his head, and his wooden features drew themselves into a queer grimace. An old man came hurrying along the aisle from the other end of the corridor, waving his ticket in his gnarled fingers.

The guard instantly raised his head like a vigilant dog and barked:

"Hey there, what do you want? Wait till your turn comes!"

Crestfallen, the old man returned to his place.

A burly soldier lay upon one of the broad luggage-racks and snored lustily. His feet, wrapped in dirty rags, extended into the aisle. The conductor pulled him by the sleeve, then shouted in his ear; all in vain. The oppressive silence remained unbroken save by the snores.

Several passengers, officious, and eager to be of service, left their seats to participate in the awakening of the soldier. They prodded him with an umbrella, some one yelled, "Right about face!" another tickled him on the soles, the conductor hammered him on the knee with his punch.

The soldier stirred uneasily, turned, muttered a curse or two, and then buried his head still deeper in his arms. After another determined assault, he fumbled drowsily for his ticket, and held it out in his dirty paw. Soon after he was snoring once more like a behemoth.

The ticket-inspection was over. The

officials proceeded to visit the next carriage. Everybody breathed easier; the air of restraint and nervousness vanished. The young fellow crept out from behind the skirts of the motherly dame, and resumed his former place.

The commercial traveler sighed, made an expressive gesture, and remarked:

"There 's not much doing in the 'hare' line these days. Why, ten years ago, when we still had the system of tickets by the dozen and cheap summer fares, nobody ever thought of buying a ticket. You 'd see the ticket-speculators three deep about every booking-office, ready to sell you a ticket to anywhere. It was a pretty good thing for everybody all round. But now there are a lot of inspectors who won't take money any more, and the guards and conductors are frightened out of their boots. It 's quite another thing now—"

"Aye, aye," puffed the broad, maternal woman of the voluminous skirts.

She sniffed contemptuously and stared out of the window as though dissatisfied with this ignoble world and its inconvenient arrangements. "We 've hit on pretty times, I must say," she muttered.

After a few moments, however, she became reconciled to her earthly existence, and once more possessed of maternal thoughts. She blew her nose loudly, and then began groping in her big bag. Two more hard-boiled eggs came into view.

The guard came back, this time alone. As he passed the young stowaway, he winked with his left eye. The youth looked up at him, then rose, and followed him out.

In a few moments he returned. The commercial traveler, adopting a tone of intimate confidence, remarked:

"Well, how did it come off?"

The guard, replied the young fellow, demanded half of the regular fare, but he refused to pay more than ten copecks per station.

The guard reappeared once more. In his hand he held a packet of candles, short, thick candles with a red wick and the impressed initials of the railway company. A lively trade was now carried on with these.

The commercial traveler rose, stepped up to the guard, and remarked in a casual, confidential manner:

"I suppose you can let me have two pounds of them?"

The guard, without turning his head, replied:

"Later."

The commercial traveler returned to his place, and remarked in a brisk and businesslike tone:

"I always buy my candles from the guard. I get them at least a third cheaper. The size is just right, and besides—"

There was a slight commotion under one of the seats. All eyes were turned on this.

A little Hebrew lad of seventeen years crawled forth, awkward and ashamed. He looked about him timidly for a moment, then sat on the edge of one of the benches. There was plenty of room for him to make himself more comfortable, but he was shy and loath to take advantage.

As he sat there, precariously balancing himself, he seemed invested with all that feeling of isolation characteristic of his race, a creature from another world. The commercial traveler immediately ogled him with his eyes; he seemed to be studying out fit challenging phrases, as if anxious to provoke a quarrel.

Then addressing the company at large, he began to spin a yarn, his smug face wreathed with a mischievous and triumphant smile. He cast a glance or two out of the corners of his eyes at the boy.

"I 've got a ripping story. During the Japanese war, a Russian regiment was furnished with cloth breast-armor, invented by some German or other.

" 'Now, children,' said the general, 'God be with you. Go and fight for the czar and your fatherland.' Good; they did fight. And the whole regiment was simply wiped off the earth—the whole regiment with the exception of three Jews, who came back alive. The general asked them how they had managed to escape. The Jews naturally did n't want to give themselves away. So the general said: 'Just tell me the truth. I 'll see that nothing happens to you.' The smallest of the three Jews then up and spoke: 'Well, as soon as we got the armor, we at once put it on our backs.' "

The traveler glanced about him with a triumphant air. His audience bared their teeth in a grin.

"Just think!" one of them remarked.

"Clever ducks!" said another, and bobbed his head up and down. But, except for the boy, there was not one person in the entire train who had understood the point of the joke—a point that had a sharp and bitter sting. But the story itself penetrated their dense brains: a whole regiment of true believers had been slaughtered, and only three Jews had been saved, no doubt by magic.

Somebody at the end of the car suddenly stood up and shouted:

"Kick the Jew!"

From the other end of the car, like an echo, came the cry:

"Go for him!"

Several passengers rose from their seats.

The Hebrew boy seemed to have collapsed. Instinctively he raised his arms above his head. He knew how terribly a cry like that might operate.

The commercial traveler, however, threw back his head, and shouted in a sharp, commanding voice:

"See here, you fellows, none of that! The orders are there 's to be nothing of that sort this year."

It was evident that he had usurped the position of arbiter in this small and isolated world. The fat woman gave him her moral support. She waved her pudgy hands; there was only the slightest show of impatience in her tone:

"The devil! That would be the last straw."

The belligerent passenger sat down again. Then everybody pretended that it was nothing but a joke, and forced a hollow laugh.

The bumping and thudding speed of the onrushing train began to slacken. Once more there was an eruption under one of the benches. An old peasant emerged.

"God forgive us our sins!" he moaned.

He crossed himself, a spare little mankin wearing a short, yellow sheepskin coat which seemed to hide nothing but a framework of rattling bones. His pathetic aspect aroused interest and sympathy.

"How long have ye been lying under there?" asked a passenger.

"Why, since this morning, of course," he answered in a high, squeaking voice.

His tone implied that all that was self-understood. Several inquisitive persons rose and crowded about the curious human object. The spick-and-span traveler pushed them aside. He assumed an inquisitorial, superior tone. The little peasant was impressed and subjugated at once.

"Why, you 've got a ticket! Here, let 's see it! Sure! Why the mischief did you crawl under that there bench?"

"I don't know. I thought that folks like me—"

"Folk like you. What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean, us peasants. I saw a peasant crawl under a bench, so, thinks I, I 'll do the same."

"What a jackass! Why, it 's only 'hares' that do that!"

"Ah, but we 're a stupid lot, I know," muttered the old man, miserably.

The disgust of the stout woman bordered on anger.

"Such a fool," she cried, "to clean throw away three rubles! A sheep that does n't know what to do, and crawls under the seats!"

The inquisitor pursued his questioning.

"So you 're bound for Ostroff, are you? Good Lord! we 've passed that place long ago, you cuckoo! Just you wait. You 'll have to pay a fine now; and there 's the extra fare back."

The tiny peasant was quite crushed.

"You understand these things better than me," he said; "you 're an educated gentleman." He shook his head dolefully. After a pause he added, as if to comfort himself, "God will have mercy."

Then followed a solemn pause. This was broken at last by the commercial traveler. He shook his head philosophically, and in a voice full of mysterious reproach and accusation he uttered one word:

"Russia!"

A few of his fellow-passengers nodded their heads in affirmation, even though they did not precisely realize why he should have said "Russia" in that significant manner.

Creaking and groaning, the train came to a halt with a final bump and a jarring recoil. A sudden sense of reality, a cool, clarifying wind, swept over the heated, weary, and congested brains.

Outside there was a station, with two flaring Russian oil-lamps. A soldier of the gendarmerie stood rigidly upright. The station-master was holding his brass bell by the clapper.

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

H. G. WELLS

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

THE WORLD SET FREE

A PROPHETIC TRILOGY

BY H. G. WELLS

Author of "Tono Bungay," "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY GEORGE INNESS, JR.

1

THE whole world was flaring into a monstrous phase of destruction. Power after power about the armed globe sought to anticipate attack by aggression. They went to war in a delirium of panic in order to use their bombs first. China and Japan had assailed Russia and destroyed Moscow; the United States had attacked Japan; India was in anarchistic revolt, with Delhi a pit of fire spouting death and flame; the redoubtable King of the Balkans was mobilizing. It must have seemed plain at last to every one in those days that the world was slipping headlong to anarchy. By the spring of 1959, from nearly two hundred centers—and every week added to their number—roared the unquenchable, crimson conflagrations of the atomic bombs; the flimsy fabric of the world's credit had vanished; industry was completely disorganized; and every city, every thickly populated area, was starving or trembled on the verge of starvation. Most of the capital cities of the world were burning, millions of people had already perished, and over great areas government was at an end. Humanity has been compared by one contemporary writer to a sleeper who handles matches in his sleep, and wakes to find himself in flames.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE NEW CIVILIZATION

ON the mountain-side above the town of Brissago, and commanding two long stretches of Lake Maggiore, looking eastward to Bellinzona and southward to Luino, there is a shelf of grass meadows which is very beautiful in springtime with a great multitude of wild flowers. More particularly is this so in early June, when the slender asphodel, with its spike of white lily blossom, is in flower. To the westward of this delightful shelf there is a deep and densely wooded trench, a great gulf of blue a mile or so in width, out of which arise great precipices, very high and wild. Above the asphodel-fields themselves the mountains climb in rocky slopes to solitudes of stone and sunlight that curve round and join that wall of cliffs in one common sky-line. This desolate and austere background contrasts very vividly with the glowing serenity of the great lake below, with the spacious view of fertile hills and roads and villages and islands to south and east, and with the hotly golden rice-fields of the Val Maggia to the north.

And because it was a remote and insignificant place, far away out of the crowding tragedies of that year of disaster and of universal war, away from burning cities and starving multitudes, bracing and tranquilizing and hidden, it was here that there gathered the conference of rulers that was to arrest, if possible, before it was too late the *débâcle* of civilization. Here, brought together by the indefatigable energy of that impassioned humanitarian Leblanc, the French ambassador at Washington, the chief powers of the world were to meet in a last desperate conference to "save humanity."

Leblanc was one of those simple, spirited men whose lot would have been insignificance in any period of security, but who have been caught up to an immortal rôle in history by the sudden simplification of human affairs to the measure of their simplicity through some tragical

Copyright, 1914, by THE CENTURY CO.

crisis. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln, and such was Garibaldi. And Leblanc, with his transparent, childish innocence, his entire self-forgetfulness, came into this confusion of distrust and intricate disaster with an invincible appeal for the manifest sanities of the situation. His voice, when he spoke, was "full of remonstrance." He was a little, bald, spectacled man, full of that intellectual idealism which has been one of the peculiar gifts of France to humanity. He was possessed of one clear persuasion: that war must end, and that the only way to end war was to have only one government for mankind. He brushed aside all other considerations. At the very outbreak of the war, so soon as the two capitals of the belligerents had been wrecked, he went to the President in the White House with this proposal; he made it as if it was a matter of course. He was fortunate to be in Washington and in touch with that gigantic childishness which was the characteristic of the American imagination. For the Americans also were among the simple peoples by whom the world was saved. He won over the American President and the American Government to his general ideas. At any rate, they supported him sufficiently to give him a standing with the more skeptical European governments, and with this backing he set to work—it seemed the most fantastic of enterprises—to bring together all the rulers of the world and unify them. He wrote innumerable letters, he sent messages, he went desperate journeys, he enlisted whatever support he could find. No one was too humble for an ally or too obstinate for his advances; through the terrible autumn of the last wars this persistent little visionary in spectacles must have seemed rather like a hopeful canary twittering during a thunder-storm. And no accumulation of disasters daunted his conviction that they could be ended.

For many months it was an open question whether there was to be found throughout all the race the will and intelligence to face these new conditions and make even an attempt to arrest the downfall of the social order. For a time the war spirit defeated every attempt to rally the forces of preservation and construction. Leblanc seemed to be protesting against earthquakes, and as likely to find a spirit of reason in the crater of Etna. Even though the shattered official governments now clamored for peace, bands of irreconcilables and invincible patriots, usurpers, adventurers, and political desperados, were now everywhere in possession of the simple apparatus for the discouragement of atomic energy and the initiation of new centers of destruction. The stuff exercised an irresistible fascination upon a certain type of mind. Why should any one give in while he could still destroy his enemies? Surrender? While there is still a chance of blowing them to dust? The power of destruction which had once been the ultimate privilege of government was now the only power left in the world, and it was everywhere. There were few thoughtful men during that phase of blazing waste who did not pass through such moods of despair and declare, "This is the end."

And all the while Leblanc was going to and fro with glittering glasses and an inexhaustible persuasiveness, urging the manifest reasonableness of his view upon ears that ceased presently to be inattentive. Never at any time did he betray a doubt that all this chaotic conflict would end. No nurse during a nursery uproar was ever so certain of the inevitable ultimate peace. From being treated as an amiable dreamer, he came by insensible degrees to be regarded as an extravagant possibility. Then he began to seem even practicable. The people who listened to him in 1958 with a smiling impatience were eager before 1959 was four months old to know just exactly what he thought might be done. He answered with the patience of a philosopher and the lucidity of a Frenchman. He began to receive responses of a more and more hopeful type.

THE GATHERING OF THE RULERS OF THE WORLD

He came across the Atlantic to Italy, and there he gathered in the promises for this congress. He chose those high meadows above Brissago for the reasons we have stated. "We must get away," he said, "from old associations." He set to work requisitioning material for his conference with an assurance that was justified by the replies. With a slight incredulity the conference, which was to begin a new order in the world, gathered itself together.

Leblanc summoned it without arrogance; he controlled it by virtue of a vast humility. Men appeared upon those upland slopes with the apparatus for wireless telegraphy; others followed with tents and provisions; a little cable was flung down to a convenient spot upon the Locarno road below. Leblanc arrived, sedulously directing every detail that would affect the tone of the assembly. He might have been a courier in advance rather than the originator of the gathering.

And then there arrived, some by the cable, most by aëroplane, a few in other fashions, the men who had been called together to confer upon the state of the world. It was to be a conference without a name. Nine monarchs, the presidents of four republics, several ministers and ambassadors, powerful journalists, and such-like prominent and influential men took part in it. There were even scientific men, and that world-famous old man Holsten came with the others to contribute his amateur statecraft to the desperate problem of the age. Only Leblanc would have dared so to summon figureheads and powers and intelligence, or have had the courage to hope for their agreement.

II

And one at least of those who were called to this conference of governments came to it on foot. This was King Egbert, the young king of the most venerable kingdom in Europe. He was a rebel, and had always been of deliberate choice a rebel against the magnificences of his position. He affected long pedestrian tours and a disposition to sleep in the open air. He came now over the Pass of Sta. Maria Maggiore, and by boat up the lake to Brissago; thence he walked up the mountain, a pleasant path set with oaks and sweet chestnuts. For provision on the walk, for he did not want to hurry, he carried with him a pocketful of bread and cheese. A certain small retinue that was necessary to his comfort and dignity upon occasions of state he sent on by the cable-car, and with him walked his private secretary, Firmin, a man who had thrown up the professorship of world politics in the London School of Sociology, Economics, and Political Science, to take up these duties.

Firmin was a man of strong rather than of rapid thought; he had anticipated great influence in this new position, and after some years he was still only beginning to apprehend how largely his function was to listen. Originally he had been something of a thinker upon international politics, an authority upon tariffs and strategy, and a valued contributor to various of the higher organs of public opinion; but the atomic bombs had taken him by surprise, and he had still to recover completely from his preatomic opinions and the silencing effect of those sustained explosions.

As they walked up,—it was the king who made the pace rather than Firmin,—they talked of the conference before them, and Firmin, with a certain want of assurance that would have surprised him in himself in the days of his professorship, sought to define the policy of his companion.

"In its broader form, sir," said Firmin, "I admit a certain plausibility in this project of Leblanc's; but I feel that although it may be advisable to set up some sort of general control for international affairs,—a sort of Hague court with extended powers,—that is no reason whatever for losing sight of the principles of national and imperial autonomy."

"Firmin," said the king, "I am going to set my brother-kings a good example."

Firmin intimated a curiosity that veiled a dread.

"By chucking all that nonsense," said the king.

He quickened his pace as Firmin, who was already a little out of breath, betrayed a disposition to reply.

"I am going to chuck all that nonsense," said the king as Firmin prepared to speak. "I am going to fling my royalty and empire on the table, and declare at once I don't mean to haggle. It 's haggling about rights that has been the devil in human affairs for—always. I am going to stop this nonsense."

Firmin halted abruptly.

"But, sir!" he cried.

The king stopped six yards ahead of him, and looked back at his adviser's perspiring visage.

"Do you really think, Firmin, that I am here as an infernal politician to put my crown and my flag and my claims and

so forth in the way of peace? That little Frenchman is right, and you know he is right as well as I do. Those things are over. We—we kings and rulers and representatives have been at the very heart of the mischief. Of course we imply separation, and of course separation means the threat of war, and of course the threat of war means the accumulation of more and more atômic bombs. The old game 's up. But, I say, we must n't stand here, you know. The world waits. Don't you think the old game 's up, Firmin?"

Firmin adjusted a strap, passed a hand over his wet forehead, and followed earnestly.

"I admit, sir," he said to a receding back, "that there has to be some sort of hegemony, some sort of amphictyonic council—"

"There 's got to be one simple government for all the world," said the king over his shoulder.

"But as for a reckless, unqualified abandonment, sir—"

"*Bang!*" cried the king.

Firmin made no answer to this interruption, but a faint shadow of annoyance passed across his heated features.

"Yesterday," said the king by way of explanation, "the Japanese very nearly got San Francisco."

"I had n't heard, sir."

"The Americans ran the Japanese aëroplane down into the sea, and there the bomb got bu'sted."

"Under the sea, sir?"

"Yes. Submarine volcano. The steam is in sight of the Californian coast; it was as near as that. And with things like this happening, you want me to go up this hill and haggle. Consider the effect of that upon my imperial cousin—and all the others!"

"*He* will haggle, sir."

"Not a bit of it," said the king.

At length, as it seemed to Firmin, or quite soon, as it seemed to the king, the gradient of the path diminished, the way widened out, and they found themselves in a very beautiful place indeed. It was one of those upland clusters of sheds and houses, still to be found in the mountains of northern Italy, that were used only in the high summer and were left locked up and deserted through all the winter and spring and up to the middle of June. The buildings were all of a softened gray stone, buried in rich green grass, shadowed by chestnut-trees, and lit by an extraordinary blaze of yellow broom. Never had the king seen broom so glorious; he shouted at the light of it, for it seemed to give out more sunlight even than it received. He sat down impulsively on a lichenous stone, tugged out his bread and cheese, and bade Firmin thrust the beer into the shaded woods to cool.

"The things people miss, Firmin," he said, "who go up into the air in ships."

Firmin looked around him with an ungenial eye.

"You see it at its best, sir," he said, "before the peasants come here again and make it filthy."

"It would be beautiful anyhow," said the king.

"Superficially, sir," said Firmin. "But it stands for a social order that is fast vanishing away. Indeed, judging by the grass between the stones and in the huts, I am inclined to doubt if it is in use even now."

"I suppose," said the king, "they would come up immediately the hay on this flower meadow is cut. It would be those slow, creamy-colored beasts, I suspect, one sees on the roads below, and the swarthy girls with red handkerchiefs over their black hair. It is wonderful to think how long that beautiful old life lasted. In the Roman times, and long ages before ever the manners of the Romans had come into these parts, men came driving their cattle up into these places as the summer came on. How haunted is this place! There have been quarrels here, hopes; children have played here and lived to be old crones and old gaffers and died: and so it has gone on for thousands of lives. Lovers, innumerable lovers, have caressed amid this golden broom."

"Sire," protested Firmin, with his voice full of bread and cheese and genuine emotion, "have you no respect for your kingship?"

The king paused before he answered with unwonted gravity:

"It 's just because I have, Firmin, that I won't be a puppet in this game of international politics." He regarded his companion for a moment and then remarked: "Kingship! What do *you* know of kingship, Firmin? Yes," cried the king to his

astonished counselor, "for the first time in my life I am going to be a king. I am going to lead, and lead by my own authority. For a dozen generations my family has been a set of dummies in the hands of their advisers. Now I am going to be a real king, and I am going to—to abolish, dispose of, finish, the crown to which I have been a slave. But what a world of paralyzing shame this roaring stuff has ended! The rigid old world is in the melting-pot again, and I, who seemed to be no more than the stuffing inside a regal robe—I am a king among kings. I have to play my part at the head of things and put an end to blood and fire and idiot disorder."

"But, sir—" protested Firmin.

"This man Leblanc is right. The whole world has got to be a republic, one and indivisible. You know that, and my duty is to make that easy. A king should lead his people; you want me to stick on their backs like some Old Man of the Sea. To-day must be a sacrament of kings. Our trust for mankind is done with and ended. We must part our robes among them, we must part our kingship among them, and say to them all, now the king in every one must rule the world. Have you no sense of the magnificence of this occasion? You want me, Firmin—you want me to go up there and haggle like some damned little solicitor for some price, some compensation, some qualification."

Firmin shrugged his shoulders and assumed an expression of despair. Meanwhile, he conveyed, one must eat.

For a time neither spoke, and the king ate, and turned over in his mind the phrases of the speech he intended to make to the conference. By virtue of the antiquity of his crown he was to preside, and he intended to make his presidency memorable. Reassured of his eloquence, he considered the desponded and sulky Firmin for a space.

"Firmin," he said, "you have idealized kingship."

"It has been my dream, sir," said Firmin, sorrowfully, "to serve."

"At the levers, Firmin," said the king.

"You are pleased to be unjust," said Firmin, deeply hurt.

"I am pleased to be getting out of it," said the king. "Firmin," he went on, "have you no thought for me? Will you never realize that I am not only flesh and blood, but an imagination—with its rights? I am a king in revolt against that fetter they put upon my head. I am a king awake. My reverend grandparents never in all their august lives had a waking moment. They loved the job that you, you advisers, gave them; they never had a doubt of it. It was like giving a doll to a woman who ought to have a child. They delighted in processions, and opening things, and being read addresses to, and visiting triplets and nonagenarians, and all that sort of thing. They used to keep albums of cuttings from all the illustrated papers showing them at it, and if the press-cutting parcels grew thin, they were worried. It was all that ever worried them. But there is something atavistic in me; I hark back to unconstitutional monarchs. They christened me too retrogressively I think. I wanted to get things done. I was bored. I might have fallen into vice,—most intelligent and energetic princes do,—but the palace precautions were unusually thorough. I was brought up in the purest court the world has ever seen. So I read books, Firmin, and went about asking questions. The thing was bound to happen to one of us sooner or later. Perhaps, too, very likely I 'm not vicious. I don't think I am."

Firmin cleared his throat.

"I don't think you are, sir," he said. "You prefer—" He stopped short. He had been going to say "talking." He substituted "ideas."

"That world of royalty!" the king went on. "In a little while no one will understand it any more. It will become a riddle.

"Among other things, it was a world of perpetual best clothes. Everything was in its best clothes for us, and usually wearing bunting. With a cinema watching to see we took it properly. If you are a king, Firmin, and you go and look at a regiment, it instantly stops whatever it is doing, changes into full uniform, and presents arms. When my august parents went in a train, the coal in the tender used to be whitened. It did, Firmin, and if coal had been white instead of black, I have no doubt the authorities would have blackened it. That was the spirit of our treatment. People were always walking

about with their faces to us. One never saw anything in profile. One got an impression of a world that was insanely focused on ourselves. And when I began to poke my little questions into the lord chancellor and the archbishop and all the rest of them, they thought I was n't displaying the royal tact expected of me."

He meditated for a time.

"The spirit of kingship is a fine thing, Firmin. I feel it in my bones; I do not know what I might not be if I were not a king. I could die for my people, Firmin, and you could n't. No, don't say you could die for me, because I know better. Don't think I forget my kingship, Firmin; don't imagine that. I am a king, a kingly king, by right divine. The fact that I am also a chattering young man makes not the slightest difference to that."

Firmin turned himself round and faced his royal master.

"What do you intend to do, sir?" he asked. "If you will not listen to me, what do you propose to do this afternoon?"

"Manifestly war has to stop forever, Firmin. Manifestly this can be done only by putting all the world under one government. Our crowns and flags are in the way. Manifestly they must go."

"Yes, sir," interrupted Firmin, "but *what* government? I don't see what government you get by a universal abdication!"

"Well," said the king, with his hands about his knees, "*we* shall be the government."

"The conference?" exclaimed Firmin.

"Who else?" asked the king, simply. "It 's perfectly simple," he added to Firmin's tremendous silence.

"But," cried Firmin, "you must have sanctions. Will there be no form of election, for example?"

"Why should there be?" asked the king with intelligent curiosity.

"The consent of the governed."

"Firmin, we are just going to lay down our differences and take our government. Without any election at all. Without my sanction. The governed will show their consent by silence. If any effective opposition arises, we shall ask it to come in and help. The true sanction of kingship is the grip upon the scepter. We are n't going to worry people to vote for us. I 'm certain the mass of men does not want to be bothered with such things. We 'll contrive a way for any one interested to join in. That 's quite enough in the way of democracy. Perhaps later, when things don't matter— We shall govern all right, Firmin. Government becomes difficult only when the lawyers get hold of it, and since these troubles began, the lawyers are shy. Indeed, come to think of it, I wonder where all the lawyers are. Where are they? A lot, of course, were bagged, some of the worst ones, when they blew up my legislature. You never knew the late lord chancellor—

"Necessities bury rights. Lawyers live on rights. We 've done with that way of living. We won't have more law than a code can cover, and beyond that government will be free.

"Before the sun sets to-day, Firmin, trust me, we shall have made our abdications, all of us, and declared the world republic, supreme and indivisible. I wonder what my august grandmother would have made of it. All my rights! And then we shall go on governing. What else is there to do?

"All over the world we shall declare that there is no longer mine or thine, but ours. China, the United States, two thirds of Europe, will certainly fall in and obey. They will have to do so. What else can they do? Their official rulers are here with us. They won't be able to get together any sort of idea of not obeying us. Then we shall declare that every sort of property is held in trust for the republic."

He stood up.

Firmin, forgetting the habits of a score of years, remained seated.

At last he said:

"And I have known nothing!"

The king smiled very cheerfully. He liked these talks with Firmin.

III

THAT conference upon the Brissago meadows was one of the most heterogeneous collections of prominent people that has ever met together. Principalities and powers, stripped and shattered until all their pride and mystery were gone, met in a marvelous new humility. Here were

kings and emperors whose capitals were lakes of flaming destruction, statesmen whose countries had become chaos, scared politicians, and financial potentates. Here were leaders of thought and learned investigators dragged reluctantly to the control of affairs. Altogether there were ninety-three of them, Leblanc's conception of the head men of the world. They had all come at last to the realization of the simple truths that the indefatigable Leblanc had hammered into them; and drawing his resources from the King of Italy, he had provisioned it with a generous simplicity quite in accordance with the rest of his character, and here he made his astonishing and entirely rational appeal.

King Egbert spoke, as he was expected to speak, and Leblanc's spectacles moistened at that flow of generous sentiment, most amiably and lightly expressed.

"We have n't to stand on ceremony," said the king; "we have to govern the world. We have always pretended to govern the world, and here is our opportunity."

"Of course," whispered Leblanc, nodding his head rapidly, "of course."

"The world has been smashed up, and we have to put it on its wheels again," said King Egbert. "And it is the simple common sense of this crisis for all to help and none to seek advantage. Is that our tone or not?"

THE NEW DIVINE RIGHTS OF KINGS

THE gathering was too old and seasoned and miscellaneous for any great displays of enthusiasm, but that was its tone, and with an astonishment that somehow became exhilarating it began to resign, repudiate, and declare its intentions. Firmin, taking notes behind his master, heard everything that had been foretold among the yellow broom come true. With a queer feeling that he was dreaming he assisted at the proclamation of the world state, and saw the message taken out to the wireless operators to be throbbed all round the habitable globe.

Firmin was not alone in his incredulity. There was not a man there who was not a very amiable, reasonable, benevolent creature at bottom. Some had been born to power, and some had happened upon it; some had struggled to get it, not clearly knowing what it was and what it implied: but none was irreconcilably set upon its retention at the price of cosmic disaster. Their minds had been prepared by circumstances and sedulously cultivated by Leblanc; and now they took the broad, obvious road along which King Egbert was leading them with a mingled conviction of strangeness and necessity. Things went very smoothly: the King of Italy explained the arrangements that had been made for the protection of the camp from any fantastic attack; a couple of thousand aëroplanes, each carrying a sharp-shooter, guarded them, and there was an excellent system of relays, and at night all the sky would be searched by scores of lights, and the admirable Leblanc gave luminous reasons for their camping just where they were and going on with their administrative duties forthwith.

The members of the new world government dined at three long tables on trestles, and down the middle of these tables Leblanc, despite the barrenness of his menu, had contrived to have set a great multitude of beautiful roses. There was similar accommodation for the secretaries and attendants at a lower level down the mountain. The assembly dined, as it had debated, in the open air, and over the dark crags to the west the glowing June sunset shone upon this epoch-making banquet. There was no precedency now among the ninety-three, and King Egbert found himself between a pleasant little Japanese stranger in spectacles and his cousin of central Europe, and opposite a great Bengali leader and the President of the United States of America. Beyond the Japanese was Holsten, the old chemist, and Leblanc was a little way down on the other side.

The king was still cheerfully talkative, and abounded in ideas. He fell presently into an amiable controversy with the American, who seemed to feel a lack of impressiveness in the occasion.

It was ever the transatlantic tendency, due no doubt to the necessity of handling public questions in a bulky and striking manner, to overemphasize and overaccentuate, and the President was touched by his national failing. He suggested now that there should be a new era, starting from that day as the first day of the first year.

The king demurred.

"From this day forth, sir, man enters upon his heritage," said the American.

"Man," said the king, "is always entering upon his heritage. You Americans have a peculiar weakness for anniversaries, if you will forgive me saying so. Yes, I accuse you of a lust for dramatic effect. Everything is happening always, but you want to say this or this is the real instant in time, and subordinate all the others to it."

And then, since the American pressed his idea, the king contrived to shift the talk from the question of celebrating the epoch they were making to the question of the probabilities that lay ahead. Here every one became diffident. They could see the world unified and at peace, but what detail was to follow from that unification they seemed indisposed to discuss. This diffidence struck the king as remarkable. He plunged upon the possibilities of science. All the huge expenditure that had hitherto gone into unproductive naval and military preparations must now, he declared, place research upon a new footing.

"Where one man worked, we will have a thousand." He appealed to Holsten. "We have only begun to peep into these possibilities," he said. "You, at any rate, have sounded the vaults of the treasure-house."

"They are unfathomable," said Holsten, and smiled.

"Man," said the American with a manifest resolve to justify and reinstate himself after the flickering contradictions of the king—"man, I say, is only beginning to enter upon his heritage."

"Tell us some of the things you believe we shall presently learn; give us an idea of the things we may presently do," said the king to Holsten.

Holsten opened out the vistas.

"Science," the king cried presently, "is the new king of the world."

"*Our* view," said the President, "is that sovereignty resides with the people."

"No," said the king, "the sovereign is a being more subtle than that, and less arithmetical; neither my family nor your emancipated people. It is something that floats about us and above us and through us. It is that common impersonal will and sense of necessity of which science is the best understood and most typical aspect. It is the mind of the race. It is that which has brought us here, which has bowed us all to its demands."

He paused, glanced down the table at Leblanc and then reopened at his former antagonist.

"There is a disposition," said the king, "to regard this gathering as if it were actually doing what it appears to be doing, as if we ninety-odd men of our own free will and wisdom were unifying the world. There is a temptation to consider ourselves exceptionally fine fellows and masterful men and all the rest of it. We are not. I doubt if we should average out as anything abler than any other casually selected body of ninety-odd men. We are no creatures; we are consequences, we are salvagers—or salvagees. The thing today is not ourselves, but the wind of conviction that has blown us hither. The greatest thing about me is my manhood, the least thing is myself."

THE UNITY OF THE WORLD

So it was that King Egbert talked at Brissago after they had proclaimed the unity of the world. Every evening after that the assembly dined together, and talked at their ease, and grew accustomed to one another, and sharpened one another's ideas, and every day they worked together and really for a time believed that they were inventing a new government for the world. They discovered a constitution, but there were matters needing attention too urgently to wait for any constitution. They attended to these incidentally. The constitution it was that waited. It was presently found convenient to keep the constitution waiting indefinitely, as King Egbert had foreseen, and meanwhile, with an increasing self-confidence, that council went on governing.

IV

THE world on which the council looked did, indeed, present a task quite sufficiently immense and altogether too urgent for any wanton indulgence in internal dissension. It may be interesting to sketch in a few phrases the condition of mankind at the close of the period of warring states, in the year of crisis that followed the release of atomic power. It was a

world extraordinarily limited when one measures it by later standards, and it was now in a state of the direst confusion and distress.

THE SPREADING OF THE PEOPLES

It must be remembered that at this time men had still to spread into enormous areas of the land surface of the globe. There were vast mountain wildernesses, forest wildernesses, sandy deserts, and frozen lands. Men still clung closely to water and arable soil in temperate or subtropical climates; they lived abundantly only in river valleys, and all their great cities had grown upon large navigable rivers or close to ports upon the sea. Over great areas even of this suitable land, flies and mosquitos, armed with infection, had so far defeated human invasion, and under their protection the virgin forests remained untouched. Indeed, the whole world, even in its most crowded districts, was filthy with flies and swarming with needless insect life to an extent which is now almost incredible. A population map of the world in 1950 would have followed sea-shore and river course so closely in its darker shading as to give an impression that *homo sapiens* was an amphibious animal. His roads and railways lay also along the lower contours, only here and there to pierce some mountain barrier or reach some holiday resort did they clamber above three thousand feet. And across the ocean his traffic passed in definite lines; there were hundreds of thousands of square miles of ocean no ship ever traversed except by mischance.

Into the mysteries of the solid globe under his feet he had not yet pierced for five miles, and it was still not forty years since, with a tragic pertinacity, he had clambered to the poles of the earth. The limitless mineral wealth of the arctic and antarctic circles was still buried beneath vast accumulations of immemorial ice, and the secret riches of the inner zones of the crust were untapped and indeed unsuspected. The higher mountain regions were known only to a sprinkling of guide-led climbers and the frequenters of a few gaunt hotels, and the vast rainless belts of land that lay across the continental masses, from Gobi to Sahara and along the backbone of America, with their perfect air, their daily baths of blazing sunshine, their nights of cool serenity and glowing stars, and their reservoirs of deeply-lying water, were as yet only desolations of fear and death to the common imagination.

V

From the first the new government handled affairs with a certain greatness of spirit. Indeed, it was inevitable that they would act greatly. From the first they had to see the round globe as one problem; it was impossible any longer to deal with it piece by piece. They had to secure it generally from any fresh outbreak of atomic destruction, and they had to insure a permanent and universal pacification. On this capacity to grasp and wield the whole round globe their existence depended. There was no scope for any further performance.

THE BREAKING UP OF THE OLD ORDER

The disbanding of social utilization of the various masses of troops still under arms had to be arranged, the salvation of the year's harvests, and the feeding, housing, and employment of the drifting millions of homeless people. In Canada, in South America, and Asiatic Russia there were vast accumulations of provision that were immovable only because of the breakdown of the monetary and credit systems. These had to be brought into the famine districts very speedily, if entire depopulation was to be avoided, and their transportation and the revival of communications generally absorbed a certain proportion of the soldiery and more able unemployed. The task of housing assumed gigantic dimensions, and from building camps the housing committee of the council speedily passed to constructions of a more permanent type. They found far less friction than might have been expected in turning the loose population on their hands to these things. People were extraordinarily tamed by that year of suffering and death; they were disillusioned of their traditions, bereft of once obstinate prejudices; they felt foreign in a strange world and ready to follow any confident leadership. The orders of the new government came with the best of all credentials, rations. The people ever

where were as easy to control, one of the old labor experts who had survived until the new time witnesses, "as gangs of immigrant workers in a new land."

And now it was that the social possibilities of the atomic energy began to appear. The new machinery that had come into existence before the last wars increased and multiplied, and the council found itself not only with millions of hands at its disposal, but with power and apparatus that made its first conceptions of the work it had to do seem pitifully timid. The camps that were planned in iron and deal were built in stone and brass; the roads that were to have been mere iron tracks became spacious ways that insisted upon architecture; the cultivation of food-stuffs that were to have supplied emergency rations were presently, with synthesizers, fertilizers, actinic light, and scientific direction, in excess of every human need.

The government had begun with the idea of temporarily reconstituting the social and economic system that had prevailed before the first coming of the atomic engine, because it was to this system that the ideas and habits of the great mass of the world's dispossessed population was adapted. Subsequent rearrangement it had hoped to leave to its successors, whoever they might be. But this, it became more and more manifest, was absolutely impossible. As well might the council have purposed a revival of slavery. The capitalistic system had already been smashed beyond repair by the onset of limitless gold and energy; it fell to pieces at the first endeavor to stand it up again.

THE IDLERS

ALREADY, before the war, half of the industrial class had been out of work; the attempt to put them back into wages employment on the old lines was futile from the outset. The absolute shattering of the currency system alone would have been sufficient to prevent that, and it was necessary, therefore, to take over the housing, feeding, and clothing of this world-wide multitude without exacting any return in labor whatever. In a little while the mere absence of occupation for so great a multitude of people everywhere became an evident social danger, and the government was obliged to resort to such devices as simple decorative work in wood and stone, the manufacture of hand-woven textiles, fruit-growing, flower-growing, and landscape-gardening on a grand scale to keep the less adaptable out of mischief, and of paying wages to the younger adults for attendance at schools that would equip them to use the new atomic machinery. So, quite insensibly, the council drifted into a complete reorganization of urban and industrial life and, indeed, of the entire social system.

Ideas that are unhampered by political intrigue or financial considerations have a sweeping way with them, and before a year was out the records of the council show clearly that it was rising to its enormous opportunity, and partly through its own direct control and partly through a series of specific committees it was planning a new common social order for the entire population of the earth. "There can be no real social stability or any genial human happiness while large areas of the world and large classes of people are in a phase of civilization different from the prevailing mass. It is impossible now to have great blocks of population misunderstanding the generally accepted social purpose or at an economic disadvantage to the rest." So the council expressed its conception of the problem it had to solve.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE

THE peasant, the field-worker, and all barbaric cultivators were at an "economic disadvantage" to the more mobile and educated classes, and the logic of the situation compelled the council to take up systematically the supersession of this stratum of a more efficient organization of production. It developed a scheme for the progressive establishment throughout the world of the "modern system" in agriculture—a system that should give the full advantages of a civilized life to every agriculturist, and this replacement has been going on right up to the present day. The central idea of the modern system is the substitution of cultivating gilds for the individual cultivator and for cottage and village life altogether. These gilds are associations of men and women who take over areas of arable or pasture-land and make themselves responsible for

a certain average produce. They are bodies small enough, as a rule, to be run on a strictly democratic basis, and large enough to supply all the labor, except for a certain assistance from townspeople during the harvest, needed upon the land farmed. They have watchers' bungalows or chalets on the ground cultivated, but the ease and costlessness of modern locomotion enables them to maintain a group of residences in the nearest town, with a common dining-room and club-house and usually also a gild house in the national or provincial capital.

Already this system has abolished a distinctively "rustic" population throughout vast areas of the old world where it has prevailed immemorially. That shy, unstimulated life of the lonely hovel, the narrow scandals and petty spites and persecutions of the small village, that hoarding, half-inanimate existence away from books, thought, or social participation, and in constant contact with cattle, pigs, poultry, and their excrement, is passing away out of human experience. In a little while it will be gone altogether. In the nineteenth century it had already ceased to be a necessary human state, and only the absence of any collective intelligence and an imagined need for tough and unintelligent soldiers and for a prolific class at a low level prevented its systematic replacement at that time.

And while this settlement of the country was in progress, the urban camps of the first phase of the council's activities were rapidly developing, partly through the inherent forces of the situation and partly through the council's direction into a modern type of town.

VI

As the Brissago council came to realize that what it had supposed to be temporary camps of refugees were rapidly developing into great towns of a new type and that it was remolding the world despite itself, it decided to place this work of redistributing the non-agricultural population in the hands of a compacter and better qualified special committee. That committee is now far more than the council or any other of its delegated committees the active government of the world. Developed from an almost invisible germ of "town-planning" that came obscurely into existence in Europe or America (the question is still in dispute) somewhere in the closing decades of the nineteenth century, its work, the continual active planning and replanning of the world as a place of human habitation, is now, so to speak, the collective material activity of the race. The spontaneous, disorderly spreadings and recessions of populations, as aimless and mechanical as the trickling of spilt water, which was the substance of history for endless years, giving rise here to congestions, here to chronic devastating wars, and everywhere to a discomfort and disorderliness that was at its best only picturesque, are at an end. Men spread now, with the whole power of the race to aid them, into every available region of the earth. Their cities were no longer tethered to running water and the proximity of cultivation, their plans were no longer affected by strategic considerations or thoughts of social insecurity. The aëroplane and the nearly costless mobile car have abolished trade routes, a common language and a universal law have abolished a thousand restraining inconveniences; and so an astonishing dispersal of habitations has begun. One may live anywhere. And so it is that our cities now are true social gatherings, each with a character of its own and distinctive interests of its own, and most of them with a common occupation. They lie out in the former deserts, those long-wasted sunbaths of the race; they tower amid eternal snows; they hide in remote islands and bask on broad lagoons. For a time the whole tendency of mankind was to desert the river valleys in which the race had been cradled for half a million years, but now that the war against insects has been waged so successfully that this pestilential branch of life is nearly extinct, they are returning thither with a renewed appetite for gardens laced by water-courses and for pleasant living amid islands and house-boats and bridges and nocturnal lanterns reflected on the sea.

MAN BECOMES A MAKER OF THINGS

MAN, who is ceasing to be an agricultural animal, becomes more and more a builder, a traveler, and a maker. How much he ceases to be an agriculturist the

returns of the Redistribution Committee showed. Every year the work of our scientific laboratories increases the productivity and simplifies the labor of those who work upon the soil, and now the food of the whole world is produced by less than one per cent. of its population, a percentage which still tends to decrease. Far fewer people are needed upon the land than training and proclivity dispose toward it, and as a consequence of this excess of human attention, the garden side of life, the creation of groves and lawns and vast regions of beautiful flowers, has expanded enormously and continues to expand. For as agricultural method intensifies and the quota is raised, one farm association after another, availing itself of the 1975 regulations, elects to produce a public garden and pleasance in the place of its former fields, and the area of freedom and beauty is increased. And the chemist's triumphs of synthesis, which could now give us an entirely artificial food, remain largely in abeyance because it is so much more pleasant and interesting to eat natural produce and to grow such things upon the soil. Each year adds to the variety of our fruits and the delightfulness of our flowers.

VII

THE early years of the world republic witnessed a certain recrudescence of political adventure. In a number of countries, as the first urgent physical needs were met, there appeared a variety of personalities having this in common, that they sought to revive political trouble and clamber by its aid to positions of importance and satisfaction. In no case did they speak in the name of kings, and it is clear that monarchy must have been far gone in obsolescence before the twentieth century began; but they made appeals to the large survivals of nationalist and racial feeling that were everywhere to be found, and they alleged with considerable justice that the council was overriding racial and national customs and disregarding religious rules. The great plain of India was particularly prolific in such agitators. The revival of newspapers, which had largely ceased during the terrible year because of the dislocation of the coinage, gave a vehicle and a method of organization to these complaints. At first the council disregarded this developing opposition, and then it recognized it with an entirely devastating frankness.

THE WORLD POWER BROADENS ITS GOVERNMENT

NEVER, of course, had there been so provisional a government. It was of an extravagant illegality. It was indeed hardly more than a club—a club of about a hundred persons. At the outset there were ninety-three, and these were increased afterward by the issue of invitations that more than balanced its deaths to as many at one time as one hundred and nineteen. Always its constitution has been miscellaneous. At no time were these invitations issued with an admission that they recognized a right. The old institution of monarchy had come out unexpectedly well in the light of the new régime. Nine of the original members of the first government were crowned heads who had resigned their separate sovereignty, and at no time afterward did the number of its royal members sink below six. In their case there was perhaps a kind of attenuated claim to rule, but except for them and the still more infinitesimal pretensions of one or two ex-presidents of republics, no member of the council had even the shade of a right to his participation in its power. It was natural, therefore, that its opponents should find a common ground in a clamor for representative government, and build high hopes upon a return to parliamentary institutions.

The council decided to give them everything they wanted, but in a form that suited ill with their aspirations. It became at one stroke a representative body. It became, indeed, magnificently representative. It became so representative that the politicians were drowned in a deluge of votes. Every adult of either sex from pole to pole was given a vote, and the world was divided into ten constituencies, which voted on the same day by means of a simple modification of the world post. Membership of the government, it was decided, must be for life, save in the exceptional case of a recall; but the elections, which were held quinquennially, were arranged to add fifty

Color Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson and H. C. Merrill

"LOOK AT THE SUN BLAZING THERE AMONG THE PEAKS. . . . SOME DAY, I TELL YOU, HE WILL BURN AS WE PLEASE AND SPIN AT OUR COMMAND"

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE INNESS, JR.

members on each occasion. The method of proportional representation was adopted, and the voter might also write upon his voting paper in a specially marked space the name of any of his representatives that he wished to recall. A ruler was recallable by as many votes as the quota by which he had been elected, and the original members by as many votes in any constituency as the returning quotas in the first election. Upon these conditions the council submitted itself very cheerfully to the suffrages of the world. None of its members was recalled, and its fifty new associates, which included twenty-seven that it had seen fit to recommend, were of an altogether too miscellaneous quality to disturb the broad trend of its policy.

But already by that time the work of the council was drawing to an end. It was concerned not so much for the continuation of its construction as for the preservation of its accomplished work from the dramatic instincts of the politician.

The life of the race becomes, indeed, more and more independent of the formal government. The council in its opening phase was heroic in spirit: a dragon-slaying body, it slashed out of existence a vast knotted tangle of obsolete ideas and clumsy and jealous proprietorships; by a noble system of institutional precautions it secured freedom of inquiry, freedom of criticism, free communications, a common basis of education and understanding, and freedom from economic oppression. With that its creative task was accomplished. It became more and more an established security and less and less an active intervention. There is nothing in our time to correspond with the continual petty making and entangling of laws in an atmosphere of contention that is perhaps the most perplexing aspect of constitutional history in the nineteenth century. In that age they seem to have been perpetually making laws when we should alter regulations. The work of change which we delegate to these scientific committees of specific general direction that have the special knowledge needed, and which are themselves dominated by the broad intellectual process of the community, was in those days inextricably mixed up with legislation. They fought over the details; we should as soon think of fighting over the arrangement of the parts of a machine. We know nowadays that such things go on best within laws as life goes on between earth and sky. And so it is that government gathers now for a day or so in each year under the sunshine of Brissago when the asphodel is in flower and does little more than bless the work of its committees. And even these committees are less originative and more expressive of the general thought than they were at first. It becomes difficult to mark out the particular directive personalities of the world. Continually we are less personal. Every good thought contributes now, and every able brain falls within that informal and dispersed kingship which gathers together into one purpose the energies of the race.

VIII

IT is doubtful if we shall ever see again a phase of human existence in which "politics," that is to say, a partizan interference with the ruling sanities of the world, will be the dominant interest among serious men. We seem to have entered upon an entirely new phase in history in which contention, as distinguished from rivalry, has almost abruptly ceased to be the usual occupation, and has become at most a subdued and hidden and discredited thing. Contentious professions cease to be an honorable employment for men. The peace between nations is also a peace between individuals. We live in a world that comes of age. Man the warrior, man the lawyer, and all the bickering aspects of life, pass into obscurity; the grave dreamers, man the curious learner, and man the creative artist come forward to replace these barbaric aspects of existence by a less ignoble adventure.

THE NATURAL INSTINCT OF MAN TO CREATE

THERE is no natural life of man. He is and always has been a sheath of varied and even incompatible possibilities, a palimpsest of inherited dispositions. It was the habit of many writers in the early twentieth century to speak of competition and the narrow, private life of trade and saving and suspicious isolation as though

such things were in some exceptional way proper to the human constitution, and as though openness of mind and a preference for achievement over possession were abnormal and rather unsubstantial qualities. How wrong that was the history of the decades immediately following the establishment of the world republic witnesses. Once the world was released from the hardening insecurities of a needless struggle for life that was collectively planless and individually absorbing, it became apparent that there was in the vast mass of people a long-smothered passion to make things. The world broke out into making, and at first mainly into esthetic making. This phase of history, which has been not inaptly termed the "efflorescence," is still to a large extent with us. The majority of our population consists of artists, and the bulk of activity in the world lies no longer with necessities, but with their elaboration, decoration, and refinement. There has been an evident change in the quality of this making during recent years. It becomes more purposeful than it was, losing something of its first elegance and prettiness and gaining in intensity; but this is a change rather of hue than of nature. That comes with a deepening philosophy and a sounder education. For the first joyous exercises of fancy we perceive now the deliberation of a more constructive imagination. There is a natural order in these things, and art comes before science as the satisfaction of more elemental needs must come before art, and as play and pleasure come in a human life before the development of a settled purpose.

For thousands of years this gathering impulse to creative work must have struggled in man against the limitations imposed upon him by his social ineptitude. It was a long-smoldering fire that flamed out at last in all these things. The evidence of a pathetic, perpetually thwarted urgency to make something is one of the most touching aspects of the relics and records of our immediate ancestors. There exists still in the death area about the London bombs a region of deserted small homes that furnish the most illuminating comment on the old state of affairs. These homes are entirely horrible, uniform, square, squat, hideously proportioned, uncomfortable, dingy, and in some respects quite filthy. Only people in complete despair of anything better could have lived in them; but to each is attached a ridiculous little rectangle of land called "the garden," containing usually a prop for drying clothes, a loathsome box of offal, the dust-bin, full of egg-shells, cinders, and such-like refuse. It is possible to trace in nearly every one of these gardens some effort to make. Here is a poor little plank summer-house, here it is a "fountain of bricks and oyster-shells," here a "rockery," here a "workshop." And in the houses everywhere there are pitiful little decorations, clumsy models, feeble drawings. These efforts are almost incredibly inept; like the drawings of blindfolded men, they are only one shade less harrowing to a sympathetic observer than the scratchings one finds upon the walls of old prisons; but there they are, witnessing to the poor buried instincts that struggled up toward the light. That god of joyous expression our poor fathers ignorantly sought our freedom has declared to us.

In the old days the common ambition of every simple soul was to possess a little property, a patch of land, a house uncontrolled by others, an "independence," as the English used to put it. And what made this desire for freedom and prosperity so strong was very evidently the dream of self-expression, of doing something with it, of playing with it, of making a personal delightfulness, a distinctiveness. Property was never more than a means to an end, or avarice more than a perversion. Men owned in order to do freely. Now that every one has his own apartments and his own privacy secure, this disposition to own has found its release in a new direction. Men study and save and strive that they may leave behind them a series of panels in some public arcade, a row of carven figures along a terrace, a grove, a pavilion. Or they give themselves to the penetration of some still opaque riddle in phenomena, as once men gave themselves to the accumulation of riches. The work that was once the whole substance of social existence—for most men spent all their lives in earning a living—is now no more than was the burden upon one of those old climbers who carried knapsacks of provisions on their backs in order that they might ascend

mountains. It matters little to the easy charities of our emancipated time that most people have made their labor contribution produce neither new beauty nor new wisdom, but are simply busy about those pleasant activities and enjoyments that reassure them that they are alive. They help, it may be, by reception, and they hinder nothing.

IX

Now all this phase of gigantic change in the contours and appearances of human life which is going on about us—a change as rapid and as wonderful as the swift ripening of adolescence to manhood after the barbaric boyish years, is correlated with moral and mental changes at least as unprecedented. It is not as if old things were going out of life and new things coming in; it is rather that the altered circumstances of men are making an appeal to elements in his nature that have hitherto been suppressed, and checking tendencies that have hitherto been overstimulated and overdeveloped. He has not so much grown and altered his essential being as turned new aspects to the light. Such turnings round into a new attitude the world has seen on a less extensive scale before. The Highlanders of the seventeenth century, for example, were cruel and bloodthirsty robbers; in the nineteenth their descendants were conspicuously trusty and honorable men. There was not a people in western Europe in the early twentieth century that seemed capable of hideous massacres, and none that had not been guilty of them within the previous two centuries. The free, frank, kindly, gentle life of the prosperous classes in any European country before the years of the last wars were in a different world of thought and feeling from that of the dingy, suspicious, secretive, and uncharitable existence of the respectable poor, or the constant personal violence, the squalor, and the naïve passions of the lowest stratum. Yet there was no real differences of blood and inherent quality between these worlds; their differences were all in circumstances, suggestion, and habits of mind. And turning to more individual instances, the constantly observed difference between one portion of a life and another upon a religious conversion was a standing example of the versatile possibilities of human nature.

The catastrophe of the atomic bombs which shook men out of cities and businesses and economic relations, shook them also out of their old established habits of thought, and out of the lightly held beliefs and prejudices that came down to them from the past.

The moral shock of the atomic bombs had been a profound one, and for a while the cunning side of the human animal was overpowered. Men thought twice before they sought mean advantages in the face of the unusual eagerness to realize new aspirations, and when at last the weeds revived again and "claims" began to sprout, they sprouted upon the stony soil of law-courts reformed, of laws that pointed to the future instead of the past, and under the blazing sunshine of a transforming world.

A NEW literature, a new interpretation of history, is springing into existence; a new teaching is already in the schools, a new faith in the hearts of the young.

I see the crystal cup of human knowledge perpetually brimming. I see the fires of human thought rise from ten thousand altars of research, and flare out into the wilderness of space. I see the time when men will no longer be content with this little conquered planet.

I know not by what devices, by what miracle of patience, the method will be won, but I know that they will go out into the deeps. I can see those first pioneers, the little craft dwindle up into the sky, glittering, twinkling, a speck swallowed up at last by the quivering blue. They may be lost, but other men will follow them in this eternal adventure of mankind.

Look at the sun blazing there among the peaks, too blinding almost for our eyes. See how he touches the mountain-tops and how they dissolve into fire at his touch. Some day, I tell you, he will burn as we please and spin at our command. He will be our servant, our convenience, our instrument. He will be the fire before our door, the light of our first home as we spread out our power and our blood farther and farther amidst the stars.

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin

"GOD sifted a whole nation that He might send choice grain into the wilderness." So thought the seventeenth century of the migration to Massachusetts Bay in the evil years of Charles I; but what are we to think of it? There is today so little sympathy with that remote, narrow New England theocracy that it is well to state again in living terms what part the coming of the best of the English Puritans bore in building up the American people.

As history-makers, those who will suffer loss and exile rather than give up an ideal that has somehow taken hold of them are well nigh as unlike ordinary folk as if they had dropped from Mars. In every generation those who are capable of heroic devotion to any ideal whatsoever are only a remnant. Nine persons out of ten incline to the line of least resistance or of greatest profit, and will no more sacrifice themselves for an ideal than lead will turn to a magnet.

That the ideal should be final is of small consequence. It matters little whether it is a religious tenet, a mode of worship, a method of life, or a state of society. The essential thing is that it stands apart from the appetites, passions, and petty aims that govern most of us. Those who will face panther and tomahawk for the sake of their ideal are not to be swayed by the sordid motives and fitful passions that lord it over commonplace lives. Holding themselves to be instruments for the fulfilment of some larger purpose, men of this type make their mark upon the world. The fathers dedicate themselves to establishing godliness in the community. Their posterity fly to arms in behalf of the principle of "No taxation without representation." *Their* posterity, in turn, war upon the liquor traffic, slavery, or imperialism. As surely as one quarter of us are still of the blood of the twenty thousand Puritans who sought the wilderness between 1618 and 1640, so surely are there ideals not yet risen above the horizon that will inflame Americans in the generations to come.

The Dutch settled New Amsterdam from practical motives, although some of them were Walloons fleeing oppression in the Spanish Netherlands. Gain prompted the peopling of Virginia, and that colony received its share of human chaff. The Council of Virginia early complained that "it hurteth to suffer Parents to disburden themselves of lascivious sonnes, masters of bad servants and wives of ill husbands, and so clogge the business with such an idle crue, as did thrust themselves in the last voiage, that will rather starve for hunger, than lay their hands to labor." In 1637 the collector of the port of London averred that "most of those that go thither ordinarily have no habitation . . . and are better out than within the kingdom." After the execution of Charles I,

a number of Royalist families removed to Virginia rather than brook the rule of Cromwell. This influx of the well-to-do registers itself in an abrupt increase in the size of the land-grants and in a sudden rise in the number of slaves. From this period one meets with the names of Randolph, Madison, Monroe, Mason, Marshall, Washington, and many others that have become household words. On the whole, however, the exodus of noble "Cavaliers" to Virginia is a myth; for it is now generally admitted that the aristocracy of eighteenth-century Virginia sprang chiefly from "members of the country gentry, merchants and tradesmen and their sons and relatives, and occasionally a minister, a physician, a lawyer, or a captain in the merchant service," fleeing political troubles at home or tempted by the fortunes to be made in tobacco.

Less promising was the broad substratum that sustained the prosperity of the colony. For fifty years indentured servants were coming in at a rate from a thousand to sixteen hundred a year. No doubt many an enterprising wight of the English or Irish laboring-class sold himself for a term into the tobacco-fields in order to come within reach of beckoning Opportunity; but we know, too, that the slums and alleys were raked for material to fatten the plantations. Hard-hearted men sold dependent kinsfolk to serve in the colonies. Kidnappers smuggled over boys and girls gathered from the streets of London and Bristol. About 1670, no fewer than ten thousand persons were "spirited" from England in one year. The Government was slow to strike at the infamous traffic, for, as was urged in Parliament, "the plantations cannot be maintained without a considerable number of white servants."

Dr. Johnson deemed the Americans "a race of convicts," who "ought to be content with anything we allow them short of hanging." In the first century of the colonies, gallows'-birds were often given the option of servitude in the "plantations." Some prayed to be hanged instead. In 1717 the British Government entered on the policy of penal transportation, and thenceforth discharged certain classes of felons upon the colonies until the Revolution made it necessary to shunt the muddy stream to Botany Bay. New England happily escaped these "seven-year passengers," because she would pay little for them and because she had no tobacco to serve as a profitable return cargo. It is estimated that between 1750 and 1770 twenty thousand British convicts were exported to Maryland alone, so that even the schoolmasters there were mostly of this stripe. The colonies bitterly resented such cargoes, but their self-protective measures were regularly disallowed by the home government. American scholars are coming to accept the British estimate that about 50,000 convicts were marketed on this side.

It is astonishing how quickly this "yellow streak" in the population faded. No doubt the worst felons were promptly hanged, so that those transported were such as excited the compassion of the court in an age that recognized nearly three hundred capital offenses. Then, too, the bulk were probably the unfortunate, or the victims of bad surroundings, rather than born malefactors. Under the regenerative stimulus of opportunity, many persons reformed and became good citizens. A like purification of sewage by free land was later witnessed in Australia. The incorrigible, when they did not slip back to their old haunts, forsook the tide-water belt to lead half-savage lives in the wilderness. Here they slew one another or were strung up by "regulators," so that they bred their kind less freely than the honest. Thus bad strains tended to run out, and in the making of our people the criminals had no share corresponding to their original numbers. Blended with the dregs from the rest of the population, the convicts who were lazy and shiftless rather than criminal became progenitors of the "poor whites," "crackers," and "sandhillers" that still cumber the poorer lands of the southern Appalachians.

THE FRENCH HUGUENOTS

PROBABLY no stock ever came here so gifted and prepotent as the French Huguenots. Though only a few thousand, all told, their descendants furnished 589 of the fourteen thousand and more Americans deemed worthy of a place in "Appletons' Cyclopedia of American Biography." In 1790 only one half of one per cent. of our people bore a French name; yet this

element contributed 4.2 per cent. of the eminent names in our history, or eight times their due quota. Like the Puritans and the Quakers, the Huguenots were of an element that meets the test of fire and makes supreme sacrifices for conscience' sake. They had the same affinity for ideals and the same tenacity of character as the founders of New England, but in their French blood they brought a sensibility, a fervor, and an artistic endowment all their own.

It was likewise a sturdy stock, and in the early days of the settlement it was no unusual thing for parties to walk from New Rochelle to church in lower New York, a distance of twenty-three miles. As a rule they walked this distance with bare feet, carrying their shoes in their hands.

THE GERMANS

WHEN seeking settlers for his new colony, William Penn gained much publicity for it in Germany, where he had a wide acquaintance. The German Pietists responded at once, and a stream of picked families mingled with the English Quakers who founded the City of Brotherly Love. The first Germans to come were well-to-do people. Nearly all had enough money left on arrival to pay for the land they took up. In 1710, however, there arose in parts of Germany a veritable furor to reach the New World. The people of the ravaged Palatinate became agitated over the lure of America, and ship after ship breasted the Delaware, black with Palatines, Hanoverians, Saxons, Austrians, and Swiss. The cost of passage from the upper Rhine was equal to $500 to-day; but a vast number of penniless Germans got over the barrier by contracting with the ship-owner to sell themselves into servitude for a term of years. These were known as "redemptioners," and their service was commonly for from four to six years. Before the Revolution not fewer than 60,000 Germans had debarked at Philadelphia, to say nothing of the thousands that settled in the South.

Although not without a sectarian background, this great immigration bears clearly an economic impress. The virtues of the Germans were the economic virtues; invariably they are characterized as "quiet, industrious, and thrifty." Although Franklin wrote, "Those who come to us are the most stupid of their own nation," he spoke of them later, before a committee of the House of Commons, as "a people who brought with them the greatest of all wealth—industry and integrity, and characters that have been superpoised and developed by years of persecution."

THE SCOTCH-IRISH

THE flailing of the clans after the futile rising of 1745 made the Scots restless, and in the last twelve years of the colonial era 20,000 Highlanders sought homes in America. But most of our Scottish blood came by way of Ireland. Early in the eighteenth century the discriminations of Parliament against the woolen industry of Ireland, and against Presbyterianism, provoked the largest immigration that occurred before the Revolution. The Ulster Presbyterians were descended from Scotsmen and English who had been induced between 1610 and 1618 to settle in the north of Ireland, and who were, in Macaulay's judgment, "as a class, superior to the average of the people left behind them." They cared for ideas, and at the beginning of the outflow there was probably less illiteracy in Ulster than anywhere else in the world. Entire congregations came, each headed by its pastor. "The whole North is in a ferment," lamented an Irish archbishop in 1728. "It looks as if Ireland were to send all her inhabitants hither," complained the governor of Pennsylvania. About 200,000 came over, and on the eve of the Revolution the stock was supposed to constitute a sixth of the population of the colonies. They settled along the frontier, and bore the brunt of the warfare with the savage. In eminence, their lead has been in government, exploration, and war, although they have not been lacking in education and invention. In art and music they have had little to offer.

The outstanding trait of the Scotch-Irish was *will*. No other element was so masterful and contentious. In a petition directed against their immigration, the Quakers characterized them as a "pernicious and pugnacious people" who "absolutely want to control the province themselves." The stubbornness of their character is probably responsible for the unexampled losses in the battles of our Civil

War. They fought the Indian, fought the British with great unanimity in two wars, and were in the front rank in the conquest of the West. More than any other stock has this tough, gritty breed, so lacking in poetry and sensibility, molded our national character. If to-day a losing college crew rows so hard that they have to be lifted from their shell at the end of the boat-race, it is because the never-say-die Scotch-Irish fighters and pioneers have been the picturesque and glowing figures in the imagination of American youth.

Looked at broadly, the first peopling of this country owes at least as much to the love of liberty as to the economic motive. In the seventeenth century the peoples of the Old World seemed to be at odds with one another. Race trampled on race, and the tender new shoots of religious yearnings were bruised by an iron state and an iron church. The rumor of a virgin land where the oppressed might dwell in peace drew together a population varied, but rich in the spirited and in idealists. What a contrast between the English colonies and those of the orthodox powers! For the intellectual stagnation of the French in Canada, thank Louis XIV, who would not allow Huguenots to settle in New France. Spain barred out the foreigner from her colonies, and even the Spaniard might not go thither without a permit from the Crown. Heretics were so carefully excluded that in nearly three centuries the Inquisition in Mexico put to death "only 41 unreconciled heretics, a number surpassed in some single days [in Spain] in Philip II's time." No wonder Spanish-American history shows men swayed powerfully by greed, ambition, pride, or fanaticism, but very rarely by an ideal.

Let no one suppose, however, that, as were the original settlers, so must their descendants be. When you empty a barrel of fish fry into a new stream there is a sudden sharpening of their struggle for existence. So, when people submit themselves to totally strange conditions of life, Death whets his scythe, and those who survive are a new kind of "fittest."

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

WERE the Atlantic dried up to-day, one could trace the path between Europe and America by cinders from our steamers; in the old days it would have revealed itself by human bones. The conditions of oversea passage then brought about a shocking elimination of the weaker. The ships were small and crowded, the cabins close, and the voyage required from six to ten weeks. "Betwixt decks," writes a colonist, "there can hardlie a man fetch his breath by reason there arisith such a funke in the night that it causeth putrifacation of the blood and breedeth disease much like the plague."

In a circular, William Penn urged those who came to keep as much upon deck as may be, "and to carry store of *Rue* and *Wormwood,* or often sprinkle *Vinegar* about the Cabbin." The ship on which he came over lost a third of its passengers by smallpox. In 1639 the wife of the governor of Virginia writes that the ship on which she had come out had been "so pestered with people and goods . . . so full of infection that after a while they saw little but throwing people overboard." One vessel lost 130 out of 150 souls. One sixth of the three thousand Germans sent over in 1710 perished in a voyage that lasted from January to June. No better fared a shipload of Huguenot refugees in 1686. A ship that left Rotterdam with 150 Palatines landed fewer than fifty after a voyage of twenty-four weeks. In 1738 "malignant fever and flux" left only 105 out of 400 Palatines. In 1775 a brig reached New York, having lost a hundred Highlanders in passage. It was estimated that in the years 1750 and 1755 two thousand corpses were thrown overboard from the ships plying out of Rotterdam. In 1756, Mittelberger thus describes the horrors of the passage:

> During the voyage there is aboard these ships terrible misery, stench, fumes, vomiting, many kinds of sicknesses, fever, dysentery, scurvey, mouth-rot, and the like, all of which come from old and sharply salted food and meat, also from very bad and foul water, so that many die miserably. . . . Many hundred people necessarily perish in such misery and must be cast into the sea. The sighing and crying and lamenting on board the ship continues night and day.

Thus many poor-conditioned or ill-endowed immigrants succumbed en route.

Those of greater resolution stood the better chance; for there was a striking difference in fate between those who lay despairing in the cabins and those who dragged themselves every day to the life-giving air of the deck.

THE SIFTING BY THE WILDERNESS

EVEN after landing, the effects of the voyage pursued the unfortunates. In 1604, De Monts lost half his colony at St. Croix the first winter. More than half the Pilgrims were dead before the *Mayflower* left for home, four months after reaching Plymouth. Of the Puritans who came to Massachusetts Bay in 1629, a fifth were under ground within a year. Of the 1500 who came over in the summer of 1630, 200 died before December. In 1754, a Philadelphia sexton testified that up to November 14 he had buried that year 260 Palatines.

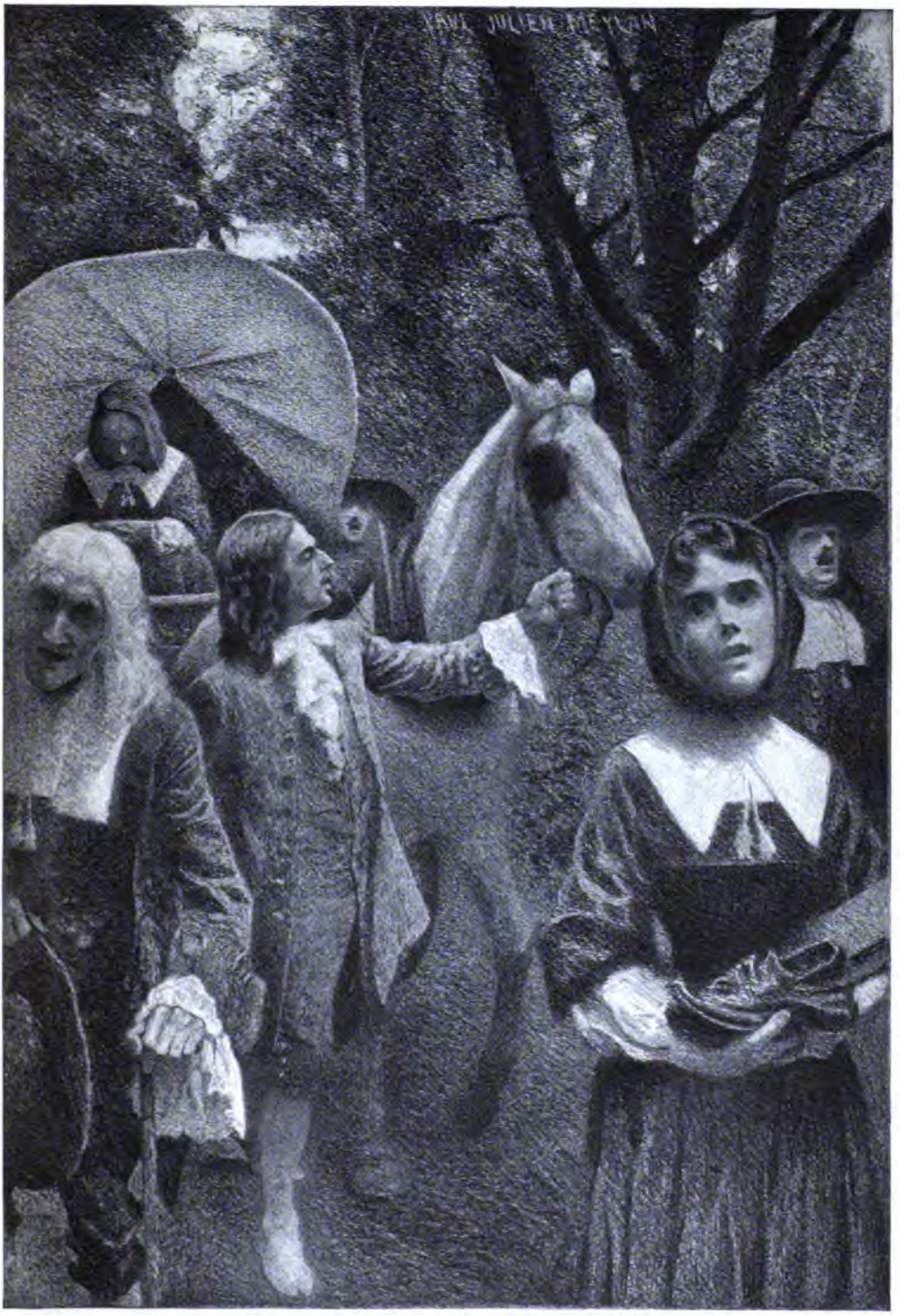
In the South lay in wait the Indian and the malaria-bearing mosquito, and the latter slew more. The whites might patch a truce with the redskin, but never with the mosquito. They died as die raw Europeans to-day along the lower Niger or in the delta of the Amazon. In June, 1610, only 150 persons were living on the banks of the James River out of 900 who had been landed there within three years. By 1616, 1650 persons altogether had been sent out; of these 300 had returned, and about 350 were living in Virginia. During a twelvemonth in 1619–20, 1200 left England, but only 200 were alive in April, 1620. Fifty years later, Governor Berkeley stated: "There is not oft seasoned hands (as we term them) that die now, whereas heretofore not one out of five escaped the first year." A "seasoned" servant, having only one more year to serve, brought a better price than a new-comer, with seven and a half years to serve. Surely the survivors of such a shock had a tough fiber to pass on to their descendants. It is such selection that explains in part the extraordinary blooming of the colonies after the cruel initial period was over.

THE IMPRESS OF THE FRONTIER

No doubt the iron hardihood of the South African Boers was built up by the succumbing of physical and moral weaklings amid a wilderness environment. In the same way our frontier made it hard for the soft basswood type to survive. Of the 380 persons whom Robertson collected in North Carolina in 1779 to found what is now Nashville, only 134 were alive at the end of a year, although not one natural death had occurred. Six months later only seventy were left alive. If there had been any weaklings in the party, by this time surely the tomahawk would have found them. No wonder, then, that when the vote was cast on the question of staying or going back, no one voted for going back. The less hardy, too, succumbed to the fever and ague, which decimated the settlers of the wooded country until they had cleared the forests and drained the marshes.

In the early days there streamed over the Wilderness Road that led to the settlements in Kentucky two tides, an outgoing tide of stout-hearted pioneers, seeking farms in the lovely blue-grass land, and a return flow of timid or shiftless people, affrighted by the horrors of Indian warfare or tired of the grim struggle for subsistence amid the stumps. The select character of those who built up these exposed settlements explains the wonderful forcefulness of the people of Kentucky and Ohio, especially before they had given so many of their blood to found the commonwealths farther west. Thanks to the protecting frontier garrisons, the settlers of the trans-Mississippi States were perhaps not so rigorously selected as the trans-Alleghany pioneers; but, on the other hand, they were themselves largely of pioneer stock.

No doubt the "run of the continent" has improved the fiber of the American people. Of course the well established and the intellectuals had no motive to seek the West; but in energy and venturesomeness those who sought the frontier were superior to the average of those in their class who stayed behind. It was the pike rather than the carp that found their way out of the pool. Now, in the main, those who pushed through the open door of opportunity left more children than their fellows who did not. Often themselves members of large families, they had fecundity, as it were, in the blood. With land abundant and the outlook encouraging, they married earlier. In the narrow life of the young West, love and family were



Drawn by Paul J. Meylan

A GROUP OF HUGUENOTS WALKING FROM NEW ROCHELLE TO ATTEND CHURCH IN NEW YORK

stronger interests than in the older society; hence all married. Thanks to cheap living and to the need of helpers, the big family was welcomed. Living by agriculture, the West knew little of cities, manufactures, social rivalry, luxury, and a serving class, all foes of rapid multiplication.

In 1802, Michaux found the families of the Ohio settlers "always very numerous," and of Kentucky he wrote: "There are few houses which contain less than four or five children." Traveling in the Ohio Valley in 1807, Cumings observed: "Throughout this whole country, whenever you see a cabin you see a swarm of children"; and Woods wrote in 1819: "The first thing that strikes a traveler on the Ohio is the immense number of children." But there is solider proof of frontier prolificacy. The census of 1830 showed the proportion of children under five years in the States west of the Alleghanies to be a third to a half greater than in the seaboard region. The proportion of children to women between fifteen and fifty was from fifty to a hundred per cent. greater. In 1840, children were forty per cent. more numerous among the Yankees of the Western Reserve than among their kinsmen in Connecticut. The next half-century took the edge off the fecundity of the people of the Ohio Valley; but their sons and daughters who had pushed on into Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota showed families a fifth larger. In 1900, the people of the agricultural frontier—Texas, Oklahoma, and the Dakotas—had a proportion of children larger by twenty-eight per cent. than that of the population between Pittsburgh and Omaha.

If the frontier drew from the seaboard population a certain element, and let it multiply more freely than it would have multiplied at home, the frontier must have made that element more plentiful in the American people, taken as a whole; and this, indeed, appears to be what actually occurred. No one ventures to assert that the Americans are differentiated from the original immigrating stocks by superiority in any form of talent or in any kind of sensibility; but they impress all foreign observers with their high endowment of energy, tenacity of purpose, and willingness to take risks, and these are just the qualities that are fostered and made more abundant by the wilderness. I do not maintain that life in America has added any new trait to the descendants of transplanted Europeans, nor has it filled them all with the pioneer virtues. What I do mean is that, owing to the progressive peopling of the fertile wilderness, certain valuable strains that once were represented in, say, a sixth of the population, might come to be represented in a quarter of it; and the timid, inert sort might shrivel from a fifth of the population to a tenth. Such a shifting in the numerical strength of types would account both for the large contingent of the forceful in the normal American community, and for the prevalence of the ruthless, high-pressure, get-there-at-any-cost spirit which leaves in its wake achievement, prosperity, neurasthenia, Bright's disease, heart failure, and shattered moral standards.

THE CRUCIBLE

by Robert Haven Schauffler

TURNING a while from the golden foes,
And the red, whose ranks her ranks oppose,
Flushed with the promise of happier things,
Fronting the future, America sings:

"*Chemist of morrows am I.*
Here in my crucible seething lie
Bloods of the proudest worth
Fused with the bloom of a new-found earth.
Oh, rare is the stuff of creation that bides rebirth
At the touch of my quickening art!
Here 's blood that was warmed in Tolstoy's heart;
Blood from the chalice of Shakspere's brain,
From the knee that rebelled at obeisance vain
When Luther rose up from friar, meek,
To captain of souls on the Roman stair.
These drops, behold! once ebbed from the cheek
Of the loved apostle when heaven's smile
Lit the lone beach of Patmos Isle.
Here 's blood that danced in the ageless Greek
At the Parthenon's brow as he filleted there
Those sculptures blithe
Whose adamant youth should dull the eternal scythe.
Such drops for my crucible flow from the veins of time's deathless men;
And what blood has accomplished, lo! blood may accomplish again.
Nay, here in my crucible's glow
Shall it accomplish yet more.
Beauty and strength it shall know
Fairer, more potent, than bore
Fire to its current before—
Beauty of cavern and island
New to the ancient world;
Grandeur of prairie and cañon and highland,
Glory of floods from the glacial sky-land
Suddenly down to the summer hurled.
And splendors unseen shall it know,

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

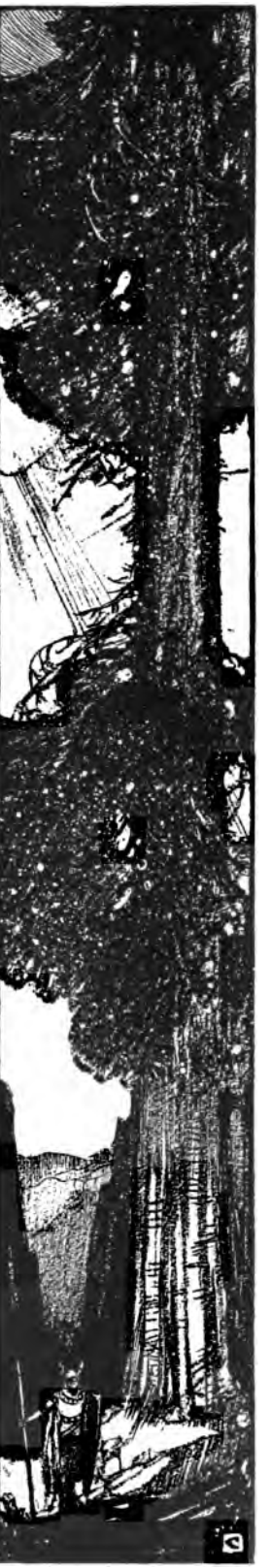
In garret chill,
On star-roofed hill,
In the smudge of a hovel's peaty smoke,
Or to wander afar in the path of the gleam
And visit the fairy-folk.

But what of the poems that wait him within
The maze of my glamourous marshes of Glynn?
Here is the poet's own place
Where the salt creeks interlace,
Closed by the cloisters of vine and of oak
That chrismed the young bard's mouth
Whose spirit was clear to divine,
Whose breath was sweet to evoke,
The flute-notes, crystalline,
Which opened the song of the South.

Plain heroes and homespun saviours of old,
With the blood of your deep-hidden hearts of gold
Shall I mingle the soul of a land like you—
A land that can hide the solemn pride
Of earth-heavens under its grasses blue?
And with these shall I mix the bold airs of democracy,
blest,
That blow in the brotherly vale where East meets
[West?

Far beneath furrow and wold,
Stygian river and hill,
Hid in the breast of Kentucky, unfold
To the eye alert and the steadfast will.
There is a city of wide-domed halls,
Colored and carved; the crusted walls
Bear frescos flushed with the alpenglow,
Bear statues kin to the sculpture agleam
In the halls of the blessèd when sculptors dream.
A temple of marble is there whose white-robed
pinnacles seem
Like choristers voicing a strain too rare
For the grosser ears of the world to share;
While the little blind waterfall's tremolo,
As it cheers the dim journey to Lethe's stream,
Startles the still oratorio.

Great-heart Kentucky, whose common crust
Holds for my children such splendors in trust,
Ere your sun be set shall you beget
Some child of as deep-hearted likeness to you
As ever the land of Jeanne d'Arc knew?
Or, in caverns of sleep more wild and deep
Than the path of a meteor's earthward leap,
Shall you rouse from his inter-vital rest
Some Barbarossa of the West?
Aye, Kentucky! And this were best,
That you fare but forward as you began
When you rocked on your gaunt and hollow breast
The deepest-hearted American."



But sudden remembrance shadows the eyes
Of America now, and her gladness dies.
Before and behind her a menacing foe
She beholds, and her singing falls sad and low:

Alas! that myriad visions like these
Between the dawning and sunset seas
Thrill not with the urge of creation
A joyous, fraternal nation.
Such are the dreams of peace;
My children gird them to fight
The hordes of my foemen dread,
The cohorts golden and red
Who seek for my devastation.

The golden enemy, day and night,
With jeweled gyves for the limbs of me
And a halter of pearls for Liberty,
Makes ready my van to attack,
Masking his bivouac
Where the smoke-shot, blinding glare of the mills
Throbs on the hideous Homestead hills,
And fathers of thirty are broken and gray
And widows are minted every day;
Where little hands flash in a Southern loom
To finish a shroud for a hastening tomb;
And where, in the roots of the thick-branched town,
The worms of Lawrence are trodden down
And stilled in the solemn dark
By the heel of the oligarch.
In many such place is fashioned a race,
Blinder of soul, more fetid of breath,
Allied more desperately with death,
Than Old-World Cenci or bloody Macbeth.

Behold, as I turn my face,
Behind me swarms the red foe.
His dim eyes, how should they know
From his foeman to sunder his friend?
Now what if my rear-guard fail, and his blinded onset prevail?
Shall the marbles in Learning's hall to the crash of his bludgeon bend?
From Beauty's time-consecrate wall shall his hand the loved tapestries [rend?
Aye, *for he only knows that knowledge gave*
Masters of men the power to lead him a slave;
And he only knows that beauty of form and of hue
Lily-like out of the mire of his slavery grew.
So, like a banner, the red ranks raise
This cry to the blast of the Marseillaise:
'Down to the bottomless pit be hurled
Learning, the perfumed, and Culture, the pearled!
Hand, not head, shall master the world!'

Thus Janus-faced to a double foe,
How shall my phalanx the issue foreknow?
But doubtful howe'er the event may be,
Though sway the promise of victory
Hither and yon on Fate's knees unsure,
Foemen, to this one word give ear:
Nor gilded ranks nor red do I fear.
Unlimber your golden guns;
Your murderous weapons uprear;
Honor at least is secure:
I have begotten me sons!

I have stilled from the blood of the ages
An ichor to flow in their veins.
I have reared them on Sitka mordines,
Where valiant Niagara rages,
And Erie and Huron rest,
Where the portals of gold and of sand
Greet pilgrims from every land.
In forest and vision-fraught plain,
By beauty-filmed chasm and crest,
I have fathered a brood that presages
That might and more might they shall gain
The fiercer the battle-fire rain,
Till they win them eternity's wages
Who strive for democracy blest.

Already are mirrored stern joys
In eyes that understand
What struggle of struggles is come.
Already my gallant boys,
Like the farmers of Lexington's band,
As they run to the fateful sward,
Catch up the weapon at hand:
While those too young for the sword
Gird on the drum,
Or, pressing the jubilant fife
To lips scarce touched with the virile bloom,
And, vowing to win me a lofty doom,
Form for the hazard of death or life.

Warded by legions like these, never shall I despair,
Though rout be rolled upon rout and the issue full desperate seem.
For, crushed how often soe'er to earth, they shall rally and dare
Charge yet again to the van till victory crown them there.
And more than the victor's bay shall they win for my crucible's glow—
The might of the struggle of struggles into its heart shall flow.
Out of its heart shall rise the strong new race of my dream
Never to stay the advance till the folds of my standard gleam
On loftier heights of the soul, in a purer, more quickening air
Than ever the years have known. There a Wagner Sierran shall raise
To the lines of a Shelley of morrows the chords of my pæan of praise.
The heart of Kentucky shall hear me,—Lincoln's line shall increase,—
And Homestead hills shall rear me the Bonaparte of peace."

From the picture by Herbert Pieper. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE ROMANTIC YOUNG MAN WENT ON, HIS THREE AUDITORS VISIBLY INTERESTED"

WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

"WHEN I saw her on the roof of that great house in the heart of New York City, sitting on the limb of an apple-tree and gazing at the clouds, I fell in love with her and said, 'That woman, and she alone, shall be my bride!' And then I threw a kiss down to her. The next minute I was a mile away—"

"Lenox Avenue express. Passengers off, please."

At the interruption of the guard, the crowd surged about me, and I was driven out of ear-shot of the man who had uttered the singular words printed above.

He was in evening clothes, and was accompanied by two elderly ladies, who, it was plain to be seen, were deeply interested in what he was saying.

Pale-faced, intellectual-looking, with the stamp of candor in his eyes and a nameless something that might well be romanticism permeating his whole being, he filled me with an absorbing curiosity to know of what he was talking.

I was waiting for a down-town local, and he was evidently waiting for a Broadway express, for he let the Lenox pass. I felt an insane impulse to go up to him and ask him what he was talking about. I could see he was still engaged in telling his story, and the solemn-looking women on each side of him shook their heads and opened their mouths and unconsciously mimicked his facial expressions, as is the habit of many; but they never smiled. What he was telling them was of absorbing import, but it was evidently not humorous.

And yet it had had that sound.

This wonderful woman, whoever she was, was on the roof of a house in the heart of Manhattan, and yet she was sitting on the bough of an apple-tree and gazing at the passing clouds. Apple-trees on New York houses are unheard of as far as I know. And then he threw down a kiss to her. Where was he? On top of a higher building? No, for he said that the next minute he was a mile away.

Ah, a balloon! But that did not explain the apple-tree. I made up my mind that I could not sleep that night until I had heard more of this strange story.

When the Broadway express came in, the young man and his companions boarded it, and so did I. I would sit down in front of him and even though it was the height of rudeness, I would read his lips, a trick I learned while afflicted with temporary deafness.

But, as luck would have it, he sat in one of the cross seats, and a "peach-basket" on top of a "peach" hid him from me.

In my youth I learned patience. "Though I give up my contemplated trip to the Bermudas to-morrow," said I to myself, very firmly, "I will hear the life-story of that romantic-looking young man." My heart was set on my holiday; but I continued, "Neither food nor drink shall pass my lips until I have learned what happened afterward."

At Manhattan Street the young man and his companions left the car, and my heart sank. It is at Manhattan Street that suburbanites get off. Must I follow this man to some strange New Jersey haunt of the out-of-towners?

If I must, I must, and I stepped off the train just behind him, and heard him say, "Together we sat on the edge of the purling brook, and listened to the subdued noises of the city below."

Worse and more of it!

"How charming!" said one old lady, herself the personification of old-fashioned charm.

"How poetic!" said the other, whose white hair and old-fashioned bonnet suggested an age when the sentimental reigned supreme.

"Yes," said the young man with a fervor that seemed absolutely sincere, "idyllic."

We all passed down to the street, and then, instead of walking across town to the ferry, the three went south two or

three blocks, and halted in front of an apartment-house in a cross street.

Was I going to lose my young man? Suppose he lived there? I must either go up and force myself upon his notice, and baldly ask him to retell his story or else wait until morning.

But luck was with me. As they ascended the steps the door opened, and there came out a young man in evening clothes.

"Hello," said the romantic one; "you 're just in time to have supper. What do you say, Mrs. Trembly? Shall we all have some?"

It was eleven o'clock, time for old ladies to be in bed; but these dear things inclined their ears to his suggestion, and the four immediately wended their way to a restaurant in the neighborhood.

And I also went; for I felt that I must keep this young man in sight, and I would eat supper, too.

No sooner were they seated than one of the old ladies asked the young man to tell "Ralph" his romantic story.

The restaurant was a quiet one, not swagger, but highly respectable, and there were not more than three or four in it beside ourselves. So clear and penetrating was the young man's voice that I could not help but hear if he told the story.

"Why," said he, carelessly, "it is n't much to tell, and you have heard most of it."

"Don't mind me," said Ralph, as if he did n't care whether the story was retold or not. I took an instant dislike to him. He looked to me like one of the "know-it-all" type, just out of college and with nothing further to learn.

"Oh, tell it," said Mrs. Trembly, smiling sweetly, and influenced by that smile the young man began again at the beginning.

"One day last month I was fortunate enough to be taken on a little balloon trip by a man who has been giving exhibitions in a small dirigible balloon at a near-by park. After crossing the Hudson from the Jersey side, we sailed over New York, and followed the course of Broadway about an eighth of a mile above it.

"We were in the neighborhood of the lower-numbered streets when I saw a strange sight, what looked like a little farm on top of a building."

"One of the roof-gardens," said Ralph, patronizingly.

"No, it was n't a roof-garden; a roof-farm would come nearer to describing it. It was very evidently a private place, and it must have covered a couple of acres right in the heart of New York, and from twenty to thirty stories up.

"My companion was busy running the balloon, and did not notice the farm, but I was full of eyes, for at one corner of this prosperous little heart's-ease of a place was an apple-tree, and sitting on a bough of it was the most beautiful woman I ever saw.

"When I saw her on the roof of that great house in the heart of New York City, sitting on the limb of an apple-tree and gazing at the clouds, I fell in love with her and said, 'That woman, and she alone, shall be my bride.' And I threw a kiss down to her. The next minute I was a mile away."

I almost expected to hear, "Lenox Avenue express. Passengers off, please," but there was no such interruption, and the romantic young man went on, his three auditors visibly interested, the old ladies as before aping his facial expressions through absorption in what he was saying.

"But in that one look I had seen with a busy eye, and I knew that that young woman in the apple-tree was living a country life in the heart of New York, that the little rustic cottage at the side of which the apple-tree grew sheltered her form at night, that the old man driving the yoke of oxen at the farther end of the little patch was her father, and I also knew that in the whole wide universe I loved but one woman, and that woman the lovely one I had surprised in her simple life. She had seen me when I threw the kiss and had not seemed annoyed."

"How charming!" said the elder of the two old ladies, with a little sigh. I fancied that she would have liked to be back in the fifties, before the war, sitting in an apple-tree on the top of a sky-scraper and receiving with equanimity the kisses thrown by a strange man in a dirigible balloon. But it could never be; hence the sigh.

"Idyllic," said the younger lady, not at all shocked at the rapid passage of lover-like courtesies on the part of the young man who sat before them.

Ralph did not say anything, but he looked about the room as if wondering whether any one else was listening.

I of course gave no sign of having heard a word, and the other suppers—to wrest a word from its usual meaning—were supping very hard, and were heedful only of their own group.

"Well," continued the young man, "for me the rest of the trip was as nothing. I was told afterward that we went as far as Sandy Hook, and then finally came aground at Long Branch; but my thoughts were on that unknown roof, and busied themselves with the fair occupant of the aërial apple-tree. What was she doing now? Did she help her father milk the cows thirty stories above New York streets? Had she swains coming up in the elevator to walk with her in the little garden or gaze in the mimic brook that my one hasty glimpse had noticed purling in the direction of the East River, to which it was evidently led by a waste-pipe?"

I should have supposed that right here the ladies would have smiled. There was something incongruous to me in the thought of a purling brook cascading into an ordinary waste-pipe, but they merely elevated their eyebrows and looked benignant.

"But my mission in life was plain," said the young man. "I would seek for that thirty-story farm if I had to go up every sky-scraper in the city.

"I knew in a general way that it lay above Fourteenth Street and below Fiftieth Street, but its exact location I had been unable to judge in my hurried glimpse. But ever and always that sweet face in the apple-tree smiled at me sleeping or waking, and ever I longed to press her cool, white hand and tell her that I loved only her."

At this point Ralph uttered a suppressed exclamation and began to look foolish. He was plainly not "romantic," nor was his sense of humor strong, and he would have been well pleased to be elsewhere than in a public restaurant while such an avowal of love for a young woman was going on. But the two old ladies purred until you could have heard them in the street. They were having the time of their sweet old lives. This young man was a perfectly good Scheherazade to them, and although they had evidently heard all this before, for he had not yet come to the place where he had said, "Together we sat on the edge of the purling brook, and listened to the subdued noises of the city below," they were again entranced.

"For days I sought for that house," he went on, his eyes gleaming. "I would have gone up in the balloon again, but my friend had met with an accident and his balloon was out of commission.

"I inquired at police stations, and was laughed at as a madman. Mad I was over my lost one, but not mad in supposing she had a corporeal existence.

"But all things come to him who waits, and once at midnight as I was walking along a cross street not a stone's throw from the Great White Way, I happened to glance within the courtyard of a great sky-scraper. There in the Rembrandtesque shadows I saw what made me look again, for it was a team of oxen pulling a load of hay, and driven by the old man I had seen on the roof-farm."

"Just think of that, Ralph!" said Mrs. Trembly, enthusiastically. She had evidently been waiting for this episode, for she looked from Ralph to the narrator and back again to Ralph as if she felt she had performed a service in bringing a new listener to so odd a narration.

"Piffle!" said Ralph, and dropping a cigarette which he had been rude enough to smoke in the presence of the old ladies, he stamped on it pettishly.

"Go on, Mr. Bolingbroke," said Mrs. Trembly, speaking the story-teller's name for the first time.

"It was plain to me," said Mr. Bolingbroke, "that the old man did not wish to be seen. That was why he had waited until midnight before appearing on the street with his load of fresh-mown, sky-scraped hay.

"Ah me! how sweet it smelled! I could picture my fair unknown as having tossed it gracefully from one end of the farm to the other as she helped her aged parent.

"The oxen were shod with rubber shoes, therefore their passage through the street was attended with no noise. And the revelers on the Great White Way were too intent on their follies to notice the horned beasts when they crossed Broadway.

"Waiting until the man had gotten out of sight, bound for some haymarket, I cautiously walked within the courtyard and looked about me.

"Was the elevator running at that time of night? Plainly not, for it was an office building, and all its lights were extinguished, its erstwhile busy clerks and managers and stenographic corps gone home."

"What a suggestion of poetry in that!" said Mrs. Trembly. "How varied their lives!"

"Charming!" murmured the other lady.

Mr. Bolingbroke bowed at the compliment, and I wondered what his thoughts were concerning these innocent ladies. But it did my heart good to see their enjoyment of the tale. Their salad had received inadequate attention, so engrossed were they in the account of one man's night in New York.

The young man continued his narration.

"But the old man had evidently come from above. How? By the freight-elevator undoubtedly. Cautiously I tiptoed to the elevator-shaft, and found the platform car at the street level.

"The gate was open, and I stepped aboard—"

"Say, if you 'll excuse me, I 'll run along," said Ralph. "I just happened to think I was writing a letter—"

"Afraid of being made a fool of," thought I as he passed me. "When will he have the serene unconsciousness of the dear old aristocrats?"

They excused him, although his excuse seemed inadequate; but the old ladies begged Mr. Bolingbroke to go on with his story.

"You know, you had n't quite finished it when Ralph came. He 's Jane's child all over—not an ounce of romance in him," said Mrs. Trembly. "He acted as if he did n't believe you."

"Romance is always and everywhere," said the other ancient one. "It is all in the reception we give to it. Perhaps the old man with the oxen did not know that he was romantic."

"Perhaps not," said Mr. Bolingbroke, very soberly, and catching my eye just then, it seemed to me that he winked at me; but as I am a little near-sighted, I would not swear to it.

"To tell the truth," said he, "I am rather glad that Ralph went. He disconcerted me, for he was antagonistic in his atmosphere. Let 's see, where was I?"

"You had just stepped aboard the freight-elevator," said Mrs. Trembly, eagerly.

"Yes, yes," said the other. "Oh, I think what follows is most remarkable, almost unbelievable!"

"I stepped aboard the elevator and pulled the rope. The car did not move, but a voice from below said, 'That you, Mr. Haynes? Back again so soon?'

"I am something of a mimic, and I had heard the farmer say, 'Gee haw, gee a little!' to his oxen, and in the same tones I said, 'Yes, found I 'd left my pitchfork up on the farm.'

" 'Should n't have a farm in such an unlikely place,' said the voice, gruffly; but the elevator began to move, and after what seemed to me a year it came to a stop under a hood. Then the silver moon shed its beams on me, I smelled the fragrance of honeysuckle, and I knew that I had come to the sky-farm.

"And now I come to the most romantic part of the story. I assure you that I had had no thought beyond getting to the farm. The hour was late, and I supposed that the gentle girl had long since gone to sleep. I intended to find some sequestered spot in a haymow where I could sleep until morning, and then in broad daylight I meant to seek out the lady of the apple-tree and ask her to be mine."

"How honorable!" said Mrs. Trembly, fervently.

"But when I stepped off the car, whom did I behold but the roof-farmer's daughter, a look of anxiety on her lovely face and a pitchfork in her hands! The moon silvered the tips of her eyelashes in a manner indescribably beautiful, and I loved her more than ever.

" 'Who are you?' said she. 'Who dares to come to this forbidden spot? Are you a man?' "

At this point Mrs. Trembly interrupted the recital.

"Tell me," said she,—"I meant to ask you before,—did she mean that she thought you a coward to come at night or had she never seen a man?"

"As it turned out, I was the first man she had ever seen near by except her fa-

ther. No one was admitted to the farm. 'Are you a man?' said she.

" 'Yes,' I answered, 'and ever since I saw you from the car of the balloon that lately passed this way, I have had thoughts for none other. O adorable one, wilt thou share my life?' "

"How daring!" said Mrs. Trembly, a shadow of reproof in her tone.

"But inevitable in the circumstances, Charlotte," said the other, her head tilted to one side in a manner that was nothing else than lackadaisical.

"Although I could see that she recognized me and loved me, she had evidently been too well brought up by her father to fly into my arms with a murmured 'Yes!' Such things may happen in nonsensical novels, but they seldom happen in real life. And, I ask you, was the mere fact that this girl lived on a roof far removed from ordinary happenings sufficient to change her whole nature?"

"No, no," assented both old ladies. Evidently the thing they admired about this somewhat unusual story was its truth to nature. And, oh, what a good time Mr. Bolingbroke was having!

"And so she asked me for time to collect her thoughts. She had been tossing loose ends of hay into little mows against the next load, for in haying-time, it seems, she and her father worked all night from preference, as the sun was hot in the daytime, and when she heard the noise of the elevator she had supposed that it was her father coming up.

" 'You shall have all the time there is if you will but be my bride,' I cried with ardor. 'Tell me, how long have you lived in this lovely place?' For it was lovely. I had noticed only the apple-tree in passing over, but I now saw there were graceful young elms and larches and basswood-trees and maples and sylvan birches and ashes. And there were bosky dells and murmuring fountains and a grot or two and a miniature tarn that might have hidden some dreadful miniature secret. Then, too, there were waterfalls and shaded lanes and a maze. Oh, it was a fit place for the lovely creature who dwelt there. Everything in harmony, but all on a small scale, quite as if some master Japanese hand had fashioned everything."

"I wish I might have seen it," said Mrs. Trembly, with a sigh.

"Again I asked her how long she had lived on the fairy farm, and she answered me as we sat side by side in the moonlight in the shade of the old apple-tree: 'I was only a year old when I came, and now I am seventeen,' said she. 'My early life ran as quiet as the brook by which I sported.' " This phrase reminded me, I do not know why, of an old school reader. " 'The man who built this building wished to make some poor man happy, and so he sought out my father, who was a cabinet-maker on the East Side, an American, but very poor, and finding that he had been a farmer's boy, he told him that if he would live on the roof of his great sky-scraper, he would fashion it into an idyllic farm for him, and my father was only too glad. My mother had died when I was only six months old. I was only a white-faced tenement-house babe at the time of my coming up here,—so my father has told me,—but I had not lived here a twelvemonth before I became the strong being you see.'

"I looked at her Juno-like proportions and said, 'All in a twelvemonth?'

" 'The health, yes; the size, no,' said she.

"I took her hand in mine at these words, and like a new Paul and Virginia we walked hand in hand across the fresh-clipped mead until we came to the runlet. Together we sat on the edge of the purling brook, and listened to the subdued noises of the city below.

"Not consciously did we listen, for already we were all in all to each other, and to her there was no world but my voice, while I saw nothing but her pink and shell-like ear, into which I murmured the soft nothings that a lover finds ready, even though he has never known love before—even as a little chicken flies to a scrap of meat the first day after it is hatched, instinct, that great teacher, suggesting both actions.

"I told her that I was willing to renounce the world and live up there on the roof if she would be mine; that I had money, which I would gladly put into the farm in the purchase of new and up-to-date machinery; that I would build her father new barns and a pergola and buy him a separator, if she would but say the one little word of three letters.

"And she was just about to say it, she

was just opening her lips to breathe the joy-producing word, when there came a dreadful sound from the street below—the sound of engine sirens, the clanging of bells, the beat of horses' hoofs, and the shouts of excited men, and I knew that that dread thing, a fire at midnight, had come upon the city.

"And still I did not cease to press my suit. What was a fire to us? So selfish does love make us."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Trembly, sadly.

" 'We are above these mundane happenings,' I said. 'Let me hear the fateful word—'

"Suddenly alongside the brook, in some dead grass, I saw a puff of smoke; a moment later a smoking bush caught fire, and then there was an explosion in a bed of geraniums, and loam and fire and smoke shot into the air—"

"What had happened?" cried both old ladies, visibly excited.

"The building was on fire. The farm of my loved one was doomed."

"How awful!" said Mrs. Trembly, sadly. "And just at the moment that meant so much to you!"

"It was awful, but my loved one did not blench, not even when the flames began licking the apple-tree on which she had sat when I flew by. It did not seem more than a minute before helmeted firemen, looking strangely out of place on that little glebe, poured into the rural scene, and with fierce streams of water literally hosed the brook out of its little bed, watered the crops to their death, and caused havoc and demolition to the little farm.

"The building was doomed from the start, and when a stalwart fireman said to me, 'Take the young lady and stay not on the order of your going, but go at once,' I lost not a moment. The firemen had come up in the passenger-elevators, but I went down in the freight-elevator, which was still standing there. The faithful man at the bottom of the shaft responded to my signal, and we were conveyed in safety to the sidewalk, on which my loved one's feet had never stepped since babyhood.

"In the street a frantic old man with an empty wain called on high heaven to save his child."

"How fortunate that you had gone up!" said Mrs. Trembly, who was more loquacious, but no more appreciative, than her companion.

"My words were short and to the point. 'She 's yours,' I said, handing the beautiful girl to her parent. 'May she be mine also?'

"My goodness!" said Mr. Bolingbroke, interrupting himself. "They are closing the restaurant."

"Oh, what did the old man say?" asked both old ladies as they rose from their seats.

Mr. Bolingbroke helped them on with their wraps before he answered. Then he said in a voice full of feeling:

"What could any man with a spark of gratitude say? He said, 'She shall be yours.' "

And perfectly contented, the romantic old ladies went through the restaurant door, which Mr. Bolingbroke held open for them.

WHAT ABOUT RUSSIA?

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," "Germany's Foreign Trade," etc.

THROUGH a series of diplomatic blunders, misunderstandings, and unfortunate incidents, the United States is now in a fair way to destroy one of her great foreign friendships, one which has stood the test of the most notable and trying century in the history of human affairs. Notwithstanding vivid contrasts in the lives of her people and in her forms and methods of government as compared with those of the United States, the people and the rulers of Russia have long shown the keenest and most friendly interest in the progress and continued prosperity of the American people. This friendly attitude has been of so marked a character, and even minor controversies have been so infrequent, that a treaty made in 1832 held the two countries together until 1911, or for a period of nearly eighty years.

In the year 1911 a successful politician, who had become chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the American House of Representatives, though he lacked broad statesmanlike qualifications for that exalted position, brought forth an idea that could but canker or sacrifice that friendship, affronting Russia and surprising the world. It may be stated here that the evidence of some of the ablest and most prominent of the Hebrew race of American citizens is to the effect that this attack made upon Russia was a serious error in that, while at the time it seemed to serve political purposes in America, the ultimate result has been to do harm rather than good to the Russian people it was intended to benefit.

Instead of conveying to the Russian Government in the usual way through diplomatic channels the expression of a desire to revise a treaty which in many details was obsolete and needed revision, a resolution was introduced in Congress, violent in its language and arbitrary in its intended result. This resolution was the medium through which was discharged the political thunder of those who were about to enter upon a national and local campaign for office. With that notorious cowardice which is bred of elections to office by an unrestricted franchise, nearly all of those who disapproved of the intent or purpose of the resolution or those who, while approving its alleged object, disapproved of the method adopted, held their peace in public at least. The debate on the resolution was a one-sided affair, for no man of great influence or weight in the nation's councils led the opposition, and the friendship of Russia and the Russian people was swept aside as an inconsiderable factor in the international situation.

As a result, the Russian Government was notified that the treaty was to be terminated by the United States. The language of this notification was rendered as diplomatic as possible by President Taft, and the disagreeable task of conveying the American ultimatum to the Russian Government by the American ambassador at St. Petersburg was performed in a manner calculated to do the least harm. The fact remained, however, and soften it as one may, it was received by the Russian Government as a man might take an unexpected blow from some one he trusted and looked upon as a friend. The Government was first surprised, then hurt, and then angry. The crux of the American contention was to the effect that an American passport entitled its holder to enter Russia and there enjoy a liberty of action and occupation denied to Russian subjects.

The British, French, and German governments were promptly called upon by their own people to express themselves as to the merits of the controversy, as this was not a case where American passports had been or were to be discriminated against. The citizens of all foreign countries are placed upon a basis of equal rights in the administration of Russian in-

terior affairs. Sir Edward Grey, the British Foreign Minister, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, promptly repudiated the action of the United States, stating briefly that his Government did not maintain that the holder of a British passport was exempt in any way from observing the laws and regulations of Russia when traveling or attempting to travel in that country. France and Germany quickly followed suit with like declarations, thus leaving the United States alone in a position held to be untenable not only by Russia, but by other European countries even more deeply and intensely concerned in the welfare of foreign peoples than the United States. It may be noted also that in all these countries the native-born and the naturalized citizens of Russian origin and those bound to them by ties of race or religion play a far greater part in the government of the country than they do in the United States.

The Russian Government was at first inclined to active resentment against the United States, and promptly called attention to the indignation which would be aroused in America should Russia attempt to dictate as to the administration of the American immigration laws under which several million Russian subjects are ineligible for admission to the United States, passport or no passport. It was also recalled that in a given period of sixty days nearly two hundred Russians had been deported from America, while in the same time two American passports had been refused the visé required for travel in interior Russia. When the first and most acute stage of indignation and regret had passed, however, and it was tided over with skill and efficiency by the American ambassador then stationed in St. Petersburg, it was succeeded by an attitude of indifference, which still maintains.

A careful study of Russian trade with America shows that, treaty or no treaty, friendship or no friendship, her people can buy what they must from the United States without let or hindrance, and that a large percentage of what is bought from Russia will be taken regardless of international complications. Unfortunately, the arbitrary termination of the treaty is not the only cause for irritation. When Congress adopted the idea of a five per cent. differential tariff rate in favor of goods imported in American bottoms, this provision was held to be inoperative against countries with which the United States had favored-nation treaties. There being no treaty with Russia at the time, and this being exceptional, the adoption of the differential was held to be purposely unfriendly to Russian trade. Whether the differential clause holds in the end or not, this impression naturally still prevails.

Closely following upon this action comes the unfortunate scandal attached to the appointment of an American ambassador to St. Petersburg, a place which has been vacant since June, 1913, when, by all rights, to fill this post promptly and efficiently, in view of the strained relations existing between the two countries, it should have been a first consideration of a newly inaugurated state department. The whole impression given by the incidents attendant upon the selection of a man for St. Petersburg is one of American indifference not only to the critical situation which actually exists, but to the importance of Russia as a possible friend and a valuable business colleague, one more than ready to facilitate a free exchange of civilities and commodities between the two countries.

If instead of terminating the treaty of 1832 between the United States and Russia in the brutal manner in which it was done, the United States Government had suggested the making of a new convention, such suggestion would have been agreed to. The pourparler preceding such a convention would have given opportunity for a full and free discussion of all points at issue and allowed of final compromise, which could only have resulted advantageously for all American citizens, native-born or naturalized. It would also have made possible an agreement with Russia providing for a relinquishment of all claims upon Russian subjects who became citizens of the United States. This principle was first brought into treaty obligations by the United States, and obtains with all countries with which this country has made treaties in recent years. In the case of Russia, however, there having been no recent treaty, no such agreement exists. It was time that a new convention should have been projected in order that

new and more intelligent relations might be brought about. It was not necessary, however, that the then-existing treaty should be beaten to death with a club. It would have died a natural and easy death when its successor appeared as a result of the joint and friendly efforts of the two governments. The fact remains, however, that the United States chose the offensive and destructive method without a hint from constructive statesmanship as to what should take the place of that which was destroyed.

The diplomatic attitude of Russia today is easily stated. It is in effect that the United States, having seen fit to do away with the treaty, it rests with the United States to ask for a new agreement. It is also equally well understood that Russia cannot and will not yield on the main point which has held public attention in the United States, and this not through any obstinacy, but because of interior political and economic conditions requiring, in the judgment of the Russian authorities, a continuation for a while at least of the present policy toward foreigners visiting Russia, no matter from what country they may come. It is believed in Russia not only by the people at large, but by the government officials themselves, that the present passport system should be thoroughly revised and simplified. As now administered, it is a cumbersome and vexatious affair, acting in restraint of social intercourse and commerce. The legislative program of the Duma for the near future includes a plan for a revision of this now obsolete institution, but such revision will not be dictated by any foreign government, nor will it, when finally complete, take from the Russian government authorities supervisory rights over the comings and goings of those who travel to and from the empire. The purpose is to make travel easier and to make the ordinary tourist less aware of police surveillance. That free hand should be given, however, to those who wilfully or unwittingly are ready to add to the great difficulties attendant upon the maintenance of order and safety in that vast and complex community can hardly be expected by any one with even a cursory knowledge of Russian conditions.

In the meantime, while diplomacy waits upon action at Washington, the Russian Government, as a matter of courtesy to its own and foreign peoples, has maintained the status quo existing under the recent treaty in its treatment of Americans and American commerce. This, however, will not go on forever, and uncertainty as to the future has given a halt to an expansion of American trade in Russia, which two years ago promised to become one of the most notable features of American enterprise abroad. Millions of American money are in Russian banks to guarantee American securities; thousands of men are employed in America in manufacturing goods for shipment to Russia; fifty million dollars' worth of American cotton goes annually to serve the Russian spinners, whose cloth is sewed into shape by American machines in Russian hands. The virgin ground of southern Siberia is being turned over by American machinery, and the shiploads of grain that find their way out to the trade channels of the world are made ready for market by instruments born of the ingenuity of American inventive genius.

To sacrifice principle for material gain is no part of American purpose, and such a course, if pursued by the Government at Washington, would bring a prompt verdict of disapproval throughout the country; but to destroy American opportunity in a mistaken and futile effort to control the domestic affairs of a great and solvent European nation is a justing against windmills which brings only harm and humiliation to an international Don Quixote, and accentuates the troubles of those in that foreign land through a natural reactionary feeling of irritation at the part they play in bringing about an attempt at interference by outsiders.

It is difficult to grasp the potentialities of the Russian Empire. A bald statement of its size, population, and activities conveys some comparative idea, but even this fails to call up the picture as it exists. With an area of nearly nine million square miles as compared with the fewer than four million of the United States; with an annual ordinary expenditure of over fifteen hundred million dollars as against the less than seven hundred millions disbursed by the United States; with a population of nearly one hundred and sixty millions, increasing without immigration at the rate of nearly three mil-

lions a year, and out of that population maintaining a regular army which on a peace basis numbers a million and a quarter of men, such a country affords a field over which the liveliest imagination can play at will, and yet fail to grasp its full significance in future history. It has been a drowsy giant, but is now waking out of sleep, and ready to fight, play, or work with its smaller, but more highly developed, world companions.

It takes long for new ideas to penetrate throughout this vast empire, but within the last few years such progress has been made as renders comparisons possible. Nearly one hundred million dollars will be spent this year for public education, and six million Russian children are now at school. The effort to secure more extended local government is making strong headway. The present Duma is a practical working legislative body which plays a vital part in the government of the country. Railroads are being pushed into new territory, and natural resources are being developed. The long journey from Moscow to Vladivostok now presents a panorama familiar to those who took part in the development of western America. The Russian Government is moving every year a minimum of 250,000 people from western to eastern Russia, settling them upon farms, and lending them money to till the land.

With all this movement toward better things, the empire is still a land of strange contrasts and contradictory evidence, and the reasons for this lie in the vastness of the territory, the varied character of the population, and the tremendous difficulties of government administration. The old bureaucracy is tenacious in its hold upon the affairs of the people, and the laws that govern the modern city of St. Petersburg would prove of no avail among the Russian Mohammedans to the south or the Russian Mongols to the east. While in Moscow the factory whistles call thousands of skilled workmen to their daily tasks, the howls of arctic wolves still bring terror to the traveler crossing the plains. Between the northernmost ocean and the Black Sea live many races of men all calling themselves Russian, and the conditions under which they live are as varied as the strains of blood in their veins.

It will be many years before the Russian people cease to look abroad for the materials needed to develop their land and its resources and to adapt themselves to modern life. It is the greatest undeveloped market in the world for the products of skilled human labor. This development has, however, passed its beginning; it is even well on the way toward its promise for the future. America has played no small part in this awakening, and in turn the American people have profited largely, with apparently no limit to what might accrue from intelligent enterprise, which should keep pace with Russian development. Americans were liked, and their wares were in high favor. The Russian Government was friendly, and treated American ventures with consideration. The first serious check to this state of affairs came with the termination of the treaty in 1911. As soon as the Russian people became really convinced that a serious and, as they viewed it, an unfriendly step had been taken, the whole attitude toward America and Americans underwent change. Competitors of American firms were invited to come in where before they had little chance, and these same competitors have lost no opportunity to emphasize this anti-American spirit and lay permanent foundations for themselves.

The diplomatic strain is not the only evil which has resulted from the rudeness of the United States toward the Russian Government. Such strain could undoubtedly in time be relieved. But a direct and large financial loss has been inflicted upon American industry—a loss not to be measured by its obvious proportions at the moment, but rather in its relations to a future wherein the American people seeking outlet for the increasing product of their labor find that the Russian field has been prejudiced and intrenched against them.

Meanwhile the American Government apparently takes no notice other than to launch a scandal over the appointment of an American ambassador to St. Petersburg to fill a vacancy which has existed for many months. The American people are now asking those into whose hands they have given the appointive, legislative, and treaty-making powers of the nation, "What about Russia?"

THE QUALITY OF GENIUS

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Author of "The New Nest," etc.

"THAT you, Granny? Hist!" It was the voice of Peter, my eldest grandson, at the telephone, the deep, dark, shuddering note of the conspirator. "Listen. You need me badly to-day—to take you motoring. No, you don't feel any yearning need of me yet, but you 'll get wise in a minute. This is the day, the awful day, that mother entertains her Amalgamated Association of High Brows up at Tower Hill—Sisters of the Signers, you know. She 's giving her annual luncheon, and this time she has roped in Sir Christopher Lindley, the famous English playwright, to give them a spiel on 'The Drama of To-day,' so it 's a terrible frabjous occasion. Now, Granny love, won't you help me side step?"

"Side step?"

"Yes, side step, vamose, fade. Mother had promised me, *parole d'honneur,* that I could duck this time, for I 've helped her swing that shindy two years in succession; but this morning the heavens fell. You know dad is slated to feed the Breslau committee, those eight worshipful yellow-legs who came over for the International Engineering Society—"

"Yes, but Charles Edward's luncheon at Tower Hill is set for Thursday week."

"For sure it was. Father had it all framed up for next Thursday, when the echoes of mother's hammerfest should have died away. But, alas! our little Deutsch brothers suddenly decided on a week-end run to Iowa to see the new Des Moines dam. With Teutonic calm they wired father that he might expect them for luncheon to-day instead of Thursday next."

"O Peter! and the Sisters of the Signers already under way! Oh, what a dreadful mix-up!"

"Ain't it awful, Mabel? But hark! The worst is yet to come. Father, of course, was charmed. He and mother made some wild calculations, and figured that, by keeping them apart, both luncheons could be put through without bloodshed. Mother planned to give the Sisters an al-fresco spread on the front porch, while dad would corral his guests in the dining-room, then rush them back to town for the four-o'clock Chicago Limited. All was lovely; but this morning—*whack!* down came the fatal shears: father was summoned to Washington. He 's leaving on the first train—Interstate Commerce grill, you know."

"O Peter! and desert his eminent guests! He must not. He can't."

"He can't do anything else, Granny. He 's got to hearken to his country's call or else be cited for contempt. No, if I were you, I would n't try to condole with my dear eldest son. He 's just finished blowing out a fuse, trying to tell his attorneys what he thinks of 'em. Now d' you see? In the face of this calamity, mother has gone back on her word. Faithless jade she is; she says I 've got to stay right on the job. Says I must rattle around in dad's shoes as best I may. Therefore, Granny, command me. Asheville or Jersey City, Hackensack or Hurricane Mountain, 't is all the same as long as it 's forty-five minutes from Tower Hill— A-ah!" A hiss of baffled fury. "Foiled again!"

Then came the voice of Gwendolen, my daughter-in-law, alarmingly staccato, with no trace of its habitual velvet languor.

"Peter Wentworth, you would vex a saint. What nonsense have you been telling granny? I don't believe you gave her one word of my message. O Mother, I 'm in the most dreadful straits! No, don't beg off, please; I must have you to-day. I can't possibly do without you. Yes, Peter will take his father's place as host to the Breslau committee. No, he can *not* take them to a club. We dare n't revoke our house invitation. Europeans are so fussy, anyway. Yes, I 'm giving the Signers' luncheon at the very same minute, but I can carry it all through if

just I can get both sets of guests to Tower Hill without any more mishaps. They 'll meet at our house at eleven. I must take the president of the Breslau committee in my own car. And you—now, Mother, you must take care of my other celebrity, the speaker for the Signers', Sir Christopher Lindley, the playwright, you know."

The receiver dropped from my palsied fingers.

"T-take care of Sir Christopher Lindley, that world-famous artist and author! Mercy on me, Gwendolen, I can't think of such a thing!"

Gwendolen did n't condescend to coax.

"Put on your new gray chiffon, Mother. Peter is coming for you right away."

Up clicked her receiver. To my horrified ear it was the click of doom.

"Gwendolen grows too dictatorial for endurance," I scolded as Eliza hurried me into my gray chiffon and tied on bonnet and dust-cloak. "I 've the greatest mind to stay at home. If only Peter would neglect to come! If only his car would break down!"

If there 's anything that frightens me to panic, it 's such a task as this. As a rule, I can maintain a decently conventional aspect at the children's grand affairs. As Peter proudly says, I 've never been caught drinking out of my finger-bowl yet; and thanks to the perennial stream of advice which my daughter, my daughter-in-law, my granddaughters, and my nieces pour into my listening ear, I manage to go about in seemly raiment. But as for entertaining their famous folk! The thought is consternation. The mere word genius brings always a daunting wonder, a thrill of awe. Yes, it 's all very silly and early-Victorian of me, and those of the great that I have met face to face upon the narrow road of my days have been the least formidable of folk; never vainglorious, never puffed up; quiet, instead, and gentle, eager to serve those who are in need, to give happiness to little children. None the less, I can hardly lift my eyes to these, the light-bringers; for they seem always of such sublimer essence, loftier breed.

Peter's car did not break down; Peter was brutally prompt. Eight minutes later I got out, to find Gwendolen struggling in one of those hideous quicksands that sooner or later entrap the most far-sighted hostess. The stars in their courses fought against poor Gwendolen that day. As for Peter Wentworth, I wanted to turn him over my knee. True, he loathes these functions, but that 's small excuse for the way he projected about, outwardly the suave young host, yet snatching every chance to fluster poor Gwendolen by some imp by-play. Presently, impeccably on the minute, Charles Edward's august guests arrived, eight grave, substantial German gentlemen, all in customary garb of solemn black, with black gloves and ceremonious silk hats. Oddly enough, they were almost of a height, and the eight, in their somber raiment, advancing two by two to greet their hostess, gave a rather startling effect. However, that was no reason why Peter should turn to his mother and ask in a hushed aside whether the friends were to take a last look, or should he dismiss the audience at once. Poor Gwendolen nearly lost what little self-command she had left.

"At least I 'm thankful they 're safely here, without any breakage," gasped Gwendolen. "If only Sir Christopher arrives on time, and Mrs. Sutphen Sands—"

"His lordship may be prompt, but Mrs. Sands will be late. She 's always late. 'T is the prerogative of a Signers' founder," said Peter, cheerfully. But Gwendolen's eyes had flown to the door.

"There is Sir Christopher!" With a sigh of heartfelt relief she swept away. Perhaps I looked a little wild-eyed, for Peter laid a soothing hand on my arm.

"Calm yourself, Granny. He 'll be dead easy." He nodded reassuringly toward the tall, stooped, gray-haired man who was coming inexorably toward me. "If he acts aloof and silent, break the ice with a few cheery questions. Ask him why is a genius, and what does it feel like. Tell him you have a dear little grandson at home who wants to know. Ask him if it 's true that his father was a pit boss, and used to come home soused, and did he, at the age of four, actually sell matches on the street corners, and of what touching contrasts life is made. Ask him—"

I did n't catch Peter's last question, but it was no great loss. Sir Christopher was already bowing over my hand. He did his devoirs with a clumsy carefulness,

drolly like a big, overgrown boy at his first dancing-school. There was something boyish, too, in his square, dark face, with its heavy features, its dark, tired eyes. Past my terrified boggles at light conversation I caught Gwendolen's low, staccato tones:

"If you 'll stop gazing at Granny in that sentimental manner, Peter, and collect your guests—"

"Well. If I 'm to drive the pall-bearers' carriage, I ought to put on a long-tailed coat—"

"Peter!"

"And large cotton gloves—"

But Gwendolen had borne her recreant son away. Two minutes later she came trailing back.

"Mrs. Sands sends word that she will be half an hour late,"—Gwendolen smiled, ineffably serene,—"so we must wait. But Sir Christopher may enjoy a glimpse of the city. Will you drive with him half an hour, Mother, then join us on the Tower Hill road? Yes, the car is ready."

I quailed, but Gwendolen's eye did not beseech; it commanded.

"And, say, Granny,"—Peter, deftly dodging his mother's grasp, caught my arm. All his mischief vanished. His laughing face grew eager and intent,—"if you love me, show him the Farragut statue. Don't let him miss that. See?"

I nodded reassuringly. Peter and I share certain things, just as Frederic, my husband, and I used to share things, and our most prideful possession is the Farragut statue. To Peter it stands for his young life's idol, the lordly commander, the pirate-slayer, the strategist, the all-glorious conqueror. To me it pictures not a conqueror, but a man; one of the world's great gentlemen, though I don't believe I 've ever told Peter that story.

We swung away down the avenue. It was a superb spring morning. The car ran as smoothly as a carpet of the jinn. That was a relief to my mind, for Gwendolen's new and impressive French chauffeur was driving, and I 'd felt doubtful as to his seamanship.

"St. Patrick's Cathedral on your left," I intoned conscientiously, like the bottle-green gentleman on the sight-seeing car. "The library on your right. Yes, those are lions. (And much more convincing than your homely old lions at Trafalgar," I added, with inward vim.) "Statuary? Yes, I 'm just about to show you the one monument that, to my mind, outranks all other sculpture this side of the world. Turn into Twenty-sixth Street, Benoit, and stop, please."

The car halted at the northwest corner of Madison Square. Sir Christopher looked with sober interest at the great memorial: the stately bench, with its carved waves in low relief; the bold, heroic figure that stands above, alert, intent, the steady eyes forever gazing to the west. Then he glanced at the dim inscription, a part of which read:

THE MEMORY OF A DARING
AND SAGACIOUS
COMMANDER
AND GENTLE GREAT-
SOULED MAN
DAVID GLASGOW FARRAGUT
MD CCC LXXXI

"A very noble memorial," remarked Sir Christopher in his slow, absent voice.

I looked up at him quickly. Somehow the note in his voice, his quiet, lifted glance, brought a far-away memory glimmering like a shadow-picture across my mind. But before I could grasp the association that this look of his had brought the memory had flown.

"Yes, it is a very noble memorial to a very noble gentleman—my own particular hero."

Then I stopped short, with a shame-faced gulp, and turned away. It 's the eternal, blue-nosed old Puritan streak in me, I suppose, the tight-mouthed Anglo-Saxon, that can never speak out its deep enthusiasms, its lifelong reverence, but must forever choke up, instead, and keep still. "This is the best that we can do with our half-hour, Sir Christopher. We must go on to Tower Hill."

We sped back up the avenue, threaded the park, all green and amber in the sunshine, then on to the drive. As we whirled away up the beautiful river road, my spirits rose. I need not keep up my hospitable prattle. Obviously Sir Christopher was enjoying this respite from being entertained. His heavy face was unchanging; but his dark, meditative eyes lighted

as he gazed from blue, shining river to climbing, emerald hills. Even world-famous playwrights may like to draw a free breath now and then.

At last he spoke:

"Where are all the children?"

"The children?"

He motioned up toward the velvet sweep of lawns, the blossomy vistas. I understood. These radiant gardens were meant for children's feet. Then I remembered that of Sir Christopher's ten lovely romance-plays five have been fairy-plays for children, and I felt an odd pulse of kinship with this gray, quiet, famous man.

"You 'll see a-plenty children in a minute or so," said I. We had turned from that royal highway, and were spinning through fields and market gardens. "This field road is a short cut to Tower Hill, and I love it. Somehow the snug little houses look so neighborly. Dear me, what can be wrong?"

For our carpet of the jinn was flying slowly, slowly. Even as I spoke, with a long, weary sigh it stopped—stopped dead.

We need not make inquiry of the jinn, for Gwendolen's haughty new chauffeur was expressing his emotions in West-Indian French that sounded like sandpaper rubbed on a new-plastered wall. Some unspeakable menial had neglected the petrol; therefore we were marooned in this desert until he himself could return two entire miles to the village store, which we had skimmed past a moment since, and procure a supply.

"Surely some of Gwen's party will happen along," I said anxiously as we watched the irate chauffeur stalk up the dusty road, "else we 'll be late to luncheon. However," I added to myself, "Gwen won't say a word. One calamity more or less can't mar this unearthly day."

Not a car was in sight. Manifestly Gwen had chosen the longer and more picturesque drive.

"If we could telephone—"

Sir Christopher made a spy-glass of his hands.

"Not a wire near," he said cheerfully. "Shall we not beg leave to wait upon this cottage porch? This sun is too hot for you."

He lifted me to the ground, gently, but rather awkwardly. Then for the first time I saw that he was not only slow of movement, but a little lame.

"The gardeners must be away in the fields," said I when we had jangled the bell at the nearest trim yellow door for several minutes. But as I spoke we heard the occupant of the house approaching. Not his footsteps; his voice. Inside the screen door appeared a small, square child of three, dewy pink from his nap, adhesive with molasses, and shrieking at the top of his powerful infant lungs.

"Oh, poor lamb! We 've waked him, and frightened him cruelly." I snatched the roaring cherub into my arms. "Did he wake up all scared to death? There, there!"

Never in my experienced days have I heard any child yell like that one. Charles Edward, in early youth, had what Gwendolen would call a flair for stubbing his toe, and his wails used to rend high heaven. But against this baby's howls Charles Edward's bravest efforts were as a penny whistle to a siren.

"Mercy, what a tempest! Come, Sonny Boy, tell us what you want, and we 'll get it for you, and get it quick."

Sonny Boy obliged. Between vast, but ebbing, sobs, he explained that while he slept his family had basely deserted him for the strawberry patch. Furthermore, he desired not only his kinsfolk, but his Noah 'n' dark and his bread and 'lasses at once. Luckily, Gwendolen's emergency hamper proved to hold a packet of small, but efficient, sandwiches. The sobs ceased as if the first mouthful had pushed some merciful button. In the heavenly lull that ensued Sir Christopher sat down on the porch step and viewed the littered floor.

"I predict, Mrs. Wentworth, that this calm will last as long as the sandwiches will. That gives one minute, flat, to prepare for the next squall. Let us see: one shoe-box, one newspaper, three lead soldiers, one toy horse. Listen, Sonny Boy. Let 's make fairy-land."

The last fat tear vanished from Sonny Boy's pudding cheek. He sat on my knee, wide-eyed, rapt. He almost forgot to munch the last sandwich. And I looked on, more rapt, more enchanted, for Sir Christopher had set the shoe-box on end, and was hanging strips of paper before it, like curtains before a dais. He had sta-

tioned a grim lead soldier on each side, and he was chanting in a beautiful, strange, deep voice:

"There sat the seniors of the Trojan race,
Old Priam's chiefs, and most in Priam's grace.
These, as the Spartan queen approach'd the tower—

"Here, we must have our Spartan *Helen*. Can't run the show without her. Son, can you find mother's scissors?"

Son bolted indoors, and returned with a snug little work-basket, scissors, pins, and all.

"*Pre*cisely." Sir Christopher produced a scrap of paper and a pencil. A snip or two, a thrust of the pencil, and before us stood a pixy *Helen*, tinier than my thumb.

"' Her handmaids *Clymene* and *Æthra* wait—' now, her maidens." Again the wizard scissors flashed. Maybe *Clymene* and *Æthra* were a bit stocky for Grecian daughters of high degree, yet Sonny Boy and I could only stare at those big, lean, flying hands. No, we were n't oppressed by the consciousness that England's foremost dramatic genius was stooping to cut out paper dolls for us. Not a bit of it. We were bewitched, that was all. With every movement a new marvel appeared. An empty strawberry box or so, a branch of lilac from the hedge, and Troy town rose on its wide plain, with gray wall and somber tower, the blue sea before it, the dim, gray olive slopes behind. Away down the sandy shore (real sand, mind you) the toy horse loomed upon our sight, reared in triumph before the temple of Zeus the Thunderer, stuffed to his pink chenille collar with treacherous Greeks. And the twelve black fragments, ranked on the porch step—gravel from the path? Never! These were the twelve black ships of Salamanca, "whom the gigantic *Telamon* commands." Fanciful? Preposterous? To be sure; and yet those big, lean hands were weaving for us the very cloth of dreams.

"How does the man do it? How can he know?"

Across my mind there flitted a queer, vague recollection. Where had I seen another such worker in magic? Where had I watched another pair of hands, gaunt, sinewy, yet with a finer shapeliness, a look of race and power, building just such pictures of delight for an eager little child?

Helplessly I groped and fumbled for the thread.

" 'Long ago,' " Sir Christopher's deep voice mused on. Yes, it was far back in the old days, misty far. " 'And very far away'—" Ah, but where? Where?

Like pebbles cast in a deep pool, the words spread broadening ripples of memory, year on year on year. I could not capture those hazy gleams. Yet that faint, uncertain memory caught at my heart with a stabbing pang.

I saw a worn, stooped old man sitting in flickering lamplight close to a dingy wall. This was a public place of some sort, it seemed; dirty, cold, miserable, with a tremor of haste and fear upon it, and yet a sense of endless, dreary waiting. On the old man's knee cuddled a little child. With eyes aglow, cheeks scarlet, this small person sat watching the splendors wrought by the old man's big, gaunt hands. Up and down flashed those deft fingers, back and forth like wise shuttles, making shadow-pictures on the wall—such shadow-pictures as you 'll see only once in a lifetime. With no "properties" save his handkerchief and an envelop and a penknife, he was marshalling all the goodly company of fairy across that grimy stage. First there strode forth a haughty lord in robes of state, his penknife sword dangling from his hip. Behind him minced a medieval princess, grand in her peaked-envelop head-dress and flowing kerchief train. A ravishing pair of clowns pranced after. Then, tossing aside knife, handkerchief, and all, those cunning fingers sent all the beloved convocation of the rabbit race dancing and frolicking down their elfin road. On they romped, a winsome crew, humping their furry backs, bobbing frisky ears, skipping on silky cleft toes, while the drowsy baby on his knee fought off the sandman with both stubborn little fists, and chuckled in rapturous content. All this I saw as clearly as if it flashed before me on a lighted screen; but past it, around it, I could see nothing. For the mists of many years rolled deep between. Who could he be, this wise, tender old necromancer? And where? Where?

"Now for the shoe-box once more."

as he gazed from blue, shining river to climbing, emerald hills. Even world-famous playwrights may like to draw a free breath now and then.

At last he spoke:

"Where are all the children?"

"The children?"

He motioned up toward the velvet sweep of lawns, the blossomy vistas. I understood. These radiant gardens were meant for children's feet. Then I remembered that of Sir Christopher's ten lovely romance-plays five have been fairy-plays for children, and I felt an odd pulse of kinship with this gray, quiet, famous man.

"You 'll see a-plenty children in a minute or so," said I. We had turned from that royal highway, and were spinning through fields and market gardens. "This field road is a short cut to Tower Hill, and I love it. Somehow the snug little houses look so neighborly. Dear me, what can be wrong?"

For our carpet of the jinn was flying slowly, slowly. Even as I spoke, with a long, weary sigh it stopped—stopped dead.

We need not make inquiry of the jinn, for Gwendolen's haughty new chauffeur was expressing his emotions in West-Indian French that sounded like sandpaper rubbed on a new-plastered wall. Some unspeakable menial had neglected the petrol; therefore we were marooned in this desert until he himself could return two entire miles to the village store, which we had skimmed past a moment since, and procure a supply.

"Surely some of Gwen's party will happen along," I said anxiously as we watched the irate chauffeur stalk up the dusty road, "else we 'll be late to luncheon. However," I added to myself, "Gwen won't say a word. One calamity more or less can't mar this unearthly day."

Not a car was in sight. Manifestly Gwen had chosen the longer and more picturesque drive.

"If we could telephone—"

Sir Christopher made a spy-glass of his hands.

"Not a wire near," he said cheerfully. "Shall we not beg leave to wait upon this cottage porch? This sun is too hot for you."

He lifted me to the ground, gently, but rather awkwardly. Then for the first time I saw that he was not only slow of movement, but a little lame.

"The gardeners must be away in the fields," said I when we had jangled the bell at the nearest trim yellow door for several minutes. But as I spoke we heard the occupant of the house approaching. Not his footsteps; his voice. Inside the screen door appeared a small, square child of three, dewy pink from his nap, adhesive with molasses, and shrieking at the top of his powerful infant lungs.

"Oh, poor lamb! We 've waked him, and frightened him cruelly." I snatched the roaring cherub into my arms. "Did he wake up all scared to death? There, there!"

Never in my experienced days have I heard any child yell like that one. Charles Edward, in early youth, had what Gwendolen would call a flair for stubbing his toe, and his wails used to rend high heaven. But against this baby's howls Charles Edward's bravest efforts were as a penny whistle to a siren.

"Mercy, what a tempest! Come, Sonny Boy, tell us what you want, and we 'll get it for you, and get it quick."

Sonny Boy obliged. Between vast, but ebbing, sobs, he explained that while he slept his family had basely deserted him for the strawberry patch. Furthermore, he desired not only his kinsfolk, but his Noah 'n' dark and his bread and 'lasses at once. Luckily, Gwendolen's emergency hamper proved to hold a packet of small, but efficient, sandwiches. The sobs ceased as if the first mouthful had pushed some merciful button. In the heavenly lull that ensued Sir Christopher sat down on the porch step and viewed the littered floor.

"I predict, Mrs. Wentworth, that this calm will last as long as the sandwiches will. That gives one minute, flat, to prepare for the next squall. Let us see: one shoe-box, one newspaper, three lead soldiers, one toy horse. Listen, Sonny Boy. Let 's make fairy-land."

The last fat tear vanished from Sonny Boy's pudding cheek. He sat on my knee, wide-eyed, rapt. He almost forgot to munch the last sandwich. And I looked on, more rapt, more enchanted, for Sir Christopher had set the shoe-box on end, and was hanging strips of paper before it, like curtains before a dais. He had sta-

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by G. M. Lewis and H. Davidson

"'I 'D BUY THE PENNY PAPERS EVERY SATURDAY'"

DRAWN BY ROBERT MCCAIG

"When she was sixteen the shop caught fire. Trying to get away, she fell. When the doctor told me she could never be well again, I made her marry me right away. I got us a room in Lancing Mews, only a step from the theater, where I could reach her in a hurry. Daytimes I waited in a chop-house at the top of the street. Nights I worked at the theater. We got along better than you 'd think; but what broke me was to know that she 'd never see a play again. So when a new play came on, I 'd keep an eye out, then tell her as much as I could; act out bits even. It helped her pass the time.

"One night her back was cruel' bad. She had n't slept in a good bit. I slipped down to the Arcade, begged a goods-box, and bought a handful of penny dolls and a roll of gilt paper. I built a toy stage, and carried it in and set it by her bed. Well, I 'll be bound she was as daft as if I 'd brought her the Empire itself. We played with it till near daybreak. I was as keen over it as she was.

"After that we staged every play that the Empire put on. I made whole sets of pasteboard-and-muslin scenery, and whittled out the props. Till you try, you 'd never believe how far a cigar-box will go toward a set of drawing-room furniture. Then we began tinkering our pet stories into plays. I 'd work out the dialogue, and when she 'd had a comfortable day, and could use her hands a little, Lucie would make the costumes and set the scenes. Then we found we could make up new plots out of our own heads. That was the best sport going, and Lucie never tired of it. Even the last year our theater could always help her forget the pain.

"We had good neighbors. That helped."

"Good neighbors are always a help," said I.

"Yes. There was one woman who lived two flights above us. Mrs. Hicks, her name was. She was a charwoman, and she was old, and knocked up with rheumatism, and I dare say she could just about keep body and soul together. Every week, as regular as Sunday morning came round, she 'd drop in and scrub up for Lucie, and make everything clean and sweet. Lucie enjoyed that above everything. I tried, but somehow I was n't smart enough to do things right. It is n't a man's job, maybe."

"No, it is n't a man's job," said I.

"That 's what you rich folk miss," he went on absently. "Only the poor can ever savor it—the beautiful neighborliness of the poor."

I nodded, but I was n't nodding in assent, for I know very well what neighborliness means. I thought of the long, dreadful summer when Frederic lay ill, and how our neighbors had stood by us month on month. I minded how Stephen King had snatched precious days from his own crops to harvest our grain, that it should not rot in the fields. I thought of Mary, his wife, who had baked for me and churned for me, who had tended my babies by day, and watched by my sick at night, and poured her love and her courage into me, and kept my soul alive in me. Oh, I know what neighborliness means. To be sure, I 've never known what it meant to be downright poor; yet I remembered how poor I 'd felt, the goose I was, when I was putting little Barbara into short clothes, and had n't a stitch of new muslin in the house, nor a penny to spend, so I had to make her first little dresses out of flour-sacking, though I boiled the red letters out, you better believe. She was the prettiest baby I ever had, and it all but broke my heart to see her taking her first darling tottery steps in those coarse things; but we could n't afford anything else. As Frederic said, with a rueful twinkle, we could n't afford little Barbara. But I 've been thankful for forty years that we did.

"Yes, we had good friends, those days." Sir Christopher gave me a slow, thinking glance. "I wish you 'd been a neighbor of Lucie's."

"I wish so, too," said I.

"And then—" he halted—"then when she died, it was as if—as if I was n't walking on solid ground any longer. I had to hang on to something. So I hung on to our little theater. I played with it every night. I even made up new plays alone. Dare say it sounds foolish. But it seemed like there was a bit of her still clinging to those dolls and that tinsel. I kept working with 'em times when—when it seemed like I 'd drown. Maybe you know."

Yes, I know how drowning feels. Only I 've always had my children to cling to. They kept my head above water. But

that lonely boy, shut in his garret, with only a tinseled box to hold fast to, how had he lived through that black flood? How had he fought his way through?

"A year or so after, I broke my leg. It was a bad smash. I was laid up three months. All that time I lay there and read and read. I paid a boy to bring me books of plays from the penny library, and I gobbled them all. I sketched out some plays of my own, too. When I got up, I was lame. I could n't get my place back at the Empire. At last, when I was quite at the end of my rope, the fancy struck me that I might do something with my plays.

"Yes, it seems as if I must have been light-headed; but I went about it as coolly as you like. I took four of them, and went straight to Mr. Delaroche, at the Brunswick. I had to break my way in, but I got in, mind that. You 've seen him? A big man, with thick, fair hair, heavy eyelids, and a thrust jaw, like a pugilist. He looked at me as if I 'd been a fly on the wall. Then he took the plays, and he read one through as you 'd read the head-lines on one of your newspapers. Then he looked at me again, like I was n't more than half there. I was n't, either. The life was nigh frightened out of me.

" 'I 'll take this matter up with you later in the week,' he said. 'I want an option on these. Have you written any more?'

" 'A goods-box full,' said I.

" 'Go home and fetch them. This for the option.' He tossed a bit of paper into my hands. When I got outside, I unfolded it. There were ten five-pound notes screwed together. He 'd not even asked for a receipt. That 's Mr. Delaroche.

"After that—oh, there 's no more to tell. I 've worked with Mr. Delaroche ever since, but our great successes have been the stories that Lucie and I wrote together, 'White Shamrock' and 'The Princess Wakens.' Here, let 's do the princess now."

Once more the protean shoe-box changed its guise. Now it was a green bower in a green glen. Within, the princess slept on her rude couch of lilac-boughs. Down the glen, singing like a mavis at the dawn, rode the boy minstrel, his young face glowing in the wind, his young voice calling.

"*He* made a shadow-princess for the baby, too," I said, "just with his fingers, on the wall."

"He? Who?"

I stared back at Sir Christopher's questioning face. My stupid old wits went groping, groping.

"The old gentleman who made the shadow-pictures—for my baby," I stammered, clutching for that memory. But again, as swift as a flying shadow, it slipped my grasp. "I don't know when it was or where. If only—"

Then crashing through those mists of recollection came the roar of a racing engine, the rush of wheels.

"*O* Mother! At last! When we 've been hunting you all over Westchester County!"

The spell was shattered. The hour fell in crystal fragments.

I sprang up, tumbling princess and minstrel and bower into a heap. Bewildered, my eyes still hazy with dreams, I met Gwendolen's accusing face. Past her, the eight heaven-born occupants of the pall-bearers' carriage looked on in courteous amaze. I shriveled miserably. Here I sat, not on a tropic island, not in a leafy Trossachs glen, but flat on the dusty porch floor of a dusty modern cottage, my frilled bonnet awry, my lap full of absurd toys, and a grimy baby clinging to my neck, and already drawing deep, ominous breaths of preparation. Well, one comfort: the foremost English dramatist was sitting flat on that porch floor, too, and looking even more sheepish than I felt.

"That stupid new chauffeur! He sent us up the wrong cross-roads. But, Mother dear, what *have* you been doing?" She pounced upon the scissors, still in my guilty hands.

"Sir Christopher and I have been amusing this baby," said I, serenely. "Sir Christopher has showed us how he mounts his plays."

"Oh." That sigh of relief spoke volumes. If only her eminent guest had diverted himself, it mattered not how, even if he 'd been reduced to building a doll's-house for a childish old lady and a grubby small boy. "I 'm sorry to spoil the fun, but—"

I looked at my fellow-magician. There was regret in his eye.

"Cockcrow. Time to break the en-

chantment," said I, sadly. I kissed our little dimpled host, and tucked him inside the screen door, with all the paper dragons to keep him company, and so we went away.

Despite the warring fates, both luncheons were triumphantly successful. So was Sir Christopher's speech, Gwen said. I heard very little of it, though, for I was n't really listening. I was looking past that calm, distinguished presence away down the years. I could see the little motherless, neglected tad crying his papers down the wintry streets; then the two children, comrades and sweethearts, sitting breathless before the wonders of the first play; then the boy, hardly grown, taking upon his shoulders the care of the frail young wife; the long hours of work; the short treasured minutes when they wrote together, and toiled upon their plays; the tragedy of it all, the unfathomable pity. Then, like a picture blotted from a screen, it all fled. Again, for the thousandth time, I was striving to see my own picture, my own memory, that always fled my search. Only the one tiny glimpse stayed fast—the figure of the old man sitting always by the dull wall; on his knee the sleepy, happy child, who watched always the old man's sinewy hands as they bent and wound, painting those romping shadow-pictures on the wall. This could I see, no more. And the mystery of it irked me and teased me and flouted me. When? Where? Where?

"You look a little tired, Mother," said Gwendolen. "It has been a full day for you."

"Yes," I agreed, "it has been a full day, but it was worth it."

Peter took me home, and stayed to dinner. For all his mischief, Peter is the most companionable child I ever had. He 's exactly like Frederic used to be. You never need explain things to him. He always understands.

After dinner we sat out on the little balcony. Peter smoked contentedly. I sat looking down the long, dusk, sparkling avenue. If my old eyes could have pierced the twilight, they would have seen, rising dark among those white fires, the great, grave statue that towers above its bench at Madison Square; the tall, erect figure, the grave, steadfast old face, that peers forever to the west, my own particular hero.

"I say, Granny,"—Peter roused from a long silence,—"when I saw you towing your celebrity around to-day, I wondered. Surely, in your long life, you must have known a lot of grand and famous folk."

That question! It was the open sesame. As if Peter's words had drawn a curtain, I stared upon the full vision. Now I knew. The old grave, gentle face, the stooped figure, the strong old hands that braced the little child so securely, yet contrived to keep those entrancing shadow-pictures forever frolicking on the wall! How could I forget?

"Peter, there 's a story that I 've wanted to tell you this long time, though I don't want to bore you, dear."

"Fire away, Granny."

"It was the autumn after Frederic died. I had tried my best to run the farm alone, but somehow I could n't make it go. I gave up at last, and started back to Ohio, to my father's. You see, the children were all so little. Your father was n't quite seven, and Norton was five, and little Barbara going on three."

"I see, Granny."

"We 'd traveled since sunrise, twelve miles by stage, then a long day on the cars. The children were tired out and scared and miserable. I was pretty tired, and frightened, too, for I 'd never gone anywhere alone before. We reached Missoula Junction—it 's a jumping-off place—at six that night. There I found that we must wait till five the next morning. There was no hotel, so we must stay in the depot."

"You poor little duck! Wish I 'd been on hand to look after you."

"I wish so, too, Peter," I began. Then the absurdity of it struck me, for Peter would never have seen us. Peter, the lordly young plutocrat, would have had no eyes for the thin, scared girl in rusty black, her arms heaped with bundles, her fretful brood clinging to her lank skirts. He would n't have known his own father even, for nowadays Charles Edward is tall and gray and taciturn, and a bit ironic around the edges. Then he was a curly-headed, apple-cheeked little chub, and he wore a short-waisted green-calico dress, made out of one of my old gowns, and rather painfully skimped over his fat little

chest, where the goods ran short, and he was cindery from the long, hard trip, and, I fear, decidedly crumby from the ginger cookies that were all the lunch they 'd had, poor babies. No, he was n't what Peter, that sumptuous young snob, would choose to-day for a progenitor, although to my eyes he was a mighty satisfactory descendant.

"When I found we could n't get a train till morning, I did n't know which way to turn. I sat down and tried to pacify the children. They were cold and cross, and hungry, too, poor lambs!"

"*Hungry!* Good Lord! Ugh, it makes me sick to think of your bucking all that, Granny. Was n't there a tea-room somewhere?"

"Tea-rooms did n't flourish on the Kansas prairie forty years ago, Peter."

That was sneaking, and I knew it. There was a lunch-counter right in the station, and the smell of hot food tantalized us with every whiff; but I could n't tell Peter that I dared not spend the money. It had taken almost all I had to buy our tickets back home.

"I was afraid to stay there the night, so I went and asked the station-agent what to do. He—he was n't uncivil, exactly; but if I 'd been afraid before, I was wild with terror now."

"The hound! Would n't I like to give him his!" Peter's huge fists clinched. His breath came hard.

"I went back to the children. They were crying now, and I could n't stop them. Maybe I was so panic-smitten I did n't half try. But presently an old man came across the waiting-room. He stooped and touched my arm. It 's forty years and more, Peter, but I can see him as clear as daylight. He was a sober, precise old gentleman, dressed in fine old-fashioned broadcloth and linen. He spoke gently, but in a deep, authoritative voice.

" 'You are coming with me, Madam,' he said. 'You and your children will do me the honor to sup with me.'

"He led us over to the lunch-counter before I could speak. He—"

"Aha, Granny! Did n't you just tell me that there was n't a tea-room in sight?"

I gasped.

"Well, Peter! A lunch-counter is not a tea-room. A lady, unattended—"

"Um, I see, Granny." Peter's arm shut over my shoulders with a hard grip. Sometimes Peter understands just a little too well.

"He hoisted the children on the high stools, and tied napkins around their necks, and fed Barbara her bread and milk, as if he 'd never done anything else," I hurried on. "At first I could n't eat, but he made me swallow some hot tea, then he coaxed the food down by morsels. He was as tender as my own father, yet I had to obey him. I could n't resist.

"Then he took us back to the warm corner by the box stove. He laid his great-coat on a bench, and put me on it, with my jacket for a pillow.

" 'Go to sleep,' he said. 'I must wait till morning for my train. I 'll take care of the children.'

"I 'd like to give him his, too," said Peter, with a heartfelt sigh.

"I had n't the sense to thank him. I was as drowsy and as contented as little sleepy Barbara on his knee. Norton and Charles Edward had already cuddled down on my old shawl, like two blissful, stuffed puppies. 'Most all that I remember of that night is the warmth and comfort of that great, soft coat wrapped round my aching body, the warmth and comfort of that old, grave, watching presence that sat beside me. But once I heard an excited little crow from Barbara, and I pinched myself awake to see what the old man might be doing.

"He sat with Barby tucked into the crook of his arm. Both hands were free, and with both hands he was making shadow-pictures for her on the white-washed wall—such shadow-pictures as you 've never seen, Peter, my poor child. Knights and kings and princesses; clowns and pixies and rabbit-dancers—oh, how often I 've wished that I 'd kept on pinching and lain awake to see! But the next thing I knew, the old gentleman was shaking me gently awake. It was almost daybreak. In the dim light the old man looked gray and haggard. Sitting there, hour after hour, holding sleeping little Barbara, he must have been cramped and chilled to the bone.

" 'Your train is in, Madam. I will put you aboard.'

"He gathered up the little boys and

THE QUALITY OF GENIUS

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Author of "The New Nest," etc.

"THAT you, Granny? Hist!" It was the voice of Peter, my eldest grandson, at the telephone, the deep, dark, shuddering note of the conspirator. "Listen. You need me badly to-day—to take you motoring. No, you don't feel any yearning need of me yet, but you 'll get wise in a minute. This is the day, the awful day, that mother entertains her Amalgamated Association of High Brows up at Tower Hill—Sisters of the Signers, you know. She 's giving her annual luncheon, and this time she has roped in Sir Christopher Lindley, the famous English playwright, to give them a spiel on 'The Drama of To-day,' so it 's a terrible frabjous occasion. Now, Granny love, won't you help me side step?"

"Side step?"

"Yes, side step, vamose, fade. Mother had promised me, *parole d'honneur,* that I could duck this time, for I 've helped her swing that shindy two years in succession; but this morning the heavens fell. You know dad is slated to feed the Breslau committee, those eight worshipful yellow-legs who came over for the International Engineering Society—"

"Yes, but Charles Edward's luncheon at Tower Hill is set for Thursday week."

"For sure it was. Father had it all framed up for next Thursday, when the echoes of mother's hammerfest should have died away. But, alas! our little Deutsch brothers suddenly decided on a week-end run to Iowa to see the new Des Moines dam. With Teutonic calm they wired father that he might expect them for luncheon to-day instead of Thursday next."

"O Peter! and the Sisters of the Signers already under way! Oh, what a dreadful mix-up!"

"Ain't it awful, Mabel? But hark! The worst is yet to come. Father, of course, was charmed. He and mother made some wild calculations, and figured that, by keeping them apart, both luncheons could be put through without bloodshed. Mother planned to give the Sisters an al-fresco spread on the front porch, while dad would corral his guests in the dining-room, then rush them back to town for the four-o'clock Chicago Limited. All was lovely; but this morning—*whack!* down came the fatal shears: father was summoned to Washington. He 's leaving on the first train—Interstate Commerce grill, you know."

"O Peter! and desert his eminent guests! He must not. He can't."

"He can't do anything else, Granny. He 's got to hearken to his country's call or else be cited for contempt. No, if I were you, I would n't try to condole with my dear eldest son. He 's just finished blowing out a fuse, trying to tell his attorneys what he thinks of 'em. Now d' you see? In the face of this calamity, mother has gone back on her word. Faithless jade she is; she says I 've got to stay right on the job. Says I must rattle around in dad's shoes as best I may. Therefore, Granny, command me. Asheville or Jersey City, Hackensack or Hurricane Mountain, 't is all the same as long as it 's forty-five minutes from Tower Hill— A-ah!" A hiss of baffled fury. "Foiled again!"

Then came the voice of Gwendolen, my daughter-in-law, alarmingly staccato, with no trace of its habitual velvet languor.

"Peter Wentworth, you would vex a saint. What nonsense have you been telling granny? I don't believe you gave her one word of my message. O Mother, I 'm in the most dreadful straits! No, don't beg off, please; I must have you to-day. I can't possibly do without you. Yes, Peter will take his father's place as host to the Breslau committee. No, he can *not* take them to a club. We dare n't revoke our house invitation. Europeans are so fussy, anyway. Yes, I 'm giving the Signers' luncheon at the very same minute, but I can carry it all through if

THE NEXT STEP IN PRISON REFORM

BY RICHARD BARRY

Author of "New Hope for the Convict"

THE United States contains the best and the worst prisons in the world. The best, though excellently managed and with admirable physical equipment, are handicapped by our collective social ignorance of the criminal, which is mired in fear. The worst are horrible in equipment, brutal in management, and exist in a morass of social terror. We are only at the dawn of the new era; noon, though inevitable, is yet to come.

First, let us glance at the darkest night. Take Richmond, Texas. This is not Calcutta, June 20, 1756, when 123 Englishmen perished in a single night in the terrible Black Hole. It is the United States of America, September, 1913.

One Saturday evening, as the other convicts were going to their cells at the end of a week's work, twelve men were locked in the "dark cell" at Richmond. They were negroes; they were convicts; each had broken a prison rule. Still, they were human beings.

This modern "Black Hole" was underground; it measured eight by ten by seven feet, thus containing 560 cubic feet of air, while the best prison cells now are required to contain at least 800 cubic feet of air-space for each prisoner. In the ceiling were sixteen half-inch holes to let out the foul air. In the floor were four tiny vent-pipes connecting with the outer world.

In placing his prisoners in this "dark cell," it was the purpose of the warden to terrorize them, and thus break resistance. So light was cut off at every angle. In doing this, the floor ventilation was stopped, probably unintentionally. Sixteen hours after the cell was locked, it was opened, on Sunday morning. Eight of the men were dead, and the other four dying.

This shocked every one, even the warden. Certain newspapers dwelt feverishly on the incident, craving political capital. The opposition papers ignored it. Most people saw nothing to condone, yet some glossed it over by saying: "Anyway, they were only niggers. It will be a lesson for the others."

The sincere apologists, however, had what appeared to be a convincing argument. They explained that since the "bat" (flogging-whip) had been eliminated from Texas prisons a few years before, the only drastic mode of punishment left a warden was the "dark cell." They declared that the negro criminal was more difficult to deal with than any other kind, that he was less amenable to reason or restraint, and that he could be reached only through his epidermis or his primitive imagination, which recoiled at the dark. "Restore the bat," became their shibboleth.

But Texas had traveled too far on the road to return to the bat, despite the fact that the leading factions in the State seem to be spending their time arguing whether or not it is necessary to preserve discipline by returning to that archaic instrument of discipline.

Meanwhile the fundamental causes of the conditions in the Richmond prison that produce the mental attitude in a convict which makes necessary either a dark cell or a bat are ignored. Many persons think that a prison in which the bat is not used is necessarily humane. And when they are told that the dark cell has been abolished, they proceed immediately to forget about the convict, thinking that his condition is as near ideal as could be expected—for a convict.

At this precise point more than half our state prisons are languishing in the doldrums of reformation. From most of them the old and revolting forms of brutality have been stripped, but nothing has been devised to take their places. The whipping-post, the leg-irons, the mugging penalties are abolished. The convict immediately, with sly glee, notes his immunity from severe punishment, and dares to go to lengths he never would have dreamed of in the old brutal days. Where-

upon discipline relaxes; work is undone; prison factories do not pay; the solitary confinement cells and the hospitals are overcrowded.

All of which places in the hands of the reactionaries a powerful argument. They call sternly for a return of the former tools of discipline. "I don't believe in the talcum-powder treatment for criminals," said an old warden, recently. "They are this pedagogical idea. For instance, there is Dr. James A. Leonard of the Ohio state reformatory. He conducts a prison farm on the honor system, and when he considers a man fit for free work in the fields, he asks him to sign a bond, which has no legal value whatever. This is a large, florid document, printed in red and black, and made duly impressive with a huge red seal. It binds over the prisoner,

STATE OF OHIO

Bond for Faithful Performance of Trust

OHIO STATE REFORMATORY

Know all Men by These Presents:

That, JOHN DOE, Period Number 25434, as Principal, and J. B. Leonard, General Superintendent, as Surety, are held and firmly bound unto R. W. Hastings, Assistant Superintendent, of the Ohio State Reformatory, upon the award and honor of the above-named JOHN DOE, and guaranteed by the above-named surety, that said JOHN DOE, Period Number 25434, shall well and truly obey all and honestly and faithfully perform all things to be done upon his part as hereinafter set forth.

Now the Condition of This Obligation is Such, That,

Whereas, the above bounden JOHN DOE, Period Number 25434, has been recommended to the Superintendent of the Ohio State Reformatory, by said R. W. Hastings, Assistant Superintendent, as being worthy of employment outside the enclosure of said Ohio State Reformatory and without special direction of a guard, until the request that if said recommendation is approved by said Superintendent, that authority be granted permitting said inmate to be employed outside said enclosure as aforesaid, and

Whereas, said Superintendent upon the strength of said recommendation and upon his judgment based upon a personal interview with said inmate, together with the conduct of said inmate during his stay at said institution, has approved the recommendation of said Assistant Superintendent, and has authorized the employment of said inmate outside the enclosure of said institution without special guard

Now if the said JOHN DOE, Period Number 25434, shall well and faithfully execute the trust thus reposed in him and shall observe and obey all the rules and regulations governing said trust, then this obligation until all penalties provided for in the rules and regulations shall be void, and on the release of said JOHN DOE as parole from The Ohio State Reformatory, he shall be given this bond to keep, and to hold as positive evidence to all concerned, not only of his good record as an inmate of the Reformatory, but that he enjoyed the confidence and faith of the management on the grounds, that in all things he conducted himself as becomes a man and a good citizen.

Witness our hands this 20th day of November A. D., 1913.

John Doe
J. A. Leonard

BOND ISSUED BY THE OHIO STATE REFORMATORY

Bonds like these are used when permitting an inmate of the reformatory to join the group of men who are employed without any physical restraint whatever, that is, when a man undertakes to regulate his conduct by inhibitory forces rather than to be subject to prohibitory stress. Since this system was instituted, ten years ago, the superintendent has signed more than 2600 such bonds, and only 18 of this number have been dishonored.

hard men, and if you use baby lotions on them, they merely despise you."

"You are wrong," replied a younger warden. (This conversation I overheard one night during a session of a recent prison congress.) "Criminals are only children. They are not full grown mentally. If so, they would not be criminals. Being children, very pitiful, weak little children, using 'talcum powder,' if you choose to call it that, is the very treatment for them. The only mistake a warden can make is in letting the convict think that *he*, the warden, is also a child."

In fact, some of the most advanced penologists are placing in practical effect as principal, to the assistant superintendent of the reformatory, and is guaranteed by Dr. Leonard as surety.

After signing this bond, another document of no standing in any court of law is handed the prisoner. It is a "card of honor," which serves as a pass to the free world, and is signed by Dr. Leonard personally. On the card is printed:

In giving you this pass, I give you my confidence. I am sure you will fully appreciate this opportunity to demonstrate not only to me, but to the board of managers and to your friends who await your restoration to freedom that you have the self-con-

trol, the respect for law, and the proper regard for your word of honor that justifies us in permitting you such a large measure of freedom. Remember when tempted that trustworthiness is the bed-rock of character.

If the prisoner reaches the parole date without violating any regulation, he is permitted to keep both card and bond as evidence that in all things he conducted himself as becomes a man and a good citizen.

That is the sort of thing that the old wardens call "talcum-powder treatment." It may appear childish flummery, but because convicts are children, it works. During the ten years that the system has been in operation in the Ohio reformatory twenty-six hundred prisoners have been allowed to work in the open without guard. Only eighteen ever attempted to escape. The others preferred their healthy, interesting work in the open, and the bond and the card.

These methods of treatment, after all, simmer down to a personal equation. A penitentiary is only the lengthened shadow of the warden. He has in many ways a curiously despotic power over the inmates. He can make life hideous for the unfortunates under him or he can immeasurably lighten their burdens. One of the new progressive wardens recently told me how a perception of this power and its awful responsibility was borne in on him.

"Three days after I came into this position," he said, "I suddenly realized that I held the happiness, the peace of mind, and perhaps even the eternal salvation of over a thousand men in the hollow of my hand. I saw how I loomed as the biggest fact in any of their lives; how I could punish, reward, embitter, enlighten, free, or enslave any or all of them. And in that moment I went down here on my knees by my desk, and lifted up my voice to God, and asked for divine wisdom to guide me right while I remained in this prison."

Many of the new reforms are the inspiration of individual wardens. There is the "honor system of scenic road building" conceived by Cleghorne and perfected by Tynan in Colorado, the "golden rule" of Wells in Kentucky, the base-ball league of Johnston in California, the "free speech" development of Moyer in the federal prison at Atlanta, the fishing and berrying parties of Homer at Great Meadow, New York, the "bond-and-card" idea of Dr. Leonard in Ohio.

Wonderful in its way is each of these improvements. Each adds its bit of illumination to the general enlightenment. Each has left its mark on the lives of hundreds and even thousands of weak men.

Yet beyond the "honor system" and the "golden rule" and "free speech" for convicts lies the necessity for certain basic and fundamental changes in our convict system. These changes are already under way, although for the country at large we have only seen the dawn.

Doubtless the worst element in our convict system to-day is contract labor. A tremendous change has occurred in that, also, in the last decade, yet at the beginning of 1914 there are still twenty-four States that sell the labor of their convicts to contractors who have no moral or human interest in their sorry slaves.

It was only seven years ago that I spent three months in the convict turpentine camps of Florida and Alabama, and there secured definite proof of the fact that men were being hired in lots, like slaves, at an average cost of eleven cents a day when free labor brought from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day; that the traffickers in this bondage used bloodhounds and the whip to enforce their desires for work accomplished; that they surrounded their purchased convicts with such temptation, and so removed from them inducements to reform, that in the majority of cases the pitiable men existed many years beyond their original sentences in peonage or practical slavery.

In the intervening seven years the force of public opinion has largely changed the condition in those two States, although the laws providing for contract labor have still to be abolished. The whip, however, has been abolished, and the price of contract labor has advanced from eleven to thirty cents a day. Apparently the State is profiting, if not the convict.

But *is* the State profiting? Is it profiting when it succeeds in implanting in the minds of its convicts that not only their liberty, but their labor, has been forcibly taken from them? Is it profiting when it embitters free labor through starving it by this unfair competition?

All of these questions have been answered in the negative by the most advanced States, notably by New York. There the *state-use* system of convict labor, as distinguished from the *contract-use* system, has been in operation for seventeen years.

Under the state-use system no convict ever does any work for private profit. The prisons manufacture only those commodities which can be sold to other institutions of the State. The idea is widened sometimes to accommodate county and city institutions and even the schools and the departments of government. Thus desks for the schools, brooms for the street-cleaners, shirts for the firemen, and shoes for policemen now frequently come from a penitentiary, but they are sold openly at an established price.

Though the advantages of such a system are obvious, it took exactly a hundred years for New York to discover it. The first open manifestation against convict competition with free labor occurred in New York in 1796. The state-use system, as it now exists, was not established in New York until 1897. Between those dates lies a century of bitter struggle on the part of organized labor, free manufacturers, and social workers.

And yet the first fifteen years of the state-use system in New York were years of failure. Due to political manipulation of men who desired it to be a failure, it appeared that only about half the output of the prison factories of the State could be used by other public institutions. Other States in which it was proposed to introduce the new system and abolish the old contract labor invariably sent commissions to New York to "investigate" the condition there. Invariably they reported it a failure. Had it not been for that political maladministration of the state-use idea, perhaps half of the twenty-four States which still adhere to the contract system would now be in the vanguard with the enlightened States.

It was only with a thorough cleaning out of old officers in 1912 that the New York state-use system reached the point of efficiency where it was costing the State less in money than the old system, and was producing enough work for all the inmates of the penitentiaries.

Under this new system, which is only a half-way stop on the road to ideal prison management, if the State fails to *re*form its convicts, it at least does not *de*form them, as the contract system invariably does where it is employed.

However, the state-use system is only the embryo of the scheme for the utilizing of convict labor which is doubtless destined to be eventually installed in most of our prisons. It took a century for that embryo to appear, but it will not take another century for it to reach its full estate.

Already another step has been taken, and more successfully than did New York in her corrupt and halting manner. This is in the Minnesota state prison at Stillwater.

It is worth while to describe the Minnesota prison, for it stands to-day as the best type of prison known. Recently the German Government sent four commissioners to this country to study our penological institutions, and at Stillwater they found, so they said, the best prison either in Europe or America.

The Minnesota state prison was established for the "confinement and reformation of convicts." That is the language of the statutes, and similar language is found in the laws of only four other States.

The new cell block was built at a cost of over $3,000,000, and satisfies every advanced idea of prison construction. No more than one prisoner is permitted in a cell; the sanitary arrangements are excellent; light and heat and ventilation are like those in a school.

The discipline is very strict, but consistent. Everything, except some of the machines, operates noiselessly and with precision. There is no dark cell, no whipping-post, no chaining device, or any other manner of corporal punishment. In lieu of these a system of rewards and punishments has been evolved. The prisoner who does not behave gets less food than the others. If he persists in his contrariness, he is put in a darkened, not a dark, cell. As the very limit of punishment his tobacco is taken from him. The loss of his tobacco usually appeals quickly and strongly to a convict's judgment.

In so far the Stillwater prison is similar to the best elsewhere; but in the use of its manufactured products it is unique. Within the prison is located the best-

equipped factory for the production of binder twine anywhere in the country, and it has the third largest output of any similar factory.

Here is the revolutionary fact. The manufacture of binder twine in the Minnesota prison is so well managed that it entirely supports the prison, *and earns enough more to give every convict a small daily wage.*

Now, then, we come to the very core of this matter of prison reform—its economics. No matter how correct, how humane the moral attitude of the prison management toward the prisoner, no matter how skilfully the psychology of the prisoner is understood and developed, nothing permanent can be accomplished unless his economical relation to his fellows is founded on justice that is broader than the present legality.

And from this platform we must ascend to the future, for the prison reform of the coming decade will be concerned very largely with economics. The moral reform is already fairly comprehended. It still has to penetrate certain dark spots, but it is inevitably and indisputably on the way.

How slowly this truth has penetrated our consciousness is shown by the fact that Minnesota is cited as a State in the far vanguard when her prison is willing and able to pay its convicts only about nine cents a day for their labor. So firmly has the contract system been saddled upon us that we still only dimly perceive the new light.

This new light, the light of the future, is merely an economic recognition of the moral truth which has already been recognized; namely, that prisons exist for the reformation, not for the punishment, of criminals. Therefore, though the State possesses an accurately defined right to limit, to confine, and to direct both the labor and the pay of a convict, it has no right to deprive him absolutely of either. If he is not treated as an independent economic unit while in prison, how can the State expect him to become an independent economic unit when he leaves prison?

"The day that we drove our last contractor out of our prison was a red-letter day in our history," said a warden, recently. "Now we can tackle our real problems."

And they *are* real problems. What sort of work shall be given these branded men? Shall we flounder along in our present absurd way of employing them in trades which will give them no employment when they leave prison? The prison farm has great vogue just now, and there is a tendency toward placing all prisoners to work on farms. Is that wise when more than half our criminals are the products of great cities of whom no power on earth is very likely to make farmers? What percentage of their earnings shall be turned over to these felons who have already cost the State so dearly; in fact, as much as the education of all her free children? And how and when shall it be turned over to them?

We have been charging head on into this problem, and making little progress. Perhaps a solution is coming from an angle. Take such an apparently unrelated fact as the passage, three years ago, through the Missouri legislature of the Mothers' Pension Law. Who would have thought that such a law eventually might solve the problem of how to treat economically the problem of a criminal's pay? Yet within the year it has broken the ice in over half the States of this country.

The Missouri Mothers' Pension Law provided incidentally for the support of all mothers whose husbands are in state prison. The measure quickly justified itself, and was soon on the statute-books of Illinois, Ohio, Colorado, Pennsylvania, and other States. Over twenty other legislatures either this winter or last winter have considered similar laws.

The only link required now to chain that law to the solution of the convict's economic independence is to require that his earnings, while in prison, shall go to the mother of his children. Then she will not be receiving a pension, as charity, but only her basic human right. Better even than that, the husband will have added to other outlooks the strongest kind of moral incentive to work faithfully and comport himself properly while in prison.

Of the half-million men who go to prison every year about one third are married. Of course many have never supported their families, but probably a half of the married men have done so. More than that, fully half the men who go to prison are under moral obligation to sup-

port some one. Take from them not only the obligation, but the opportunity, and you stamp them deeper into the mire of criminality.

Thus this pathetic cry of the innocent wife and children of the man in the cage bids fair to point the way to a proper system of work and pay whereby he regains in prison that economic independence which he usually has lost before he goes there.

In the coming prison, what a difference from the old régime confronts the convicted criminal! Formerly he went to hard labor, without recompense; his wife and children or his dependents were left to shift for themselves or to starve; for the period of his incarceration he was to wear stripes, have his head shaved, lose his name, and have no communication with the outside world; he was to be taught nothing useful; his word was never to be accepted; he was to be trusted in nothing; he was the arch-enemy of society, different from other men, enchained, brutalized, damned, and forgotten.

To-day the best prisons have no stripes except for the worst grades of recalcitrant prisoners; heads are not shaved; in at least three the men keep their names; they are paid a little something, if only a few cents a day, for their labor; they are otherwise treated like men, it being assumed that they have honor until they prove the contrary; they are permitted to communicate with friends and receive visits; where before they had no recreation, they now indulge in all manner of healthful sports.

The convict of the future will be still better off, for we are in a passing stage of development. His economic independence will persist in prison, as it is outside; energy and industry will be rewarded within, just as without, and laziness will be similarly punished.

Finally will come the last step. No convict will ever be sentenced to any specific term or to any specific institution. Neither judge nor jury will be able to do more than convict an accused person of a specific crime. The atonement for that crime, and society's special privilege of the conduct of that person during the period of his atonement and his reëstablishment of character in the eyes of his fellows, will be placed in charge of men who have had nothing to do with his prosecution or trial.

In other words, when the new convict steps into prison he will begin an absolutely new life, on which his past will have only such bearing as he himself places there. Every opportunity to reform will be extended to him, and the length of his incarceration will depend entirely on the impression he makes not on the judges of his past, but on the judges of his present.

For prison should be to a man's moral and economic life what the confessional is to the soul of the Romanist, what the bankruptcy court is to the finances of the business failure. It should wash him clean, and remove from his weak and uncertain shoulders the burdens of his past errors.

Toward that ideal of a prison we are rapidly approaching.

OF LOVE

BY MARVIN FERREE

THEY sing of love who never won his grace;
On harp and lute
They vaunt the glories of his dwelling-place.
They who are in his presence, face to face,
Are stricken mute.

FRIENDS

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Author of "Mannering's Men," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY H. J. MOWAT

"WHY did you hit that white-headed kid?"

This was Loch's first recorded remark in reference to Jimsy Lewis. The answer was not unreasonable.

"A kid like that is made to be hit."

But there are other lights than that of reason.

"Well, you are not to hit him. That kid is my friend. When we are grown up, he is coming with me on adventures."

THEY grew up, with the tenacious vitality of the Scotch-Canadian, despite the adventures. At nineteen Loch was six feet one, slant-shouldered, as silent as an Indian, and, according to his aunts in Caledoniaville, of an affectionate disposition. His people started him in a bank in the far West, and Jimsy went with him. But the bank was only "held up" twice, so Loch found it dull, and went. He took Jimsy. Then—it happened some years ago—he enlisted in Somebody's Horse, and went to South Africa for the war. He took Jimsy. When I say that he took Jimsy, I mean it; he took him as a cyclone takes a barn-roof.

They and a man from Wolf Creek were separated from their troop, held a kopje for a week, were captured by an angry commando, escaped, and arrived in Kimberley in nice time for the siege. When the war was over, the man from Wolf Creek took up land in Natal to raise pineapples. Jimsy rather liked the idea of pineapples; but Loch was gathered in by the railway, and took Jimsy. When I say the railway, I mean the Great Railway, vision of a great man. Their work pushed them farther and farther north into a new Africa, an enchanted Africa of high forest and grass-plain, of a vertical sun and frosty nights. They learned the blessing and the bitterness of work. They lived through that rainy season, which came a month late, when the green jungle grew over the right of way, as it seemed, in a night, and the elephants tore down the telegraph-wires, and the fever followed the rain, and the black men grew weary of cutting and carrying fuel, so sat them down and died. Jimsy was clever at many things; he was given charge of a siding, a telegraph-instrument, six account-books, and two assistants of sorts. Loch had no gift but that of handling men, which made him so

So when your eyes more thoughtfully
Take on the color of the sea,
I feel your heart go hungering home
Down the immortal wind and foam
To find again the friends you knew—
Pandora and her wayward crew
Of playfellows, small Marigold,
The sisters weird and gray and old,
Europa on the snow-white bull,
The little lad who watched the pool
Till Pegasus appeared and flew
Sun-bright across the mirrored blue.

Will you recall—that I may guess—
The tint and breath and loveliness
That were Proserpina? Again
Hear Ceres crying through the rain
To call her darling back, and run
To comfort her as you have done?

And since I would not have you miss
That wingèd life, remember this:
For you will Pegasus alight
In any garden, and the white,
Small bloom Quicksilver cherished spring
To beauty at your summoning.
Stoop deftly down, my wonder-maid,
Secure that flower, and unafraid
Enter the seaward-looking room
That holds the song of Circe's loom;
Draw very near, that you may see
Ulysses cross her tapestry;
And should you be inwoven there,
Whisper the wanderer to beware.
But I shall watch the fountain change
In the wide porch, upflinging strange,
Frail crystal shapes that prophesy;
And should a brisk youth happen by
With cap most oddly fluttering,
And wilful sandal-shoon that spring
Into the air to make him laugh,
And careless cloak and twisted staff,
Shall I not say, befriending you
As any mother ought to do:
"Sir, will you bless her with your care
Who has the golden fleece for hair?
Give her the wingèd mind and wise
Who has the deep sea in her eyes"?

pull out, with sheet-iron for Banda, at midnight or thereabouts."

"Uncouple, then," said Loch, curtly, "I want her."

"Mr. Lewis in trouble, sir?"

"I 'm going to see." Loch spoke more curtly than ever, but his men knew him.

Hatch spoke persuasively.

"You 'd better have me to fire for you, sir. I 'm off duty, and there has n't been no variosity, sir, so to say, for a month."

Loch nodded.

"All right. And bring your twelve-bore."

Hatch beamed and fled. There were outcries and footsteps. Loch spent another five minutes thinking of the little boy who had grown into a young man, and who might have been peacefully and safely raising pineapples in Natal. He started as No. 8 swung on the switch and pulled up beside him, groaning in all her rivets, Hatch swinging joyously on the rickety foot-plate.

"Clear line for four hours, sir," said Hatch.

"We sha'n't need so much," answered Loch; and Hatch, seeing his face, said no more, but went through silent movements of whistling.

They crawled out of Gondoko, clattering and banging. The open line lay before them as straight as a ruler, between walls of forest, varied only by the paths of the wood-cutters. Outside the radius of No. 8's headlight was a swinging, uncertain darkness. Loch steadily put the throttle over, and Hatch whistled again.

Presently he had no time even to whistle. He was stoking furiously. No. 8 roared up the line, rocking over the faulty riveting like a ship on a wave. Her ill-assorted parts groaned and rattled as if they would fly apart. Loch, peering through the glass, saw nothing but the reeling glimmer of steel running liquidly toward him, heard nothing but a boy's voice crying: "Loch, where are you, Loch? Loch, I want you." But Hatch had time to hear many things, for he knew and revered No. 8.

" 'Ard on the old lady, this is," he said to himself, brushing the sweat out of his eyes.

A squall drove down, blinding the glass, and sending a surf of mud into the cab. It ended in a roll of thunder like the roll of a war drum, and lightning that splashed on the rails like a thrown egg. It showed the forest and the sky, violet-white picked out in jet. Then the darkness shut down again so swiftly that Hatch winced as he had not from the flash. But Loch's steady hand did not move on the throttle.

" 'Ard on the old lady," muttered Hatch again, mournfully. "I knew this was a bad bit o' track, but she 's runnin' as if her wheels was square."

The rain ended, the thunder rolled into the distance, but still, at regular intervals, the world was dipped and drenched in the unbearable brilliance of the lightning. Hatch began nervously to time the flashes. He saw a vivid vision of little buildings, the iron roofs blazing like silver, streaming past, and of the black silhouettes of the men on the platform. He saw the dripping leaves flashing back the electricity like looking-glass. He saw a sinuous shadow that shrank and fled by the left driving-wheel. " 'Passengers,' " he said, " 'is forbidden to cross the line except by the over'ead bridge,' but this ain't the London and Southwestern, thank Gord!" He took a glance at the gage, and stoked, stoked, stoked. His mouth was so tightly screwed into the form of whistling it seemed unlikely ever to come unscrewed. It was quite stiff when he ventured to address Loch's immovable back.

"Lions is out," roared Hatch, "or something."

Loch caught the words, and nodded over his shoulder. The grade was mounting, and No. 8 rattled and rocked worse than ever. They were both powdered white to the hair with wood-ash. Loch's face looked gray in the lightning flash, his every nerve and sinew strained to the snapping-point, as he strove to fire the clamoring iron beneath him with the hurry of his own soul. The wheels sang monotonously:

"I want you, Loch. I want you, Loch."

"I 'm coming, Jimsy," he answered. "I 'm coming, Jimsy, as fast as I can." He did not know that he spoke aloud. The fever ran over him in waves, and at the crest of every wave was a picture—a picture of Jimsy, deserted and stricken with illness; a picture of Jimsy sitting bowed over the telegraph-instrument, speared through the heart, as he had once seen a man sit; a picture of Jimsy injured,

much more valuable than Jimsy that he was presently put in charge at Gondoko. For one dry season they saw nothing of each other. Jimsy bullied his assistants, collected butterflies, and thought of Loch. Loch did not think nearly as much of Jimsy; he was too busy.

But every Saturday night he went into Gondoko and wired Jimsy, "Are you all right, Kid?"

"All right, Loch."

Then would follow gossip of the great line—lions, a washout, a plague of witch-doctors. But the end was as invariable as the beginning: "Let me know if you want me, Kid, and I 'll come."

"All right, Loch."

"So long, Jimsy."

"Good night, Gondoko."

Then Loch would stumble to his mud-and-iron hut and sleep in peace, a gun loaded with bird-shot under his head in case of leopards.

The second year of his sojourning, Loch had trouble with jujus, more trouble than usual. He also had fever worse than usual; but the jujus worried him most. No. 537, pulling out from a siding, had cut down a string stretched across the line, from which fluttered a red rag and two guinea-fowl feathers. As a result, the black people fled to their forests, and the woodpiles shrank to nothing. Fuel had to be brought from afar until the juju was pacified, which took time. There is no space to tell how Loch managed this by setting up an opposition juju, in the constitution of which a home-made magic-lantern played a chief part. But he went into Gondoko one Saturday night with the happy knowledge that he had put the fear of all the devils into his section, and that the woodpiles at the side of the railroad grew like mushrooms.

It was the third week of the stormy season, and Loch was soaked in fever; the juju war had tired him in body and soul. He looked at the sky, and as he looked, the moon showed like a plunging white disk amid driving steam; he thought how often he had seen it so above the northern lakes of his boyhood, when the first snow came down from the north and the wild geese had flown south. But Huron's cold surf was far from the station at Gondoko, and the glimmer of light shone only on the nameless uplands, the drenched scrub of the north; and southward, welt on welt, league on league, the roll of the African forest like a sea.

His right-hand man, an escaped convict, met him, and touched his cap.

"A call from Mr. Lewis, sir," he said.

Loch frowned. He had forgotten it was Saturday night, forgotten Jimsy, forgotten everything but his own overwhelming need of food and sleep. The ground rocked under his feet, and the ex-convict wavered like smoke.

"Did he leave any message?"

The ex-convict, who was also a deserter, saluted.

"No, sir. In fact, something 's wrong with the line. Probably helephants, sir. Williams took it, but nothing come through but the word 'Lewis,' sir, and the Gondoko call."

"Thank you." Loch went slowly to the iron shed, and sat down at the instrument. He called, "Lewis, Lewis, Lewis," in his clumsy fashion, now clumsier than usual in that his fingers seemed to be as big and stiff as pincushions. He called for several minutes, waited, and called again. He was beginning to forget about the fever and the weariness.

The instrument clattered, stammered, hesitated. At last came the answer, "Is that you, Gondoko?"

"Yes, Gondoko. Gondoko. Have you got that? Gondoko. Is that you, Jimsy? Jimsy, is that you?"

There was a space of meaningless clickings and stutterings; then suddenly, clear and sharp, "Loch, I want—" and then silence.

Loch sat for perhaps five minutes, patiently calling, but the silence was unbroken. He sat for another five minutes, thinking, and the burden of his thoughts was a white-headed little boy who used to follow him round the school playground, saying, "Loch, I want you, Loch." Often the little boy was smitten for his pains, but no other boy dared smite him. Loch went out on the platform and shouted. The convict-deserter, who was presently known as Hatch, came running.

"Is there anything with steam up?"

"No. 8, she has steam up." Hatch spoke proudly. No. 8 was a complex—compo—compound loco, collected from the scrap-heaps of half a continent, and put together at Gondoko. "She 's to

Drawn by H. J. Mowat

"SOME ONE WAS KNEELING OVER HIM, . . . AND PRESENTLY HE SAW THAT IT WAS HATCH"

of Jimsy possibly poisoned, of Jimsy most impossibly drowned. He shut his eyes an instant, groaning, "I 'm coming, Jimsy, I 'm coming—" And on the words came the crash.

It was a crash too great for the senses —a crash that struck at life itself, maiming and bruising it. Loch plunged downward into rushing darkness, full of burning steel, steam, wood-coals, and flashes of fire and lightning. He seemed suddenly to grow into something very small and

light, which floated in the reeling dark for a long, long time. Then something sprang out of the dark and hit him. The last thing he saw was a blaze of white light and a tuft of grass, very clear and distinct, with a huge silver moth clinging in the heart of it.

He came to himself in darkness, but it was a darkness blessedly cool and wet. Some one was kneeling over him, striking my mouth full of sand and things. Probably beetles."

Loch stretched out a hand slowly, and gasped at the pain.

"What 's happened?" he asked.

"Wreck, sir." The lightning glared in the southwest, and Hatch bent over him, very gently wiping his face with a lump of cotton-waste.

"Wreck?"

Drawn by H. J. Mowat

"'I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME. AND SO I CAME—I CAME—AS FAST AS I COULD'"

matches, and presently he saw that it was Hatch. The match-light flared pink for an instant, and showed the convict's face, black and grimy save for two little white patches under the eyes, which were glaring at Loch indignantly.

Loch sought for words, but for a time could n't remember what he wanted to say.

"Hatch, your face looks kind of lopsided—"

"Thank you, sir." Hatch's voice was piercingly sarcastic. "Which it ain't wonderful, sir, considering I fell on it. And

"Yes. Young tree across the line; probably lightning, as it was all afire. No. 8, sir,"—Hatch's voice broke,—"there ain't enough of her left to make a penny toy." Loch lay still, trying to steady himself.

"Is the line clear?"

"As far as I can see,—darm it! I can't stop your 'ead bleeding!—No. 8, she kicked the tree off, and then fell on top of it herself. We must have flew like birds."

"And how long have I been lying here?"

"Probably forty minutes, but there 's no knowing. Just beyond Banda we are,

and we 'll have to walk back. And the woods is fair crawling with things. Probably ferocious."

"My fault, Hatch—"

"Shut your 'ead!" Hatch swabbed away with the cotton-waste. "Why—why, my lad, I thought you was done for." His voice broke again, and he pulled himself together. "Now, if you think you can get up, with the 'elp of my arm—"

Loch staggered to his feet. The night swung about him, pierced with fires of pain. He thought it was the earth that reeled, and did not know that Hatch was holding him erect by main strength. He took a few steps, and a little strength came back.

"That 's better, sir," said Hatch, who had again taken refuge in sarcasm. "Keep it up, and we 'll be in Banda for lunch."

"Banda?" said Loch. "Oh, but we 're not going back to Banda, Hatch. We 're going on."

"Going on—"

"Why, yes. Can't you tie that stuff round my head? Take the sleeve of my coat, then."

"The sleeve 's wet too. You 're pretty well cut about. I 'll rip out mine. Did I understand you to say, sir, as we were going on to Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes. It 's not much farther than Banda. I 'll be all right."

Hatch opened his mouth, gasped, and was silent. The situation was beyond speech, even beyond swearing. Loch interpreted his silence.

"You need n't come, Hatch," he said quietly.

Hatch found his voice.

"Thank you, sir," he replied bitterly. "My neck is to be broke', and I 'm to be insulted into the bargain. And well you know that I don't care a darm for lions or niggers, but only for the 'orrible crawly things that drops on you. And probably stingers." He carefully adjusted the bandage round Loch's head. "Stingers. And probably down your back."

Loch laughed croakily.

"Tie the other sleeve round your neck, and come on."

He turned up the long track, wondering why ties were so hard to walk on, and why they seemed to be set at such irregular intervals, two short steps and a long, two long steps and a short, a rest. "Loch, I want you. Loch, I want you"—he heard nothing but that, saw nothing but the glimmer of the wet steel he must follow. And Hatch, after one wild gesture that took to witness the flashing sky, the wet woods, and the ruins of No. 8 fuming by the right of way, limped after him, his mouth screwed into a dolorous whistle.

A FAIR young man, with nice blue eyes, was sitting at a table, pleasantly and peacefully sticking dead beetles on pins. The light of a shaded lamp shone on his quick fingers, on the jeweled wing-cases of his prey, and out of the screened window before him in a long beam. Now and then he murmured Latin words, and scribbled on little slips of paper. A fox-terrier and a black boy lay asleep in one corner of the room.

Suddenly the black boy sprang up, and the dog began barking furiously, and there came into the room what might have been the blood-stained ghosts of two men.

"Loch!" cried Jimsy, and leaped forward.

But Loch held him off.

"So you are all right?" he said thickly. "Sure you 're all right, Jimsy? I saw you—through the window."

"Of course I 'm all right, old man," said Jimsy, staring blankly.

"But your message?"

"My message, Loch? Good heavens! I only wired to ask you to send me up a bit of glass for my new butterfly-case. And the wire gave out half-way through. Loch, I say—Loch!"

Loch began to laugh with relief; it was a queer laugh that shook him from head to foot, and he held to the table for support.

"But what 's happened?" begged Jimsy. "What have you been doing? Loch!"

"Nothing 's happened, Kid," said Loch, soothingly. "Only I thought you wanted me. And so I came—I came—as fast as I could."

"Look out, sir," cried Hatch, sharply. But the table was in the way, and Jimsy was not quick enough to catch Loch. It was into Hatch's arms that he fell.

TO MY BABY HILDA

(With Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book")

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

WITHIN your eyes are memories
Of foam-ringed isles in azure seas,
Of dragon-guarded groves and gold
That none but destined hands might hold;
You were a sprite of that wild world
Hercules challenged; you were curled
Within the enchanted bowl and kept
Watch for the hero when he slept,
Lulled to oblivion curiously
By pleasant clangor of the sea
Against the hollow gold. You saw
High-towering Atlas without awe,
And, perched upon the tilted rim
Of your odd craft, eluded him,
You were so little. And you came
To a white isle of unknown name
Where hideous Gorgons laired together;
And found Medusa's shining feather,
And saw slim Perseus from the air
Descend, and met Quicksilver there,
Adorable god! Oh, was it he
Persuaded you to come to me,
And bound the wingèd sandals on
That bore you far from Helicon?

To-day you were remembering
Some glorious prenatal thing,
And I, who saw a snowy gleam
Like a great sail across your dream,
Heard music that I knew must be
Orpheus awake, till suddenly
The *Argo* swept with sheer surprise
That blue Ægean of your eyes,
And there were you, close folded in
The warmth of Jason's leopard-skin,
Showered with foam, shouting in glee
Till Jason laughed; and even she,
The goddess of the talking oak,
Smiled down at you and softly spoke,
"Child, happy child, and is it true
We sail to win the fleece for you?"

So when your eyes more thoughtfully
Take on the color of the sea,
I feel your heart go hungering home
Down the immortal wind and foam
To find again the friends you knew—
Pandora and her wayward crew
Of playfellows, small Marigold,
The sisters weird and gray and old,
Europa on the snow-white bull,
The little lad who watched the pool
Till Pegasus appeared and flew
Sun-bright across the mirrored blue.

Will you recall—that I may guess—
The tint and breath and loveliness
That were Proserpina? Again
Hear Ceres crying through the rain
To call her darling back, and run
To comfort her as you have done?

And since I would not have you miss
That wingèd life, remember this:
For you will Pegasus alight
In any garden, and the white,
Small bloom Quicksilver cherished spring
To beauty at your summoning.
Stoop deftly down, my wonder-maid,
Secure that flower, and unafraid
Enter the seaward-looking room
That holds the song of Circe's loom;
Draw very near, that you may see
Ulysses cross her tapestry;
And should you be inwoven there,
Whisper the wanderer to beware.
But I shall watch the fountain change
In the wide porch, upflinging strange,
Frail crystal shapes that prophesy;
And should a brisk youth happen by
With cap most oddly fluttering,
And wilful sandal-shoon that spring
Into the air to make him laugh,
And careless cloak and twisted staff,
Shall I not say, befriending you
As any mother ought to do:
"Sir, will you bless her with your care
Who has the golden fleece for hair?
Give her the wingèd mind and wise
Who has the deep sea in her eyes"?

FRIENDS

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Author of "Mannering's Men," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY H. J. MOWAT

"WHY did you hit that white-headed kid?"

This was Loch's first recorded remark in reference to Jimsy Lewis. The answer was not unreasonable.

"A kid like that is made to be hit."

But there are other lights than that of reason.

"Well, you are not to hit him. That kid is my friend. When we are grown up, he is coming with me on adventures."

THEY grew up, with the tenacious vitality of the Scotch-Canadian, despite the adventures. At nineteen Loch was six feet one, slant-shouldered, as silent as an Indian, and, according to his aunts in Caledoniaville, of an affectionate disposition. His people started him in a bank in the far West, and Jimsy went with him. But the bank was only "held up" twice, so Loch found it dull, and went. He took Jimsy. Then—it happened some years ago—he enlisted in Somebody's Horse, and went to South Africa for the war. He took Jimsy. When I say that he took Jimsy, I mean it; he took him as a cyclone takes a barn-roof.

They and a man from Wolf Creek were separated from their troop, held a kopje for a week, were captured by an angry commando, escaped, and arrived in Kimberley in nice time for the siege. When the war was over, the man from Wolf Creek took up land in Natal to raise pineapples. Jimsy rather liked the idea of pineapples; but Loch was gathered in by the railway, and took Jimsy. When I say the railway, I mean the Great Railway, vision of a great man. Their work pushed them farther and farther north into a new Africa, an enchanted Africa of high forest and grass-plain, of a vertical sun and frosty nights. They learned the blessing and the bitterness of work. They lived through that rainy season, which came a month late, when the green jungle grew over the right of way, as it seemed, in a night, and the elephants tore down the telegraph-wires, and the fever followed the rain, and the black men grew weary of cutting and carrying fuel, so sat them down and died. Jimsy was clever at many things; he was given charge of a siding, a telegraph-instrument, six account-books, and two assistants of sorts. Loch had no gift but that of handling men, which made him so

much more valuable than Jimsy that he was presently put in charge at Gondoko. For one dry season they saw nothing of each other. Jimsy bullied his assistants, collected butterflies, and thought of Loch. Loch did not think nearly as much of Jimsy; he was too busy.

But every Saturday night he went into Gondoko and wired Jimsy, "Are you all right, Kid?"

"All right, Loch."

Then would follow gossip of the great line—lions, a washout, a plague of witch-doctors. But the end was as invariable as the beginning: "Let me know if you want me, Kid, and I 'll come."

"All right, Loch."

"So long, Jimsy."

"Good night, Gondoko."

Then Loch would stumble to his mud-and-iron hut and sleep in peace, a gun loaded with bird-shot under his head in case of leopards.

The second year of his sojourning, Loch had trouble with jujus, more trouble than usual. He also had fever worse than usual; but the jujus worried him most. No. 537, pulling out from a siding, had cut down a string stretched across the line, from which fluttered a red rag and two guinea-fowl feathers. As a result, the black people fled to their forests, and the woodpiles shrank to nothing. Fuel had to be brought from afar until the juju was pacified, which took time. There is no space to tell how Loch managed this by setting up an opposition juju, in the constitution of which a home-made magic-lantern played a chief part. But he went into Gondoko one Saturday night with the happy knowledge that he had put the fear of all the devils into his section, and that the woodpiles at the side of the railroad grew like mushrooms.

It was the third week of the stormy season, and Loch was soaked in fever; the juju war had tired him in body and soul. He looked at the sky, and as he looked, the moon showed like a plunging white disk amid driving steam; he thought how often he had seen it so above the northern lakes of his boyhood, when the first snow came down from the north and the wild geese had flown south. But Huron's cold surf was far from the station at Gondoko, and the glimmer of light shone only on the nameless uplands, the drenched scrub of the north; and southward, welt on welt, league on league, the roll of the African forest like a sea.

His right-hand man, an escaped convict, met him, and touched his cap.

"A call from Mr. Lewis, sir," he said.

Loch frowned. He had forgotten it was Saturday night, forgotten Jimsy, forgotten everything but his own overwhelming need of food and sleep. The ground rocked under his feet, and the ex-convict wavered like smoke.

"Did he leave any message?"

The ex-convict, who was also a deserter, saluted.

"No, sir. In fact, something 's wrong with the line. Probably helephants, sir. Williams took it, but nothing come through but the word 'Lewis,' sir, and the Gondoko call."

"Thank you." Loch went slowly to the iron shed, and sat down at the instrument. He called, "Lewis, Lewis, Lewis," in his clumsy fashion, now clumsier than usual in that his fingers seemed to be as big and stiff as pincushions. He called for several minutes, waited, and called again. He was beginning to forget about the fever and the weariness.

The instrument clattered, stammered, hesitated. At last came the answer, "Is that you, Gondoko?"

"Yes, Gondoko. Gondoko. Have you got that? Gondoko. Is that you, Jimsy? Jimsy, is that you?"

There was a space of meaningless clickings and stutterings; then suddenly, clear and sharp, "Loch, I want—" and then silence.

Loch sat for perhaps five minutes, patiently calling, but the silence was unbroken. He sat for another five minutes, thinking, and the burden of his thoughts was a white-headed little boy who used to follow him round the school playground, saying, "Loch, I want you, Loch." Often the little boy was smitten for his pains, but no other boy dared smite him. Loch went out on the platform and shouted. The convict-deserter, who was presently known as Hatch, came running.

"Is there anything with steam up?"

"No. 8, she has steam up." Hatch spoke proudly. No. 8 was a complex—compo—compound loco, collected from the scrap-heaps of half a continent, and put together at Gondoko. "She 's to

pull out, with sheet-iron for Banda, at midnight or thereabouts."

"Uncouple, then," said Loch, curtly, "I want her."

"Mr. Lewis in trouble, sir?"

"I 'm going to see." Loch spoke more curtly than ever, but his men knew him.

Hatch spoke persuasively.

"You 'd better have me to fire for you, sir. I 'm off duty, and there has n't been no variosity, sir, so to say, for a month."

Loch nodded.

"All right. And bring your twelve-bore."

Hatch beamed and fled. There were outcries and footsteps. Loch spent another five minutes thinking of the little boy who had grown into a young man, and who might have been peacefully and safely raising pineapples in Natal. He started as No. 8 swung on the switch and pulled up beside him, groaning in all her rivets, Hatch swinging joyously on the rickety foot-plate.

"Clear line for four hours, sir," said Hatch.

"We sha'n't need so much," answered Loch; and Hatch, seeing his face, said no more, but went through silent movements of whistling.

They crawled out of Gondoko, clattering and banging. The open line lay before them as straight as a ruler, between walls of forest, varied only by the paths of the wood-cutters. Outside the radius of No. 8's headlight was a swinging, uncertain darkness. Loch steadily put the throttle over, and Hatch whistled again.

Presently he had no time even to whistle. He was stoking furiously. No. 8 roared up the line, rocking over the faulty riveting like a ship on a wave. Her ill-assorted parts groaned and rattled as if they would fly apart. Loch, peering through the glass, saw nothing but the reeling glimmer of steel running liquidly toward him, heard nothing but a boy's voice crying: "Loch, where are you, Loch? Loch, I want you." But Hatch had time to hear many things, for he knew and revered No. 8.

" 'Ard on the old lady, this is," he said to himself, brushing the sweat out of his eyes.

A squall drove down, blinding the glass, and sending a surf of mud into the cab. It ended in a roll of thunder like the roll of a war drum, and lightning that splashed on the rails like a thrown egg. It showed the forest and the sky, violet-white picked out in jet. Then the darkness shut down again so swiftly that Hatch winced as he had not from the flash. But Loch's steady hand did not move on the throttle.

" 'Ard on the old lady," muttered Hatch again, mournfully. "I knew this was a bad bit o' track, but she 's runnin' as if her wheels was square."

The rain ended, the thunder rolled into the distance, but still, at regular intervals, the world was dipped and drenched in the unbearable brilliance of the lightning. Hatch began nervously to time the flashes. He saw a vivid vision of little buildings, the iron roofs blazing like silver, streaming past, and of the black silhouettes of the men on the platform. He saw the dripping leaves flashing back the electricity like looking-glass. He saw a sinuous shadow that shrank and fled by the left driving-wheel. " 'Passengers,' " he said, " 'is forbidden to cross the line except by the over'ead bridge,' but this ain't the London and Southwestern, thank Gord!" He took a glance at the gage, and stoked, stoked, stoked. His mouth was so tightly screwed into the form of whistling it seemed unlikely ever to come unscrewed. It was quite stiff when he ventured to address Loch's immovable back.

"Lions is out," roared Hatch, "or something."

Loch caught the words, and nodded over his shoulder. The grade was mounting, and No. 8 rattled and rocked worse than ever. They were both powdered white to the hair with wood-ash. Loch's face looked gray in the lightning flash, his every nerve and sinew strained to the snapping-point, as he strove to fire the clamoring iron beneath him with the hurry of his own soul. The wheels sang monotonously:

"I want you, Loch. I want you, Loch."

"I 'm coming, Jimsy," he answered. "I 'm coming, Jimsy, as fast as I can." He did not know that he spoke aloud. The fever ran over him in waves, and at the crest of every wave was a picture—a picture of Jimsy, deserted and stricken with illness; a picture of Jimsy sitting bowed over the telegraph-instrument, speared through the heart, as he had once seen a man sit; a picture of Jimsy injured,

Drawn by H. J. Mowat

"SOME ONE WAS KNEELING OVER HIM, . . . AND PRESENTLY HE SAW THAT IT WAS HATCH"

of Jimsy possibly poisoned, of Jimsy most impossibly drowned. He shut his eyes an instant, groaning, "I 'm coming, Jimsy, I 'm coming—" And on the words came the crash.

It was a crash too great for the senses —a crash that struck at life itself, maiming and bruising it. Loch plunged downward into rushing darkness, full of burning steel, steam, wood-coals, and flashes of fire and lightning. He seemed suddenly to grow into something very small and

light, which floated in the reeling dark for a long, long time. Then something sprang out of the dark and hit him. The last thing he saw was a blaze of white light and a tuft of grass, very clear and distinct, with a huge silver moth clinging in the heart of it.

He came to himself in darkness, but it was a darkness blessedly cool and wet. Some one was kneeling over him, striking my mouth full of sand and things. Probably beetles."

Loch stretched out a hand slowly, and gasped at the pain.

"What 's happened?" he asked.

"Wreck, sir." The lightning glared in the southwest, and Hatch bent over him, very gently wiping his face with a lump of cotton-waste.

"Wreck?"

Drawn by H. J. Mowat

"'I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME. AND SO I CAME—I CAME—AS FAST AS I COULD'"

matches, and presently he saw that it was Hatch. The match-light flared pink for an instant, and showed the convict's face, black and grimy save for two little white patches under the eyes, which were glaring at Loch indignantly.

Loch sought for words, but for a time could n't remember what he wanted to say.

"Hatch, your face looks kind of lopsided—"

"Thank you, sir." Hatch's voice was piercingly sarcastic. "Which it ain't wonderful, sir, considering I fell on it. And

"Yes. Young tree across the line; probably lightning, as it was all afire. No. 8, sir,"—Hatch's voice broke,—"there ain't enough of her left to make a penny toy." Loch lay still, trying to steady himself.

"Is the line clear?"

"As far as I can see,—darm it! I can't stop your 'ead bleeding!—No. 8, she kicked the tree off, and then fell on top of it herself. We must have flew like birds."

"And how long have I been lying here?"

"Probably forty minutes, but there 's no knowing. Just beyond Banda we are,

and we 'll have to walk back. And the woods is fair crawling with things. Probably ferocious."

"My fault, Hatch—"

"Shut your 'ead!" Hatch swabbed away with the cotton-waste. "Why—why, my lad, I thought you was done for." His voice broke again, and he pulled himself together. "Now, if you think you can get up, with the 'elp of my arm—"

Loch staggered to his feet. The night swung about him, pierced with fires of pain. He thought it was the earth that reeled, and did not know that Hatch was holding him erect by main strength. He took a few steps, and a little strength came back.

"That 's better, sir," said Hatch, who had again taken refuge in sarcasm. "Keep it up, and we 'll be in Banda for lunch."

"Banda?" said Loch. "Oh, but we 're not going back to Banda, Hatch. We 're going on."

"Going on—"

"Why, yes. Can't you tie that stuff round my head? Take the sleeve of my coat, then."

"The sleeve 's wet too. You 're pretty well cut about. I 'll rip out mine. Did I understand you to say, sir, as we were going on to Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes. It 's not much farther than Banda. I 'll be all right."

Hatch opened his mouth, gasped, and was silent. The situation was beyond speech, even beyond swearing. Loch interpreted his silence.

"You need n't come, Hatch," he said quietly.

Hatch found his voice.

"Thank you, sir," he replied bitterly. "My neck is to be broke', and I 'm to be insulted into the bargain. And well you know that I don't care a darm for lions or niggers, but only for the 'orrible crawly things that drops on you. And probably stingers." He carefully adjusted the bandage round Loch's head. "Stingers. And probably down your back."

Loch laughed croakily.

"Tie the other sleeve round your neck, and come on."

He turned up the long track, wondering why ties were so hard to walk on, and why they seemed to be set at such irregular intervals, two short steps and a long, two long steps and a short, a rest. "Loch, I want you. Loch, I want you"—he heard nothing but that, saw nothing but the glimmer of the wet steel he must follow. And Hatch, after one wild gesture that took to witness the flashing sky, the wet woods, and the ruins of No. 8 fuming by the right of way, limped after him, his mouth screwed into a dolorous whistle.

A FAIR young man, with nice blue eyes, was sitting at a table, pleasantly and peacefully sticking dead beetles on pins. The light of a shaded lamp shone on his quick fingers, on the jeweled wing-cases of his prey, and out of the screened window before him in a long beam. Now and then he murmured Latin words, and scribbled on little slips of paper. A fox-terrier and a black boy lay asleep in one corner of the room.

Suddenly the black boy sprang up, and the dog began barking furiously, and there came into the room what might have been the blood-stained ghosts of two men.

"Loch!" cried Jimsy, and leaped forward.

But Loch held him off.

"So you are all right?" he said thickly. "Sure you 're all right, Jimsy? I saw you—through the window."

"Of course I 'm all right, old man," said Jimsy, staring blankly.

"But your message?"

"My message, Loch? Good heavens! I only wired to ask you to send me up a bit of glass for my new butterfly-case. And the wire gave out half-way through. Loch, I say—Loch!"

Loch began to laugh with relief; it was a queer laugh that shook him from head to foot, and he held to the table for support.

"But what 's happened?" begged Jimsy. "What have you been doing? Loch!"

"Nothing 's happened, Kid," said Loch. soothingly. "Only I thought you wanted me. And so I came—I came—as fast as I could."

"Look out, sir," cried Hatch, sharply. But the table was in the way, and Jimsy was not quick enough to catch Loch. It was into Hatch's arms that he fell.

AT THE EBB-TIDE

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

Author of "A Venezuelan Gavroche," etc.

"ALL ready, sir," bawled the first officer. The captain waved his hand from the bridge, and on the instant came the muffled splash from under the bows, and then the hoarse rattle of chain; a Chilian sailor touched a burning rope's-end to the old-fashioned brass cannon, and sluggishly the *Mopucha* swung round with the coastwise set of the tide. Already the little port boat was half-way from shore, and presently the saddle-colored port-officer and the doctor climbed the side-ladder, and with a puffy dignity followed the captain into the chart-house. A few minutes later they reappeared, followed by the hopeless captain. The latter turned to the group of passengers.

"Quarantine again; five days, maybe a week or two."

A tattered Chilian ran a huge yellow flag up the foremast while the saddle-colored officials were pulled ashore, and then for five slow days under the tropic sun we watched the squat, gaudy port of call blister on the edge of the South American desert, and all because of two Chilian sailors down with malarial fever in a slimy barricade between-decks that did duty as the ship's hospital. The purser hunted up the key to the big chicken-coop aft, and the Chinamen of the deck steerage chattered in angry groups; for it is the pleasant rule of the boat to collect a shilling a day demurrage from the steerage and half a sovereign from first-class passengers; and when the Chinamen, thrifty and assertive, refuse to pay, it is the duty of the purser, assisted by a tattered gang of Chilians from the forecastle, to lock them in the chicken-coop until they do.

For five days we shriveled in the heat, and then the port-officer added two more for good measure, while the doctor sold us medicines, and the port-officer collected commissions on the supplies that were ordered by the string of flags at the masthead, and delivered by means of a small ship's boat anchored midway between the ship and the shore. Thirty days out from the Boca at Panama, and Callao not yet in prospect!

In the slow monotony of this dot-and-carry-one voyage, with the endless, heated blue overhead and the sluggish Pacific swells beneath, every diffident stranger of that first supper aboard at the Boca was now a long-standing intimate. Caste, custom, and convention faded away, and naught remained but a polyglot fraternity that ran from the deck steerage to the chart-house, and included all but the chattering Chinamen and the crew; and a dozen port-officers had been successively damned by us in as many varieties of vernacular.

As the yellow flag at last came down, a score of clumsy *lanchas,* propelled by twenty-foot sweeps, like galleys, and looking like nothing so much as a fleet of gigantic water-bugs, crawled alongside. The steam-winches at the port hatches banged and clattered all day, until, in the mellow tropical evening, the *Mopucha* began preparing to get under way. The last *lancha,* piled with the baggage on which the owners sat, made fast; a cask used as a chair clattered from the winch, and one by one, deck and cabin passengers, were hoisted in. A light westerly breeze, which scarcely rippled the surface on the ground-swell, was all that stirred, yet it banked up the swells until the racks had been on the tables for the noon breakfast, and in the distance the desert coast was fanged with a white, angry surf.

From the upper deck the passengers of the first cabin observed the new arrivals as they were swung through the after side hatch. The last to come, a woman in a yellow satin and black lace dress, and with a dull-black rebozo over her head, spoiled, shabby finery, and bedraggled with the salt surf, stepped easily into the cask. A copper-colored *lanchero* passed up to her a small child gay with fluttering ribbons and the fluffy clothes of Spanish childhood, the donkey-engine rattled, and an instant later they were aboard.

"I see we 've got Chiquitita, Captain," called the first officer from the overhang of the bridge.

The dreary, coast-dulled captain nodded.

"Tell Mr. McCampbell he knows the orders."

McCampbell was the purser, a Chilian of four generations who spoke no word of English, and who fatuously believed he had inherited a fine Anglo-Saxon phlegm.

"Who 's Chiquitita, Captain?" inquired one of the group.

"Chiquitita? Most everybody on this coast knows 'er from Punta Arenas clear up to Guayaquil. 'Er in the yeller dress what 's just come on. I d' know rightly whether she 's Roosian 'r English 'r Scandahoovian; she ain't Spanish. Speaks English like you 'r me,—better English 'n Spanish, they say,—and she 's got about as bad a reputation as there is on the coast. Got caught once robbin' a state-room, or as good as caught, and since then none o' the boats 'll take her except deck steerage. That 's what I was reminding McCampbell of."

On the west coast it is deck steerage or first cabin; there is no intermediate.

The captain climbed to the bridge, while the first officer went forward to heave the anchor short. The young engineer and the grandson of an archdeacon went into the smoking-room to play chess, while the rest scattered or drifted aft to where a rope, stretched across the deck between the port and starboard chicken-coops, marked off the steerage. The Chinamen were squatting about the ship's iron pots, from which they filled their little bowls; farther aft a gaudily ponchoed crowd of natives amiably dipped from a single pot, scorning the exotic niceties of individual platters. Their general baggage made a low barrier down the length of the after deck; on the starboard side were gathered the women and children. Down below were the nominal sleeping-quarters, rancid and stifling, while here on deck were established little plats of ponchos and vicugna rugs that marked the precincts of inviolable households.

The woman in the yellow satin dress was busy arranging with her baggage a niche for herself and the child. From a corded rawhide pack-trunk she produced a couple of plates and a bowl of native-beaten silver, and on these coasts of Pizarro and the Incas silver is no sign of luxury. A half-naked Chilian sailor climbed through the companionway from below with a steaming iron pot, and was surrounded by a crowd of squealing, clattering native women and children; after him appeared one of the cabin stewards with a smaller pot, which he delivered to the woman in the yellow satin.

The purser strolled up, looking them over impersonally. He glanced at the woman, and then his eye fell on the child, who was curiously and gravely surveying the Chinamen knitting with their chopsticks and bowls.

"Pobrecita!" he said softly.

At that moment the woman called, and the child, fluttering happily, danced back. Its foot caught in the cloth on which the Chinamen had been playing some curious game with their narrow ebony cards and where their bean counters still lay in respective groups; the child stumbled, and the little heaps and ebony strips were scattered.

A shrill Chinaman aimed a kick at the baby figure with his naked foot; the communal pot was overturned in a squealing, angry confusion. In an instant the woman in the yellow satin dress had passed the low barrier of baggage; her rebozo had fallen back and revealed in full the dry, flaxen hair, the hard lines and the patches of raw, cheap rouge that even the heavy coating of powder failed to soften. There was a swift movement, a brief flash of stocking, and a gun swept the air as she jerked the shrill Chinaman to his feet by the collar of his formless blouse. The gun descended, and a dazed Chinaman dropped to the deck with his cheek-bone laid open from the blow. The rest of the group fell back before the ominous click of the cocked revolver as with the other hand she raised the child—it was scarcely more than a baby—to its feet, and backed off to the little niche among the piled baggage.

It was all past before the purser was half-way over the stretched rope barrier. The Chinese *patron* came forward, and there was a few moments of angry chattering. But the man who has the power to lock you in a chicken-coop unless you give him a shilling a day is too powerful a being to be trifled with, and McCamp-

bell, to emphasize how trivial a matter were a few scattered ebonies and beans, kicked half of them overboard. McCampbell liked children with a democratic fondness that was as remote from the Latin as his name.

But the half-breed children stopped their feeding long enough to chant in a merciless, derisive refrain, *"Pu-teetah! Pu-teetah! Pu-teetah!"* the ribald diminutive of the most ancient of professions. The child, young as it was, shrank into the folds of the yellow satin. It was the tone, the hostile jeer, that made the unmeaning word a whip of scorpions to the tender years. Here and there on the after deck a face sneered with an idle contempt —the unimaginative scorn of the sodden lucky for the outcast and the helpless.

The woman in the yellow dress shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, —one cannot fight an army of ants,—and stooped to refasten the gun in its garter holster; she caressed the child a brief moment and, as she straightened up, with the baby fingers still clinging to hers, the fading light of evening, mingling with the swaying lantern overhead, showed a face softened and human with helpless, unselfish suffering.

McCampbell was climbing back over the rope, buttoning in his waistband as he did so a little pink, pearl-handled revolver.

"Caramba!" he remarked, *"Chiquitita está una diabla pintada!"*

"A painted devil," repeated one of the group absently. "Did you see that look just now? But what a chance for a kid! What show has it got!"

He had imagination, that man; yet he was a gambler, not of the old Mississippi River kind, or the modern prototype who works the big Atlantic steamers. He had run a house in Dawson, Nome, Goldfield, and Frisco, and now he was backer for a string of them. Incidentally he never played poker himself; the most he would do was a game of "koon-can" at ten cents a corner.

The ship's bell began to chime forward, and was lost in the immediate bugle-call that brought the scattered passengers converging to the companion that led to the dining-hall. The captain listened indifferently as he heard of Chiquitita and the Chinaman; the boy surgeon, fresh from a ilian medical school, chattered volubly with the purser over contused, incised, and punctured wounds; and old Goya, a second *Sancho Panza,* who had a cacao plantation back of Coquimbo, gave a disconnected report on Chiquitita and the coast rumors.

Presently on the cleared tables began the regular evening poker and "rocambor," while in the tiny smoking-room on the upper deck went on the continuation of the never-finished chess. From the after deck came the low thrumming of native-made guitars and the droning native songs, with simple reiterations that are rooted in the pre-Inca days. That evening there was no koon-can; instead, the koon-can player was located in one of the canvas deck chairs near the rope barrier, enticing a small, barefooted, blonde baby in a scandalously wispy night-dress to violate the sacred steerage regulations and join him. His scanty Spanish words, picked up on the voyage, reduced him to her level of childish vocabulary, and when she also found him responsive to her primitive English, understanding and confidence developed rapidly.

The woman in the yellow satin dress was dim in the shadows from the swaying lantern overhead. Presently she sauntered idly over to the rail, and then drifted over to the rope. She lighted a cigarette; in the flare of the match the man saw her eyes fixed upon him in scrutiny. Misunderstanding, his jaw hardened; self-conscious, his little playing became awkward; he placed the child upon the deck.

"Catuca"—tenderness softened the hard voice of the wearer of the yellow satin dress—*"Catuca mia,* it is time—"

Obediently the child let the big hand go, and pattered across the deck.

"Your kid?" asked the man.

Hard and uncertain, she read in his voice a sneer; moreover to travel deck steerage by compulsion of a reputation that ran up and down two thousand miles of coast breeds irritation.

"What 's that to you?" she retorted truculently.

The man laughed contemptuously at the wanton insolence. Then he changed abruptly.

"I want to give the kid a chance," he said. "What will you sell her for?"

For answer the woman lifted the child gently in her arms, and strode off into the

dim shadows of the lantern. Its uncertain high lights occasionally fell on the yellow satin dress, and presently there came the sound of sleepy baby gurglings. Very shortly they ceased, and the woman reappeared at the rope. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"So you want to buy the kid, eh?" she sneered. "It is n't often I see a gringo down this way, so I don't mind talking. So 's to give it a chance!" She laughed scornfully. "Say, bo, before I sell that kid 'r give it up, somebody 'll cross my dead body, see?"

There was no doubt of the captain's statement that she spoke English better than Spanish; it was good New Yorkese.

"Yes," repeated the man, "to give her a chance—the chance you never had, or, if you did, you chucked."

"That kid 'll have its chance—education, clothes, money. I guess you know I don't travel deck because I 'm broke'."

"Yes, and after education, clothes, and money, what? What can you give it or keep it from?"

The woman seated herself on the rope. "It 'll have a better chance than its mother gave it," she said coolly. "No, I ain't its mother; she was a fool girl that came down here with a gringo show. She 's dead, and the kid would have been dead, too, or rollin' in the mud along of greaser 'r Cholo kids in one of these coast towns if it had n't been for me. And say, what that kid thinks of me—you saw, did n't you?" She broke off abruptly.

"Some day it 'll know what to think. Let me give it a chance," said the man with grim appeal.

She heard and flinched; her voice stirred with a dwarfed and stunted passion; she was defending as with a blind, primal instinct her right to love—a squalid tragedy. What she said made no difference; it was a maudlin jumble, yet through it all ran an incoherent affection and the pitiful, defensive consciousness, from which she savagely shrank, that it tainted what it touched.

"Maybe it 's pretty decent of you, and maybe it ain't—I don't care," she concluded; "but that kid 's mine, and I 'd like to see the one that 'll get it except over my dead body. And that goes as it lays, see?" She rose, and disappeared in the shadows of the after deck.

"Poor little kid!" said the man, slowly.

He sat back in the canvas chair and lit a cigar. He sat thoughtfully for a long time. The archdeacon's grandson and the engineer finished the last chess for that night, and stepped out on deck. Seeing him aft, they dragged along chairs and seated themselves alongside. Presently the rocambor broke up, and a German drummer for a commission house; old Goya, the cacao-planter; Palacios, the guano-shipper; and Padre Diego, an Ecuadorian refugee whose mild features and round head scarcely looked the value in silver that a revolutionary government had once put upon them, came up from below for the final evening smoke. The steady *chunk* and sleepy clamor of the engines rose monotonously from below; the after deck was quiet except for a few groups chattering in low tones as they passed round a bottle of vicious *cañassa*. The idea was still in the man's mind. He was the first to speak.

"Say, it 's mighty tough being a kid like that—" he nodded his head toward the deck steerage—"without a chance, and then grow up."

"Rotten, I say—what," observed the Englishman, sympathetically.

"Ferry ligely," added the German, indifferently. He translated for the benefit of the others. They puffed on their Peruvian cheroots idly; it had not been worth translating.

"Yes," went on the man, idly, "the world 's pretty tough on a girl kid. Somehow a fellow can pull out some way, and pretty near any time, too, if he 's got it in him; but a girl kid! If she gets started wrong, it don't seem that there 's any way back for them, even when they grow up and get brains. The brains don't help 'em none, either. Curious, ain't it? You 'd think they would."

"If there is n't morals, there is n't brains," said the engineer, sententiously; "it takes brains to be moral."

"Say," returned the other, "forget it, friend. Did you ever hear of the Spanish prisoner game, or the 'sick engineer' proposition? Pretty slick brains, and not much morals, eh?" He straightened up briskly and chuckled reminiscently; he had been dangerously near preaching or sentiment, awkward things. "There 's another game that has n't much morals,

but considerable brains, and it was a woman worked it out, too.

"Of course it 's a scandalous thing sitting here and telling you gentlemen about a crook, and a woman crook at that, but brains is brains, and maybe if any one of us had the luck to be the daughter of a fence, we 'd have had a different set of lights to live up to. It makes a whole lot of difference whether you 're helping mother cook the Sunday dinner or helping her to slip monogrammed spoons into the melting-pot. She had just the ideas you might expect; but that 's beside the point. Well, anyway, after she 'd grown up, she and her side-partner had a run of bad luck. On that side of the world it 's always a feast or a famine, and this was one of the famine times. There was n't enough in their bank-roll to lay out much of a plant, and it 's the same there as anywhere: it takes money to make money. Besides, you 've always got to have the ready for emergencies—a quick get-away even if there 's no haul.

"It was the girl that furnished the brains; she 'd been doing a quiet spell of thinking, and finally she hit it. 'I 've got it,' she says to Jim, her side-partner; 'I guess you can be fixed up so 's to pass for the bug-house,' she says. He looked a bit startled, but when she unfolded some more, it sure showed up as a neat operation. He had to be crazy, so she could take out papers committing him as dangerous, he being willing in a lucid moment, so as to make it easy. He was n't enough of an actor, so she had him sit down one night beside the rum demon and stay with it. Curious enough, he was n't a drinking man at all.

"You can guess how he looked the next morning. Chalk-faced 'n' hot-eyed, twitchy 'n' shaky generally, a nice dry parchment tongue, and all the symptoms of a joyous evening the night before. He was sure a ringer for a melancholic that was liable to break loose and commit anything. A lawyer drew up the commitment papers for her, the court gave a look at Jim, who nodded his head when they asked him if he was willing,—it was the only acting he had to do,—and the two sailed out with a fine set of genuine commitment papers that would stand any acid.

"Her side-partner took a Turkish bath and a dose of bromide to straighten up while the girl was busy locating herself in one of those swell Madison Avenue boarding-houses, where it would n't be out of the way to have a private coupé with livery on the box to start out from for a drive. Then she hustled around to rent just that kind of a coupé. Finally she got what she wanted, the owner being in Europe, and the honest liveryman willing to turn an honest penny any old way, and Jim hiked out with her to one of those Broadway tailors and got an outfit of ready-made livery. She 'd insisted on having her own man on the box, being timid, as she explained to the stable-man. As a matter of fact, she was blinding the trail, so that later even the seventh son of a seventh son could n't pick it up, let alone just a plain headquarters man. The next morning the two got busy with the coupé.

"The private little coupé drew up outside of one of those solid brownstone-front houses in one of those solid brownstone streets. It looked like all the rest, except for bars half-way up the windows, and a bronze grating inside that you could see sometimes; it was one of those fancy private sanatoriums, very secretive and select. The girl disappeared inside,—she 'd written, making the appointment for herself,—and showed the commitment papers, and then got right down to business. Then came the song and dance.

"Her husband had become dangerous,—sometimes even she could not control him; he did n't know her,—and for her own life and her child's life she dared not wait, and she must place him in an institution. In a lucid interval he also had agreed to this. Of course she tried to control herself, but every now and then she broke down and cried a little. They had been so happy and so devoted, it was terrible. He had consented to commitment, and now it was gone from his mind; he would be violent. The doctor was very sympathetic; he suggested that they send for him; they were used to handling cases very tactfully. The girl was overcome at the thought. 'I could n't, oh, I could n't do that! I can bring him here,—he will think it is only a social call,—and then can he not be taken in charge so that I can slip away quickly?'

" 'Certainly,' said the doctor. 'All that will be necessary is for you to come to the

door,—you need not even enter,—and as your husband steps inside, my assistants will take him in charge at once. There will be no scene, believe me.' He pressed a button and explained to two of his staff, big, husky chaps in white jackets. So it was arranged, and she was to drive up somewhere between five and five fifteen that afternoon.

"That same afternoon a swell little coupé pulled up in front of a big jewelry shop, and the girl flitted inside, while Jim waited on the box around the corner along with a lot of real coachmen, waiting for his call. Did I say the girl was good-looking? Well, she was, peaches and cream, and hair always in a half-curling effect, and gushing over with the news that it was her birthday and that pa,—pa was evidently wealthy; one of those fellows that don't care how much they spend as long as it 's in the family,—and the clerk took it all in. Pa had given her money for her birthday—fifteen thousand. It was lovely; so much better than last year, when it was a lot of bonds or something that it was an awful time getting the money for. She trailed along the show-cases, dropping bits of family history and enthusiasm until finally she got settled in one of those private booths with quite a bunch of plunder spread out in front of her on the little table. She decided on about fifteen thousand dollars' worth or so, and then she had covetous eyes on one other piece, a sunburst or something that she just must have, too. It would run it up to somewhere around twenty thousand. If pa were only there, she just knew she could coax him; but she had an idea. She looked at her watch; it was after half-past four. Pa would be home, and why not bring it up with the rest? And she just knew he 'd get her that, too. Of course they 'd have to send up, anyway, because she would n't think of carrying so much money with her, and her carriage was waiting outside, and their clerk could go right up with her and save time.

"Well, the clerk saw the manager, and he saw some one else, and in the end the clerk helped the girl into the coupé, and climbed in after, with the whole lot done up in a nice case, and they started up-town. Jim, on the box, headed for the sanatorium, and stopped all nice and sedate before it. The clerk helped the girl out; she was carrying the package, girl-like and enthusiastic. Why not? There was n't anything to suspect in a lone girl and a peach at that, and they went up the steps together. A butler opened the door in advance, the girl turned for a second to call down to the coachman, and motioned the clerk to enter. He stepped in without a thought. And that was the last the girl ever saw of him."

He had finished.

"By Jove! that was clever, I say, what!" remarked the Englishman.

The engineer nodded.

"Some scheme that; fits together like a puzzle and perfectly automatic."

"Ah, you Americans!" The German gracefully complimented the race that produced such genius. But Goya, Palacios, and the padre were peacefully asleep.

Unnoticed in the night, the woman in the yellow satin dress had seated herself on the rope; she leaned forward tensely.

"Jim," she called hoarsely. "Jim, oh, Jim!"

The Englishman and the engineer stiffened suddenly in their canvas chairs; the German misunderstood. "Get oudt!" he said contemptuously. The engineer prodded him with his elbow.

"Shut up!" he whispered.

The man looked over, startled.

"So you were the girl that turned that trick!" he said. "Curious, ain't it, what a small world it is in the long run? But I 'm not Jim."

"Not Jim!" she retorted cynically. "Why, that game was only played once. You 've got it down pretty fine; how did you know? Turned nice and respectable, maybe."

"No," he went on, "I 'm not Jim; I 'm the chap that rode up-town in the coupé with you. It was four days before they 'd listen to me. The firm gave me a year's vacation with pay, and then fired me. I got a fair settlement from the sanatorium for false imprisonment. I thought I was down and out, but as a matter of fact it gave me my start. On the whole, you and Jim did me a pretty fair turn; but I did n't think so at the time." He held out his hands palms down, and moved ten supple fingers under the faint light from the lantern. "I guess you 've forgotten," he added.

"That 's right; I 'd forgotten. It 's a long time back now, ain't it?" she returned. "That 's right; Three-fingered Jim he was."

"I met Jim, and we never knew each other. Funny, was n't it?" he resumed. "Well, we sort of drifted together, and by and by ran a game,—it was better than prospecting,—and that was the beginning. By and by I learned what I 've been telling. Jim got lost in a rush for a new camp somewhere—some misunderstanding, I never rightly knew what. He was always on the level with me. Funny how we come together, ain't it? It ain't much of a world, is it, it 's so little?"

For a moment there was silence; then the woman's voice broke in. It held a queer note, an odd, hard forlornness; this little link with the past that had brushed into view brought up the forgotten decades in a condensed vision.

"And I thought you was Jim—and Jim dead! It 's a long time now, ain't it? Say, you don't know how thinking you was Jim gave me a turn—and those days. Billy McGlory's, Tom Gould's, and me a kid in Bleecker Street with old Mother Hackelbaum, and watching her jew over the swag o' nights. Nice chance for a girl, was n't it! Jim dead, nice and respectable, and me knocking up and down the coast deck steerage. *Madre de Dios!* I never had no chance." She broke off abruptly.

"No," said the man, swiftly as he shot a gesture toward the after deck, "and that kid will be saying the same some day, and there won't be anything but spiggoties to listen."

The woman straightened with a sudden movement.

"That kid—say, have n't I got no rights? Do you know what a baby is to a woman? No one 'll touch that kid except over—" She paused. "Why, there is n't any one 'll do for that kid what I would; I 'll give it its chance all right, all right."

"Poor kid!" said the man, slowly.

"I thought you would n't understand. What do you want me to do? Wake it up an' put it in your arms now?" She laughed scornfully. "The kid 's yours, that 's all—to give it its chance, for there is n't none for it on this coast. The kid 's yours," she repeated hoarsely; "that 's all. No sentiment, no mush, no nothing. I just says the kid 's yours; it 's funny I don't feel queerer about it." The voice choked a little. "Maybe I 've thought like you have, too; it must be that. I 'll put it in your arms across the rope before I leave the boat to-morrow. Good night, bo."

She faded back into the shadows of the after deck. The little group separated for the night.

Late that night a disheveled figure crept irresolutely to the taffrail, and looked down on the boiling wake kicked up by the screw. Eight bells sounded like a chime from far forward, and the first officer, coming off watch, saw the figure slowly climb a coil of hawser and then, shuddering, stumble uncertainly back among the sleeping steerage and lie down once more by the tiny figure that sleepily nuzzled against the hardened throat and painted cheek with the great and aimless tenderness of baby love. Nor did the first officer hear the low sound that blended with the throbbings of the ship: it was a voice in Ramah.

At daybreak the next morning the *Mopucha* swung at anchor off Coquimbo. Back of a dozen or so gay-roofed houses, clustered thatched huts, interspersed with an occasional touch of irrigated green, rose the desert hills, where here and there little lines of burro pack-trains straggled down to the coast. At six o'clock a shabby port-officer was pulled out. He climbed the gangway and nodded grandly to old Goya, the cacao-planter, who was ready to go ashore, and passed into the chart-room with the captain. McCampbell winked.

"He can't read," he said. "Maybe we have no quarantine, or, if so, I fix it."

The port-officer and the captain emerged. "Quarantine—twenty-four hours," said the latter. The port-officer had been warned by telegraph.

McCampbell took him in tow, and presently from below came the pop of a champagne cork, and presently another. Almost as though signaled, a couple of *lanchas* crawled alongside, while the winches clattered and banged as the cargo was worked out; from the main deck McCampbell and the port-officer looked amiably down. The woman in the yellow

satin dress touched the former on the shoulder; she spoke rapidly in Spanish.

"*Bueno,*" he remarked; "it makes no difference. You paid to Callao; you lose."

Her shoulders moved in a tired shrug. "*No me importa nada*—what of it?"

But it was evening before a passenger might be landed; thus was the day of quarantine fulfilled. There were only two, old Goya and Chiquitita. At the foot of the side-ladder a discarded ship's dinghy rose and fell on the long swells, fended by a pair of dusty, desert-blown natives. Old Goya descended, and carefully seated himself in the stern; he gallantly spread a gaudy poncho on the weather-beaten thwart beside him. Chiquitita stepped deftly aboard on a rising swell. Her face was inscrutable as she carelessly scanned the faces that lined the rail. If it softened, no one knew, for it was masked in the gaiety of rouge and carmine, while the soft folds of the rebozo hid the sobbing play of the muscles of the throat, maybe.

From the upper deck the passengers watched them off. Between the koon-can player and the grandson of an archdeacon was a tiny baby figure against the rail, gay with fluttering ribbons and the fluffy clothes of Spanish childhood, while one hand bravely clutched a finger of the koon-can player. The pale, frightened little face was set, with tremulous lips and humid eyes, which followed a dusty, discarded ship's dinghy as it crawled across the long swells. What the baby eyes saw in that discarded dinghy and mellow evening glow only God knows.

But the rest of the upper deck saw nothing but a tawdry, yellow satin dress close to a fat little cacao-planter from back of Coquimbo who had money.

DUBLIN

BY BRAND WHITLOCK

I HAVE a friend, an intermittent philosopher, who in moments of reflective calm preaches contentment to those who live in dull provincial towns. The other evening he pleased himself greatly by striking out a rather fine phrase. "Peoria," he said, "is as big as New York, and a country cross-road 's as big as either."

He, however, lives in New York, and this expression of his taste, while it need not vitiate his large and profound generalization, indicates a distinction which mankind somehow persists in making.

There is, to be sure, a sense in which one city is all cities, since all have the same problems, all live and grow by the same general, though obscure, laws, and all at last come to the same end of death and taxes. But while fundamentally alike, cities, nevertheless, are individual, and among them there are those that impress us by a peculiar and fascinating personality; they have for us the interest which among men envelops great personages. In a more general sense they may be well governed and orderly, like the cities of Germany; or picturesque, like the cities of Italy; or vivacious, like the cities of France; or heavy, like the cities of England; or nervous and bustling, like the cities of America: but these are only the broad and tentative beginnings of a classification which cannot, I suppose, be carried out with any scientific accuracy. It would not do to attempt to classify them according to their forms of government. The four or five large cities of my own State of Ohio, for instance, while governed by a uniform code, nevertheless by their local customs somehow burst the bonds of this law asunder, and each to a degree has its own informal and individual code.

And then there are curious paradoxes in cities. For instance, the German cities have, I suppose, according to the ideas of our own municipal reformers at least, about the worst form of government in the world, a cumbrous, complicated bureaucracy, centuries old; and yet they are undoubtedly the most efficiently governed cities in the world. But there is a quality which they lack, and by that one may dis-

tinguish those towns he loves among the cities of his acquaintance. It is the quality of charm.

THE CHARM OF DUBLIN

Now, to me at least, Dublin possesses this rare and delicate property, and she is the only city among those I have visited in the British Isles that has it. London has an immense and fascinating interest, and Glasgow is marvelous in its realization of democracy in government, while Edinburgh, a reactionary and incorrigible stand-patter among municipalities, is distinguished by romance and beauty. But of them all Dublin alone has charm. It is a quality which the wise man, jealous of the illusions of which life is too eager to strip him, will not attempt to define; it is too rare, too delicate, too evanescent. Perhaps, if it could be defined, it would vanish with the illusion that creates it. It is with cities as with women, to whom the poets have sometimes likened those cities they love: they have charm or they have it not. There is no accounting for it, just as there is no accounting for tastes: it is, or it is not; it exists for some and not for others. "I can't understand what you see in *her,*" your dull and unimaginative companion will amaze you by exclaiming.

As the metropolis of a nation that no longer has a capital, Dublin expresses the various attributes of a race which for eight centuries has withstood the efforts of England to subdue and absorb it, and with an amazing vitality has retained its own characteristics; and it stands pre-eminent and unique among cities, since its lord mayor is the first citizen of his land. To see the sun break out of the clouds and flood with light St. Stephen's Green, sparkling with the rain that only a moment since was falling, is to have a visible symbol of its whimsical character.

"O Ireland!" exclaimed my poetic friend O'Farrell, glad to be home again, as we witnessed this pretty phenomenon, "always between a smile and a tear!"

Perhaps its charm is some mystic element of the pathos that has been inseparable from the tragedy of Irish history, the affection of a vague pity which the city would be the first to scorn, though the wit and humor and the careless freedom of its people contribute their part as well. As is inevitable with any people who have felt the oppression of alien and extrinsic government, it thinks lightly of the laws it had no part in making, and yet it is a very shrine of reverence and devotion. Thus the spirit of Dublin is profound, as profound as the deeps in the native of this lovely land, the very eidolon of this sad and happy, this fierce and kindly, this bold and gentle, proud, humorous, sensitive, hospitable people. Do not their very songs, the lightest of them, all quaver off in the end to that weird and melancholy chord which once was swept from the five insufficient strings of the old Irish harp? Certain, too, it is that the atmosphere of this old town is filled with the haunting tragedy of her history; and yet in these times there is a new and wistful longing, the quivering new hope in the renaissance of the old land.

"Remain long in Dublin, if you wish to know her," to me said Mr. Thomas M. Kettle, one of the brilliant young men of Ireland, whose wit and humor are much missed these days from the Nationalist benches in the House of Commons. "Stop here three days, and you 'll think you know her; stop a fortnight, and doubts will arise; and soon you will discover that a lifetime is all too short to understand her."

To an American who has known Ireland only from her pathetic story, the sentimental songs, the reminiscences of her immigrants, the witty sayings of her exiled sons, their astounding facility in politics, and the fine indignant enthusiasm of Irish meetings when the envoys come to speak of home rule, this Dublin must always have a singular and absorbing interest. He will behold in her the capital of that race which politically is perhaps the most efficient and brilliant in the world, and he will be stirred by memories and vicarious emotions as keen as though they were his own. Perhaps he will value her all the more because she is really so difficult of access.

I shall not forget my sensations that black night on the Royal Mail packet, plunging like a torpedo-boat awash through those angry waves, when suddenly I remembered that I was on the Irish Sea, and recalled how Phineas Finn had the immemorial dread of that rude

passage. He was not the man, or half so capable a representative of his country, as were the Irish M.P.'s I knew,—Redmond and O'Connor and McGhee and Hazleton,—but I had known him earlier, and I could sentimentalize him and dramatize him until memories were too suggestive, and other sensations came, physical and, for a while one might almost say, mortal. But I had had my laugh with the others at the young man who came out of the cabin jauntily whistling,

"Come back to Erin, Mavourneen,
Mavourneen,"

and then, his song suddenly ceasing, collapsed on the rail in that cold, driving spray.

But Dublin was worth such a passage, and would be worth it even were it as bad as O'Farrell would have made it had he his wish, for he declared that he would have had St. George's Channel so much wider and rougher that the English never could have crossed it.

Perhaps an American whose own ancestors, as far as he had ever heard of them, were all Scotch and English might have reserved his enthusiasms and his emotions for the soil of those lands; but he found himself an Irishman in spirit the very first thing on awaking the next morning and looking out at the jaunting-car that had a friendly air of waiting for him on the opposite side of the street. It waited patiently while he breakfasted with a screen between him and the grate fire the drizzling rain made necessary that autumn morning, and the jarvey welcomed him at last just as though he had been expecting him, and no other, all the while.

I could have lingered on the way between the gray walls of Dublin Castle and the brooding roof of Kilmainham jail, where Parnell and Dillon and Davitt and the rest had been imprisoned, or when, later, the sun came out in Phœnix Park, with the viceregal lodge back among its trees, and the window in plain view whence a lord lieutenant had stood one morning and seen some men scuffling, as he thought, in mere sport, until he learned of the murder that had been added to the long and tragic toll. Or I might have sauntered along Sackville Street, which the Irish still insist on calling O'Connell Street,—the very names of their streets were taken from them, it seems,—and recalled the Great Emancipation, and Isaac Butts and Parnell, until evening came to invoke the weary ghost of Mangan from the shadows. But my excuse for being there at all was to study the government of the town, and I must be about my business.

In that professional mood, of course, there are certain aspects that strike the eye, those little things that are the first indices to the manner in which a town is governed—the *tenue* of the policemen, the regulation of the traffic, the degree of cleanliness of the streets, the kind of paving. One looks, for instance, with the specialized eye of that barber who, the morning after the President had visited our city, and I asked him how the chief magistrate had impressed him, told me that he "noticed that his hair needed trimming."

ITS DIGNIFIED ANTIQUITIES

All such things are superficial, of course, though they are significant, too, when understood, of much that is fundamental. However, one should go to headquarters, and so in my own little quest for knowledge of Dublin government I went to the city hall, though the initiated will not always go to the city hall of a city to learn of its government, since its true seat of power is sometimes in another place. But this little old building, the stones of which have been darkened by the weathers of one hundred and thirty-four years, has its own proper dignity, and in its central hall its own beauty, for there are statues of Daniel O'Connell and Chantry's splendid figure of Grattan, and the images of others of the nation's heroes and the town's worthies, and even of an English king. Dublin is proud of these treasures, as of the memories they preserve, though in the case of O'Connell and of Grattan there is little need of the numerous memorials one sees in Dublin, since they live veritably in the thoughts and somehow in the very lives of these intensely hopeful people. Dublin is proud, too, of the little council chamber where the aldermen sit, with excellent portraits of O'Connell and the elder Dillon to stimulate the Irish flow of oratory, and an

hour-glass at the lord mayor's elbow to limit it.

There are other treasures of which they are proud as well, and these the town clerk guards more carefully in his vaults than did the warders lately the jewels in Dublin Castle. Here, for instance, is the original charter of the city, which the clerk displays with a fine civic pride. It is a little bit of parchment not larger than a man's hand, and on it there is written in the kind of Latin clerks used in England eight hundred years ago the concession to the inhabitants of the city of Dublin of the same liberties that were then enjoyed by the king's subjects in the city of Bristol, and depending from it on a plaited leather thong is the seal of Henry II, the wax of which has been hardening since 1171. Whatever rights those curious old characters and abbreviations record and testify were confirmed in the many succeeding charters that were necessary, since kings broke their word often; and of these the most interesting is the one granted by Elizabeth, a large and noble document illuminated in colors which the long sweep of time has hardly dimmed, and from this there hangs a silken cord and tassel which her Majesty was graciously pleased to take a moment in her royal hand in token of her assent to the document's provisions. The clerk will let you hold the great tassel a moment in your own hand if perchance you are subject to thrills and sensations to be derived from such possession.

DUBLIN'S USELESS CHARTERS

BUT the rights and privileges all these charters attested were no more real than the pinchbeck and tarnished muniments and ceremonies with which they were long ago bestowed, and Dublin to-day has such feeble municipal powers—not as many, indeed, as an American city—that even her granting of the freedom of the city bestows no real liberty. Yet it is a high honor, and the roll of those who were considered worthy of it is another of the town's precious possessions, and much more interesting than most autograph-albums. There are not many names in it, and of these only two are Americans. One is that of General Grant, whose bold, familiar signature adorns the head of a page, and the other is an autograph of such trembling and nervous characters that it is difficult to decipher, and then presently you make it out as that of a man who ruled the first of the cities of his adopted country so long that doubtless he knew how to value the honor that was done him when the freedom of the metropolis of his native land was conferred on Richard Croker. The honor was bestowed, I believe, in recognition of his services to the Irish cause in raising a large fund for the home rule propaganda, and it must have had its own meaning and significance to one who long before had left his sad native isle as an emigrant, and had then returned after many years to receive such distinction from the first city and the first citizen of Ireland.

It is an honor indeed that for a while was refused to the most distinguished, the most beloved, the most successful, and in a way the most tragic of Ireland's leaders, and the story of that refusal is the keynote to all of Dublin's government and to the politics which in that city, as do national politics in ours, prevent the realization of complete efficiency.

HOME RULE THE OBSTACLE TO ALL OTHER REFORMS

THERE is of course only one public question in Ireland, and that is home rule. Every other matter waits on that, every other question hinges on that; it is as insistent as the "wet-and-dry" issue in the politics of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and, like that, short-circuits every other reform. Not only that, but it complicates English politics, and ever since Isaac Butts was worried into his grave, and the leadership of the Irish national party passed into the hands of Parnell, the policy of parliamentary obstruction which he instituted has imperatively put aside all other issues. It has tumbled out of power Conservative and Liberal ministers; Gladstone, Salisbury, and Asquith have bowed to its imperious authority, and in sheer despair of ever being free to deal with other problems England has resolved, or seems to have resolved, to let Ireland go, that she herself may be released from the obdurate thraldom of a perplexity that will not give her peace.

This work came from Parnell's hands,

and it is not strange, therefore, that no man, perhaps not even the great O'Connell himself, was ever loved more rapturously in Ireland than was Parnell in his lifetime. His visits to that island were like the progresses of a royal prince, his grave in Glasnevin, with its simple cross, Protestant though he was, is always covered with flowers, and visited as often as the grave of the great liberator, whose cenotaph is raised high above it, and they will point you out old women in Ireland who marched out of church that morning on which Parnell, after the tragedy to which his romance lured him, was denounced from the altar.

It was at that turbulent time, now thirty-three years ago, when the Irish question once more arose in its most exacerbated and bitter form to menace the government Gladstone had only formed. Michael Davitt had organized the Land League, and, with Parnell's recognition of the agrarian agitation it undertook, the Irish were united. Evictions, boycotts, misery, and distress were rampant; there were all sorts of intimidations and outrages. Parnell had just returned from a tour of the United States, and with well-disciplined forces and a full war-chest, when the general elections came on, he went in person to Ireland to direct the campaign. John Dillon went with him, and at Cork they had been tendered the freedom of the city. The Nationalists of Dublin, to which city they were on their way, determined to honor them with a similar, though more significant, dignity.

HOW DUBLIN GAVE THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY TO PARNELL AND DILLON

THE Lord Mayor of Dublin, at that time Mr., now Sir, George Moyers, was a Unionist, and that a man of his faith and politics could hold the chief elective position in a strongly Nationalist capital was due to the tolerance of Daniel O'Connell himself, who years before, just after Catholic emancipation, had worn the robes and gold chains of that office. He was the first reform lord mayor, as they say in Dublin, having been elected in 1841 under the Reformed Corporations Act, and no less in wisdom than in generosity after his great victory in freeing his countrymen and his coreligionists from the exceptional laws that had oppressed them, he had declared that the two parties should alternately be represented in the office of lord mayor, a Nationalist to serve for a year, and a Unionist to serve for a year. His authority was such that he impressed this precedent on the city as though it were a veritable law, and down all the years for nearly half a century this custom prevailed, and this graceful forbearance was shown by a party that was always in control of majorities.

It was late in October, 1881, then, that Parnell and Mr. Dillon were coming up from Cork; there was little time for preparation, and, indeed, none, it was thought, was needed. A requisition, according to law, was sent to the lord mayor to summon a special meeting of the council for the purpose of conferring the honorary freedom of the city on the two leaders; but in a letter addressed to the town clerk on the twenty-fourth of October the lord mayor astounded the Nationalists by "regretting" that he "could not comply with the requisition, as he had a serious duty imposed on him in those grave times of political excitement, and that as chief magistrate of the city he wished to avoid interference with the acts of the Government, upon whose shoulders the responsibility for the government of the country rested." Then the Nationalists, under some provision of law, called a special meeting of the council for the next day, when it was moved by Councilor Edward Dwyer Gray, M.P., and seconded by Alderman Meagher, "That the honorary freedom of the city be conferred upon Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., and John Dillon, M.P."

The question was put, and a division taken, when by the strange misadventure of the absence of Nationalist members there appeared twenty-three votes for the motion, and twenty-three against.

Then Lord Mayor Moyers, elected, according to the old rule of O'Connell, by Nationalist votes, completed his offense by giving his casting-vote against the motion, and declared it lost, and Parnell and Dillon, coming up to the capital of the nation of which they were the leaders, were humiliated by the refusal to show them the finest honor an Irishman knows.

The action of the lord mayor aroused all the anger of those angry times, and the

feeling among the Nationalists in the city outside the council was as intense as that within the corporation. They called another special meeting of the council to consider a similar motion, this time with their forces all alined; but no sooner had the town clerk read the requisition than Councilor McEvoy, J.P., a technical spirit whose counterpart is to be found in all human councils, made formal objection to the manner in which the meeting had been convened. The notice had not been served on the town clerk in time, it was not signed properly, not dated, etc., and the lord mayor, sustaining the objection, the effort was abortive.

There were eight centuries of Irish wrath in the determination with which the Nationalists now set about the accomplishment of their purpose. Another special meeting was convened for the third of January, 1882. This time there were formal and strenuous objections from a Mr. Henry Edwards, "Freeman of the City," and Councilor McEvoy, dying in the last ditch, reiterated his former opposition, employing all the finesse of parliamentary obstruction. But one by one these outposts were taken, and a famous debate raged on the motion of Councilor Sullivan, M.P. (seconded by Alderman Meagher), that "the honorary freedom of the city be conferred upon Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., and John Dillon, M.P., and that they be elected and admitted honorary burgesses of the Borough of Dublin, pursuant to the provisions of the municipal privileges of Ireland, Act of 1875."

Among the several amendments moved by the opposition, one most vividly recalls the issues of those times: "That inasmuch as the effect of now conferring the honour of the freedom of the city upon Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, avowed signatories of the No-Rent Manifesto, would be to stamp their action in that respect with the approval of the council, the further consideration of the motion be adjourned to this day six months." It was the crucial test. A division was taken on this amendment; yeas twenty-three, nays twenty-nine. Whereupon, as the record read, the amendment was negatived, and the original motion was put, and on a division there appeared for the motion twenty-nine, twenty-two against.

Thus the day was carried, and at last Parnell and Dillon had their honors; but, alas! by the never-failing irony of life, the two gentlemen upon whom the freedom of the city had just been conferred were at that very moment in Kilmainham jail!

Thus, where Unionist Lord Mayor Moyers, freeman of the city Edwards, and objector McEvoy were powerless, the fates themselves must intervene, and to contend against them the resources of the parliamentary art were drawn upon by Councilor Mayne, who, seconded by Councilor Gill, M.P., moved that a copy of the resolution be forwarded to Messrs. Parnell and Dillon, and that another copy be forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and he be "respectfully" requested to allow the gentlemen to attend at the city hall and sign the roll of honorary freemen of the city. But his Excellency was obdurate, and the two distinguished members of Parliament remained in Kilmainham jail, their freedom of the city entirely honorary. Their day, however, came at last, for finally, on August 16, 1882, the Irish leaders having been released, a special meeting of the council was convened to give effect to the resolution, and Parnell and Dillon attended, were "received in state by the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of Dublin," so reads the record, and having signed the roll, the new lord mayor, the Right Honorable Charles Dawson, M.P., presented to each of them a casket containing a certificate of the freedom that had now become more than honorary.

And he performed the ceremony with a joy and satisfaction, no doubt, in the new significance worn by the old event, for he was a Nationalist, and his party in the council and in the city had its revenge. The Nationalists determined to set aside the old precedent of O'Connell, and resolved that never again should a Unionist be elected Lord Mayor of Dublin until Ireland had home rule. From that day to this the mansion house has been occupied by an unbroken succession of Nationalists.

VISITING THE LORD MAYOR

WHEN one waits upon the Lord Mayor of Dublin, one goes, of course, to the mansion house, a stately old building in

Dawson Street, and there, after waiting a bit in the somber hall, with suits of armor on its dark walls, and bristling trophies of spears and pikes, which for all I know may have been flourished in '98, though probably they were borne in Irish wars long before that time, one is shown into the long drawing-room, and presently the lord mayor enters, with the bars of a curious gold chain showing between the lapels of his frock-coat, the insignia of his office for every-day wear, and not comparable to that massive chain which adorns his Worship on state occasions, when he dons his formal robes. The neo-democratic spirit which pervades all the British Isles in these days has affected the mayors, and they all smile when their robes are mentioned; but they all have their portraits done in oil, in full regalia, to leave in their mansion houses behind them, and the great banquet-hall of the mansion house in Dublin bears its long record of these vanished glories, as the hall of state all round the gallery is hung with the coats of arms of the fifty-eight lord mayors since O'Connell's time. It is a part of the honor it has ever been deemed to be mayor of a city in the British Isles, and it has been an expensive honor always, for mayors are paid no salaries, and robes and chains and oil-paintings cost money, to say nothing of the banquets and the great burden of public entertainment.

In general my lord mayor is paid no salary, and the honor must suffice, and so the position has been reserved as a perquisite and privilege of the very rich. However, in Great Britain and Ireland there is just now a movement, or at least a discussion,—and we have grown used to calling discussions "movements" in this country,—to pay the lord mayors, so that the community may enjoy the services of the poor, or the poor may enjoy the distinctions of the community, as one by prejudice or principle cares to view it. Most of the British cities give their mayors no salary, while in others grants, or "allowances," are made to enable them to support the dignity of the position. The general condition, however, is such that it is quite out of the question for any one in the realm to become a mayor in England or Ireland or a provost in Scotland unless he is a wealthy man. That is, the working-man, and most men of the middle class, and even women, since they are eligible to the mayoral seat, and several of them have served in that capacity in English towns, are debarred from the post. The style they are obliged to support, the functions and ceremonies of state, dinners, and balls, and the proud privilege of heading the subscription-lists of distinguished charities, all entail a lordly expenditure.

The British labor organizations have long been agitating for a reform in this practice, but they have not made much headway against the old and stubborn precedent. The Lord Mayor of London is paid, to be sure, £10,000 a year, but that sum is not sufficient to pay the fifth of his expenses, and the succession to that place is determined by so many aristocratic qualifications that no poor man ever imagines himself as aspiring to it. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool is allowed £2000 a year, and the corporation grants him in addition £800 annually for his horses and carriages. Bristol grants its mayor a thousand guineas each year, and the allowance of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh is £1000, and last year when the king and queen visited Cardiff, the corporation of the Welsh city voted the lord mayor £3000 to enable him to emerge from the social exigency without embarrassment.

Dublin allowed its lord mayor £3600 a year. The mansion house in Dawson Street has two acres of floor space, with halls of state and ball-rooms and picture-galleries, and the lighting and heating—such as the heating is—alone cost more than £500 a year, while there is the little item of £500 for the annual banquet. Dublin, old aristocratic town that it is, began to feel the impulse of the modern spirit, and though it had always been its boast that industry had never contaminated its scholarly atmosphere or disturbed its aristocratic calm, it even had a labor movement. The Socialists, I believe, had no foothold there, but only a few years ago the workers of the city did succeed in returning a sufficient number of their direct representatives to the council to enable them to elect the lord mayor, and they chose Alderman John J. Farrell to the place. The choice brought out a curious phase of human nature.

HOW THE LABOR PARTY LOWERED THE SALARY OF ITS OWN LORD MAYOR

Now, the worthy alderman kept a news-agent's and tobacconist's shop in Talbot Street, and he was poor, and the moment he was elevated to the post of lord mayor, there occurred a phenomenon not without its precedent and counterpart in the history of the world. His late colleagues of the labor party, acting in accordance with a law of human nature, at once proposed to reduce the emoluments of his estate, and his political enemies gladly joining them, his official allowance was reduced from £3600 a year to £1600 a year.

The action was soothing to the class consciousness of his comrades, of course, and as no one is so fond of a joke as the Irish, it gratified his opponents; but my Lord Mayor Farrell was a sensible and practical sort of chap, and it would seem not without his own sense of humor and his due share of Irish wit. He closed the noble banquet-hall and all those vast and ancient apartments in the mansion house, the annual banquet was omitted, and instead of driving forth in the state coach, he appeared in a modest private carriage. But that was not all. There was a custom of ancient standing and high honor in Dublin, one which the radical labor alderman did not abolish, and that was the aldermanic levee at the mansion house, where every morning whisky and cigars were served by the lord mayor. But in this administration, when an alderman called at the mansion house, the hospitality was of the sort that suggests plain living and high thinking; the butler did not bear forth the stimulating tray of hospitality, and the doors of the long drawing-room were folded close. But this was an incident, one of those absurdities that will always mark the government of men as long as they are human and little.

The present Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Right Honorable Lorcan G. Sherlock, LL.D., though, like all mayors, he has to deal with human nature in every phase of its whimsical exasperations, has not had to encounter many such official expressions of its caprice as this. With him the position is not merely an empty and anachronous dignity; he approaches its duties in a spirit which we call the American spirit, by which of course, in our curious self-sufficiency, we mean to imply a certain brisk efficiency. But on the second thought which may serve the writer, as it may not always serve the speaker, I am not sure enough of the fact to say just that; we have the briskness, as we have the busy air,—the Emperor Domitian was busy catching flies,—but in city government we have not yet the efficiency. We lack that for many reasons, some of which inhere in our character as a people, others in what we call politics in the condition to which we have reduced it; but we have it not, and cannot have it for the reason principally that our cities are not autonomous, ruled as they are by rural majorities in state legislature and political bosses in league with public-service corporations. That is, our cities are not democracies, and Lord Mayor Sherlock, like many American mayors, is of the democratic school of political thought. Dublin, indeed, is like an American city in that it is not permitted to rule itself, as are the Scotch cities, for instance, or the English cities, or the German cities, and Dr. Sherlock is like our American mayors, or like some American mayors, in that he is struggling to improve his city against the obstacles of autocracy. He has brought to the office the long experience he gained as an alderman, and, besides, he was secretary to Timothy Harrington when that gentleman was lord mayor.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY

In the mere outward form of its government Dublin resembles British cities generally. The city is divided into twenty wards, and each ward elects an alderman and three councilors, and the lord mayor is chosen from the aldermen for the period of a year. But, in contrast to the British cities, or even to some of our American cities, Dublin has the feeblest municipal powers. The city maintains its fire brigade, its technical schools, the Royal Irish Academy of Music, the splendid gallery of modern art, and controls the public markets. The lord mayor holds a petty court where creditors may sue their poor debtors, and he and certain of the aldermen constitute the Port and Docks Board. But, saving the power to do certain public works, this is nearly all. In most of the cities of Scotland and England, and

in Germany especially, the public utilities are owned and operated by the corporations, and there is an extension of municipal activity amazing to the American. But in Dublin there is little of what the English call "municipal trading," and the Americans municipal ownership when they do not call it Socialism. The tramways are owned by a private corporation, and operate a rather inefficient service at a rate of fare several times larger than that in vogue in Liverpool and Glasgow.

It is, however, an expression of the modern spirit of Dublin that has caused the nervous and energetic Lord Mayor Sherlock, who, as I have said, is modern, democratic, and progressive, to institute efforts to correct some of the abuses charged against the tramways company; and here again Dublin is like most American cities in that she has her problem of transportation and her struggle with her street-railway company. Dr. Sherlock is an advocate of municipal ownership, though that statement has no such implication in Europe as it has in America, for in Europe all schools of political thought are in favor, quite as a matter of course, of that policy.

But municipal ownership of the tramways in Dublin must wait, as all else must wait, on home rule. The city is ruled in reality by the Imperial Government, and the limitation of its powers is shown by the fact that even in local improvements the city is not supreme. The council may order and make an improvement, it is true, but if one citizen objects,—and there is always one citizen, of course, in every city who objects to all public improvements,—a government inspector promptly sits to hear the objection, and though the local authorities are permitted to explain and defend their action, the inspector is absolute and may order the work discontinued or carried on, as it pleases him. Even with her own police force Dublin has nothing to do except to contribute to the payment of their salaries. Those slender, well-set-up young chaps in helmets and blue uniforms, with clubs in their belts, are of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, which are a part of castle government, and are to the city what the Royal Irish Constabulary are to rural Ireland. Except the traffic officers in Paris and Brussels, who wield the *batons blancs,* they are, as far as I know, the only policemen in Europe to carry clubs, which is natural enough, perhaps, since policemen's clubs are a development from the Irish shillalah.

But in all cities there are forces more powerful than policemen and more potent than laws, compelling changes against all opposition of prejudice and reaction, and these forces are operating to make over Dublin. There, as everywhere, is the silent and invisible force of public opinion, so that the trim young policeman does not enforce, for instance, the obsolete law which forbids a priest from appearing in public in his clerical garb. And there is the stronger force, the old and irresistible force of necessity. Formerly the sewers of Dublin emptied directly into the Liffey, but the corporation has constructed great intercepting sewers, parallel to the river, and these bear the sewage out of town to disposal plants, where it is purified and its waste reclaimed. In this respect Dublin is far in advance of any American city of which I know; we recklessly flush our sewage into the rivers at our feet, and then stoop and drink of the polluted waters. But Dublin not only purifies her sewage: she refuses to drink of the Liffey, a river once noted for its unpleasant odors, and through her splendid system she has an abundant supply of the best and purest of waters. They call it the Vartray water, and it comes from the city's reservoirs away in the beautiful hills of Wicklow.

DUBLIN'S PROBLEM OF OVERCROWDED TENEMENTS

BUT for these instances, Dublin is modern only in her problems, and she has dealt in the modern spirit with the questions of sewage disposal and water-supply only because she is under that general compulsion of necessity which has driven most European cities to reform in these two departments. American cities have not even undertaken them as yet, and, as a result, have an average death-rate from typhoid fever alone that is ten per cent. higher than the average in European cities. Necessity, too, has forced Dublin to deal with another problem, happily not yet acute in our cities,—though before long it will be, unless we plan our towns bet-

ter,—as it is in Europe, and that is the problem of housing. Indeed, no other city in the world presents all the elements of the problem more vividly, more pathetically, and I had almost said more picturesquely, than Dublin.

For this proud old city, with its sad memories, has disowned what trade was not crushed by English laws, and preferred to be poor and genteel. Her sons have preferred to go into the army or the constabulary or the civil service, or to seek their fortunes at the bar or in America, rather than to lower themselves by going in for the industries and trades. They have had before their eyes always the aristocratic walls of a great university, which they will not forget refused Oliver Goldsmith his degree, and there has been upon them the influence of the sham court maintained at the viceregal lodge in Phœnix Park and the ugly castle, and always there is the large garrison of red-coated soldiers. All of which has given to Dublin a distinct atmosphere affecting somehow even those who love Ireland and behold in Dublin the invested capital of a virile nation.

Meanwhile decay has succeeded to decay; the old mansions where the aristocracy once dwelt, halls that blazed with light at night and rang with the laughter of sparkling wit, and heard the accents of the most beautiful and perfect English spoken anywhere on the globe, have degenerated into foul tenements. The houses are centuries old, three or four stories in height, without courts or alleys, and about the low, worn steps at their entrances children are swarming and women are "gostering," to use the old Irish word with which the lord mayor deprecates their idle gossiping, and they are all living in single-room tenements. There were 21,133 of them, according to Sir Charles Cameron's report on the health of Dublin for the year 1911. Of these 21,133 single-room tenements, more than 2000 are occupied by more than five persons; in nearly 4500 of them six persons live; in 854, seven persons; in 431, eight persons; and in 146, nine persons.

Figures, of course, are dull, and do not strike the imagination. It is difficult to realize five, six, seven, eight, or nine persons in a single dark room, living there, cooking there, eating there, when they do eat, washing there, when they do wash, lying down there, sleeping there, getting up there in the morning, and getting up in the morning without hope, without even the dream that the new day will bring forth something interesting or beautiful. No wonder the Irish "Times" says, "Our tenement system is the ultimate cause of most of the city's disease, intemperance, and crime."

It is an advance, I suppose, to discover that a tenement system is the cause of so much evil, and after a while, perhaps, Dublin, and some other cities besides, will go further and find out what causes the tenement system. Meanwhile the corporation has done what other European cities have done, and more and more are doing all the while. It has built cottage dwellings in the suburbs, as, for instance, those at Clontarf, and these it rents to the poor. It has not solved the problem, by any means. No city has done that, and there are many persons in Dublin, and in all the cities of the United Kingdom, who contend that the taxing power of the Government will have to be invoked to do away with the evils.

It has been this very condition, indeed, that brought on the agitation in favor of the land tax, which, under the leadership of the remarkable Welsh radical, Mr. David Lloyd George, introduced the great conflict over the budget. The situation gives force and cogency to the claims of the land-values men, who say that it is the system of taxing property in Great Britain and Ireland that is responsible for all this overcrowding in slum dwellings, and they insist that the remedy is to tax the value of the land, whether used or unused, while lessening and gradually abolishing the taxes on buildings and improvements. There are in Dublin, according to a recent survey, 519 waste spaces, and the land-values men contend that these do not remain vacant because there are no builders or tenants who might like to build on them or live on them, but because the owners demand a price which, added to the rates, would make the erection of houses at reasonable rentals unremunerative. They claim, too, that if these vacant spaces were assessed for rating at the value put on them by the owners, it would no longer be profitable to allow them to remain unused and idle. The

owners, they say, would be compelled either to put them to some use or to part with them to those who would use them.

THE IRISH QUESTION ALWAYS A LAND QUESTION

THE Irish question, indeed, has always been at bottom a land question. "In the rich pastures of Ireland," said the Congress of the United States in the message of sympathy it sent to the Irish people in 1775, "many hungry parasites are fed, and grow strong to labor for her destruction." The "parasites" whom the fathers had in mind were of that landed class which under the system of land tenure brought from the Continent by the Normans, enabling them to tax the produce of Saxons and Angles, had been transferred bodily to Ireland under the Tudors and the first Stuarts. This landed class betrayed the nation in the Act of Union in 1800 for a bribe of six million dollars, maintained the galling burden that had been imposed on Catholics since 1537, and, until the emancipation wrought by O'Connell, by Grattan, and by Parnell, were themselves sustained by a system of taxation under which the tenant was compelled to renew his lease from year to year, and to pay an enhanced rental for all the improvements he himself had made. From the one injustice they were emancipated in 1829 as the result of the great movement led by O'Connell, from the other by that led by Parnell. His agitation, to say nothing of Davitt's Land League, brought about the land acts of 1881 and 1887, which not only have released the Irish tenant from an intolerable serfdom, but by reacting on England have thus begun to overthrow the old system of the Norman, and these times witness the spectacle of the Irish party in Parliament uniting with the Liberal party to carry out the noble reforms begun many years ago by Gladstone.

These reforms already have so changed and improved Ireland that she is no more the "distressful" country of the old song. The land acts and the various subventions have helped immensely, and the pleasant sanitary little cottages scattered all over the loveliest country in the world have replaced the old cabins. Rural housing conditions have become more tolerable, and in some places generally admirable, and under this enlightened policy the agriculture, at least about Dublin and in the east and south of the island, is the finest in the world, and down toward the old town of Tarraght there is peace and smiling contentment where forty years ago there were armed uprisings.

But memory persists in recalling with distinctness those narrow, twisted streets of the old quarter where this problem remains unsolved; those cold sidewalks over which patter the bare feet of ragged children, and the dingy doorways through which titled ladies once were shown by link-boys in their braver, finer days, while by them, in the gloom, flit the figures whose poor painted faces show for an instant in the circle of light from the street-lamps. Some of those ancient halls, no doubt, have known the shafts of Swift's wit, or echoed to the singing of Thomas Moore, whose bust in a little niche over a public house will be pointed out to you as marking the house where the Irish poet was born. He was not so much Irish, however, it has always seemed to me, with his career among the great of his time in England, or so much a poet, as that other poorer, sadder man, whose very ghost seems somehow to haunt those tenements, that poet who was so distinctly and implicitly Irish, James Clarence Mangan. One might imagine him, thin and pale and racked by his cough, haunting these nightly ways the nameless one no more,

> amid wreck and sorrow,
> And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
> He bides in calmness the silent morrow
> that no ray lights.

THE GROWING HOPE OF HOME RULE

THERE is now a new ray to light the morrow for Ireland, and the figure of Hope on the gilt dome of the customhouse is no longer a mere sardonic mockery. For at last, after all these years, home rule is at hand, and all Ireland is thrilling with expectation. It is a modern Ireland that longs to express itself, a new young Ireland, with its reverence for the old traditions, of course, and with the will and the purpose to build on a civilization older than England's the new civilization of our time. This spirit is everywhere manifest, whether in the boys at

the industrial school at Artane, once waifs in the streets of Dublin, who now weave and sew and carpenter and build, and then dance Irish reels and Highland flings; or the luckier lads in the O'Connell schools, advanced in their studies far beyond the boys of their age in our schools; or in the first citizen of Ireland, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, struggling intelligently with the problems of municipal government. It is apparent in the very poise of the members on the Irish benches in the House of Commons, sitting there with their tall hats tilted, while the "Government of Ireland" bill is debated, laughing at some Unionist member praising the royal constabulary, denouncing the "royal and ancient" order of Hibernians, as he calls them, and speaking in awe of the Ulster gasconade, and wholly missing the humor in the threats of a province that still insists on being ruled, and even threatens armed rebellion if set free!

It manifests itself even in the jarveys, for as we turned into College Green and paused beneath Foley's statue of Goldsmith, my driver drew up the jaunting-car and, pointing proudly with his whip to the columns of the noble façade of the old parliament house, which was loaned to the Bank of Ireland until the hour of Irish freedom, said:

"There 's where the new Irish parliament will sit, your Honor."

"I know," I said, and, recalling a phrase beloved by an old Irish friend at home, I added, "And more power to them."

"Sure, and a great night that will be," he said, his eye sparkling, his lips smiling in anticipation, "and all the Irish in America coming over for it."

"You 'll have to enlarge College Green, then, to hold them," I said. "But no doubt you could move the statue of King Billy yonder."

There was little need, since all the Irish know and hate it, to point up Dame Street to that gilded atrocity of British art which represents King William as a Roman hero on a sway-backed, tun-bellied charger.

"Faith, we could be sparing him, your Honor," the jarvey chuckled.

Yes, the whole land is alive and quivering in anticipation of this new birth, and surely no people with such undying faith, such splendid devotion, such inexhaustible national spirit, could have been kept alive in such amazing vitality through so many centuries of injustice and oppression unless some great and noble purpose was behind it all. And this national spirit awaits the hour to make Dublin over, and as it will make old Ireland new.

LOVE'S LANTERN

BY JOYCE KILMER

BECAUSE the road was steep and long
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.

Through miles on weary miles of night
That stretch relentless in my way,
My lantern burns serene and white,
An unexhausted cup of day.

O golden lights and lights like wine,
How dim your boasted splendors are.
Behold this little lamp of mine;
It is more starlike than a star!

THE FAVORITE

BY ANNA GLEN STODDARD

CRIED Man, grown bold:
"Though my days be as grass,
As a tale that is told,
As sands in the glass—
Still—the bridges I build
And the fields I have tilled!
And my servants, the air,
The fire, and the flood!"
And an oath he sware,
"By the holy rood,
My work it is good!"

But the Father smiled,
"Be still, my child!"

Roared the Sea in his might,
"This boaster to chide,
Lord, shall I smite
The fool in his pride?"
And the leashed Winds bayed,
"Give us leave," they prayed,
"To humble this clay!"
And the fawning Fire hissed
In his lurid play
At the feet he kissed,
"Bid me burn as I list!"

Bade the Master: "Nay!
Peace, slaves! Obey!"

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD

IN that part of his autobiography called "Præterita," John Ruskin speculates on the fate of Charles Eliot Norton if the New-Englander had been born "an English Tory, or a Scotch Jacobite, or a French Gentilhomme, or a Savoyard Count." He had already designated him as his "second friend" and "first real tutor."

Norton was twenty-nine years of age and Ruskin thirty-seven when their memorable friendship began, in 1856, on the lake between Vevey and Geneva. The characteristics then discovered by the Englishman were, with certain ramifications, to dominate the New-Englander's life.

In the Hellenic sense of the word, Norton was an aristocrat, and his joys and sorrows were those of an aristocrat. Even the lights and shadows that fell upon him seemed in a way specialized. Although endowed with a marvelous capacity for work, and exercising that capacity to the full, he never knew what it was to labor for daily bread. A sufficient competency enabled him to enrich his mind by study and travel, and to bring near and make clear to him those things and persons that most appealed to his discriminating and elevated nature. And as he received, so he gave, until he gradually assumed a burden that was constantly augmented by friendships and the obligations imposed on him by them.

He gave the service of friendship, of editorship, of confessor, and of guide to such men as Ruskin, Carlyle, and Clough, to Emerson, Curtis, and Lowell, to a public that could not or would not understand the nature of his gifts and the responsibilities of the recipients.

In early New England the clergy was the aristocracy, and this aristocracy possessed about all the scholarship. Norton received this double inheritance from both sides of the family. His social position thus assured and his tastes still unformed, foreign travel and social intercourse with the best exerted upon his sensitive nature a rare influence that caught him and absorbed him, and bore him far from the dogmas of his youth. As experience presents material for comparison, his critical sense was thus early and actively stimulated, and ultimately reached a high state of perfection. He became a seer of such amazing prevision that his conceptions both of patriotism and religion were changed and qualified.

Later he characterizes General di Cesnola as a "sweet-natured Italian Gentleman, not of the finest clay, a little too much Americanized"; President Hayes as uneducated, but "educable"; the trustees of the Ashfield Academy as "good men of the village, all of them, the excellent products of democracy"; the bicentennial at Yale, when he received the degree of LL.D., as "a great success as an advertisement"; while one of the evils of democracy he declares to be, when writing to Leslie Stephen as late as 1896, "that everybody thinks he has a right to put what questions he pleases to anybody, and to devastate his day," although two years later, to his son Eliot, he expresses the belief "that as time goes on and the democracy reaches its full development, there may be just as complete gentlemen, in the sense of high-bred men, as in any aristocracy with its long traditions."

But if this attitude toward humanity brought him only in close contact with what was "worth while," his friendships were perhaps all the deeper and more permanent for that very reason. There was in them that element of psychic communion which defied mundane differences, and even thrived on material neglect. The line is long and very wonderful. Away back in the fifties he wrote to Lowell:

> It is almost my happiest thought that with all the drawbacks of temperament (of which no one is more conscious than myself) I have never lost a friend.

And this, with one conspicuous exception, in which the fault lay with the other, he could say till the end of his days.

Color Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davis & C. C. W. Chadwick

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

FROM A PENCIL SKETCH BY WILLIAM LUTHER CURTIS

THE NIGHT SCHOOL

BY JAMES HOPPER

Author of "The Trimming of Goosie" and "Caybigan"

HAVING laid my last hope beneath heavy flowers, I had drifted back to the village of my youth. The little village was now a large city, a clamorous city, and on the first day I met Dorman. It was on a stone sidewalk, beneath a pale, faint sun. How he recognized me, God only knows; we both had grown very old, and at first I could see nothing in him of the boy with whom I had gone to school.

He stopped and fixed me silently, then from the folds of his cloak his arm stretched out and gripped me as with a claw.

"You are Halton," he said—"Jack Halton, whose desk was next to mine at school."

"I am," I said. "I am Jack Halton."

He stood there, looking at me with eyes gray and round beneath the bristle of his heavy brows.

"I am Dorman," he said—"Nat Dorman, who sat next to you at school."

Of late age has been enwrapping me with its frigid haze, and I have taken to the resource of the old. I stare persistently at the golden days that are gone. And so I remembered.

"I remember," I said.

His hand was still on my arm, his eyes were on my eyes.

"You have a wife, children?" he asked.

"I have had a wife; I have no wife," I answered. "I have had children; I have no children."

"I have never had either wife or children," he said. We stood there on the stone sidewalk, beneath the cheerless sun. "Wife nor children," he nodded; "wife nor children." But it was on my answer he pondered, for finally he said, "Come with me to my house for to-night."

A vast indifference held me. I said:

"Very well, I will go with you to your house for to-night."

He raised his stick, and a carriage which had been wheeling slowly back and forth rushed in sudden animation to the curb. We sank upon the dark cushions within; the door shut upon us. As we rolled along the streets I had known, now unknown to me, I noticed that his hands, folded beneath his chin on the top of his cane, trembled incessantly.

"How old he is!" I thought.

It was a palace, his house, of stone, thick-walled, the interior full of fine, somber things, and muffled with elastic carpets. We dined in a high-ceiled oaken hall, before a blazing grate. We held up our glasses to the flame, and looked at the golden sun of our youth, the ruby blood of our youth. We drank the sun, we drank the blood, but our veins remained cold.

We went up-stairs to his room. Two beds, heavily curtained, were in it, against opposite walls.

"There are two beds," he said. "You will sleep here with me in my room."

I did not care; I answered:

"Yes, I will sleep here in your room with you."

I slept badly. The bed was heaped with blankets, but they were as heavy as a lid, and between the sheets I was as cold as in the tomb. I dreamed.

A bell was ringing somewhere in some one's hand; it had a brazen, persistent sound. When it had ceased with a last rattle of clapper, a drum began to beat. Feet marched to the beat, many of them, light feet, marching a little shufflingly. I could hear their passing from crunched gravel to a resonance of hollow wood; they united in a rhythmic murmur, above which, like gulls eddying over the sea, sharp cries of command hovered, female cries, of women. A door slammed to with a clack as of a whip, the drum died abruptly, there was a silence, then a chorus of fresh young voices rose in song—a song which my bearded, critical self judged harshly, but which was soft to the heart of my youth. Though I thought that I must be asleep, thought that my eyes must be closed, I was aware of my host, in white, standing at one of the three southern windows. He too seemed to listen to the song. I heard him sigh a long, dolorous sigh. Then he must have returned to his bed. The song trailed away in a last, long, gentle note, and now I slept undisturbed, a tenderness tugging at my soul.

When I awoke after the long night, the room was still dark; but when to my gesture a curtain whirred open with a noise as of wings, the day came in warm with sun. I stood at the window and looked out.

I was looking deep into a large, bare yard. Children were playing there, many children, brown-headed and yellow-haired, boys and girls. Above them the layers of air, striated with sun, seemed liquid; they were like goldfish in an aquarium. They zigzagged like butterflies in their bright garments; their cries, muffled to me, came as the little cries of birds.

The front of the yard, to my right, was a big brick building pierced with many windows.

"Do you recognize the place?" Dorman asked.

I turned, and saw him standing at the casement next to mine. He seemed speaking to the glass, not to me.

"It is a school, is it not?" I fenced.

"It is our school," he said.

I looked back far into my memory, and saw that it indeed must be the school to which we had gone when young. But it had changed. The yard had been much wider then, without bonds to the south, where now rose a forest of chimneys and roofs. Then it had stretched away to the south in a grassy meadow that sloped away gently to a brook. And the school-house had not been the big brick pile it now stood. I shut my eyes, and saw again the school-house that had been. I saw clearly the little wooden house, its overlapping boards, softly gray, its peaked roof, as green as moss, the red veins of the carpeting vine, and the long outside stairway, slanting upward to the gallery, along which we marched up to our classroom under the twittering eaves.

"They have changed it, our school!" I exclaimed, absurdly resentful.

"When I returned to this city," he said, "I built here next to the school. I don't know why I built here next to the school."

A bell began to ring in the yard beneath me. The children's crisscrossing play halted abruptly and petrified in long, decorous lines. A drum began to beat, and the little ones marched into school. The many little feet stamped the ground together; the lines flowed forward. They coiled, straightened, rose, and slid like ribbons into the yawning portals. The drum beat; the little feet tramped, tramped, tramped, along halls, up flights of stairs; the whole building trembled to the tremendous unison of their light, firm tread; and above this basic rumor the commands of the women teachers eddied like the gull's nostalgic cry.

The drum stopped, the outer doors clanged shut, a silence followed, then fresh young voices rose in choral song.

"Why, it must be what I heard last night!" I cried.

But Dorman said:

"It was not they. You heard the others."

I did not understand him.

I STAYED again at Dorman's house, for he insisted, and I did not care. My sleep was troubled again that night. The covers lay upon me like a stone, and I was tomb-cold. A bell began to ring. It rang

persistently. Its clangs winged off in brazen waves, struck, and rebounded, to mingle with new clangs till my brain pained.

I rose at length to its continued attack, and, groping through the velvet darkness, reached one of the windows. I parted the ponderous curtains, looked, and saw nothing. I was looking into the night, and saw only night. Little by little, though, to the fixity of my stare the blackness seemed to recede, and at last I saw in a brown obscurity. I saw a yard and a school-house. It was a small school-house, of wood. The roof was peaked. Vines veined one wall. Stairs along another wall slanted upward to a gallery beneath the eaves.

Below me, the indistinct floor of the yard was dimly striated with lines. These were animated with a fluid pulsation. After a time I understood them. Children were lined there, grave little children, many of them, with books under their arms or swinging at the end of straps.

I tried to count the children, but they were too many. I tried to count the lines, but they fluctuated like tide-water. There were many. They ran east and west from the little school-house to the fence at the back, then turned flexibly and streamed off to the south, where in my youth the land lay open. I could not see them end over there. My eyes followed them till they merged in the darkness; but even there, and beyond, the void held an undulation of fluid multitudes. Multitudes of children waited in line over there in the vague region beyond the reading of my sight.

The bell came to a stop with a last wicked rattle, and a drum began to beat. A shiver passed along the lines like a breeze; all the small forms bent slightly forward; the lines began to flow; and the night became filled with a measured, soft, and tender tramping sound which was as the muffled heart-beat of the night. The lines passed by; they came glidingly from the void in the south, swung into the yard with a lithe torsion of a fish that turns, crushed across the gravel, stamped up the planking of the stairs, flowed into the yawn of the doors. They passed, the children, by hundreds, by thousands. The stairs shook, the frail building trembled, the night was rhythmic with the soft beat of their feet. The drum beat, they passed, and still the vastness to the south palpitated obscurely with unnumbered reserves. Above the basic rumor the cries of the women were sharp.

"It is our class coming now—our own class," said a voice within the room.

I turned toward it. Dorman was at the window next to mine. Seated in his rich, red arm-chair, he was looking as I looked, his brow against the pane.

"How our class? How our class?" I said peevishly.

"It is our class; you see if it is not our class."

And then it was truly our class that passed, the little companions of our childhood. They came in line from the dim reservoir to the south, turned into the yard, crunched upon its gravel, and rose along the stairway to the small room beneath the eaves. Their familiar little feet hissed gently against the wooden steps, and we stood there, the two old men, each at his window, watching with cold brows upon the panes.

Dorman, as they passed, told them off to me one by one, their names and their fate. I saw Jack Bennett, the butcher's son, and I remembered that I still owed him a marble; I saw red-headed Jack Stearns, with his pale, up-tilted nose, and the glass eye which had been our marvel and our pride; and Roscoe Miller, who had become a banker; and Starr, who had ended in the gutter; and Perry, who had wrecked himself against the things that will not move. Up the other stairs, which we could not see, I guessed that the girls were passing, and I knew that among them was a frail, blue-eyed girl—ah, how well I remembered her!

"But," I said, "all those you tell me of have died."

From his window Dorman said:

"I have noticed that. All those that pass here have died." He added after a moment: "And all those with whom we went to school pass here. The class is almost complete."

And still they passed, and still Dorman told them off. Some had been poor, some had been rich; some had been comic, and some tragic; but all had died.

Ralph Dorn passed by. He had been my best chum at school. "Ralph! Ralph!" went my lips, but made no noise, and he did not hear. But I knew now that all

my life I had missed him—him and the frail, blue-eyed girl. I knew now what had been ailing my life.

"Here is Keating," said Dorman. "Watch him; he is always funny."

To the stairs came a hunchback boy. He toiled up with much labor, but did not know that he toiled, for his eyes were ahead, far, amid vapory visions; beneath his cap his hair was like a wreath of gold.

"He wrote verse, and he starved," said Dorman. "I have his book in the library; it is funny."

The poet boy toiled up uncertainly. He zigzagged a bit from side to side; the cries of the women teachers eddied over him; he slowed up the line and disordered the march; his eyes were far.

The boy behind him mischievously wiped his feet upon his stockings, but he was unaware of it. The same boy reached within his pocket and took his pencil and his knife, but still he did not notice. He let a book slip from beneath his elbow, and the boy behind trampled upon it. Finally the boy behind gave him a push. The poet boy fell; his cap jerked off his head, his books scattered down the steps. A woman teacher picked him up and shook him ragefully, while the boy behind looked grave and reproachful.

"If I were there, I would protect him," I thought. "If I were there, I would understand him."

"Who is the boy behind?" I asked of Dorman.

"It is 'Spike' Martin," he answered. "He has been the most successful of us all. His sons are multimillionaires."

I noticed now that this was the end of all the marching. This was the last line. A length of it was still on the stairs, but the yard behind was already empty.

"It is the end," I said.

"Yes," he answered. "They have all passed now; our class is always the last."

"But wait," I said, "here comes another boy, I think."

"Are you sure?" said Dorman. "I have not missed any one."

"Yes, yes, I am sure."

From the vague somberness to the south a dim form was flitting toward us. It neared. It was a boy, running very fast, his books under his arm, his cap in hand.

"But who is that boy? Who is that boy?" Dorman murmured.

The boy was still in the twilight, not quite distinct, but he was nearing very fast. He seemed to pant for his school. Despite his fast running, his hair was orderly and a little damp with late combing, as though to the ring of the bell he had broken away from a mother's lingering touch.

"Who is that boy? Who is that boy?" mumbled Dorman.

The boy was near, and something about his square shoulders, his sturdy legs, the way he swayed slightly from right to left as he ran, gave my memory unrest.

"Who is that boy? Who is that boy?" Dorman cried.

"It seems to me I know. It seems to me I know," I said, my memory more and more restless.

"Who is that boy, Halton? Who is that boy?"

And suddenly I knew.

"It is you, Dorman, it is you!" I cried.

"No, no, Halton, don't say that. Who is that boy?"

"It is you, it is you!" I cried.

The boy came swiftly across the yard, leaped up the steps. He came to the poet boy, drew him aside eagerly, took his place, then with incredible quickness he pulled aside boy after boy till he was first and at the door.

He vanished within; the boys behind, one after the other, vanished within; the poet boy, last of the line, vanished within; the door slapped shut.

The drum stopped beating; there was a silence. I left my window and, going up to Dorman, placed a friendly hand upon his shoulder. And he was dead—dead there in his rich, red arm-chair, his brow still upon the cold pane.

I think I shall stay here always, and stand at the window at night, till out of the vague region to the south I see a boy come running—a last late boy come running to join his dear comrades.

"BONNIE ANNIE LAURIE"

WITH NEW RESEARCHES CONCERNING THE SUBJECT AND THE AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS SONG

BY J. CUTHBERT HADDEN

THERE were many merry episodes in the life of Robert Burns, but two of the merriest were surely those that produced "Willie brewed a peck o' maut" and "The Whistle." In introducing the latter to his friends, Burns relates the following tradition:

In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James VI, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a curious ebony ca'r Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton . . . who, after three days and nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, and "blew on the Whistle his Requiem shrill." Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert, before-mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel.

THE HISTORICAL WHISTLE ABOUT WHICH ROBERT BURNS WROTE HIS FAMOUS POEM, "THE WHISTLE"

This is a long quotation to open with, but its point will be seen presently. The whistle being now at Friars Carse, in possession of a neighbor of Burns at Ellisland, it was resolved that Riddel should submit it to competition between himself and two other descendants of the man who had so literally floored the Dane, namely, Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, and Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, then, in 1789, member of Parliament for Dumfries. The three are celebrated by Burns in as many lines:

Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert [Laurie], deep-read in old wines.

The poet had already spent many a jolly night at Friars Carse, and an invitation was sent to him to join in the "jovial contest" for the whistle. He immediately replied in characteristic fashion, and on a leaf torn from his excise-book:

The King's poor blackguard slave am I,
And scarce dare spare a minute;
But I 'll be with you by and bye,
Or else the devil 's in it.

It is not certain whether Burns was actually present at the grand symposium, but the point does not concern us here. The essential thing to note is that the whistle fell to Fergusson of Craigdarroch, who, as the referee of the occasion laconically records, "drank upwards of five bottles of claret." The visitor to Craigdarroch may still see the identical whistle, reposing on velvet under glass, set in a silver cup with a silver chain attached to it, and an engraved legend which rather erroneously describes it as "Burns' whistle."

I have cited this episode by way of in-

troducing "bonnie Annie Laurie" of the famous song; for the heroine was descended from that same Laurie who first contested with the Dane for the whistle, and it was her son, that Fergusson of Craigdarroch, who bore away the trophy that historic night in October, 1789, after tucking five bottles of claret under his belt. There is a prevailing notion that popular songs have all been made about imaginary people; but that is very far from being the case. "My pretty Jane" was a consumptive beauty whom Edward Fitzhall used to meet in the country lanes near Cambridge. "The Lass o' Richmond Hill" was the daughter of a king's bench solicitor, and married the young Irish barrister who immortalized her in the song. "Auld Robin Gray" was a shepherd in Lady Lindsay's family. Haynes Bayly wrote "Oh, no! we never mention her" on a Bath lady whose brother he had nursed through a long illness. "Robin Adair" was an Irish medical student who married Lady Caroline Keppel, the author of the song. The heroine of Henry Carey's "Sally in our Alley" was a typical London 'Arriet. And "Annie Laurie" was the daughter of a Dumfries laird. Why not? Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his "Four-in-Hand in Britain," expresses much surprise at having discovered a descendant of "bonnie Annie" in Dumfries. "While we were at the mansion of Friars Carse," the scene of the last whistle contest, he says, "a great-great-granddaughter of Annie Laurie actually came in. We were all startled to be brought so near the Annie Laurie of our dreams." Mr. Carnegie, like many more, had obviously never thought of Annie Laurie as having a real flesh-and-blood existence.

Burns is not strictly correct in his pedigree of the Lauries, but, like Stevenson, when convicted of having made one of his characters thrust a sword up to the hilt into the frozen ground, he "had other things to think about." It was the tradition of the whistle that chiefly interested Burns. As a matter of fact, there was no Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton prior to or during the reign of James VI. Stephen, the third son of John Laurie, the first of the family on record (they are credited with Italian blood), bought the lands of Maxwelton, near Dumfries, from the Earl of Glencairn in 1614. He was succeeded by his son John, who died in 1649. John, again, was followed by his son and heir Robert, created a baronet, "for his merits," in 1685. It was this Sir Robert who was the father of the song heroine, and there is some ground for believing him to be the subject of the tradition recorded by Burns.

He was an active supporter of the king and Claverhouse, and a bitter enemy of the Covenanters, as many of the old weather-worn gravestones in his district still testify. It was only eight days after he had been made a baronet that he caused one William Smith to be shot near Maxwelton, as the stone record in Tynron reads:

I William Smith, now here do lye,
Once martyred for Christ's verity,
Douglas of Stenhouse, Laurie of
Maxwelton
Caus'd Cornet Bailie give me martyrdom,
What cruelty they to my corps then us'd
Living may judge, me burial they refused.

Local, but lying, legend avers that "bonnie Annie Laurie" was appealed to for the life of this youth, and all the pity her cherry lips could utter was, "Let the dog die!" The myth is only an attempt at rural vengeance, for the pretty babe was less than two and a half years old at the time of the tragedy. And, after all, as regards Laurie himself, being a justice, he had, willy-nilly, to execute the law of the land at a regular assize.

He was twice married, this Laurie, his second wife being Jean Riddel, a daughter of the laird of Minto, by whom he had three sons and four daughters. Here is what the family register tells regarding the advent of the only daughter who was ever heard of in the great world:

At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Anna Laurie, was borne upon the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in the morning, & was baptized by Mr. George [Hunter], minister of Glencairn.

This was the "little stranger" who grew up to be the most beautiful Dumfriesian lady of her day, the "bonnie Annie Laurie" of lines which have long since gone round the English-speaking world.

We hear nothing further of her until

an ardent lover lays at her feet the poetical tribute which forms the basis of the modern song. He was a William Douglas of Fingland, in Kirkcudbrightshire, said, doubtfully, to have been the hero of Hamilton of Gilbert Field's song "Willie was a wanton wag." Douglas was a cadet of the Queensberry family, and one of the "bonniest fechters" of his time; a war-worn Othello whose wild temper and skill with the steel made him a terror to duelists. At the instigation of the Duke of Douglas, he tackled a professional swordsman and wounded and disarmed him, less, as the other maintained, by skill in fence than by his "fierce and squinting eyes." There is a family tradition that when the said duke had, in a quarrel, stabbed his cousin Captain Kerr, and was obliged to fly to the Continent, Fingland conveyed him away under the guise of a servant.

Unfortunately, Douglas was unsuccessful in his wooing of Annie Laurie. He had first met her at a ball in Edinburgh, when he was greatly struck by her beauty. A mutual affection was the immediate result; but Sir Robert Laurie disapproved of the match, and carried his daughter back to the seclusion of Nithsdale. Thither Douglas followed, and for months the pair met clandestinely in the woods and about the "braes" around Maxwelton. Finally the rumor of an impending Stuart invasion lured Douglas back to Edinburgh. The tradition is that he wrote the song the night before he left. However that may be, the trip to Edinburgh proved fatal to the love-affair. Douglas's Jacobite intrigues were suspected, and he was forced to flee to the Continent. Whether he corresponded with Annie Laurie from there, or left her without news of his whereabouts, cannot be said. He ultimately obtained pardon from King George and returned to Scotland, but there is no tradition of a subsequent meeting with his old love. In all her extant correspondence there is only one reference to him. A cousin had mentioned seeing Douglas in Edinburgh, and Annie replies, "I trust that he has forsaken his treasonable opinions, and that he is content." Thus does she dismiss the man who made her name famous.

It seems like a poetic injustice that he did not have the heroine, especially if she really gave him "the promise true." But perhaps, as a living descendant of the Lauries puts it, the engagement "went off in the settlements." Perhaps also the fact that Douglas was much older than his Annie and a pronounced Jacobite may have had something to do with his rejection. At any rate, he did not "lay him down and die." He did not even pine away in the sorrows of celibacy. Instead, he made a runaway marriage with one Betty Clerk of Glenboig, in Galloway, who bore him four sons and two daughters. His poetic fire must have cooled down, for we have no lyric descriptive of the swan-like neck and other features of Betty Clerk. Possibly Betty could not compete in beauty with her rival; possibly the braes of Glenboig were not so "bonnie" as the braes of Maxwelton.

The fact remains that Annie Laurie married another. She amused herself with several love-affairs, for she was something of a flirt, and finally gave her hand to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, who was three years her junior. The date of the marriage was 1710, when Annie was twenty-eight. Craigdarroch is only five miles from Maxwelton, and the two households had always been intimate. The Fergussons had been in Craigdarroch from time immemorial. They were a very old family, their ancestors having been attached to the courts of William the Lion and Alexander II (1214–1249). Alexander Fergusson, Annie Laurie's husband, was one of the county gentlemen who showed devoted allegiance to King William against the Stuarts, and he represented the Dumfries burghs in Parliament from 1715 to 1722. He was only four years old when his gallant father, John, fell at the head of Venmure's regiment at Killiecrankie in 1689, dropping dead from the saddle, which may be seen at Craigdarroch to-day.

Fergusson was no poet, like Douglas, but he was a much more likely match for Annie Laurie, who lived happily with him for many years. The pair had two daughters and two sons; one of the latter, as already indicated, being the James Fergusson who won the whistle in 1789. He was master of the Edinburgh Masonic Lodge of which Burns was made poet-laureate in March, 1787, and it was he who officially conferred the title on the poet. His

pre-marriage settlement, in the old crumpled manuscript and faded ink, is before me as I write. It is dated 1751. In this document an annuity provided against the prospective bride is "restricted during the life of Anna Laurie, widow of Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, to ane annuity of Seventy Pounds Sterling yearly." Annie Laurie's own will is also extant. It was drawn up as early as 1711, the year after her marriage, "forasmuch as I consider it a dewtie upon everie persone whyle they are in health and sound judgement so as to settle yr. worldly affairs that yrby all animosities betwixt friends & relatives may obviat." The deed appoints her husband "to be my sole & only executor, legator, & universalle intrometter with my haill goods, gear, debts, & sums of money that shall pertain & belong to me the tyme of my decease, or shall be dew to me by bill, bond, or oyrway."

The husband never had these duties to perform. Annie Laurie survived him, living until 1761, when she was close on eighty. Her death is recorded prosaically enough in the "Scots Magazine" thus: "April 5, at Carse, Dumfriesshire, Mrs. Anne Laurie, relict of Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, Esquire, & daughter of the deceased Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton." She had been the lady bountiful of Nithsdale, and in her later years was a notable gossip and matchmaker. It was under her direction that the present mansion house of Craigdarroch was built, and a relic of her taste is preserved in the formal Georgian gardens at the back. One of the winding paths still bears her name. The portrait of her reproduced here hangs in the dining-room at Maxwelton. It is ascribed to Aikman (1682–1731), but the head-dress seems to belong to a later period.

She is described as slender and graceful, with large blue eyes and brown hair, which was never powdered, despite the fashion of the times. Her face appears to have been rather long, and the features are clearly of the Grecian type. Tradition says that her feet, like her hands, were unusually small, in which case the simile,

> Like dew on the gowan lying
> Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,

ll founded. It would shock one more ink of this charming creature taking snuff if other ladies of that age had not done the same thing. Her snuff-box, still in existence, is a piece of Sèvres work, with a miniature of Prince Charlie painted on the lid. It is some consolation to know that she did not adopt the practice till well on in years. She was very fond of letter-writing, but she "wrote uninterestingly," says a descendant in whose hands some specimens of her correspondence remain. She always signed her name "Anna."

A visit to Maxwelton to-day is interesting on several grounds. This, the original home of Annie Laurie, sits high upon its "braes," nestling amid umbrageous shades of venerable trees, overlooking a flowery parterre. It was two hundred years old when she was born, and though it has been rebuilt, a considerable portion of the original remains, notably the great tower. Some of the old walls are twelve feet thick. The lower room in the tower is the gun-room, and the little room above is always spoken of in the family as "Annie Laurie's boudoir." Over the entrance door of the tower, and above a window in the opposite wing, are inserted two marriage stones, the first that of Annie's father and mother, the second (dated 1641) that of her grandfather and grandmother. The stones are about two feet square. The bride's and the bridegroom's initials and the date of the marriage are cut upon them, along with the family coat of arms, which bears among other heraldic devices two laurel leaves and the motto, "Virtus semper viridis.". There is also an Annie Laurie marriage stone at Craigdarroch. Such stones were often put up, in accordance with a very ancient custom, but specimens are now extremely rare.

A Laurie is still in possession of Maxwelton, though not of the first baronet's male line. Sir Robert Laurie, the contemporary of Burns, represented Dumfries at Westminster for thirty years—from 1774 till his death in 1804. His eldest son, Admiral Sir Robert Laurie, died in 1848 without issue, and the Laurie baronetcy expired with him. The present proprietor of Maxwelton, the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley Laurie, a retired Church of England clergyman, is the great-grandson of Burns's "whistle" hero, but inherits his baronetcy through his mother, a granddaughter of Sir Robert, who mar-

MAXWELTON HOUSE, THE EARLY HOME OF ANNIE LAURIE

CRAIGDARROCH HOUSE, THE HOME OF ANNIE LAURIE AFTER HER MARRIAGE

ried Mr. John E. Bayley, eldest son of Sir John Bayley, Bart. He took the additional name of Laurie on succeeding to Maxwelton.

Sir Emilius writes:

Maxwelton House, the home of Annie Laurie, enjoys any notoriety which it may possess not from its antiquity, for there are many older houses even in this part of Scotland; not from any peculiarity of structure; not from any part it has played in history, but solely from its association with the name of Annie Laurie. And that lady owes her fame not to any accident of birth, or to anything remarkable in her character or career, but simply to the song composed by the man she threw over, and more particularly to the air to which in later days that song has been sung.

So much for the heroine and the place of the song; now, as to the song itself. The original version written by the jilted Jacobite consisted of two stanzas only. The second stanza, beginning

She 's backit like a peacock,

evidently owed something to an old, unquotable version of "John Anderson, my Jo"; but the style of Douglas's verses is wonderfully chaste and tender for the age. Here they are, exactly as he wrote them:

I

Maxwelton banks are bonnie,
Whare early fa's the dew;
Whare me and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;—
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I 'd lay doun my head and die.

ANNIE LAURIE
FROM THE PORTRAIT AT MAXWELTON

ALEXANDER FERGUSON,
ANNIE LAURIE'S HUSBAND
FROM AN OLD PRINT

II

She 's backit like a peacock,
  She 's breastit like a swan,
She 's jimp about the middle,
  Her waist ye weill may span;—
Her waist you weill may span,
  And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I 'd lay doun my head and die.

This, it will be seen at once, is not quite the song with which the public is familiar. Just as Fingland was superseded in his love, so his song was superseded by a brighter and more delicately cut gem than he was able to fashion. The "jimp about the middle" and the "rolling eye" stanza is never sung now. But who does not know the lines beginning,

Her brow is like the snawdrift,

which gave place to it?

The history of this modern version of the song is bound up with the familiar tune, for both song and tune were from the same pen. Douglas's original lines were long known among the common people in the south of Scotland, but there was no fitting tune for them; and, strange to say, they made no appearance in print until Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe included them in his privately printed "Ballad Book of Songs" in 1824. Up to that time they had been sung to a tune long since discarded. In 1825 Allan Cunningham transcribed the verses, with trifling alterations, for his "Songs of Scotland," and it was from finding them there that Lady John Scott had the idea of recasting them. I quote from a letter of her own, dated 1899, as follows:

It is no trouble to tell you my share in "Annie Laurie." I wrote the music originally to another old ballad. I was staying at Marchmont (when my sister, Lady H. Campbell, was alive), & one day, in the library, I took Allan Cunningham's poetry, & I thought my tune would just suit his ballad of "Annie Laurie." I did not like his second verse, which begins, "She 's backit like a peacock," so I altered it to what it is at present. I added the third verse, "Like dew on the gowan lying." I then sang it to poor Sir Hugh & my sister to see if they thought it worth writing down. They liked it. I did write it down. After the Crimean War I gave it to Lonsdale [a London music seller] to publish for a bazaar for the widows & orphans of the soldiers who had been killed.

Here we have, in a nutshell, the story of how the modern song was called into being, and how its tune was made.

It was in the year 1835 that Lady John Scott wrote her version of the song, and although it was published, with the music,

in an Edinburgh collection in 1838, she withheld her name until 1854, when she published it with other songs. There seems to have been no particular reason for hiding the authorship. But nearly all Scottish ladies of "family" used to write anonymously when they wrote at all. A reward was actually offered for the discovery of the authorship of "Auld Robin Gray," written by Lady Lindsay. "The Flowers of the Forest" was published anonymously by Miss Jane Elliot; and Lady Nairne enjoyed the joke of hearing "The Land o' the Leal" conjecturally attributed to Burns.

Lady John Scott has as much right to be called the author of "Annie Laurie" as Burns has to be called the author of "Auld Lang Syne" and many another old song which he touched up and saved from oblivion. But she was not at all anxious to claim the distinction. She was a real Scottish gentlewoman, "all of ye olden time," though she died as recently as 1900. Born Alicia Anne Spottiswood in 1810, she belonged to one of the oldest families in the south of Scotland. An ancestor, John Spottiswood, went to France in 1558 to be present at the marriage of Mary Stuart to the dauphin. His son, again, was the famous Archbishop Spottiswood who crowned Charles I at Holyrood in 1625. Lady John was of the seventh generation from the archbishop. In 1836 she married Lord John Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's only brother. Lord John died suddenly in 1860, and the widow was left disconsolate, with no children to comfort her.

Almost up to her own death she acted as if her husband were still by her side. His chair was set out for him at every meal; when she traveled, his luggage went with her own; she wrote letters to him as if he were on a journey. His hats and sticks remained in the hall; his dressing-room was seen exactly as he left it. There was no morbidness about all this. With a healthy mind, Lady John's motto at all times and in every relation of life was, "Hand [hold] fast by the past." She was a great stickler for old-fashioned ways. Instead of putting up a notice to "Shut the gate," she had it in the vernacular "Steek the gett." A farmer on her estate, objecting to the name of "Howlet's Ha'," altered it to the English equivalent of "Owl's Hall," and was promptly ordered to revert to the original designation or quit the place. She always burned peats in preference to coal, and kept a grinding mill when everything else of the kind had long since vanished. The "guisards" at New-Year time were requested to come and act their "plays" before her and her visitors; and on Handsel Monday she would herself set out and seek her cakes at the homes of her servants, in the words of the old rhyme:

My feet 's cauld,
my shoon 's thin,
Gie 's my cakes an'
let me rin.

Never lived a more perfervid Scot. "I would rather stay in a pigsty in Scotland than in a palace in England," she said.

Such was the author of the popular version of "Annie Laurie," the composer of its tune. Surviving her husband for forty years, she passed away, at the age of ninety, in March, 1900, on the sixty-fourth anniversary of her wedding-day.

ANNIE LAURIE
FROM AN OLD PRINT

A MATTER OF INVESTMENTS

BY

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

Author of "The Siren of the Air," "The Book of his Heart," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY REGINALD BIRCH

BROOKFIELD, on the authority of "The Morning Democrat's" social column, was on the qui vive: Charley Brinton had come home from Harvard with an unexpected fiancée and the fiancée's mother, and nobody knew how old John Brinton was going to take it. Reflect that old John Brinton was to Brookfield what a sort of composite Diogenes-Crœsus would have been to Sinope, and you will admit that the "Democrat" was not overstating the case.

The dingy little cottage on Grove Street that had sheltered the twenty-odd years of John Brinton's widowerhood somewhat grudgingly received Charles and his guests. It had the air of doing most things grudgingly, however, probably contracted from Mrs. Mallet, the colored housekeeper, who came in by the day, fried monotonous, indigestible meals, and made a faint pretense of keeping the house in order. Under urging from Charles, she prepared a supper of fried chicken on the evening of the ladies' arrival, removed a modicum of the ancient dust, and put a vase of nasturtiums in the middle of the round, red-clothed table.

John Brinton, making no exception for the exceptional circumstances, came home just in time to take his place at the head of the table. In response to a telegram from his son, he had neglected his business long enough to meet the ladies at the station, telephone to Mrs. Mallet, and send them out to Grove Street in a carriage. He greeted them unsmilingly when they came to the supper-table, and solemnly served the chicken. When everybody except himself had been served, he pushed his chair back from the table, called to Mrs. Mallet, and requested her to fry some bacon and eggs for him.

In the midst of the sensational silence that followed this request, Mrs. Powell spoke.

"I 'm so sorry we did n't have just your usual supper," she said. "I understand that Brookfield is famous for its bacon and eggs."

"You may have some, too, if you care to wait, ma'am," said Brinton, surprised

into ironical politeness; and he really looked at her for the first time.

She was inclined to be plump, with the comfortable plumpness of middle age. Her pleasant, decided facial lines and large, quick gray eyes suggested that she could be both audacious and proper at the same time. It is a prerogative granted to certain very sensible, well-trained natures.

"Thank you; then I think I shall," she said, pushing away her plate with a firm, competent hand.

"Mrs. Mallet," called Brinton, "make it two orders of bacon and eggs. Will you have three eggs or four, Mrs. Powell?"

But there was something a little daunted in the very assuredness with which he delivered the order. He had been "got around"; his declaration of independence had fallen flat. He was obliged to establish his acquaintance with the lady on a new basis, and the effort confused him.

"Your son has told me a great deal about you, you see, Mr. Brinton," said Mrs. Powell, brightly, stepping into the breach. "I think that was one of the main reasons why I came to Brookfield. I am really very much interested in you."

"There is nothing about me to be interested in," hedged John Brinton. "I 'm a money-grubber, that 's all. Making money is all I care for, and I make no bones about admitting it."

He acknowledged the arrival of his bacon and eggs by pursing his lips and giving attention to his plate. His square face and puckery gray eyes, the solid quality of the jaw under his bristling gray beard, had moved Brookfield to credit him with a likeness to General Grant. As he ate, he shot an occasional reconnoitering glance at Miss Alice Powell, the future Mrs. Charles Brinton. Mrs. Powell had struck up a conversation with Charles that left Brinton and her daughter stranded.

"Ever been West before?" asked John Brinton of the young lady, categorically.

She lifted a pair of startled brown eyes to him, and a face somewhat rosy with embarrassment. Her eyes slanted downward a little at the outer corners, giving to her expression a plaintive cast that added to her quiet style of good looks.

"Never west of New York," put in Mrs. Powell, relieving the girl of the necessity of a reply; "but I 've always been attracted by the Middle West; and so, when I found that Alice and Charles were preparing to elope,—yes, I assure you, they were on the verge —I proposed, as an alternative, that we all come here and talk it over with you. I think I 'm going to like Brookfield very much. Your Ozark Mountains remind me of the Berkshire Hills, except that the Ozarks seem ever so much more tropical. Your winters, I presume, are mild."

"Yes," said Brinton.

"I must get some one to drive me about the town to-morrow," said Mrs. Powell. "I want specially to see the fine residence district. Out on Cherry Avenue, is n't it? You see, I 've learned a great deal about Brookfield from your son. He made me almost as anxious to see it as to see you."

"You can see it," said Brinton. He was as suspicious as a shot-marked crow, was old John Brinton. The marriageable widows and spinsters of Brookfield had exhausted their wiles on him long ago.

Mrs. Powell raised her eyebrows just the least bit to show that she was displeased, and relinquished him in favor of his son. Throughout the evening, while the four perched on the old, uncomfortable chairs in the musty parlor, she virtually ignored him. Her neglect was pointed by the cheerful manner in which she kept Charles and Alice from having anything to do with him. He was reduced to moping in a corner. He began by looking fateful and important, but ended by looking uncomfortable.

Promptly at his customary hour of ten o'clock he bade them a gruff good night, made his usual round of the house to see that all was safe and tight, and retired to his bedroom. Methodically he removed his collar, coat, waistcoat, and shoes, got a big crooked pipe out of the top drawer of his bureau, and began to smoke. From time to time he was disturbed by sounds of merriment from the front room; a wheezy little pedal-organ, unopened for years, added to the disturbance. He rubbed his gray-socked feet on the worn carpet, scowled at the faded wall-paper, puffed gouts of smoke at the ceiling. He might have been General Grant planning a campaign.

Some one knocked at his door.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'REMEMBER, I SIMPLY MUST HAVE IT; I GIVE YOU A FREE HAND'"

"Come in!" he called; and his son entered.

By the light of the little kerosene lamp on the bureau, Charles and his shadow seemed to fill one end of the narrow room. He was a large-boned youth, clothed in the tight trousers and wide-shouldered coat fashionable just then. His very wide, very high collar and flaring cravat added to his appearance of top-heaviness.

"Saw your light under the door," he said, and sat down on the bed; since Brinton occupied the rocking-chair, it was the only thing to sit on in the room. "I say, Dad," he went on, "now that I 'm home for good, don't you think it would be a good idea for us to take a larger house?"

John Brinton gave him one quick, searching glance and puffed his pipe.

"And something a little tonier than this," suggested Charles; "say a good-sized house out on Cherry Avenue, for instance. That 's where all the nobs live, and we 've got a right to be about as nobby as any of 'em, have n't we?"

"Did Mrs. Powell put you up to this?" asked Brinton.

Charley smiled a little sheepishly.

"Suppose she did? I think she 's right. She 's a remarkably astute lady. When you—"

"Widow?" queried Brinton.

"Hey? Yes. Why—"

"I thought so," said Brinton.

"Hey? Oh, say,—" Charley chuckled, —"you don't want to think she 's setting her cap at you. She 's like that—awfully frank and friendly with everybody. She 's been a music-teacher back in Boston, you know; put Alice through Radcliffe, and laid by quite a little money all by her lonesome. She 's well off, and one of the livest—"

"I don't care what she is," interrupted Brinton. Charley's start and stare bore witness that such abruptness was not customary between father and son. "You can tell her that if she wants a house out on Cherry Avenue, she can buy it herself. And you can tell her at the same time that I don't believe in young men marrying before they can support their wives. If you marry her daughter, you don't get a cent—understand? You can have a job in my office at twelve a week as long as you 're worth it, and that 's all. Tell her that."

Charley's face slowly turned brick-color.

"This is a trifle sudden," he remarked.

"Sudden or not, it goes," snapped Brinton. "If you marry her daughter, you do it on your own hook. Tell her that."

He arose, and began removing the studs from his shirt-front. Charley walked as far as the door, and faced about. He seemed to be halfway between perplexity and anger.

"If I thought you meant that," he said, "I 'd get out to-morrow."

"The sooner the better. If my house is n't good enough for you and your Boston friends, my money 's too good."

"THE RED-WRAPPERED FIGURE OF MRS. MALLET ROSE TO GREET HIM"

A slow light dawned on Charley's face.

"Good night, Dad," he said with the utmost good humor, and gently closed the door.

The following morning Brinton went to his office too early to breakfast with the additions to his household. He did not make his customary trip to Grove Street for his noonday meal; the office-boy brought him some pie and coffee from a restaurant. Denying himself to visitors, he employed himself in verifying half a hundred monthly statements of rent due John Brinton. But his heart was not in his work. With the pile half finished, he treated himself to a cigar, leaned far back in his swivel-chair, and cogitated. He continued to cogitate until the growing restlessness of the office-boy informed him that it was time to go home.

As he drew near the dingy little cottage on Grove Street, he became aware of changes. The grass had been cut on the small lawn, and there were two new wicker chairs on the long-chairless front porch. Slowly he passed along the dingy white pickets of the front fence, grimly he surveyed the weather-beaten exterior of his home. In the gateway he paused. There was a new screen-door, behind which the house-door stood ajar; the front windows gaped wide open, as though luxuriating in their unexpected chance to get a breath of air, and he caught a glimpse of filmy curtains behind new, green-glistening window-screens. He stalked, according to custom, around to the back door and into the kitchen.

Changes were apparent there also. Mrs. Powell, in a long white apron, was bending over the sink. She turned to meet him with the graciousness of an old acquaintance.

"You go right into the front room,"

she said to him. "You 'll find your newspaper on the center-table. I 'll be in as soon as I get supper going."

Mr. Brinton, after a moment of hesitation, did as he was directed. His carpet-covered rocking-chair, which had worn parallel lines before the dining-room window, was pulled up beside one of the west windows of the front room. He took his newspaper from the center-table and sat down, but he did not look at it. He stared about at the clean, airy sitting-room that had been evolved over-day from his musty, dusty vault of a parlor. His face made no comment on the change; he simply stared.

Mrs. Powell rustled in, without her apron, in a white linen gown that made the most of her numerous pleasing curves.

"That frightful Mrs. Mallet and I—" she began, then interrupted herself long enough to fetch one of the new wicker chairs from the porch. "We had a disagreement as to the relative amount of dust and fresh air required in a house. I 'll fill in until we can get some one else."

Brinton had tardily risen to help her with the chair. While she permitted him to assist her in setting it down, he measured her impudence with eyes like cold steel. As she met his stare with a frank audacity that turned its point, he noticed that her eyes were nearly on a level with his own. He sat down again, and she sat opposite him.

"I 've had a perfectly delightful day," she informed him, evidently as a sign that he had nothing more to say about the Mallet matter. "But first, Charley told me this morning what you said to him last night—about depending on himself for a living, you know. The poor boy was somewhat cut up."

The slight thawing that had begun in Brinton's manner stopped abruptly; he pursed his lips.

"But I think you 're perfectly right." She turned on him a face fairly dazzling with approbation. "Charley 's a fine boy, but easy-going, and I 've seen too many young men like him swamped in a flood of parental dollars. Your decision removes my last objection to his marriage with Alice."

"I 'm glad to hear it, ma'am," said Brinton, with the air of recovering from a flash-light explosion.

"Young people don't really need money—I mean much money," she announced. "They 've got everything else. I never felt a positive need of money — much money, of course —until I was middle-aged. When your son told me how much you had, and how little use you made of it, my fingers itched."

Drawn by Kay Nielsen

"AS I REMARKED BEFORE, I THINK YOU 'D BE A MIGHTY GOOD INVESTMENT"

For a moment Brinton's face expressed absolutely nothing; then the faintest hint of a smile, a wry smile of appreciation, twitched the corners of his mouth.

"I never thought much about the use of it," he admitted half to himself; "all that interests me is making it come in."

"Well, I think you 've been missing a good deal by thinking only of the one side, although, of course, making it come in must be interesting, too. I 've often wished I 'd gone into business; but I had to do what I could. I 'm a music-teacher, you know. And that reminds me—" She

nodded at him confidentially. "I 'm going to open a studio in this town. I saw half a dozen persons about it this morning. Brookfield really needs me."

"I 'm glad you find that 's so," said Brinton, civilly.

"Do you know Professor Bordman, organist at the Calvary Presbyterian Church? He 's perfectly splendid; gave me all the data I needed. Alice and I are going to sing the offertory there next Sunday. You must come with us. Oh, those potatoes!" She whirled away to the accompaniment of an energetic rustle of starched skirts.

Brinton picked up his newspaper and perused half a dozen head-lines. He gave up the attempt presently, went over to the new wicker chair, and sat down to gaze out of his front door. The front of his house seemed amazingly open; he shrank a little whenever any one passed, as though it were guilty of indecent exposure. And yet the smell of the newly cut grass was an improvement on the pervading mustiness that had followed Mrs. Mallet's custom of never opening a window.

"I guess we might as well have supper now," said Mrs. Powell, appearing in the doorway. "Everything 's ready, and the Lord only knows when Alice and Charley will get back. They went for a drive out to the National Cemetery."

He sat down, staring like a stranger in his own house at the unaccustomed white table-cloth, white napkins, and polished silver plate. Mrs. Powell reappeared, bearing a plate of muffins covered with a napkin, and something on a covered larger plate. The removal of the cover disclosed an oblong mass of a golden-brown color, surrounded by a neat palisade of hashed-browned potatoes and decorated with a few sprigs of parsley. Brinton's eyes blinked with the acuteness of his interest.

"I almost dropped in to see you at your office this afternoon," said the lady, deftly dividing the golden-brown creation. "I needed somebody to drive me round; I hired a livery rig, you know. The more I see of Brookfield, the better I like it."

"Glad to hear it," said Brinton, with his eyes on the plate she was preparing for him. At the stroke of the knife a luscious mixture of vegetables and things had oozed from the midst of the golden-brown concoction. She made a little mound of potatoes beside a generous portion of it, and handed him his plate. He tasted, and, lo! it was his favorite bacon and eggs, etherealized, delicate with additional flavors, the apotheosis of bacon and eggs.

"What do you call this?" he asked, slowly tasting his first succulent mouthful.

"That? Oh, that 's a Spanish omelet," she replied. "In consideration of your likes, I added a little crisped bacon, chopped fine. Do you like it?"

"Yes," admitted Brinton, "I like it—in fact, very much."

"Have a muffin," suggested Mrs. Powell; "and there 's some butter just beside you. I hope you 'll like those muffins; they 're made according to a recipe that 's been in our family for more than a hundred years. Will you have cream in your coffee?"

"Cream?"

"Yes. I managed to get a milkman by telephone. He 's going to leave us milk and cream every morning. Maybe you 'd like to walk over to Professor Bordman's with me after supper. It 's only a dozen blocks or so, and the walk would do you good after your day in the office."

"I don't know but I might," said Brinton, considerately helping himself to another muffin.

He went to church the next Sunday for the first time in twenty years, and displayed considerable quiet satisfaction in escorting homeward the two ladies who, once more to quote "The Morning Democrat," had accorded Brookfield one of its rarest and most artistic musical treats. When the bills announcing Mrs. Powell's activities came in, he paid them grimly and held his peace. On the credit side of the ledger was the fact that he had had no indigestion since Mrs. Powell's arrival; that she continued, with Alice's assistance, to make a home of his house; and that her keen common sense and good humor were at his service when he felt like conversation. Several times he stopped himself on the verge of discussing his business matters with her.

But pungent Brookfield rumors were able to scale even the heights of the new sky-scraper, in the dizzy tower of which, six stories above the street, he had his office. Something in the eyes of his business acquaintances whenever they in-

quired, were it ever so casually, about Mrs. Powell's good health, reminded him that Brookfield was waiting to see him with all his worldly goods her endow.

"Everybody thinks you 're after my money," he told her frankly one evening, after a good supper had made him expansive; "and I don't know but that you 'd be a good investment."

For the first time in their acquaintance she appeared taken aback.

"Look here, John Brinton," she demanded, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing—nothing at all," he assured her earnestly, and hurried away in search of his pipe. But the rebuff set up a barrier between them. He did not see her so often after that; beneath his gruff exterior he was more sensitive than most women.

One morning, several days later, she called at his office.

"I 've come to talk business," she informed him when he went out into the reception-room to meet her. "Take me into your sanctum sanctorum!"

He admitted her with the same grave consideration that he would have shown to any business acquaintance, and gave her a chair beside his desk.

"I 've decided to buy a place out on Cherry Avenue," she announced, "and I want you to manage it for me. They want eighteen thousand; but you must make them do better than that."

He did not gasp; he merely asked what place it was. His composure was perfect.

"It 's the old Gregory place, and it 's just what I 've been wanting all my life. I simply fell in love with the walnut wainscoting of the dining-room," she rippled on. "And all the old furniture goes with the house; I shall hardly need to buy a thing. And the fountain—I 've always wanted a fountain! And the lawn and the stables and the tennis-court! Do you know how to play tennis? You ought to learn; you need the exercise. The executor has consented to let me have a lease for three months to make sure I want it; I 'm going to move in right away. It will be just the place to have Alice's wedding; and it 's just the place I 've always wanted to live in. The heirs are crazy to sell, and," she concluded firmly, "I 'm going to buy it."

"I 'll see what I can do," said Brinton.

"Almost all of the price will have to go on a mortgage, I warn you. I have n't got anything like eighteen thousand dollars."

"I 'll see what I can do," he repeated.

"All right. I 'm sure you 'll manage it. And now I must run; I 'm tremendously busy. Remember, I simply must have it; I give you a free hand."

With this assurance, the irony of which evidently did not strike her, she swished away. Brinton greatly appreciated the swishing. He treated himself to a cigar, and entered on one of his periods of cogitation.

He went home rather earlier than usual that evening, and was about to enter, as had become his recent custom, by the front door; but the front door was closed and locked. So were the front windows, staring glassily by force of the shades pulled down behind. In some vague agitation of foreboding he made his way around to the kitchen. From beside the kitchen stove, like the grim ghost of his past, the red-wrappered figure of Mrs. Mallet rose to greet him.

"Evenin', Mistah Brinton," she said, with the smile of a conquering Ethiopian queen.

"Where 's Mrs. Powell?" he asked.

"Busy movin' in her new house. She ain't comin' back heah no mo'." Mrs. Mallet's cheerfulness increased with the information. "She say to tell you she 'd ax you ovah to suppah, but she 's so much upset, all she kin do is 'tend to Miss Alice and Mistah Chahley. She hopes you kin come Satuhday evenin'; but Ah say—*doan' go.*"

A certain insinuation in her voice held Brinton. He waited.

"Ef Ah was you, Ah 'd look out for mahself, Mistah Brinton," she continued, rolling her eyes with prophetic fervor. "It 's common talk she 's a-goin' to gouge you to pay foh huh fine new house. I 'm a-tellin' you, as yoh frien', them up-an'-comin' females is wuth watchin'.. The day she come heah, when I see how she was headed, I says to huh, 'Miz Powell, my ideas is so fuh from bein' yoh ideas of how a house had ought to be run—'"

Brinton retreated into the dining-room. The red cloth was back on the table, and the carpet rocking-chair stood on its parallel lines before the window. He opened

the door of the front room; the curtains were down, the wicker chairs were missing, the air was already tainted with its ancient mustiness. He closed the door.

"Have you seen my newspaper?" he called to Mrs. Mallet.

"Yes, suh. I was jes lookin' it ovuh when you come in." She brought it to him, and he sat down before the dining-room window to read.

It might have been any week-day evening of the last twenty years over again; and yet it was not the same. Nor was the supper of bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, and boiled, creamless coffee the same as it had been before Mrs. Powell invaded his home. The descent from Spanish omelets, hashed-browned potatoes, muffins, and white table-cloths was too abrupt. He went to bed early to escape the vacantness of the house, and slept badly in consequence. Along toward midnight he heard Charley come in, humming a tune, and tramp up the bare flight of stairs to bed.

He did not go to Mrs. Powell's house for supper on the following Saturday evening; early in the afternoon he called her up by telephone to say that he would be detained at the office. The woman who answered the telephone said that Mrs. Powell was out, but a message might be left.

"Is this Miss Powell?" asked Brinton.

"No; this is Mrs. Powell's housekeeper," the voice replied.

"Please tell her it will be impossible for me to come out this evening," said Brinton, and hung up the receiver. "Mrs. Powell's housekeeper!" he repeated, still suffering from the shock that had made him forget to give his name.

His mood had been morose when he gave up the prospect of a good supper at Mrs. Powell's, and it grew more morose as the afternoon wore on. Gloomily he went home to the house and meal of his ante-Powell days. After supper, while Mrs. Mallet drawled a melancholy strain over her dish-washing, he moped in his rocking-chair before the dining-room window, a deserted, misused man, but proud —too proud to truckle to any one who had misused him. He even disdained to get himself the baking-soda and water that prudence would have prescribed as a precaution against threatened indigestion.

After Mrs. Mallet had taken her loose-jointed departure, he rebelliously unlocked the front door of his house, dragged the rocking-chair out upon the front porch, and sat down to smoke in the twilight. The afterglow was fading among a raveled mass of cirrus clouds that hung above the tree-covered hills to westward. He puffed his pipe, grim, taciturn, lonely.

Some one drove briskly up the street in a little rubber-tired runabout, and drew up before his front gate—some one, a woman, in fact, Mrs. Powell.

Brinton, with his external grimness abated only by the sudden quickening of the light in his eyes, went out to meet her. She stepped out as he drew near.

"What do you mean by disappointing me at supper?" she demanded. "I 've come to get you to spend the evening, anyway. I want to show you my new house." She made no effort to find whether he was compliant; she calmly took his compliance for granted. The novelty of the method, as far as John Brinton was concerned, helped to make it effective.

"Just look after my horse for a minute," she continued; "he 's my latest investment, by the way. How do you like him? I think I left a pair of scissors—a pet pair, too—in your house when I went away. I 'm going to run up-stairs to get them; I 'll be back in a minute."

Brinton, with amazing docility, gave his attention to the horse. Presently he went as far as the hall to get his hat. He waited a moment, listening to Mrs. Powell overhead, before returning to the buggy; his expression was thoughtful, somewhat chastened, but no longer melancholy.

They drove away, Mrs. Powell competently handling the reins. She suggested a little turn out West Street, to enjoy the evening, before going to Cherry Avenue; and guided the horse in the proper direction without waiting for the formality of a reply. She gossiped about her new house and her new housekeeper and her new horse and Alice and Charley. Brinton thawed rapidly, as he usually did when she set herself to thaw him, and was inveigled into making a few remarks on his own account. When they had been gone about three quarters of an hour, she turned to him with a sudden exclamation.

"Oh, bother! Do you know what I 've done? I left those scissors on your hat-rack. Well, we 'll drive back and get them."

Very leisurely, through the gathering

blue dusk, they drove back to Grove Street. He volunteered to go in for the scissors, but she stopped him.

"I can put my hand right on them," she said; "you hold the horse while I run in."

A moment later she hailed him from the doorway. Her arms waved with excitement. "Come quick!" she called.

Brinton hurried up to the porch. "The plumbing must have burst somewhere," she explained. "Listen! I can hear water dropping from the ceiling."

He struck a match, went into the front room, and lighted a lamp. The ceiling of the room was soaked, and a little stream of water trickled down. Carrying the lamp, and followed by Mrs. Powell, he went into the dining-room. Water was dripping down.

"It must be up-stairs in the bath-room," said Mrs. Powell. "Hurry!"

He waited for another glance around, and then, with great deliberation, ascended the stairs. Mrs. Powell rushed past him on the landing, and into the bath-room. He entered in time to see her draw away a dripping towel that had obstructed the escape-pipe of the basin, into which both faucets were pouring steady streams.

He waited, the lamp in his hand showing his face lined with a sort of grim amusement, while she turned off the taps.

"I guess I 'm responsible for this," she announced cheerfully, preceding him down the stairs. "I tried to get a little wash-water when I was up here; it would n't run very well, and I must have left the taps open. I 'd feel more contrite if your old house did n't need replastering, repapering, and almost everything else."

He paused at the foot of the stairs, opened the door of his bedroom, and looked in.

"Left that dry, anyway," he announced.

"John Brinton, you 're not thinking of staying in this house to-night!" It was not a protest; it was a command. "You can go to a hotel or you can come out to Cherry Avenue. I have a housekeeper and a cook and a daughter, and it will be perfectly proper. Why, I would n't think of letting you stay here; you 'd get your death of pneumonia."

"Well, my will leaves everything to Charley," he said, and he glanced up at her in the act of blowing out the lamp. For the second time he had the satisfaction of seeing that he had repaid in kind one of the shocks she had given him. A ghost of a grim smile played across his face. "Better go to the outside door," he said; "I 'm going to douse the glim."

His sudden flash of humor seemed to shock Mrs. Powell as much as his grim joke. She waited, staring at him.

"How long was it before that water would n't run?" he demanded, hovering over the lamp. "I heard you turn it on; it appeared to start about as brisk as ever." He chuckled wickedly. "Was n't Mrs. Mallet enough? Did you have to *drown* me out?" he demanded.

Mrs. Powell's amazement was gradually softened by half a smile. She looked him in the eyes with calm audacity.

"Well, suppose I did?" Her audacity seemed to need the prop of brave words; she colored a little. "Suppose I took that way as a short cut to develop some human emotions in you? Life 's short, and you 've been growing into a machine."

Brinton eyed her, silently, abstractedly. She became pinker and more uneasy.

"Perhaps you think I 'm after your money," she demanded, with a sudden flash of resentment.

"If you mean to say you 're not," said Brinton, "you 've got a lot less common sense than I 've credited you with."

Mrs. Powell gasped.

"Well, of all the—"

"Money *is* a good thing to have around," said Brinton; "I 'm just getting on to that fact. Only—well, I hope that 's not the only reason you took such an int'rest in me; I ain't so *powerful* humble." His wry, ironical smile helped a softening process that had begun to work on his face. "Anyway, as I remarked before, I think you 'd be a mighty good investment," he declared.

"John Brinton, you 're—you 're—" exploded Mrs. Powell in a voice that began in a gasp and ended in short laughter.

"What?" he asked.

"A wonder!"

He chuckled again, neatly blew out the lamp, and followed her toward the door.

"If I am, I 've got nothing on you, if you 'll excuse me for saying it." Gallantly he took her hand to assist her down the steps. "Mrs. Powell, ma'am, I believe you have the advantage of me in knowing my first name."

The Spirit of The Century

S. WEIR MITCHELL

THE life literary has no relation more intimate, more fruitful, or more precious than that between a magazine and its contributors of long standing and reciprocal loyalty. The magazine makes the contributors, and the contributors make the magazine, one as much as the other. Those whose imaginings see in a magazine a fortress besieged, which the contributor enters by force or favor, by assault or by parley, wholly mistake the natural selection by which a magazine gathers its most valid asset—the group of writers attracted by its policy, whose presence attests the value and settles the success of the policy that has won them. Without the policy, these would not come; without these, the policy would not go. Both, not each, make the magazine.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, whose death removes a landmark on the horizon in medicine, in letters, and in the administration of the things that collectively make and guide the national mind, came to THE CENTURY in the mid-eighties, precisely as he came to "The Atlantic" in the early sixties. He wanted the magazine, and the magazine wanted him. A natural personal sympathy, ennobling in both and to both, united Richard Watson Gilder and S. Weir Mitchell. Both had the same passionate devotion to verse for its own sake. The measure and rhythm and harmony and technic played the same part in their lives that music has for many, though for neither did it exclude the more impersonal wordless art. Both had the respect for literature which the type-writer and cheap printing tend to destroy by making it easier to write and to publish and harder to read and to remember. There are some prints, early in the history of printing, in which proof-reader and printer wear swords because it was assumed that every one in the "chapel" was a gentleman. A blameless sword in letters both these gentlemen carried, wide apart as they were in their life-work.

But they met in believing that wisdom was the elder child of inspiration, that life was ill led if it was not seemly as well as round in all its parts, and that a nice regard for detail is the parent of a just dignity in letters. These are all the signs manual of the reserves of power. With a practical wrist, the rapier has a "punch" more deadly than a prize-fighter's fist. Dr. Mitchell, when "Characteristics" appeared in 1891, his first contribution to THE CENTURY, was already known. In medicine he had met the hurry and pressure that slay nerves with healing rest. He had probed the hidden secret of snake venoms. He had already displayed his various and efficient power in the organization and direction of institutions and societies, in science and in medicine. In letters, though in his mid-fifties, he had done little, and that little was promise rather than achievement. His short stories had caught the eye only of the selective critic, quick to see tendency. His handful of poems gave no hint of the work he was to do in the last twenty years of a life that has just ended at eighty-three. His two novels, "In War Time" and "Roland Blake," had perception, penetration, and the picture, but lacked weight. "Characteristics" had this. It was wise. Head-thought is as much needed in letters as heart-throb, Athena as much as Apollo. As "Characteristics" developed number by number, swarms of letters came both to author and magazine. Western debating societies discussed the issues it raised. Women's clubs wrote essays about it. Mature professional men East and West wrote long, full letters, particularly from those lesser places where the intellectual and brooding life so often, though not always, has time, but not companionship, as in the larger it has companionship, but

not time. It was both instantly and constantly apparent that THE CENTURY audience, so wide-spread, always growing, always changing, and yet always preserving a common character, had found in Dr. Mitchell the seer to whom it cared to listen.

For just short of thirty years since, the work of Dr. Mitchell has appeared in THE CENTURY. Here the "Lycian Tomb," child of solitude and of sorrow, so easily the foremost fruit of his verse, one of the greater threnodies, had its fitting illustration. The "Magnolia" deepened the note of thought. On the eve of the Spanish-American War, "Hugh Wynne" gave the patriotism of youth its high and heroic model. No novel of the Revolutionary period approached it. Story succeeded story; and poem, poem. Pastels came from his facile hand which had a stinging quality. On the threshold of his eightieth year he surprised no one more than the editor of THE CENTURY by breaking out in a detective story.

The readers of THE CENTURY need no catalogue. A man's position in letters is not to be decided while the rounded mound above him is still unsodded. At this hour there comes instead the memory of the man, inspiring, benignant, high-minded, tender-hearted, leading day by day a life devoted to the nobler aspect of every task. The years take toll from some. They enriched him. He grew from sixty to eighty, sloping years for most; rising years for him. His writing grew more careful. He became more fastidious in his choice of words, more painstaking in his sentences, more anxious to put substance behind utterance. Repute, honor, wide acceptance, which make many careless, weighted him with responsibility. One saw that he followed THE CENTURY closely, knew it number by number, weighed and appraised each issue as it came, saw it as a whole, was watchful of its level, place, attraction, and value, in this steadily moving procession. He came to know magazine conditions, to feel the audience, to know its reaction.

Of this manifold man much else could be said in many fields. From all he brought fruit. In each he stood in its foremost files. Universities knew him in letters and in science alike. His profession had given him every possible honor. He was a national figure. But on these pages this is not the image that falls now that he is gone. There is instead the vision —alas! only a vision!—of a spare figure which fourscore years could only stoop and not bow; a manner gracious, gentle, and never forgetful of life's daily due of courtesy and the comrade spirit; a mobile face whose modeling bespoke his mingled Scotch and American ancestry, with the thin beard of the man who both thinks and does,—your thick, short-bearded man does, and does not think, and your thick, long-bearded man thinks, and does not do, —and an expression which had charm, inspiration, command, and the cogent influence of personality as elemental as gravitation. No man and no woman met him but saw life brighter and gained in inspiration and enthusiasm, in desire to achieve, in willingness to serve, and in high determination that no day and no task should come back empty or lack lofty effort, be the day or task what it might. All his were noble, ennobling, and included a vision and horizon wider than earth's round, as the pages he contributed to THE CENTURY bear witness.

In Lighter Vein

ARISTOCRATIC ANECDOTES

OR LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

Author of "Nonsense Novels," "Literary Lapses," etc.

I HAVE lately been much struck by the many excellent little anecdotes of celebrated people that have appeared in recent memoirs and found their way thence into the columns of the daily press. There is something about them so deliciously pointed, their humor is so exquisite, that I think we ought to have more of them. To this end I am trying to circulate on my own account a few anecdotes which somehow seem to have been overlooked.

Here, for example, is an excellent thing from the vivacious memoirs of Lady Ranelagh de Chit Chat.

STORY OF THE DUKE OF STRATHYTHAN

LADY RANELAGH writes: "The Duke of Strathythan (I am writing of course of the seventeenth duke, not of his present Grace) was, as everybody knows, famous for his hospitality. It was not perhaps generally known that the duke was as witty as he was hospitable. I recall a most amusing incident that hap-

Drawing by Birch

COUNT CAVOUR AND THE TELEGRAM

pened the last time but two that I was staying at Strathythan Towers. As we sat down to lunch (we were a very small and intimate party, there being only forty-three of us), the duke, who was at the head of the table, looked up from the roast of beef that he was carving, and, running his eye about the guests, murmured, 'I 'm afraid there is n't enough beef to go round.'

"There was nothing to do, of course, but to roar with laughter, and the incident passed off with perfect savoir-faire."

HERE is another story that I think has not had all the publicity that it ought to have, I found it in the book "Shot, Shell, and Shrapnel; or, Sixty Years as a War Correspondent," recently written by Mr. Maxim Gatling, whose exploits are familiar to all readers.

Drawing by Birch

"'LORD ROBERTS'S AIDE WAS SHOT IN THE PIT OF THE STOMACH'"

ANECDOTE OF LORD KITCHENER

"I WAS standing," writes Mr. Gatling, "immediately between Lord Kitchener and Lord Wolseley, with Lord Roberts a little to the rear of us, and we were laughing and chatting as we always did when the enemy were about to open fire on us. Suddenly we found ourselves the object of the most terrific hail of bullets. For a few moments the air was black with them. As they went past, I could not refrain from exchanging a quiet smile with Lord Kitchener and another with Lord Wolseley. Indeed, I have never, except perhaps on twenty or thirty occasions, found myself exposed to such an awful fusillade.

"Kitchener, who habitually uses an eyeglass (among his friends), watched the bullets go singing by, and then, with that inimitable sang-froid which he reserves for his intimates, said:

" 'I 'm afraid, if we stay here, we may get hit.' We moved away laughing heartily.

"Lord Roberts's aide-de-camp was shot in the pit of the stomach as we went."

THE next anecdote that I reproduce may be already too well known to my readers. The career of Baron Snorch filled so large a page in the history of European diplomacy that the publication of his recent memoirs was awaited with profound interest by half the chancelleries of Europe. Even the other half were half excited over them. The tangled skein in which the politics of Europe are enveloped was perhaps never better illustrated than in this fascinating volume. Even at the risk of repeating what is already familiar, I offer the following for what it is worth, or even less.

NEW LIGHT ON THE LIFE OF CAVOUR

"I HAVE always regarded Count Cavour," writes the baron, "as one of the most impenetrable diplomatists it has been my lot to meet. I distinctly recall an incident in connection with the famous Congress of Paris of 1856 that rises before my mind as vividly as if it were yesterday. I was seated in one of the large salons of the Elysée Palace (I often used to sit there) playing vingt-et-un with Count Cavour,

the Duc de Magenta, the Marchesi di Casa Mombasa, the Conte di Piccolo Pochito, and others whose names I do not recollect. The stakes had been, as usual, very high, and there was a large pile of gold on the table. No one of us, however, paid any attention to it, so absorbed were we all in the thought of the momentous crises that were impending. At intervals the Emperor Napoleon III passed in and out of the room, and paused to say a word, with well-feigned *éloignement,* to the players, who replied with such *dégagement* as they could.

"While the play was at its height a servant appeared with a telegram on a tray. He handed it to Count Cavour. The count paused in his play, opened the telegram, read it, and then, with the most inconceivable nonchalance, put it into his pocket. We stared at him in amazement for a moment, and then the duke, with the wonderful ease of a trained diplomat, quietly resumed his play.

"Two days afterward, meeting Count Cavour at a reception of the Empress Eugénie, I was able unobserved to whisper in his ear, 'What was in the telegram?'

" 'Nothing of consequence,' he answered. From that day to this I have never known what it contained. My readers," concludes Baron Snorch, "may believe this or not, as they like, but I give them my word that it is true."

Drawing by Birch

"'THE GOODNESS OF HER HEART BROKE FORTH'"

I CANNOT resist appending to these anecdotes a charming little story from that well-known book, "Sorrows of a Queen." The writer, Lady de Weary, was an English gentlewoman who was for many years mistress of the robes at one of the best-known German courts. Her affection for her royal mistress is evident on every page of her memoirs.

TENDERNESS OF A QUEEN

LADY DE WEARY writes: "My dear mistress, the late Queen of Saxe-Covia-Slitzin-Mein, was of a most tender and sympathetic disposition. The goodness of her heart broke forth on all occasions. I well remember how one day, on seeing a cabman in the Poodel Platz kicking his horse in the stomach, she stopped in her walk and said: 'Oh, poor horse! If he goes on kicking it like that, he 'll hurt it.' "

I MAY say in conclusion that I think, if people would only take a little more pains to resuscitate anecdotes of this sort, there might be a lot more of them found.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM

BY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

DESIGNS BY EUGENE SANFORD UTTON

THE Parodist awoke at night;
Two stood beside his bed;
A man and maid—he bore a book
Of verse; upon her head
Were seven stars; they also bore
Some lilies and some bread.

"Had I but known," quoth one, *"what suffering*
In after years my vine-crowned verse might bring,
Lo, I had crushed the rose and spilled the wine,—
Tent-making were a safer, saner thing."

"Since now no would-be wit my screed may pass
Without the urge of parody, alas!
Nor any editor of woman born
Turn down the braying of a jocund ass."

The maiden moaned, *"They torture me*
Times seventy and seven.
Have I not served for every fad
To which the world is given?
They lean me on so many bars
That are not bars of heaven.

"My stars and lilies have they made
To serve in many a jest;
The hair that lies adown my back,
The way that I am dressed;
Albeit, all I ask of them
Who hear my tears, is rest."

The Parodist, he hid his face,
He knew his ghosts too well;
One glance they gave his shrinking form,
One glance of portent fell,—
Then from the room passed Omar and
The blesséd Damosel.

ONE OF OUR MORE PROVINCIAL CITIES

BY ERNEST HARVIER

It sometimes seems as if the waves of progress reached every city in our country before they reach its metropolis. New York retains a provincialism akin to that of a small New England village. Typical New-Yorkers know that they are always hurrying, but they do not know that they are always standing still.

One afternoon a visitor from Chicago was accompanied about the metropolis by one of these typical New-Yorkers. When they reached Chambers Street, they heard a rattle of horses' hoofs and a jingle of bells. The visitor looked up and beheld a horse-car passing under the new municipal building. It was on its way to the Grand Street ferry. The New-Yorker failed to see the exquisite humor of it.

A little later the visitor asked his friend where the children of the real, typical New-Yorkers played. He was directed to Gramercy Park. Arrived there early in the afternoon, he saw a park entirely surrounded by a high iron fence. The gates were locked. Outside the park two demure little children were patiently waiting until an old man came along and unlocked the gate of the park with his key.

On the west side of the city the visitor was amazed to see, upon a populous avenue, a boy riding on a horse a little distance in front of a train of freight-cars. The boy waved a flag to warn pedestrians and vehicles of the approach of the cars.

"What, is it always like this?" asked the visitor, amazed. "Oh, no," said the New-Yorker; "the boy does n't always wave a flag. At night he carries a lantern. For forty years they 've been talking of abolishing these trains."

They went a little farther west. The visitor saw two elderly men making their way along a wharf to a Hudson River steamboat. One of the men said:

"I always feel at home on that boat. My father used to take me up the river on it when I was a boy." The visitor looked at the boat. It was the *Mary Powell.*

The Chicagoan was studying a guidebook of the city. He was much perplexed. He turned to the New-Yorker.

"Can you tell me about these places?" he asked. "It says here that they are all in New York City."

"No," said the New-Yorker; "I never heard of one of them." Here are the names of the places: Foster's Meadows, Grassy Point, Ramblersville, Linoleumville, Goose Creek, Fresh Kills, Port Ivory, Tubby Hook, and Throgg's Neck.

The man went sadly wonderingly back to his hotel. Wrapped securely in his mantle of provincialism, serene, superior, and self-satisfied, the New-Yorker went hurrying on his way.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

BRITISH WEEKLINESS

I DO not deny that culture may exist outside the British weekly magazines, but I do maintain that nowhere outside their pages is culture so splendidly certain of itself. Take, for example, the matter of classical quotation. In our rude country, if a man has a bit of Latin left in him, it is wisest to keep it to himself, even though he burst with the guilty secret. It is not so in England. He can have it printed in a British weekly magazine. Any little keepsake from the ruins of a college education may there be displayed with joy and pride.

Mr. Asquith's announcement on November 1 that the late Campbell-Bannerman had, at a cabinet meeting in 1892, been the only one to quote correctly a certain line from Juvenal moved a large number of cultivated persons. Gentlemen who had a scrap of Juvenal about them produced it at once. Gentlemen who had nothing of Juvenal produced a scrap of something else. Gentlemen with only a stray bit from the back part of the dictionary came forward with their little all. And they are still at it, though several months have slipped away, for I see in the very last issue of the London "Hortator" that some one in the West Riding of Yorkshire is being reminded of a line in Vergil, though unable to explain why.

In view of the flippancy of American journalism, I feel it my duty to reproduce the spirit of this discussion, though I may not recall with complete accuracy the details. It began, I think, in the pages of the London "Bombardinian" with a letter from Sir Horton Bumpstead-Digg, who trusted it would not be out of place to remark here that several other lines of Juvenal were often misquoted. There was, for example, the glaring instance of *pueris* for *puero*. He had encountered this lamentable and vulgar error in quarters where one would least expect it. Then followed the Hon. G. Hitcherling-Bottomley in the London "Weekly Palladium," who, while not desiring to animadvert upon the scholarship of Sir Horton Bumpstead-Digg, for whom personally he had the highest esteem, felt constrained to disagree with him as to the source of the quotation. The signs all pointed, said he, not to the tenth satire, but to the sixth. Lines from the sixth satire, by the way, were shockingly misquoted. It seemed to him highly significant in this day of feminist agitation, with the subject of woman so much to the fore, that so few people could quote correctly Juvenal's famous tribute to early woman—

Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
Et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito—

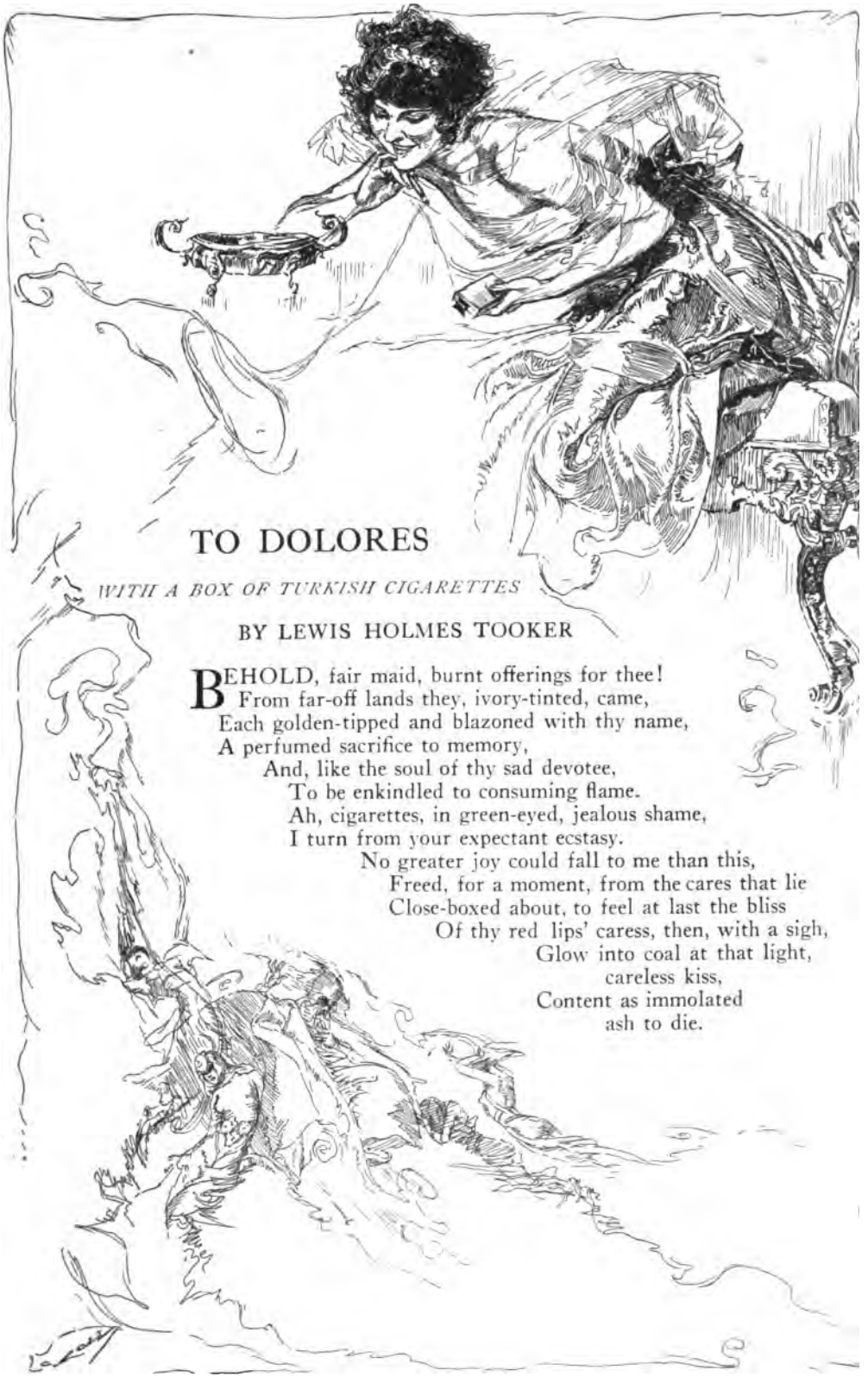
lines so beautifully remembered in Wordsworth's familiar words—

A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command.

Meanwhile it had leaked out that the line quoted by Sir Campbell-Bannerman was a phrase almost as common as *e pluribus unum,* and that he had merely given the reading of one edition, and the rest of the cabinet of another, and that everybody was right, and nobody at all remarkable. But the writing of letters went straight on—letters from Classicus, Senex, Auditor Tantum, M.A. Oxon. and Verbum Sat, and others.

Now, with the ins and outs of these deep matters I am not concerned, for in the decay of my Latin they are quite beyond me. That the affair has restored the confidence of well-bred Britons in their ruling class, whose prestige was shattered some months since, when the first lord of the admiralty accented Pyramus on the penult. I am concerned only with the manner of the participants. It is a mistake to suppose that these superb beings had any interest in the subject itself. Indeed, their Latin quotations usually applied to some quite different subject. It was, in fact, not a discussion at all. It was a demonstration in gentility. That is why I, as an American, was so much impressed.

If there is to be found on this side of the ocean any such amount of classical information, it can never be imparted in quite this way. In America we have nothing in point of dignity to compare with the Englishmen who quote Latin in the British weeklies, except perhaps a few colored persons in high hats.



TO DOLORES

WITH A BOX OF TURKISH CIGARETTES

BY LEWIS HOLMES TOOKER

BEHOLD, fair maid, burnt offerings for thee!
From far-off lands they, ivory-tinted, came,
Each golden-tipped and blazoned with thy name,
A perfumed sacrifice to memory,
And, like the soul of thy sad devotee,
To be enkindled to consuming flame.
Ah, cigarettes, in green-eyed, jealous shame,
I turn from your expectant ecstasy.
No greater joy could fall to me than this,
Freed, for a moment, from the cares that lie
Close-boxed about, to feel at last the bliss
Of thy red lips' caress, then, with a sigh,
Glow into coal at that light,
careless kiss,
Content as immolated
ash to die.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

BRITISH WEEKLINESS

I DO not deny that culture may exist outside the British weekly magazines, but I do maintain that nowhere outside their pages is culture so splendidly certain of itself. Take, for example, the matter of classical quotation. In our rude country, if a man has a bit of Latin left in him, it is wisest to keep it to himself, even though he burst with the guilty secret. It is not so in England. He can have it printed in a British weekly magazine. Any little keepsake from the ruins of a college education may there be displayed with joy and pride.

Mr. Asquith's announcement on November 1 that the late Campbell-Bannerman had, at a cabinet meeting in 1892, been the only one to quote correctly a certain line from Juvenal moved a large number of cultivated persons. Gentlemen who had a scrap of Juvenal about them produced it at once. Gentlemen who had nothing of Juvenal produced a scrap of something else. Gentlemen with only a stray bit from the back part of the dictionary came forward with their little all. And they are still at it, though several months have slipped away, for I see in the very last issue of the London "Hortator" that some one in the West Riding of Yorkshire is being reminded of a line in Vergil, though unable to explain why.

In view of the flippancy of American journalism, I feel it my duty to reproduce the spirit of this discussion, though I may not recall with complete accuracy the details. It began, I think, in the pages of the London "Bombardinian" with a letter from Sir Horton Bumpstead-Digg, who trusted it would not be out of place to remark here that several other lines of Juvenal were often misquoted. There was, for example, the glaring instance of *pueris* for *puero*. He had encountered this lamentable and vulgar error in quarters where one would least expect it. Then followed the Hon. G. Hitcherling-Bottomley in the London "Weekly Palladium," who, while not desiring to animadvert upon the scholarship of Sir Horton Bumpstead-Digg, for whom personally he had the highest esteem, felt constrained to disagree with him as to the source of the quotation. The signs all pointed, said he, not to the tenth satire, but to the sixth. Lines from the sixth satire, by the way, were shockingly misquoted. It seemed to him highly significant in this day of feminist agitation, with the subject of woman so much to the fore, that so few people could quote correctly Juvenal's famous tribute to early woman—

Sed potanda ferens infantibus ubera magnis
Et saepe horridior glandem ructante marito—

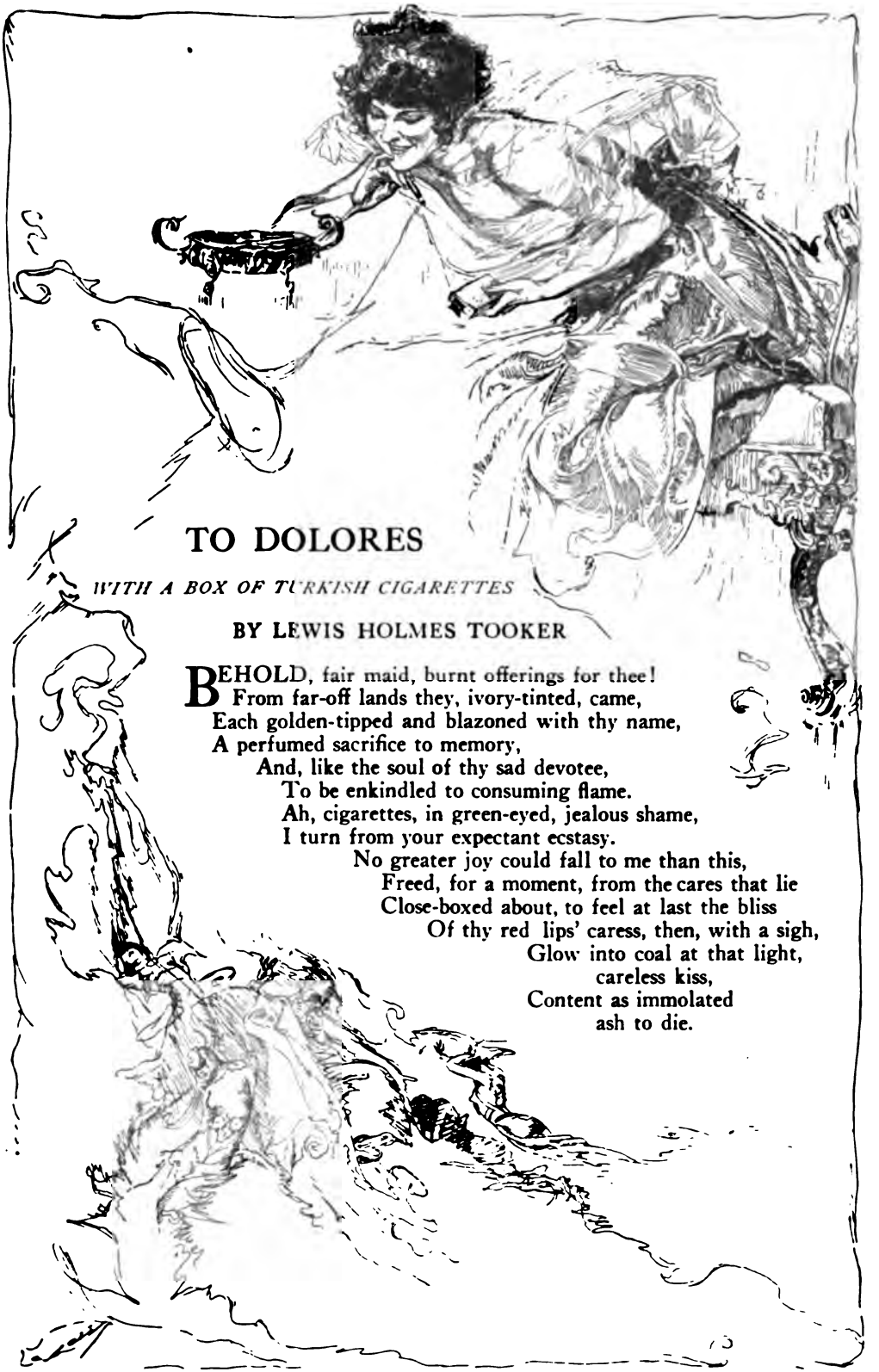
lines so beautifully remembered in Wordsworth's familiar words—

A perfect woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort, and command.

Meanwhile it had leaked out that the line quoted by Sir Campbell-Bannerman was a phrase almost as common as *e pluribus unum,* and that he had merely given the reading of one edition, and the rest of the cabinet of another, and that everybody was right, and nobody at all remarkable. But the writing of letters went straight on—letters from Classicus, Senex, Auditor Tantum, M.A. Oxon. and Verbum Sat, and others.

Now, with the ins and outs of these deep matters I am not concerned, for in the decay of my Latin they are quite beyond me. That the affair has restored the confidence of well-bred Britons in their ruling class, whose prestige was shattered some months since, when the first lord of the admiralty accented Pyramus on the penult. I am concerned only with the manner of the participants. It is a mistake to suppose that these superb beings had any interest in the subject itself. Indeed, their Latin quotations usually applied to some quite different subject. It was, in fact, not a discussion at all. It was a demonstration in gentility. That is why I, as an American, was so much impressed.

If there is to be found on this side of the ocean any such amount of classical information, it can never be imparted in quite this way. In America we have nothing in point of dignity to compare with the Englishmen who quote Latin in the British weeklies, except perhaps a few colored persons in high hats.



TO DOLORES

WITH A BOX OF TURKISH CIGARETTES

BY LEWIS HOLMES TOOKER

BEHOLD, fair maid, burnt offerings for thee!
From far-off lands they, ivory-tinted, came,
Each golden-tipped and blazoned with thy name,
A perfumed sacrifice to memory,
And, like the soul of thy sad devotee,
To be enkindled to consuming flame.
Ah, cigarettes, in green-eyed, jealous shame,
I turn from your expectant ecstasy.
No greater joy could fall to me than this,
Freed, for a moment, from the cares that lie
Close-boxed about, to feel at last the bliss
Of thy red lips' caress, then, with a sigh,
Glow into coal at that light, careless kiss,
Content as immolated ash to die.

FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS

FOUR DRAWINGS
BY
REGINALD BIRCH

THE HUERTA SHEATH.
A CHIC TAILOR-MADE MODEL

THE MARCONI WIRELESS
TRAVELING DRESS

A PREDICTION FOR 1915.
SUITABLE FOR CANAL OPENINGS

A FUR MOTORING COAT AND MUFF.
EFFECTIVE AND INEXPENSIVE

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

© The Macbeth Art Gallery

"THE YELLOW ROOM"

FROM THE PAINTING BY FREDERIC C. FRIESEKE

One of the most brilliant examples of modernism at its best and soundest. The free use of vivid color and the markedly decorative treatment are distinguishing notes of the "new" painting in all its degrees. Mr. Frieseke belongs to a group of American Impressionists working in France. This is one of his latest paintings.

MODERN ART NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. 87 APRIL, 1914 No. 6

THE DOG HARVEY[1]

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

Author of "Kim"

MY friend Attley, who would give away his own head if you told him you had lost yours, was giving away a six-months-old litter of Bettina's pups, and half a dozen women were in raptures at the show on Mittleham lawn.

We picked by lot. Mrs. Godfrey drew first choice; her married daughter, second. I was third, but waived my right because I was already owned by Malachi, Bettina's full brother, whom I had brought over in the car to visit his nephews and nieces, and he would have slain them all if I had taken home one. Milly, Mrs. Godfrey's younger daughter, pounced on my rejection with squeals of delight, and Attley turned to a sallow-skinned, slack-mouthed girl, who had come over for tennis, and invited her to pick. She put on a pair of pince-nez that made her look like a camel, knelt clumsily, for she was long from the hip to the knee, breathed hard, and considered the last couple.

"I think I 'd like that sandy-pied one," she said.

"Oh, not *him*, Miss Sichliffe!" Attley cried. "He was overlaid or had sunstroke or something. They call him The Loony in the kennels. Besides, he squints."

"I think that 's rather fetching," she answered. Neither Malachi nor I had ever seen a squinting dog before.

"That 's chorea—St. Vitus's dance," Mrs. Godfrey put in. "He ought to have been drowned."

"But I like his cast of countenance," the girl persisted.

"He does n't look a good life," I said, "but perhaps he can be patched up." Miss Sichliffe turned crimson; I saw Mrs. Godfrey exchange a glance with her married daughter, and knew I had said something which would have to be lived down.

"Yes," Miss Sichliffe went on, her voice shaking, "he is n't a good life, but perhaps I can—patch him up. Come here, sir." The misshapen beast lurched toward her, squinting down his own nose till he fell over his own toes. Then, luckily, Bettina ran across the lawn and reminded Malachi of their puppyhood. All that family are as queer as Dick's hatband, and fight like man and wife. I had to separate them, and Mrs. Godfrey helped me till they retired under the rhododendrons and had it out in silence.

"D' you know what that girl's father was?" Mrs. Godfrey asked.

"No," I replied. "I hate her for her own sake. I think she has adenoids, for one thing."

"He was a retired doctor," she explained. "He used to pick up stormy

[1] Copyright, 1914, by Rudyard Kipling.

Copyright, 1914, by THE CENTURY CO. All rights reserved.

young men in the repentant stage, take them home, and patch them up till sound enough to be insured. Then he insured them heavily, and let them out into the world again—with an appetite. Of course no one knew him while he was alive, but he left pots of money to his daughter."

"Strictly legitimate—highly respectable," I said. "But what a life for the girl!"

"Must n't it have been! *Now* d' you realize what you said just now?"

"Perfectly; and now you 've made me quite happy, shall we go back to the house?"

When we reached it they were all inside, sitting on committee of names.

"What shall you call yours?" I heard Milly ask Miss Sichliffe.

"Harvey," she replied—"Harvey's Sauce, you know. He 's going to be quite saucy when I 've"—she saw Mrs. Godfrey and me coming through the French window—"when he 's stronger."

Attley, the well-meaning man, to make me feel at ease, asked what I thought of the name.

"Oh, splendid," I said at random. "H with an A, A with an R, R with a—"

"But that 's Little Bingo," some one said, and they all laughed.

Miss Sichliffe, her hands joined across her long knees, drawled:

"You ought to verify your quotations."

It was not a kindly thrust, but something in the word "quotation" set the automatic side of my brain at work on some dim trail of thought that concerned some shadow of a word or phrase that kept itself out of memory's reach as a cat sits just beyond a dog's jump. When I was going home, Miss Sichliffe came up to me in the twilight, the pup on a leash, swinging her big shoes at the end of her tennis-racket.

"Sorry," she said in her thick, schoolboy-like voice. "I 'm sorry for what I said to you about verifying quotations. I did n't know you well enough and—anyhow, I ought n't to have."

"But you were quite right about Little Bingo," I answered. "The spelling ought to have reminded me."

"Yes, of course. It 's the spelling," she said, and slouched off with the pup sliding after her. Once again my brain began to worry after something that would have meant something if it had been properly spelled. I confided my trouble to Malachi on the way home, but Bettina had bitten him in four places, and he was busy.

Weeks later, Attley came over to see me, and before his car stopped, Malachi let me know that Bettina was sitting beside the chauffeur. He greeted her by the scruff of the neck as she hopped down, and I greeted Mrs. Godfrey, Attley, and a big basket.

"You 've got to help me," said Attley, tiredly. We took the basket into the garden, and there staggered out the angular shadow of a sandy-pied, broken-haired terrier, with one imbecile and one delirious ear and two most hideous squints. Bettina and Malachi already at grips on the lawn, saw him, let go, and fled in opposite directions.

"Why have you brought that felon hound here?" I demanded.

"Harvey? For you to take care of," said Attley. "He 's had distemper, but I 'm going abroad."

"Take him with you. I won't have him. He 's mentally afflicted."

"Look here," Attley almost shouted, "do I strike you as a fool?"

"Always," said I.

"Well, then, if you say so, and Ella says so, that proves I ought to go abroad."

"Will 's wrong, quite wrong," Mrs. Godfrey interrupted; "but you must take the pup."

"My dear boy, my dear boy, don't you ever give anything to a woman."

Bit by bit I got the story out of them in the quiet garden (never a sign from Bettina and Malachi), while Harvey stared me out of countenance, first with one cuttlefish eye and then with the other.

It appeared that a month after Miss Sichliffe took him, the dog Harvey had developed distemper. Miss Sichliffe had nursed him herself for some time; then she carried him in her arms the two miles to Mittleham, and wept—actually wept—at Attley's feet, saying that Harvey was all she had or expected to have in this world, and Attley must cure him. Attley, being by wealth, position, and temperament guardian to all lame dogs, had put everything aside for this unsavory job, and, he asserted, Miss Sichliffe had virtually lived with him ever since.

the Duc de Magenta, the Marchesi di Casa Mombasa, the Conte di Piccolo Pochito, and others whose names I do not recollect. The stakes had been, as usual, very high, and there was a large pile of gold on the table. No one of us, however, paid any attention to it, so absorbed were we all in the thought of the momentous crises that were impending. At intervals the Emperor Napoleon III passed in and out of the room, and paused to say a word, with well-feigned *éloignement,* to the players, who replied with such *dégagement* as they could.

"While the play was at its height a servant appeared with a telegram on a tray. He handed it to Count Cavour. The count paused in his play, opened the telegram, read it, and then, with the most inconceivable nonchalance, put it into his pocket. We stared at him in amazement for a moment, and then the duke, with the wonderful ease of a trained diplomat, quietly resumed his play.

"Two days afterward, meeting Count Cavour at a reception of the Empress Eugénie, I was able unobserved to whisper in his ear, 'What was in the telegram?'

" 'Nothing of consequence,' he answered. From that day to this I have never known what it contained. My readers," concludes Baron Snorch, "may believe this or not, as they like, but I give them my word that it is true."

I CANNOT resist appending to these anecdotes a charming little story from that well-known book, "Sorrows of a Queen." The writer, Lady de Weary, was an English gentlewoman who was for many years mistress of the robes at one of the best-known German courts. Her affection for her royal mistress is evident on every page of her memoirs.

Drawing by Birch

"'THE GOODNESS OF HER HEART BROKE FORTH'"

TENDERNESS OF A QUEEN

LADY DE WEARY writes: "My dear mistress, the late Queen of Saxe-Covia-Slitzin-Mein, was of a most tender and sympathetic disposition. The goodness of her heart broke forth on all occasions. I well remember how one day, on seeing a cabman in the Poodel Platz kicking his horse in the stomach, she stopped in her walk and said: 'Oh, poor horse! If he goes on kicking it like that, he 'll hurt it.' "

I MAY say in conclusion that I think, if people would only take a little more pains to resuscitate anecdotes of this sort, there might be a lot more of them found.

"She may want to patch you up and insure you," I suggested.

"D' you know what *you* are?" Mrs. Godfrey turned on me with the smile I have feared for the last quarter of a century. "You are the nice, kind, wise doggy friend. You don't know how wise and nice you are supposed to be. Will has sent Harvey to you to complete the poor angel's convalescence. You know *all* about dogs, or Will would n't have done it. He 's written her that. You 're too far off for her to make daily calls on you. P'r'aps she 'll drop in two or three times a week, and write on the other days. But it does n't matter what she does, because you don't own Mittleham, don't you see?"

I told her that I saw most clearly.

"Oh, you 'll get over that in a few days," Mrs. Godfrey countered. "You 're the sporting, responsible doggy friend who—"

"He used to look at me like that at first," said Attley, with a visible shudder, "but he gave it up after a bit. It 's only because you 're new to him."

"But, confound you! he 's a ghoul—" I began.

"And when he gets *quite* well, you send him back to her direct with your love, and she 'll give you some pretty four-tailed goldfish," said Mrs. Godfrey, rising. "That 's all settled. Car, please. We 're going to Brighton to lunch together."

They ran before I could get into my stride, so I told the dog Harvey what I thought of them and him and his mistress. He never shifted his position, but stared at me, an intense, lopsided stare, eye after eye. Malachi came along when he had seen his sister off, and from a distance counseled me to drown the brute and consort with gentlemen again. But the dog Harvey never even cocked his cockable ear.

And so it continued as long as he was with me. Where I sat, he sat and stared; where I walked, he walked beside, head stiffly slewed over one shoulder in single-barreled contemplation of me. He never gave tongue, never closed in for a caress, seldom let me stir a step alone. And, to my amazement, Malachi, who suffered no stranger to live within our gates, saw this gaunt, growing, green-eyed devil wipe him out of my service and company without a whimper. Indeed, one would have said the situation interested him, for he would meet us returning from grim walks together, and look alternately at Harvey and at me with the same quivering interest that he showed at the mouth of a rat-hole. Outside these inspections, Malachi withdrew himself as only a dog or a woman can.

Miss Sichliffe came over after a few days (luckily, I was out) with some elaborate story of paying calls in the neighborhood. She sent me a note of thanks next day. I was reading it when Harvey and Malachi entered and disposed themselves as usual, Harvey close up to stare at me, Malachi half under a sofa, watching us both. Out of curiosity I returned Harvey's stare, then pulled his lopsided head on to my knee, and took his eye for several minutes. Now, in Malachi's eye I can see at any hour all that there is of the average dog, flecked here and there with that strained half-soul which man's love and association have added to his nature. But with Harvey the eye was perplexed, as a tortured man's. Only by looking far into its deeps could one make out the spirit of the proper animal, beclouded and cowering beneath some unfair burden.

Leggatt, my chauffeur, came in for orders.

"How d' you think Harvey 's coming on?" I said as I rubbed the brute's gulping neck. The vet had warned me of the possibilities of spinal trouble following distemper.

"He ain't my fancy," was the reply. "But *I* don't question his comings and goings so long as I 'ave n't to sit alone in a room with him."

"Why, he 's as meek as Moses," I said.

"He fair gives me the creeps. P'r'aps he 'll go out in fits."

But Harvey, as I wrote his mistress from time to time, throve, and when he grew better, would play by himself grisly games of spying, walking up, hailing, and chasing another dog. From these he would break off of a sudden and return to his normal stiff gait, with the air of one who had forgotten some matter of life and death, which could be reached only by staring at me. I left him one evening posturing with the unseen on the lawn, and went inside to finish some letters for the post. I must have been at work nearly

an hour, for I was going to turn on the lights, when I felt there was somebody in the room whom the short hairs at the back of my neck warned me I was not in the least anxious to face. There was a mirror on the wall. As I lifted my eyes to it I saw the dog Harvey reflected near the shadow by the closed door. He had reared himself full-length on his hind legs, his head a little on one side to clear a sofa between us, and he was looking at me. The face, with its knitted brows and drawn lips, was the face of a dog, but the look, for the fraction of time that I caught it, was human—intently and desperately human. When the blood in my body went forward again he had dropped to the floor, and was merely studying me in his usual one-eyed fashion. Next morning I returned him to Miss Sichliffe. I would not have kept him another day for the wealth of Asia, or even Ella Godfrey's approval.

Miss Sichliffe's house I discovered to be a mid-Victorian mansion of peculiar villainy even for its period, surrounded by gardens of conflicting colors, all dazzling with glass and fresh paint on ironwork. Striped blinds, for it was a blazing autumn morning, covered most of the windows, and a voice sang to the piano an almost forgotten song of Jean Ingelow's,

Methought that the stars were blinking bright
And the old brig's sails unfurled—

Down came the loud pedal, and the unrestrained cry swelled out across a bed of tritonias consuming in their own fires—

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"AS I LIFTED MY EYES I SAW THE DOG HARVEY REFLECTED NEAR THE SHADOW BY THE CLOSED DOOR"

When I said I will sail to my love to-night
On the other side of the world.

I have no music, but the voice drew. I waited till it had conscientiously reached the end:

Oh, maid most dear, I am not here,
I have no place apart—
No dwelling more on sea or shore,
But only in thy heart.

It seemed to me a poor life that had no more than that to do at eleven o'clock of a Tuesday forenoon. Then Miss Sichliffe suddenly lumbered through a French win-

dow in clumsy haste, her brows contracted against the light.

"Well?" she said, delivering the word like a spear-thrust, with the full weight of the body behind it.

"I 've brought Harvey back at last," I replied. "Here he is."

But it was at me she looked, not at the dog who had cast himself at her feet—looked as though she would have fished my soul out of my breast on the instant.

"Wha'—what did you think of him? What did *you* make of him?" she panted. I was too taken aback for the moment to reply. Her voice broke as she stooped to the dog at her knees. "O Harvey, Harvey! you utterly worthless old devil!" she cried, and the dog fawned and cringed and abased himself in servility that one could scarcely bear to look upon. I made to go.

"Oh, but, please, you must n't!" She tugged at the car's side. "Would n't you like some flowers or some orchids? We 've really splendid orchids, and"—she clasped her hands—"there are Japanese goldfish—*real* Japanese goldfish, with four tails. If you don't care for 'em, perhaps your friends or somebody—oh, please!"

Harvey had recovered himself, and I realized that this woman beyond the decencies was fawning on me as the dog had fawned on her.

"Certainly," I said, ashamed to meet her eye. "I 'm lunching at Mittleham, but—"

"There 's plenty of time," she entreated. "What do you think of Harvey?"

"He 's a queer beast," I said, getting out. "He does nothing but stare at me."

"Does he stare at you all the time he 's with you?"

"Always. He 's doing it now. Look!"

We had halted. Harvey had sat down, and was staring from one to the other with a weaving motion of the head.

"He 'll do that all day," I said. "What is it, Harvey?"

"Yes, what is it, Harvey?" she echoed. The dog's throat twitched, his body stiffened and shook as though he were going to have a fit. Then he came back with a visible wrench to his unwinking watch.

"Always so?" she whispered.

"Always," I replied, and told her something of his life with me. She nodded once or twice, and in the end led me into the house.

There were unaging pitch-pine doors of Gothic design in it; there were inlaid marble mantelpieces and cut-steel fenders; there were stupendous wall-papers, and octagonal, medallioned Wedgwood what-nots, and black-and-gilt Austrian images holding candelabra, with every other refinement that art had achieved or wealth had bought between 1851 and 1878. And everything reeked of varnish.

"Now!" She opened a baize door, and pointed down a long corridor flanked with more Gothic doors. "This was where we used to—to patch 'em up. You 've heard of us. Mrs. Godfrey told you in the garden the day I got Harvey given me. I"—she drew in her breath—"I live here, and I have five thousand seven hundred pounds a year. Come back, Harvey."

He had tiptoed down the corridor, as rigid as ever, and was sitting outside one of the shut doors. "Look here!" she said, and planted herself squarely in front of me. "I tell you this because of what you know about Harvey. *Now,* I want you to remember that my name is Moira. Mother calls me Marjorie because it 's more refined; but my real name is Moira, and I am in my thirty-fourth year."

"Very good," I said. "I 'll remember all that."

"Thank you."— Then with a sudden swoop into the humility of an abashed boy—"Sorry if I have n't said the proper things. You see—there 's Harvey looking at us again. Oh, I want to say—if ever you want anything in the way of orchids or goldfish or—or anything else that would be useful to you, you 've only to come to me for it. Under the will I 'm perfectly independent, and we 're a long-lived family, worse luck!" She looked at me, and her face worked like glass behind driven flame. "I may reasonably expect to live another fifty years," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Sichliffe," I replied. "If I want anything, you may be sure I 'll come to you for it." She nodded. "Now I must get over to Mittleham," I said.

"Mr. Attley will ask you all about this." For the first time she laughed aloud. "I 'm afraid I frightened him nearly out of the county. I did n't think, of course. But I dare say he knows by this time he was wrong. Say good-by to Harvey."

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'NOW, YOU WOULD N'T THINK, WOULD YOU, . . . THAT I 'VE BEEN SEEING THINGS FOR THE LAST HALF-HOUR?'"

"Good-by, old man," I said. "Give me a farewell stare, so we shall know each other when we meet again."

The dog looked up, then moved slowly toward me, and stood between my feet, head bowed to the floor, shaking in every muscle as I patted him; and when I turned, I saw him crawl back to her side.

That was not a good preparation for the rampant boy-and-girl-dominated lunch at Mittleham, which, as usual, I found in the possession of everybody except the owner.

"But what did the dromedary *say* when you brought her beast back?" Attley demanded.

"The usual polite things," I replied. "I 'm posing as the nice doggy friend nowadays."

"I don't envy you. She 's never darkened *my* doors, thank goodness! since I left Harvey at your place. I suppose she 'll run about the county now swearing *you* cured him. That 's a woman's idea of gratitude."

Attley snapped impatiently, and Mrs. Godfrey laughed.

"That proves that you were right about Miss Sichliffe, Ella," I said. "She had no designs on anybody."

"I 'm *always* right in these matters. But did n't she even offer you a goldfish?"

"Not a thing," said I. "You know what an old maid 's like where her precious dog 's concerned." And though I have tried vainly to lie to Ella Godfrey for many years, I believe that in this case I succeeded.

When I turned into our drive that evening, Leggatt said half aloud:

"I 'm glad *Zvengali* 's back where he belongs. It 's time our Mike had a look in."

Sure enough, there was Malachi back again in spirit as well as flesh, but still with that odd air of expectation he had picked up from Harvey.

It was in January that Attley wrote me that Mrs. Godfrey, wintering in Madeira with Milly, her unmarried daughter, had been attacked with something like enteric; that the hotel, anxious for its good name, had thrust them both out into a cottage annex; that he was off with a nurse, and that I was not to leave England till I heard from him again. In a week he wired that Milly was down as well, and that I must bring out two more nurses, with suitable delicacies.

Drawn by Reginald Birch

"'DON'T CHECK 'EM!' CRIED LEGGATT, DANCING ROUND THE FLURRY

Within seventeen hours I had got them all aboard the Cape boat, and had seen the women safely collapsed into seasickness. The next few weeks were for me, as for the invalids, a low delirium, clouded with fantastic memories of Portuguese officials trying to tax calves'-foot jelly; voluble doctors insisting that true typhoid was unknown in the island; nurses who had to be exercised, taken out of themselves, and returned on the tick of change of guard; night slides down glassy, cobbled streets, smelling of sewage and flowers, between walls whose every stone and patch Attley and I knew; vigils in stucco verandas, watching the curve and descent of great stars or drawing auguries from the break of dawn; insane interludes of gambling at the local casino, where we won heaps of unconsoling silver; blasts of steamers arriving and departing in the roads; help offered by total strangers, grabbed at or thrust aside; the long nightmare crumbling back into sanity one forenoon under a vine-covered trellis, where Attley sat hugging a nurse, while the others danced a noiseless, neat-footed breakdown never learned at the Middlesex Hospital. At last, as the tension came out all over us in aches and tingles that we put down to the country wine, a vision of Mrs. Godfrey, her gray hair turned to spun-glass, but her eyes triumphant over the shadow of retreating death beneath them, with Milly, enormously grown, and clutching life back to her young breast, both stretched out on cane chairs, clamoring for food.

In this ungirt hour there imported himself into our life a youngish-looking middle-aged man of the name of Shend, with a blurred face and deprecating eyes. He said that he had gambled with me at the casino, which was no recommendation, and I remember that he gave me a basket of champagne and liqueur brandy for the invalids, which a sailor in a red-tasseled cap carried up to the cottage for me at 3 A.M. He turned out to be the son of some merchant prince in the oil and color line, and the owner of a four-hundred-ton steam yacht, into which, at his gentle insistence, we later shifted our camp, staff, and equipage, Milly weeping with delight to escape from the horrible cottage. There we lay off Funchal for weeks, while Shend did miracles of luxury and attendance through deputies, and never once asked how his guests were enjoying themselves. Indeed,

for several days at a time we would see nothing of him. He was, he said, subject to malaria. Giving as they do with both hands, I knew that Attley and Mrs. Godfrey could take nobly; but I never met a man who so nobly gave and so nobly received thanks as Shend did.

"Tell us why you have been so unbelievably kind to us Gipsies," Mrs. Godfrey said to him one day on deck.

He looked up from a diagram of some Thames-mouth shoals which he was explaining to me, and answered with his gentle smile:

"I will. It 's because it makes me happy—it makes me more than happy to be with you. It makes me comfortable. You know how selfish men are? If a man feels comfortable all over with certain people, he 'll bore them to death, just like a dog. You always make me feel as if pleasant things were going to happen to me."

"Have n't any ever happened before?" Milly asked.

"This is the most pleasant thing that has happened to me in ever so many years," he replied. "I feel like the man in the Bible, 'It 's good for me to be here.' As a rule I don't feel that it 's good for me to be anywhere in particular." Then, as one begging a favor: "You 'll let me come home with you—in the same boat I mean? I 'd take you back in this thing of mine, and that would save you packing your trunks, but she 's too lively for winter work across the bay."

We booked our berths, and when the time came, he wafted us and ours aboard the Southampton mail-boat with the pomp of plenipotentiaries and the precision of the navy. Then he dismissed his yacht, and became an inconspicuous passenger in a cabin opposite to mine, on the port side.

We ran at once into early British spring weather, followed by sou'west gales. Mrs. Godfrey, Milly, and the nurses disappeared. Attley stood it out, visibly yellowing, till the next meal, and followed suit, and Shend and I had the little table all to ourselves. I found him even more attractive when the women were away. The natural sweetness of the man, his voice, and bearing all fascinated me, and his knowledge of practical seamanship (he held an extra master's certificate) was a real joy. We sat long in the empty saloon and longer in the smoking-room, making dashes down-stairs over slippery decks at the eleventh hour.

It was on Friday night, just as I was going to bed, that he came into my cabin, after cleaning his teeth, which he did half a dozen times a day.

"I say," he began hurriedly, "do you mind if I come in here for a little? I 'm a bit edgy." I must have shown surprise. "I 'm ever so much better about liquor than I used to be, but—it 's the whisky in the suitcase that throws me. For God's sake! old man, don't go back on me tonight! Look at my hands!"

They were fairly jumping at the wrists. He sat down on a trunk that had slid out with the roll. We had reduced speed, and were surging in confused seas that pounded on the black port-glasses. The night promised to be a pleasant one!

"You understand, of course, don't you?" he chattered.

"Oh, yes," I said cheerfully; "but how about—"

"No, no; on no account the doctor. Tell a doctor, tell the whole ship. Besides, I 've only got a touch of 'em. You 'd never have guessed it, would you? The tooth-wash does the trick. I 'll give you the prescription."

"I 'll send a note to the doctor for a prescription, shall I?" I suggested.

"Right! I put myself unreservedly in your hands. Fact is, I always did. I said to myself—sure I don't bore you?—the minute I saw you, I said, 'Thou art the man.'" He repeated the phrase as he picked at his knees. "All the same, you can take it from me that the ewe-lamb business is a rotten bad one. I don't care how unfaithful the shepherd may be. Drunk or sober, 't is n't cricket."

A surge of the trunk threw him across the cabin as the steward answered my bell. I wrote my requisition to the doctor while Shend was struggling to his feet.

"What 's wrong?" he began. "Oh, I know. We 're slowing for soundings off Ushant; it 's about time, too. You 'd better ship the dead-lights when you come back, Matchem. It 'll save you waking us later. This sea 's going to get up when the tide turns. That 'll show you," he said as the man left, "that I am to be trusted. You—you 'll stop me if I say anything I should n't, won't you?"

chins across the hollows of my ankles—to each chin an ankle—till I kicked them up-stairs to bed.

I WAS not at Mittleham when she came over to announce her engagement, but I heard of it when Attley and Mrs. Godfrey came, forty miles an hour, over to me, and Mrs. Godfrey called me names of the worst for suppression of information.

"As long as it was n't me, I don't care," said Attley.

"I believe *you* knew it all along," Mrs. Godfrey repeated. "Else what made you drive that man literally into her arms?"

"To ask after the dog Harvey," I replied.

"Then, what 's the beast doing here?" Attley demanded, for Malachi and the dog Harvey were deep in a council of the family with Bettina, who was being outargued.

"Oh, Harvey seemed to think himself *de trop* where he was," I said. "And she has n't sent after him. You 'd better save Bettina before they kill her."

"There 's been enough lying about that dog," said Mrs. Godfrey to me. "If he was n't born in lies, he was baptized in 'em. D' you know *why* she called him Harvey? It only occurred to me in those dreadful days when I was ill, and one can't keep from thinking, and thinks everything. D' you know your Boswell? What did Dr. Johnson say about Hervey with an e!"

"Oh, *that 's* it, is it?" I cried incautiously. "That was why I ought to have verified my quotations. The spelling defeated me. Wait a moment, and it will come back. Dr. Johnson said: 'He was a vicious man,' " I began.

" 'But very kind to me,' " Mrs. Godfrey prompted. Then, both together: " 'If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him.' "

"So you *were* mixed up in it. At any rate, you had your suspicions from the first? Tell me," she said.

"Ella," I said, "I don't know anything rational or reasonable about any of it. It was all woman work, and it scared me horribly."

"Why?" she asked.

That was six years ago. I have written this tale to let her know, wherever she may be.

TO MY LITTLE SON

BY PAULINE FLORENCE BROWER

WE were so very intimate, we two,
Even before I knew
The outline of the little face I love,
Or bent above
The small, sweet body made so strong and fair;
For we had learned to share
The silences that are more near than speech
Before your cry could reach
My listening heart, or I could see
The miracle made manifest to me.

O little son,
Most glad, most radiant one,
Too soon, too soon, the hour must be cried
That draws you from my side!
In life's exultant hands is lifted up
This newly molded cup
The tangled vineyard of the world demands
Your toiling hands.
Look deep, and in all women that you meet
Your searching gaze will greet
This mother of the child that used to be;
Beholding women, oh, remember me!

THIS TRANSITIONAL AGE IN ART

I Is Our Art Distinctively American? — John W. Alexander
President of the National Academy of Design.

II The Painting of To-day — Edwin H. Blashfield
President of Mural Painters.

III The Painting of To-morrow — Ernest L. Blumenschein

IV The Point of View of the "Moderns" — Walter Pach

V The Ancestry of Cubism — Jay Hambidge and Gove Hambidge

NO department of human activity shows more definitely than artistic expression the working of those great changes which characterize this age, and no art form has yielded to new tendencies so much as painting. One of those revolutions against settled standards, the history of which is the history of art, is now in full career; and it is time that we study signs, seek to define directions, and somewhat forecast the convention that is to come. It is the purpose of these papers to make plain what so far may be determined from the visible portents.

Of these signs of change, the most conspicuous, of course, are the revolutionary extremes known as Post-Impressionism and Cubism, as, indeed, the violent or fantastic manifestations of every forward movement are bound to be its most conspicuous features. Partaking of the nature of these extremes, but compromising with the tradition which they seek to break, are discernible many less radical revolutionary phases, approaching and, in many cases, overlapping the eventual line of progress.

To consider dispassionately all of these phases, from the conservative to the radical, is the purpose of this series of articles and its accompanying illustrations. If the attention devoted to the extreme manifestations of the change seems disproportionate, let it be remembered that it is in these extremes that the nature of the revolution is most elementally, although most fantastically, exposed to our view.

THE EDITOR

I

IS OUR ART DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN?

BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

President of the National Academy of Design

IT is the purpose of the writer not to attempt to add anything to the existing mass of purposeless and superfluous criticism, but merely to review briefly the different phases through which our art has passed under his personal observation, mentioning names and individual work as rarely as is consistent with making himself fairly intelligible to his readers. In short, he will limit his task to summing up what, in his opinion, has so far been accomplished toward producing in this country an art that can lay claim to being distinctly American.

That we have really made progress, and substantially advanced toward producing a characteristically national art, will, he believes, have to be acknowledged by any one who is willing to take the trouble to go back with him over the record art has made for itself in this country in the last fifty years.

For a long time there was very little in the United States that could be dignified by the name of art; yet even during our most arid periods we have never seemed to be totally devoid of a desire to cultivate and create it.

THE SPORADIC EFFORTS OF EARLY ART IN AMERICA

OUR early and very sporadic efforts to produce it were founded upon a miserably weak and impersonal admiration of what was then accepted as classical perfection. To realize just how far our taste has advanced, and to measure the width of the gulf which lies between the vapid ideals of the devoted pioneers of the past and the virile and personal outlook of a younger and more wisely cultivated generation, it is only necessary for us to compare the trivial work of our earlier painters and sculptors who sought inspiration in Rome during the first half of the nineteenth century with the work that is now being produced under the same inspiring surroundings by the young fellows of the American Academy in Rome.

We find in the work of this earlier group of Americans no really intelligent appreciation of what constitutes the dignity and beauty of classical art; nothing, in fact, but a sentimental relish for its perfection of detail, which they vainly strove to imitate.

Not having mastered the great, enduring first principles upon which the ancients founded their perfection of finish, they wore out themselves and their art in futile efforts to make superficial prettiness play the part of trained knowledge, while their more highly equipped successors have succeeded in coming directly under the influence of its nobler and more vital teachings, and without resorting to slavish imitation, are translating these greater qualities into digestible food for our more modern appetites.

But if time has not indorsed either the methods or the ideals of our pioneers, we must not allow ourselves to overlook the fact that it was they who laid the corner-stone of art in the United States. Through their devoted efforts the National Academy of Design was founded and established upon an enduring footing.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

IT is popular for the moment among a certain set to cry down and minimize its influence. Its necessarily conservative policy does not appeal to the man who asserts that the only qualification that may legitimately be demanded of an artist is sincerity, and forthwith proceeds to dub as insincere everything but the most eccentric processes.

The use of the word "conservative" in

regard to the policy of the academy may well be misconstrued, and is used only for want of something better, and so far as it stands for a policy that results from the consensus of opinion of a jury of thirty men of widely differing tastes and ideals, for the academy is constantly recruiting its membership from the ranks of the so-called liberals.

Its influence for good is limited only by its lack of suitable galleries for its exhibitions, the possession of which would enable it to show all the work accepted by its juries, and to give more prominence to sculpture, apportioning space for the exhibit of large and important works that under existing conditions cannot be shown.

Reactions against the academy's sober and restrained methods are not only inevitable, but necessary and very much to the interest of both the academy and those who, for want of a milder term, we must call rebels.

To understand the difficulties attending the organization of even an improvised exhibition is a salutary experience, and conducive to a tolerance born of the conviction that occasional mistakes are inevitable, for all such organizations happen to be human.

THE INDEPENDENTS OF 1913

THE Independent Exhibition of 1913, despite its having offered us a few wholly indefensible sensations, proved conclusively to any one possessed of the slightest liberality of judgment that our native talent is in no wise inferior to that which is imported, and went far toward establishing the certainty that at least we have a substantial beginning of an art that is national. And it is interesting to be able to draw attention to the fact that a number of the strongest exhibitors in the Independent Exhibition were members and associate members of the academy, and that their appearance on the walls of the Twenty-seventh Street armory, and their support of this interesting experiment, in no wise affected their standing in the older institution. This fact may possibly be allowed to stand as a proof of the academy's liberality.

That the influence of this exhibition's more eccentric offerings upon the work of our students has not invariably provided a substantial prop for their immaturity is not entirely the fault of its exhibitors' peculiarities, but is the inevitable consequence of inexperienced imitation. To the worker who has nothing better to offer us than mere imitation of external characteristics it matters very little what he selects to imitate. For the weak there is always danger in everything experimental, and possibly the swifter the elimination of the unfit from the running, the better it is for our art and for art in general.

But there is one aspect of this ultra-modern experiment that is really a menace even to the strong, and that is the affectation on the part of some of its followers to belittle real achievement. Now, the belittling of the achievement of contemporaries is one of the things that we have to accept, and is confined to the followers of no one school; but to cry down the achievement of the great men of the past, and to fill the ears of all too credulous students with the assertion that there is nothing to be learned from the masters of old, is to cut off the students from any possible chance of progress.

It would be difficult to persuade me that any such notions are held by the really able exponents of this modern movement. Not one of them, however eccentric his technic or lurid and iconoclastic his color, but gives evidence of the impossibility of wholly escaping from great influences.

THE FOUNDING OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS

IN the estimation of the men who collected and selected this interesting exhibition, it will perhaps seem a very far cry to turn from its up-to-date eccentricities to the founding of the Society of American Artists; but the creation of this society did for its day very much the same service that the Independent Exhibition has done for ours, and the freshness of the note it struck was quite as much an innovation and a breaking-away from accepted convention.

The revelation that New York received from the work of Sargent, for instance, was quite as sensational in its time as the revelation it received from any of the Cubists and Futurists. The society's public was limited, of course, by the fact that the New York of that time was a

I

IS OUR ART DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN?

BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

President of the National Academy of Design

IT is the purpose of the writer not to attempt to add anything to the existing mass of purposeless and superfluous criticism, but merely to review briefly the different phases through which our art has passed under his personal observation, mentioning names and individual work as rarely as is consistent with making himself fairly intelligible to his readers. In short, he will limit his task to summing up what, in his opinion, has so far been accomplished toward producing in this country an art that can lay claim to being distinctly American.

That we have really made progress, and substantially advanced toward producing a characteristically national art, will, he believes, have to be acknowledged by any one who is willing to take the trouble to go back with him over the record art has made for itself in this country in the last fifty years.

For a long time there was very little in the United States that could be dignified by the name of art; yet even during our most arid periods we have never seemed to be totally devoid of a desire to cultivate and create it.

THE SPORADIC EFFORTS OF EARLY ART IN AMERICA

OUR early and very sporadic efforts to produce it were founded upon a miserably weak and impersonal admiration of what was then accepted as classical perfection. To realize just how far our taste has advanced, and to measure the width of the gulf which lies between the vapid ideals of the devoted pioneers of the past and the virile and personal outlook of a younger and more wisely cultivated generation, it is only necessary for us to compare the trivial work of our earlier painters and sculptors who sought inspiration in Rome during the first half of the nineteenth century with the work that is now being produced under the same inspiring surroundings by the young fellows of the American Academy in Rome.

We find in the work of this earlier group of Americans no really intelligent appreciation of what constitutes the dignity and beauty of classical art; nothing, in fact, but a sentimental relish for its perfection of detail, which they vainly strove to imitate.

Not having mastered the great, enduring first principles upon which the ancients founded their perfection of finish, they wore out themselves and their art in futile efforts to make superficial prettiness play the part of trained knowledge, while their more highly equipped successors have succeeded in coming directly under the influence of its nobler and more vital teachings, and without resorting to slavish imitation, are translating these greater qualities into digestible food for our more modern appetites.

But if time has not indorsed either the methods or the ideals of our pioneers, we must not allow ourselves to overlook the fact that it was they who laid the corner-stone of art in the United States. Through their devoted efforts the National Academy of Design was founded and established upon an enduring footing.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

IT is popular for the moment among a certain set to cry down and minimize its influence. Its necessarily conservative policy does not appeal to the man who asserts that the only qualification that may legitimately be demanded of an artist is sincerity, and forthwith proceeds to dub as insincere everything but the most eccentric processes.

The use of the word "conservative" in

regard to the policy of the academy may well be misconstrued, and is used only for want of something better, and so far as it stands for a policy that results from the consensus of opinion of a jury of thirty men of widely differing tastes and ideals, for the academy is constantly recruiting its membership from the ranks of the so-called liberals.

Its influence for good is limited only by its lack of suitable galleries for its exhibitions, the possession of which would enable it to show all the work accepted by its juries, and to give more prominence to sculpture, apportioning space for the exhibit of large and important works that under existing conditions cannot be shown.

Reactions against the academy's sober and restrained methods are not only inevitable, but necessary and very much to the interest of both the academy and those who, for want of a milder term, we must call rebels.

To understand the difficulties attending the organization of even an improvised exhibition is a salutary experience, and conducive to a tolerance born of the conviction that occasional mistakes are inevitable, for all such organizations happen to be human.

THE INDEPENDENTS OF 1913

THE Independent Exhibition of 1913, despite its having offered us a few wholly indefensible sensations, proved conclusively to any one possessed of the slightest liberality of judgment that our native talent is in no wise inferior to that which is imported, and went far toward establishing the certainty that at least we have a substantial beginning of an art that is national. And it is interesting to be able to draw attention to the fact that a number of the strongest exhibitors in the Independent Exhibition were members and associate members of the academy, and that their appearance on the walls of the Twenty-seventh Street armory, and their support of this interesting experiment, in no wise affected their standing in the older institution. This fact may possibly be allowed to stand as a proof of the academy's liberality.

That the influence of this exhibition's more eccentric offerings upon the work of our students has not invariably provided a substantial prop for their immaturity is not entirely the fault of its exhibitors' peculiarities, but is the inevitable consequence of inexperienced imitation. To the worker who has nothing better to offer us than mere imitation of external characteristics it matters very little what he selects to imitate. For the weak there is always danger in everything experimental, and possibly the swifter the elimination of the unfit from the running, the better it is for our art and for art in general.

But there is one aspect of this ultra-modern experiment that is really a menace even to the strong, and that is the affectation on the part of some of its followers to belittle real achievement. Now, the belittling of the achievement of contemporaries is one of the things that we have to accept, and is confined to the followers of no one school; but to cry down the achievement of the great men of the past, and to fill the ears of all too credulous students with the assertion that there is nothing to be learned from the masters of old, is to cut off the students from any possible chance of progress.

It would be difficult to persuade me that any such notions are held by the really able exponents of this modern movement. Not one of them, however eccentric his technic or lurid and iconoclastic his color, but gives evidence of the impossibility of wholly escaping from great influences.

THE FOUNDING OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS

IN the estimation of the men who collected and selected this interesting exhibition, it will perhaps seem a very far cry to turn from its up-to-date eccentricities to the founding of the Society of American Artists; but the creation of this society did for its day very much the same service that the Independent Exhibition has done for ours, and the freshness of the note it struck was quite as much an innovation and a breaking-away from accepted convention.

The revelation that New York received from the work of Sargent, for instance, was quite as sensational in its time as the revelation it received from any of the Cubists and Futurists. The society's public was limited, of course, by the fact that the New York of that time was a

"BEFORE SUNSET, MAY"

FROM THE PAINTING BY D. W. TRYON

This landscape represents the spirit of a group of painters seeking to reveal the subtler realities of the American landscape. Their work is in the modern tradition by virtue of its vital structure and logical appeal to the mind.

© N. E. Montross

"SUNSET"

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES MELVILLE DEWEY

—

Although this painting, like the rest of the artist's work, is tender in color and poetic in sentiment, the rhythm and dignity of its design constitute its chief distinction and emphasize its modernity. The colors and the lights and shadows are all woven into a pattern composed of individual patterns.

DECORATIVE GROUP—
"PLENTY"

FROM THE PAINTING BY
KENYON COX

This painting of three years ago is a fine example of Mr. Cox's mural style. He also lays utmost stress on the importance of design, and his science is so great that not a line could be subtracted from his composition without destroying its unity. Thus it is not probable that he will lose his authority, whatever changes may divert the course of American art from the path it has followed up to the present time.

© Kenyon Cox

"A RAINY DAY"

FROM THE PAINTING BY
FRANK W. BENSON

A typical example of the
Boston group of
painters who announced their modernity by
their concern with
problems
of light The frank aspects
interest them most,
and they are
apt to show their subjects
in full daylight
instead of seeking the subtleties of tone and
color created by the half-
light of
evening or morning.

"NORTH RIVER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE W. BELLOWS

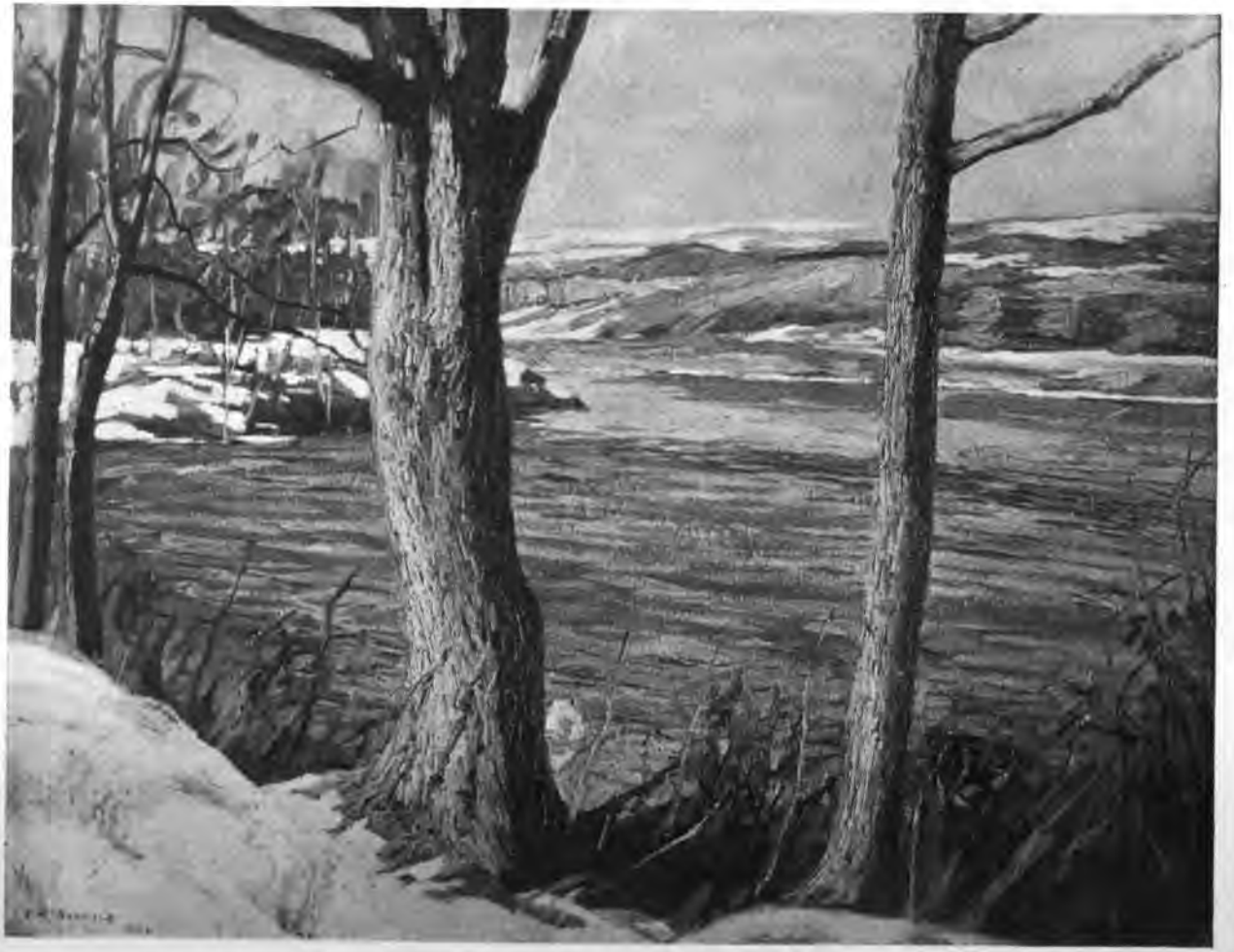
This canvas shows the tendency of this painter, even in his earlier work, to express by bold eliminations and swift brush-work the energy and freedom of nature and the life of places where men toil with their hands. What one sees and feels at a first glance is what Mr. Bellows puts on his canvas.

"FISHERMEN AND GULLS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE W. BELLOWS

—

In this later picture of shore life, Mr. Bellows achieves a still greater simplicity, tells his story in fewer words, and strives to express power through color, line, and mass. Praise of breadth and energy is in every picture that he has painted in recent years. He is, however, a modern in feeling rather than in formula or theory.



"THE OLD ELMS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD

A dry and unromantic landscape that is a faithful representation of the scene before the artist, uncolored and uninfluenced by any school, painted with a broad, firm brush work, and with strong contrasts of color. The lack of depth is distinctly a modern tendency.

II

THE PAINTING OF TO-DAY

BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

THE following paper is the result of a request for my "critical opinion as to the present situation in art," coupled with the statement that the public is not fair to the "advanced" artists, and "refuses to take them seriously." My counter-statement that my personal opinion might not be worth much was met by a request to give it whether or no. In complying, I may partly justify taking the reader's time in my belief that my views are shared by many artists; but *before* complying, I must ask first of all for a definition of advanced art. Who are the men that the public will not take seriously?

Let us distinguish. There are artists and artists. The works shown last season at the armory were not homogeneous; indeed, were sometimes opposed as to qualities. Many of them seemed to have virtually no relation to art; others seemed beautiful. I have always had hearty admiration for the virile talent of Mr. Henri and Mr. Bellows. The decorative and fanciful quality of Mr. Chanler's screens fascinates me. I love the pictures of bathing boys standing about on rocks or in the water, of nymphs running along before lines of blue mountains, of steel-workers or potters at their furnaces, of children dancing to hand-organs, or playing in our squares. If "advanced" work means this, and much besides that is akin to it, I think the sooner the public takes it seriously the better. Presumably these artists and I love many of the same things; whether we hate the same things I do not know. It is of little importance what either I or Mr. Advanced Progressive may *love* or *hate*. The important, *very important* point is, does the expression of our love or hate do harm? Does it retard the general knowledge and appreciation of art? Does it hinder development? It is this point that I shall try to make pivotal to my article.

I believe that the new movement is potential for great good in its concentration upon color and light, its development, through experiment, of effects produced by broken color and the novel manipulation of material. But there is in this no excuse whatever for other tendencies, which occasionally seem to accompany the new movement, that are dangerous, and that may be even mortal, if pushed to their ultimate conclusion. Once the experiments made, the best effects of color and light found, there is no reason why the vigor and freshness acquired should not be applied to correct proportion, correct forms, and correct values. There are in the new movement two tendencies that cannot be too persistently combated: the tendency to consider labor bestowed on a work as a hindrance to excellence, and the tendency to a fatuous contempt for the lesson of the past.

What any one artist likes or dislikes is not important to the public unless he has a great personality. If he is Michelangelo or even Puvis de Chavannes, he will do, like them, great good and great harm to lesser artists—good to those who study him, harm to those who imitate him. But I also believe that even artists who are not Michelangelo or Puvis de Chavannes can do good or harm by the form which collectively they give to the general *talk* of the studios. Talk is so easily accomplished, so easily spread abroad, and so easily impresses itself upon young and unformed minds! For instance, absolute condemnation of any one kind of art does harm, for there is no bad kind of art. There are feeble examples, bad examples of every kind, but there is no kind which, pushed to its ultimate point, may not produce a masterpiece. Admiration, therefore, so expressed that it infers condemnation of all save the thing or method admired is hurtful, and above all is bewildering to the public.

Certain phrases have been referred rightly or wrongly to those who stand for "advance." For instance: "Anything in a work of art which shows evidence of training in the author is bad," or "Freedom and feeling are all that should be

required from an artist," or "All that has been done in the past is useful only to show us what to avoid." This seems to me puerile nonsense, negligible, were it not dangerous. What freedom is greater than that of the man who has mastered methods? What slavery is more complete than that of him who can control no method? Since a flat surface is all a painter has on which to exhibit feeling, how can he exhibit it freely unless he can *govern* that surface?

"Labored" is also an expression which has become a bogy to many a student, frightening him away from his work before his dough is half baked. What work is good if accomplished without thought? Indeed, thought is labor in its most strenuous form. And to decry laboriousness is to play with a two-edged tool. Not only does the intimidated pupil leave his work before he has accomplished it, but he is also fascinated by a promise of facile accomplishment; he is befooled and frightened at once.

Indeed, it is hard to conceive of any one idea more dangerous to a beginner than the idea that work is superfluous and even hurtful. Most dangerous of all, perhaps, is the fact that a truth is mixed up with this—the truth that work which does not look labored is better than work which does. But the *ars est celare artem* involves just the very hardest labor of all. This fact the beginner cannot grasp, and he does not wish to do so; he mounts his misapprehended truth, and gallops straight at the short cut. But what is so popular as the short cut? All the others are there, too, so that the result is trampling, exhaustion, and destruction of the weaker.

If I seem to infer insincerity in followers of new gods, I do not mean to do so. Most of them are sincere, are ready to paint as enthusiastically in their "freedom" as we are to work hard in our allegiance to discipline; but is not he who lays his bricks in careful courses of diligent drawing and construction safer than he who begins by concentrating his thought on the superstructure only, and builds with no foundation?

When I have stood before work which seemed to me careless, superficial, even incoherent, I have often been told by its advocates that in time I should be compelled either by public opinion or by my own more careful consideration to accept it; and they have added, "Remember that Manet and Monet were unheeded; now they are acclaimed." Manet and Monet have nothing to do with the case, for Manet and Monet demanded *not eschewal of application, but greater application,* closer observation of the forms, values, and colors in nature.

I was in Paris when Manet was a focus; I knew some of his comrades and close personal friends, and I can affirm that nothing was further from him than looseness of methods. His critics could accuse him only of leaving his work in a condition which they called "unfinished." This means simply that he stopped upon the road before they would have stopped. But if the road is the right one, a man may stop when he likes; it is aberration from it which counts unfavorably. If an artist's forms are correct as far as he carries them, who is to decide when he must or must not let them alone? Avowed contempt for a laboriously acquired technic, I believe, then, to be one menace to art on the part of the "new movement."

Another danger is that scorn for culture which is the natural yokefellow of intolerance. In this case contempt and ignorance react upon each other. If a man is sure that only his methods are good, why should he study the methods of others or of the past? Again, if he does not study them, how is he to know whether they are bad or good? Where are his standards of comparison? Many a man mistakes this vicious circle for a halo, which he may wear with proprietary assumption as a person glorified by his independence of spirit. Such an attitude of mind is perilously near megalomania.

Again, may we not distrust innovation which announces itself as such, and thereby proclaims a self-conscious preoccupation little akin to genius? To try to find something differing from the general is natural, simple, and diurnal with any inventive person, but to proclaim a break with the entire past sets the speaker at once strange tasks of argument. "Our art," he says, "is not old fashioned and decadent. It is a fresh departure, quite new; it looks forward like the art of the Italian Primitives, not backward." Could logic be more topsy-turvy? Could any comparison be more unfortunate than this

with the art of the Primitives, who looked backward with passionate admiration of antiquity—antiquity which they misunderstood at times, but comprehended as fast and as soon as investigation would permit? Never were there more reverent and diligent students of the ancients and of tradition than the Primitives.

If contempt of the past is dangerous, contempt of the capacity for sustained effort exacted of the artist in the past is still worse; for the power of mental tension belongs only to the sane. Its absence is the very first of danger-signals. And this contempt for industry is ten times worse because of its allurement to the young in its inference that the beginner may overleap the drudgery of preparation and seat himself on the throne without climbing the steps. Fierce impatience may in a way be a stimulus to progress, but to it are sacrificed always those thousands who, having little natural ability, trample underfoot their one potential chance of capacity obtainable through application. Michelangelo and Carlyle, possessors of two of the most rugged personalities that have existed, counted painstaking patience the crowning virtue. Some of his manuscripts prove how painstaking was the fiery Byron; the ardent Alfieri was a most diligent student. Michelangelo, you say, was impatient. Yes, but impatient of superficiality, and even more severe with himself than with others. Surely, with these examples and many more before us, temperament may not be invoked as a substitute for hard work.

To those who say there is good in the new movement, one must reply, "Of course there is; *great* good." There is good in experiment, and men who for the moment cast drawing behind them and concentrate effort on color are bound to find some new and beautiful effects; but when these effects have been found, they can be used without violating any of the vital principles of art. I have declared my warm admiration for the work of many of our painters who are called progressive, and I am intensely interested in the possibilities of broken color, but I cannot see why the existence of the latter makes the "advanced" the only form of art worth while. The study of broken color is alluring and valuable, but Henri Martin, one of its most pronounced practitioners, applies it to soundly constructed and correctly silhouetted forms. There is in the work of many of the most progressive of the Americans nothing which is incompatible with good construction and proportion, and some of the most vigorous of our painters are very sound as to artistic principle. A group of artists in Boston has shown that, while rejecting the spectacular, it can be splendidly "strong" and solid at once. Even the very young men, in love with new color effects, as they well may be, are by no means ready to burn their ships. The other day a large party of them sat at dinner and discussion. They all loved "vigor," novelty, and what they called "snap," but nearly every one of them expressed his confidence in the value of proportion, construction, and correct drawing, and was highly skeptical as to the value of Ultra-Impressionism. On the other hand, the appealing quality of eccentricity is indubitably and dangerously cumulative, and in the example of certain "advanced" Frenchmen who exhibited at the armory there may be an influence nothing short of deplorable; a license to omit painstaking care, coherent thinking, an incitement to violence as compelling attention; a tendency to research of naïveté—naïveté, a nymph who must present *herself* or remain hidden, and who is always coy in a hypersophisticated age.

It is difficult to compress into a short article what I should like to try to state, but surely the unprejudiced art-lover will admit this at least: A, B, and C, men who possess a brilliant technic, may safely throw aside much of it for a time as hampering while they concentrate themselves on new effort and solve fresh problems; but X, Y, Z, beginners in art, who start with the idea that truth, freedom, and strength lie in forswearing a technic which they have never acquired, and disdaining the discipline to which they have never submitted, will wreck themselves, and become dangerous and deplorable examples to others who wish to "arrive" easily and quickly. It is quite possible to adopt some of the methods of the new movement with advantage; it is *mortal,* in my opinion, to adopt some of its principles, as they are stated by votaries. Variation of technic is helpful, eschewal of technic is deadly, and technic without training is non-existent.•

And the violence with which some of the new "principles" are stated is in itself a clog rather than an impulsion upon the wheels of progress. Clamorous disagreement among artists may amuse a part of the public, but it disgusts a more serious part; and if sensationalism holds the foreground too long, amusement may lapse into derision and a belief that art, which has been one of the teachers of humanity, is nothing, after all, but "a thriller" or "a shocker."

Surely, to declare that one's own position in art is the only position sustainable argues strange unfamiliarity with history, which is a record of changes. Only a century ago, David, who in his methods would be anathema to the Impressionist, had his mouth full of the same big words —freedom and vigor—which the advanced man loves to-day. But David did not apply this freedom to the other man's art; he meant that his comrades should work in *his* way, and he went further even than the fiercest may to-day, for he mixed politics with artistic precepts, and chopped some of his comrades' heads off. He was kind, however, to Fragonard, poor Fragonard, who, having been an idol, was overthrown, and ground down under the turn of the wheel. The wheel has turned further. To-day any kind of Fragonard is bought at a huge price, and even among the conservatives there are those who sneer at David, which fact does not prevent some of his work from being great. But the *intransigeant* lumps David and Fragonard together as "Academic"; he cares nothing about what happened to either of them or their pictures. And throughout this article, when I speak of the "advanced" artist, I mean the *intransigeant,* the uncompromising man who enounces dangerous precepts. I do not mean the man who keeps his mind open and who, while demanding further experiment, accepts the results of past experiment. It is the former, not the latter, who will have a new art, quite new. And how? Has this modern Archimedes a lever which requires no fulcrum?

In the long succession the chain is unbroken from the cave-dweller to Phidias, from Phidias to Rodin. If we say, at least Greek and Gothic art were original, we soon find that the mason followed the monk, the cathedral the abbey, which in turn descended from the basilica. We dig up the forebears of Hellenic artists in Crete, we learn that there were kings long before Agamemnon, and we realize that there is no new art under the sun. And *nota bene,* we have no knowledge that any among all these artists flouted study or sustained effort. If the new art is indeed new, as new as they say it is, ***shall we not have to evolve a new set of senses for its appreciation?***

And what excuse have we for intolerance of the past? How may we conclude that to-day only we are right, when yesterday many were proved right who day before yesterday were unconsidered? The history of art is acclaim, then indifference, indifference, then acclaim again. And in every phase there have been masterpieces. The pupil who is hurrying into the Louvre white-hot with enthusiasm to copy a Velasquez "Infanta," may pass the Greek vases without looking at them, or may say, as I heard one say to another, in going by the Fra Angelicos, "Don't those old things make you feel sick?" Nevertheless, in a century or two the connoisseur will still treasure the vase and the Velasquez and the Angelico, and—who knows?—perhaps even some after work of that pupil who copied the "Infanta." For art is various as well as long, and the foolish are those who, while profiting by concentration, refuse to believe that concentration in another direction may help their neighbor. Enthusiasm is a sacred thing, but we may not with the Orientals revere it when it becomes madness.

Ars longa is a great divinity, and although even a god may perhaps come only once in the same incarnation, yet a god is eternal. We may become indifferent to a masterpiece, we may change our form of worship of it, we may bury it under neglect, or we may again quicken to consciousness of it; but surely ***there is no dead art.***

© Detroit Publishing Co.

"STUDY IN TONE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Mr Alexander's portraits have qualities that make them tell as mural decoration, whether they are hung on the wall of a private room or in a large public exhibition. His modeling is usually flat, his outline definite and significant, and his color schemes are simple and carefully balanced.

"LIFE AND DEATH"

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

—

Illustrates Mr. Blashfield's peculiar talent for clarifying abstract ideas, while his composition shows, on the technical side, extraordinary mastery of the problems of decorative painting. Since the death of John La Farge, Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Cox have played the most important part in the decoration of public buildings in this country.

"PAN AND THE WOLF"

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Mr Weir always has been sympathetic toward new methods and fresh points of view, without losing the integrity of his own vision. This picture, while distinctly modern, expresses in a wholly personal technic both his poetic imagination and his sanity.

"THE BRIDGE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY
ERNEST LAWSON

—

A painting of this year
in which
the coloring, blue, green,
and yellow,
is characteristically romantic and rich, while
the part played by representation
or imitation of nature
is restricted.
This is another very modern characteristic.

III

THE PAINTING OF TO-MORROW

BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHEIN

A FORM of art came to the United States a year ago that has had so great an effect upon all people interested in painting and sculpture, and upon the work of so many of our painters, that it must needs be explained to the public, which still seems to treat it more as a freak than as a serious manifestation.

Let me say, to start with, that it is serious, and that I believe the exhibition of Post-Impressionism held at the armory in 1913 may be considered a very healthy affair, the influence of which will work for good in the art of to-morrow.

The movement was born in France shortly after Impressionism was instituted by Claude Monet, but was not recognized until recently. Why it was recognized at all seems to be the question generally asked, and perhaps I can help to clear up that apparently doubtful matter.

The restless ingenuity of man is a part of the artist's equipment, and, like his brothers in all walks of life, the artist is continually searching and inventing. When at any one period in history he is dissatisfied with the general art atmosphere, then that ingenuity works all the harder to find new ways of expression. Such a moment occurred about 1870, and a group of painters gathered about a man of strong personality, Edouard Manet, meeting twice a week in a café in Paris, where their common beliefs were discussed and developed, and where moral support came during the years when the little band was struggling against all official and traditional France. It was at this time that Claude Monet, one of the group, opened all eyes in regard to light, proving that with every change of light there is a complete change of color. Before this truth became known, painters often sat all day before the trees and hillside they were painting, and, heedless of the fact that every angle of the sun changed the entire color scheme, worked away upon a picture.

Let me say something here about color and how the light affects all objects that it envelops. Imagine a scene on the stage. The actors are dressed in different colors, the scenery is a green forest. Turn on the red calcium light; the stage becomes a scheme of reds, and even the green forest is mostly red. Turn on the yellow calcium, then the green, then the blue, and each alteration of the light is attended by a complete change in every color on the stage. Let us take our stage and actors out of doors, and turn on the light of dawn. It is not so strong as our calcium, but the principle is the same, and stage and actors, the hills and valleys and sea and sky, the cattle in the fields (here 's how we get a purple cow), are under the soft, gray envelop of the light. Turn on the first rays of sun, and the whole world changes in color; the light side of everything is tinted with rose and yellow, and the shadows of everything are violet or bluish. As the sun rises higher, the color changes; the sky gets bluer, and the earth also. Thus the changing day passes on until the setting sun flashes out golden light, and the shadows become purple.

The truth of light was the religion of the Impressionists who followed Monet, a new and convincing religion, needing a different method of expression. Therefore subdivision of colors, which helps represent the vibration and luminosity of light and air, was used. How people laughed at these freaks! All know how for years a painter who was deemed foolish would be called an Impressionist. Ridicule and jeers and abuse piled on these honest fellows. "One must be strong for such a fight," said Monet. And they were a strong and admirable band, made mighty by the fight; for to-day no one doubts the high, sincere attitude of these searchers of truth. In their ranks were men we now consider masters. Beside Manet and Monet, there were Fantin-Latour, Whistler, Rodin, Chavannes, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh.

The last three died virtually unrecog-

nized, but to their initiative is due the Post-Impressionist school, which we are ridiculing and abusing and talking about to-day. Before speaking of their ideas, what they seek, and where they differ from the main branch of Impressionism, let me try to show how it was possible for them to change so radically.

Suppose, for example, you begin to study a subject you have never seriously considered before, like the reincarnation of souls, or Professor James's ideas on psychic life. For one reason or another you become interested. You are not at all convinced, but the mind is opened, and you wander slowly along the main avenue of this new world. It seems an unlimited world to a man of imagination, yourself; yet you know you have walked only a short distance. But that experience has developed ideas with such rapidity that they overwhelm you with their possibilities, and you grow enthusiastic over the new theme, forgetting all the old petty troubles that formerly occupied much of your time. As you walk along, absorbed with this rich, new field, other avenues that you never dreamed of open, and you say with great delight and surprise: "What, other avenues! And people in them! I 'll join them, for *they too must be searching.*" The searchers unite into an earnest band, and the support they give one another is all they get for a long time. So new and different are their thoughts, so far from the conventional, so quickly have they developed on these avenues, which needed only to be entered to yield treasure, that the world cries out in derision: "Madmen! We 'll laugh at these absurdities, for did n't Beethoven and Michelangelo and Homer and Phidias and Mohammed all say—"

All these Impressionists walked up the avenues discovered by Monet and Manet, and a new painting field lay before them. Near by, on another avenue, walked the sculptors, and beyond, the musical composers, all a trifle dissatisfied with what they had left behind, all searching. "Searching what?" you will ask, especially if you are a man who deals with what the people want or need. I do not believe they themselves could tell you what they were searching. Nevertheless, they do not turn back; and what is more to our point, they do not stay on the main road. There are tempting side streets that lead somewhere, and the side streets of Impressionism were explored by Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, and found to lead, strangely enough, to the primitive in art.

This is not the name of an inn, but it was a comfortable place for these men to reach after walking in a big circle for three hundred years. And here is where the young come now in droves, so many at a time that soon another restless band will leave on another search; but primitive will be freshly branded in their souls.

The true primitive, considered in relation to our realism, is of course decorative. It has to do with large masses of harmonious color—not with the many broken colors of Monet's Impressionism —and with long, harmonious lines, which help to build up a decoration. To paint a decorative picture requires a different kind of imaginative ingenuity than that needed to analyze the truth of harmony of color. As I write I can see a primitive man on an Indian basket that I picked up in the desert of Arizona. He is a simple figure, with no time wasted on such unimportant details as eyes and fingers. The straight lines jump from joint to joint, from shoulder to elbow, from hip to knee, from crotch to ankle. The great essentials are there, which make him look like a blocked-out figure of a man; but the *art of it all* is that he takes his unobtrusive place in a scheme of decoration that goes around the basket. And the scheme of decoration, the pattern, the design, the composition, seems to be the chief consideration with the Post-Impressionists Gauguin and Van Gogh and their multitude of imitators.

We are being simpler, they say, for dealing with large, flat masses of color is simpler than subdividing a hundred colors to produce one large tone; we are being more decorative and imaginative, for it takes more ingenuity to arrange a design of colors and lines that harmonize into a decorative composition than to state faithfully the exact truth of the color of lights and shadows; and we are getting more of our personal feelings upon canvas, and less of what one is taught to observe by conventional education.

The founders of this movement died without the reward or comfort of appreciation. They had walked too much alone

along these new lines of thought to be understood. But the world of art caught up with them shortly after their death, and large exhibitions of their works were held at the autumn Salon in Paris about ten years ago. The tremendous effect on the men of to-day is bound to show in the future. This drove of young followers of Post-Impressionism will soon tire of using another's language, and as their forerunners sought to find a different expression for their own slightly different feelings, so they, too, will pass on beyond all that Post-Impressionism stands for, the primitive in design, the strong, sudden personal emotion, into the side avenues that no one has yet trodden.

It is not expected that any reader will accept Post-Impressionism entirely through understanding how it arose. In any case the larger public will hardly be able immediately to understand and appreciate the good that is in it. The ability to ignore facts that are sacred to us or that have been hammered into us as fundamental requires time. Appreciation must grow naturally in the reader, as it did in me, and perhaps the story of my experience with this movement will help others who are just entering the street that seems so long.

Seven or eight years ago, as I was walking along a quiet street in the Latin Quarter of Paris, I observed an unusual figure of a man approaching. He wore a long, black cloak, was bareheaded, had a profusion of red whiskers, and wore sandals on his bare feet. His face was thoughtful, and so serious that it seemed lacking in humor; his stride and carriage indicated a vigorous, athletic body.

I did not smile, as many did, at the bare head and the sandaled bare feet in the city streets; rather, I was impressed with the strength and sincerity of this personality. One felt sure that this was no faker seeking notoriety by his appearance, but a man who had the courage to be himself. It is an easy matter to be frank when we are alone with ourselves, to disagree with established teaching; then get up, put on our conventional collar and hat, resume our conventional expressions, and carry on our conventional work. But it takes a tremendous amount of courage to be different from our fellow-sheep, and to be frank where it implies facing derision, contempt, and a diminished income.

The long-cloaked man with red whiskers impressed me as one with courage. Here was an apostle in Rome. One knew at a glance that this was what he felt himself to be. This man, whose gospel, presented by himself with forcible arguments and fanatical earnestness, helped along the little whirlwind now disturbing the world of painting and sculpture, was the American apostle and "angel" of Post-Impressionism.

In the course of a few days I was invited to his apartment, which rapidly was becoming a rendezvous for the restless in art. I have a distinct memory of my visit. The apartment was modest, being full with the dozen people who stood about the room, discussing the paintings and sculpture of Matisse, about twenty or more, which our host had bought. It was my first sight of this new art, and as my mind was not thoroughly liberated from the prevailing idea of what constituted good pictures and bronzes, I was shocked, notwithstanding the serious arguing of the apostle, who was so earnest that his tense expression and dilating eyes gave me the feeling that he had an obsession. He talked much about the primitive, about the "personal emotion" one gets from nature, and about the "sensation"; but what he showed me seemed so ignoble in form and violent in color that, although willing to be broad in judgment, I could not but think this new thing freakish and disordered. The little class had converts, some of whom believed only in that part of the testament which related to painting, others, more thoroughly convinced, accepting all details even unto the red whiskers. Of course if a convert properly prepared by nature could fulfil all requirements, he no doubt felt that he should not restrain his whiskers, especially as they were in a sense more archaic than the smooth face of a conventional American.

Archaic is one of the passwords. I heard it often from the little group of sandaled anarchists, and realizing that it might have a real influence on art, even on my own art, I made use of my "Century Dictionary," and found that:

The archaic, in art, not simply the quality of rudeness or of being primitive, but a

rudeness and imperfection implying the promise of future advance. Work that is merely barbarous is not properly archaic. The archaic style, in an art of sufficient force to have any development, succeeds the first rude attempts of a people to arrive at graphic representation, and exhibits a manifest sincerity and striving to attain truth, until finally the archaic quality disappears little by little as truth is reached in the great art-schools, such as those of Greece and of the Renaissance painters, or as art sinks into lifeless conventionalism before reaching truth, as in the sculpture of Egypt and Mesopotamia.

After some reflection, I came to the conclusion that these men were going far back in order to go ahead.

It was too far back for me, so the next day I got out a canvas that was under way, counted the fingers and toes on the principal figure, plumbed up his spinal column, made him seven and a half heads high, as per Academy Julian, put his weight on his feet and his feet on the ground, blew fixative on the drawing, and started in to paint along the lines that I hoped would lead me some day to the gates of Rembrandt—or thereabouts. But the scene and the conversation of the group I had met kept obtruding upon my thoughts to such an extent that I laid down my palette and went out for a walk in the quiet lanes of Montparnasse Cemetery. What had been said about "personal emotion" was in my mind. I had always vaguely felt the bit in my mouth, a bit with a strong check, a restraint when inspiration seemed closest. It even seemed at times as though the necessity of making my details thoroughly intelligible to the public often blocked my path when I was nearly at the goal. Full of enthusiasm and vigor, I would begin the day's work with such a desire to express something that had been in my thoughts for some time that I would be all eagerness to see it realized. Now, this thing that I wanted to express might have been something I had seen, or something that had developed from an idea I had kept in my memory, and was waiting only for an outward stimulus to push along.

At any rate, the conception was there, and it always took the form of a composition. And the composition always took the shapes and lines that would represent the sentiment of my conception. That is to say, if a dramatic sentiment, the lines would be full of action and the masses pregnant with tragedy—long, violent lines in angles giving movement. If a poetic sentiment, the masses and lines would not disturb the eye with violent suggestion, but would be quiet and flowing. If a majestic sentiment, then the masses would be large, sculpturesque, and dignified. And in the conception, born at the same moment, and inseparable from the form, would be the color scheme.

This method of conceiving a picture is not that of every painter. I take simply the example I know most about. Nor is it at all clear in the mind before setting to work. But it is there, and with it the great desire to be realized. With this enthusiasm I would begin, and as my own experiences had taught me, I would make a composition sketch first. It would come in an hour or more, while the heat was great, and in the task the concentration of mind would be so intense and the play on the emotions so hard that the keenness of the imagination was soon dulled. But we will say that I expressed myself in a particular composition conceived in this way. What had I, then, that I should be so pleased? An arrangement of masses of color, of spots of color, of shapes of figures, of actions or movements of figures, a combination of all these, so that to an extent I visualized my conception, my fantasy, my caprice, my emotion, my dream, call it which you please.

No faces were in this sketch, no fingers on hands,—in other words, no meaningless details,—and yet it gave me at a glance all that I meant to say. I expressed to myself at least my own emotion.

Now, just here is where many of these ultra-moderns, Cubists, Futurists, Symbolists, etc., wish to stop. Perhaps their reason is that they have expressed their own feelings to themselves, and, that being the principal object of their work, think further development of a picture superfluous.

This little composition was alive to me, but not to others; for only the sensitive and imaginative artist could get my idea. So I must square it up, draw the figures, and paint in the faces; and the figures

must be well drawn, and the eyes must be in the right place, or I lose some of the dignity that I wish to convey. Now came my difficulty. The longer I worked on these details, and the more the picture developed in realism, so much in proportion did it lose that personal quality of enthusiasm and vigor and joy and spontaneity that was the soul of the sketch, and so much more did it become just a fairly well-built painting, a bit of craftsmanship full of flaws that were never in my conception, but which had become exceedingly important in my finished painting.

What was to be done? Was it right for one to compromise his strong feelings with labor that made them too well dressed and too polite and apologetic? Was the mere craftsmanship important enough to allow it to interfere with the free expression? Should one be more natural, expressing emotions of beauty, of happiness, of sympathy in some swift fashion that would have all the strength of one's feelings, yet be faulty in drawing, askew in form, and lack in quality of color? Or was it better to be conservative and restrained, as one had been taught, remembering that the Greeks and Titian and Velasquez set the standard we should climb for?

You see, I had been shoved into the new avenues without knowing it, and I was drifting along with a great quantity of cumulating ideas. I soon began vaguely to comprehend the reasons of these Post-Impressionists, and said to myself, as many others have said, "There 's a big truth in their point of view."

Along similar lines, but much more elaborated and complicated, much further in these new channels, argued those acquaintances in the Latin Quarter. Evidence of support to their new standard came from many avenues. Besnard, the leader of the "New Salon," was quoted as having an appreciation for Matisse; Claude Monet, then a vigorous worker at seventy, greatly admired the still life of Cézanne, and owned a number of examples; Rodin already had done his Balzac, which had been refused by the city of Paris, and was then exhibiting drawings in harmony with these Post-Impression thoughts; the germ had been carried to all the capitals of Europe, where those tired of the old rules and conventions eagerly seized upon the new. Everywhere artists and art students who had what we call "revolutionary tendencies," who simply wanted to be different, saw a new hope come into their art lives.

At this upsetting moment of great excitement in the Latin Quarter I was obliged to return to my native land, and five years passed before I again saw examples of the ultra-modern in painting and sculpture.

With a mind in which five years of New York had made changes I went to the International Exhibition of Impressionists and Post-Impressionists held at the armory in 1913. This was the show, as all will remember, which created a vast amount of adverse comment and critical hilarity.

The first pictures one saw upon entering were the large decorative screens by Chanler, some of them beautiful in design and wonderful in execution. At the other end of the hall were the Cubists and that great drawing card, the "Nude Descending a Staircase." As I passed through the many rooms containing all varieties of Impressionism, I was surprised to find that I no longer doubted the new creeds. I seemed to understand what the artists wanted to say, and to be willing to forget some ugly defects that previously had disturbed me. Even some of the Cubist pictures, those enigmas that packed the armory with throngs of the curious, struck me as being very amusing and ingenious fantasies of chunks of color.

It was the titles that disturbed the public. Titles are mental suggestions that often lead the mind away from the land of color and form and emotion into ethnology and mythology, literature, history, episodes of life, and many other regions where the artist's ideas are completely lost in what might be called the literary ideas of the onlooker. Whistler, one recalls, tried to remove that obstacle by calling his pictures symphonies. The Cubists might have called their works arrangements in cubes suggested by such or such a thing in nature; but in that case the crowd would not have hovered in that geometrical department of the exhibition.

Notwithstanding all the ferocious criticism, there was art in these pictures—art of the decorative and emotional sort. And

there was art in the violent colors of the other schools. We saw many lemons rolling down white-and-blue table-cloths, figures of beings that had lost all dignity of form, perspectives that were childish, draftsmanship that was ridiculous, paint put on the canvas in any way so that it did not suggest the suave technic of other days, a great absence of atmosphere, the thing that had been our religion a few years ago. Despite the lack of all these, which are a few of the many principles of our education, the principles of our great old masters, and a lack of the considerate politeness of our society and its garments of convention, there was life in Post-Impressionism. And if it had life, it had beauty; for they are inseparable.

I had come to appreciate. The obstacles in my vision had been pushed aside, and I saw clearly up the new avenues of thought.

How can any one do this? How can one brush away his habits and be able to appreciate? He will be surprised how rapidly it will come to pass if he is interested in pictures and sculpture, interested enough to go often to see them. The public will not have to overcome the technical education which blocked the artist's path, but will sooner get to the starting-point on this new trail. But the public will always be divided into those who cannot forget, who reason as they were taught to reason, and into those whose minds respond more quickly to environment, to life, to discovery, and to new ideas.

It is the first division of the public that now, a year after that exhibition and at least seven years after the movement became prominent in Europe, is still hooting and decrying, talking of decay and hysteria, whenever Post-Impressionism becomes the subject of conversation. It includes people of all classes and professions, even painters and sculptors of all ranks and ages. In the second half are just as many intelligent people, but they see that a new truth has been added to our knowledge, and *one which will be welded into all future art.*

If one belongs to that part of the first half who do not know much about pictures, yet find they give pleasure and material for thought and increase one's observation of nature, the only possible way to understand the language of painting is to go frequently to exhibitions and museums. One should not be satisfied with magazine illustrations and newspaper pictures. They may be good as far as they go, but they do not help in color, and contribute little to the growth of taste. Taste is like everything else in our natures: it grows only through exercise. Taste does not mean elegance, refinement, Chippendale furniture, sweet colors, and jewels, although its education may lead through all these until one can see and choose with intelligence. You may even now be going through the sweet color and "ideal head" stage of growth. If that be the case, little wonder the new art shocked the refined senses of some.

No one artist can represent all the beauty of life. Consequently, we have many schools each accentuating its particular point of view. No man can honestly like them all. But because your taste leads you along certain lines, do not deny the virtues in any other healthy movement, provided, of course, you are convinced that it is healthy. Be careful that you do not become over-refined, too elegant, too used to the pretty, to respond to the elemental truths when honestly and crudely presented in art.

The point of view of Post-Impressionism I have tried to sketch, and, as I said before, no one expects you to see it clearly in a short time. But I hope you will acknowledge that it is a very interesting one, the idea of being more a source of creation than, strictly speaking, holding the mirror up to nature.

IV

THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE "MODERNS"

BY WALTER PACH

I VOICE the conviction of thousands of people when I say that the present era is one of the greatest artistic importance, and that it is made so by the noble line of painters that culminated in Cézanne, to go on to further realizations in the present and near future.

The word "moderns" is of course purely relative. Only a few years ago Professor Holmes wrote of Constable as the first of the moderns. Later André Suarès spoke of Delacroix as the man from whom modern art is descended; perhaps Manet is the choice of the majority now, with a somewhat smaller, but increasing, number inclined to make the modern movement begin with Cézanne. The limits of the past and the accepted are constantly being set forward, and we see that the men who were thought to break most with tradition have only enriched it. The process keeps up to-day, and it is this that makes our time inspiring. We feel that we are alive and producing. We have learned the lessons of the past, including its greatest one, that we are worthy of our heritage and able to appreciate it only when we add to it. "Invent or perish," was the great warning of Ruskin. It will be my privilege to speak here of the men who have preferred the former alternative.

They are men who justify their lives by their works, not by their artistic ancestry; nevertheless, as we are trying at present to understand these works better, it is worth while to glance backward and see how steadily the ideas of to-day have evolved from those of yesterday. With this in mind we shall be prepared to follow out in the Post-Impressionist and the Cubist pictures the continuing of the essential tradition of art, which is life, however they diverge from the unessential traditions of the manner of expressing it.

The history of the first three quarters of the nineteenth century is well known. After the struggle between Classicism and Romanticism came the Realists. The Impressionist school, with its scientific analysis of light, completed their work. It would of course be false to deny to men like Monet, Pissarro, and Renoir the possession of the classic qualities of form and color. In the perfect achievement of Renoir they are so splendid that he must be ranked not with the lesser, but with the greater, classics.

But with these men the obtaining of the esthetic qualities was mostly instinctive; with Cézanne we have the all-important

MADEMOISELLE POGANY

CUBIST BUST IN MARBLE BY BRANCUSI

A magnificent grotesque; the model is portrayed by emphasizing the salient characteristics. Brancusi evolved from an earlier Rodinesque manner to one where line, volume, and surface are used for their esthetic and expressive effect, independent of realism.

"NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE"
FROM MARCEL DUCHAMP-VILLON'S CELEBRATED CUBIST PAINTING
Described on page 863.

evolution to an art where they are sought for consciously. A deep student of the old masters, like all the great French painters of the nineteenth century, Cézanne went further than any of his fellows, his mind being the profoundest of them all, in penetrating to the motives of the great gods of the museums. So, while a man of his time, he goes far beyond it in recognizing the supremacy over realism of the esthetic and expressive phases of the work of art. As he grew older, he centered his attention more and more on these matters, and was quite willing to let realism confine itself to a general, elemental statement of the form and color of his subject. The vast majority of the public saw at first only what it thought to be the sacrifices of Cézanne's work. Now that he is better understood, and even the laymen are more occupied with his qualities than with his so-called defects, the rancor of those who oppose all change in the forms of art is transferred to the successors of Cézanne, who break still further with the superstition that a picture must look "just like nature." Only one who has carefully watched the crowds at such a manifestation as the International Exhibition of last spring can know what a vast number of people are ready to overcome this obstacle or have done so already.

For those who know him best, Cézanne is the greatest master of modern times, and one whom only the greatest of the old painters have equaled. He realizes the

Pictures Showing How Post-Impressionism is Influencing Modern Painting

"THE PORTER AND THE LADIES OF BAGDAD"

BRYSON BURROUGHS

In this painting by the curator of paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are reminiscences of Persian illustration and of the naive Italian Primitives; yet the work is executed in a modern spirit, the drawing of the detail showing vitality and freedom from archaistic tendencies.

I "MAKING HER TOILET"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

An early work by Mr. Davies, embodying the grace, tonal harmony, and intimacy of feeling which were characteristic of his work at the time. Mr. Davies has recently become the leader of the extreme modernists in this country.

II. "THE GREAT MOTHER"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

The organization of this picture recently painted by Mr Davies fulfils the promise to be noted in his composition of th last few years His scope has widened, his handling of the figure, far from suffering any loss of the beauty he has made peculiarly his own, has gained His Cubist tendencies are readily discernible.

I "PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE LUKS

This portrait of an old woman was painted by Luks several years ago. It is a vigorous work, and shows the painter at the beginning of the development of the remarkable style shown in the next painting.

II "DR SLOP"

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE LUKS

In this recent painting, the tendency of the modernists toward complete avoidance of unessential detail is developed to its logical extreme. The effect is that of a sketch, but the full significance of the type is given. Mr. Luks shows no tendency toward schematic arrangement of lines and masses such as the Cubists adopt.

I. "THE LOWLANDS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

—

This is one of the best paintings in Mr. Dearth's old style, directly in line with the work of his contemporaries in American landscape. It offers an amazing contrast with the stiff figure in the following painting, which represents, in its pure color and decorativeness, his most modern work.

II. "THE VIRGIN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY GOLDEN DEARTH

A new painting of Mr. Dearth's that illustrates his interest in the decorative arts of the Orient and his adaptation of their forms to his own artistic uses. The colors have the beauty and the purity of tone of old enamel. This turning back to early decorative art for his inspiration forms the artists' chief point of contact with the new schools.

"LAUGHING GIRL"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HENRI

Robert Henri's portraits are in a modern style that derives somewhat from the Spaniards. The backgrounds usually are dark, the forms are broadly defined by masses of dark and light, and the handling is swift and sure.

combination of form as it was understood by the Florentines, and color that climaxes the efforts of a century that worked for color. The grandeur of the man's spirit is seen in his grave and profound design. It is a design which includes not only the general masses of his picture, but every finger's breadth and depth of it. If I devote so much space to his art, it is less for the reason that it resumes so much of the achievement of the past than because it has been so potent an influence on all the artists who have come after him.

Before proceeding to our consideration of the later schools, we must notice one other great figure of the transition. This is Odilon Redon, whose words on the relation of the physical world to his pictures may be studied deeply as giving a key to the development of the younger men. Cézanne reached his commanding position by a slow, but grand, ascent from the realistic painting which occupied his youth. If Redon has not the vast technical endowment which this career gave to Cézanne, his art is of extraordinary importance through his half-century of fidelity to the idea embodied in his first efforts—the fecund principle of making his picture a reflection not of the outer world, but of the domain of the mind. Almost alone in our time he has thus been the representative of the art that in another epoch numbered Leonardo and Dürer among its glorious exponents.

The changes brought about by the Post-Impressionists and the Cubists are in large measure referable to the ideas existing in Cézanne and Redon, and traceable even in the early masters; for in all ages there have been minds so great that they anticipate the future, and seem at moments to have had an intuition of the truths to which later men give complete expression.

In Post-Impressionism we find an alliance of the decorative and expressive elements of art. The attainment of the final stages of the research into the *rendering* of appearances, which is due to the Impressionists, left their successors free to work out the problems of *using* the appearance of nature in an esthetic scheme. It is not the abstract decoration in which the architect of today uses the Greek wave-pattern or volute, quite untouched by what these things signified to the men who invented them. It is the embodiment of living ideas in forms which respond to the sense of beauty in men who partake of the individual character of this epoch. So Gauguin paints in fascinating, unsuspected design his delight in the exotic lands that were his by blood and by preference. So Van Gogh gives us that poignant expression of a mind on fire with the wonder of the world and its people. I need scarcely refer to his "Letters," so many thousands of readers having found in them that part of the man's message which could be put into verbal form. So, too, Matisse translates into rhythms at once joyous and impressive his sense of life, and the beauty that one may see when he has outgrown the dry study of isolated facts, and feels the harmony they build in that ensemble which is before our eyes each day. The work of art having as its mission the conveying of that particular emotion which has seemed important to the producer, the demand for any of the thousand other sensations the work could afford becomes worse than irrelevant.

SELF-PORTRAIT

FROM A PAINTING BY HENRI MATISSE

The remarkable faculty possessed by Matisse for using for purely esthetic purposes the forms and colors of nature, is to be seen in this picture. For those interested in the man, it is a likeness; for those interested in art, it is a work of art.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL CÉZANNE

The profundity of Cézanne's mind is here manifested in his attitude toward the character of a sitter. The form is sculptural, but he obtains it by color, not by mere contrasts of black and white.

When Matisse or any other painter has given full utterance to the idea that caused his enthusiasm, it is rather a mark of his good breeding as an artist to refrain from padding out with matters which he has found of moment to himself, and therefore considers uninteresting to others. In none of the men of this school is there an attempt to follow that will-o'-the-wisp, the representation of "the thing as it is." In each one there is a rendering of those ideas which were, or are, proper to his own art.

The main factors in the evolution of Cubism seem to me the composition of the volumes which we noted in the work of Cézanne—the quality might be illustrated just about as well in Giotto or Signorelli or Rembrandt—and our demand for an esthetic equivalent for thought. Redon found one answer to this demand in an art where known objects or personages give a means of rendering his vision. The Cubists take the elements of expression from the forms and colors of nature, and use them not to represent objects, but to produce an organism which will contain in terms of art what a given subject means to them in terms of sensation.

This process has been familiar to us for centuries in architecture and music, every one of the great works of which is such an organism as I describe. In the masterpieces of the past the organization called "cubistic" is to be found. It is for this reason that we feel that such men as Picasso, Derain, and Duchamp-Villon are to be taken as representatives of the classic school of to-day. The fact that they have turned more and more to ideas incompatible with objective painting has surely no more bearing on their place in art than any other question of the subject of a picture. Raphael is classic when he finds one of his great harmonies in the line and plane and mass of an imagined Madonna; Degas is classic when he turns into design the incidents of the daily life about him; Duchamp-Villon is classic when he achieves his "phrasing" of the elements of motion, mass, and accentuation in such a picture as the "Nude Descending a Staircase," even though the nature of his subject and those phases of it that he wished to render led him, after experiments with the older forms of painting, to choose his entirely unrealistic one. Every critic has at some time used the phrase, "art is a means of expression." The Cubists have already shown the possibility of an expression in painting without representation; it will be long before the future arrives at the limit of ideas to be rendered by such an art.

We are constantly made to wonder at the intellectual accomplishment of our time. It is one of intense activity, and our progress in science has made us only the more eager for a corresponding advance in other realms of thought. When I said at the beginning of this paper that we live in an era of the greatest artistic importance it is because the people who have come to appreciate the greatness of the

SEA-SHORE

FROM A PAINTING BY MAURICE B PRENDERGAST

For more than thirty years, Mr. Prendergast's joyous vision of nature has gone on in its development and intensity. His design and color are among the most beautiful of present-day art.

modern movement in art see in it a value equal to that of any other manifestation of modern life. One fact that makes us feel that such an idea is sound is the parallelism that exists between the art I have discussed and the great currents of the world's thought in recent years.

As Romanticism tinged the mind and the art of the early nineteenth century, and Realism, or the scientific spirit, its later years; so every indication to-day points to a deepening interest in the matters which go beyond self-conscious reasoning, and are dealt with by the power of intuition. If there is mysticism in the work of a Redon or a Picasso, it is that supreme mysticism to which Latin clarity gives a precision of its own. The great movement which began with painting has spread to sculpture in such noble works as those of Brancusi and Duchamp-Villon. The latter, a man whom Cézanne could claim with pride as his disciple, has produced what I shall call the first piece of architecture essentially of our time.

The so-called minor arts are affected in every branch. The movement is world-wide. On the day that I write these lines an exhibition opens in the Montross Gallery of New York, where the first fruits of the American interest in the new ideas are shown. Men are working with them in Paris and in Tokio. The Orient helped us not only to find the lost sense of design on surfaces which we first thought of as the message of its art, but to find the design of life which we of Europe had in pre-Christian days. Matisse's color is as beautiful as that of a Persian ceramist, and the pagan joy of life he paints with is found again in our demand for more games and dancing and music. And, what is best in it all is the vitality of the "new" art. It did not expend itself with the perfection of Renoir or with the grandeur of Cézanne. It is inventing and living in the great French people who fostered it, and from their hearth comes the generous fire which to-day is surely kindling in every land.

"A WORK should have within itself its full meaning," writes Matisse, "and impose it on the spectator even before he knows what the subject is. When I see the frescos of Giotto at Padua, I do not bother about knowing what scene of the life of Christ I have before me, but I understand at once the sentiment that emanates from it; for it is in the lines, in the composition, and in the color, and the title will only confirm my impression." (In "La Grande Revue," December, 1908.)

"FROM the beginning," says Redon, "I have always striven for perfection, and, if you will believe me, perfection in form. But let me say now that no plastic form —I mean one perceived objectively, for itself, under the laws of light and shade, through the conventional means of 'modeling'—is to be found in my works. . . . My whole originality consists in placing, as much as possible, the logic of the visible at the service of the invisible." (In "La Vie," December 14, 1912.)

"STUDY," writes Cézanne, "modifies our vision to such an extent that the humble and colossal Pissarro is found to be justified in his anarchistic theories. . . .

"We must become classic again through nature. Imagine a Poussin completely repainted according to nature; that is the classic that I mean." (In the "Mercure de France," October, 1907.)

"BUDDHA"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ODILON REDON

At a period when most painters of importance were striving to represent the world as we see it, Redon has kept up the tradition of the great visionaries like Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and William Blake by painting the world of fantasy.

"LAUGHING GIRL"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HENRI

Robert Henri's portraits are in a modern style that derives somewhat from the Spaniards. The backgrounds usually are dark, the forms are broadly defined by masses of dark and light, and the handling is swift and sure.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL CÉZANNE

The profundity of Cézanne's mind is here manifested in his attitude toward the character of a sitter. The form is sculptural, but he obtains it by color, not by mere contrasts of black and white.

When Matisse or any other painter has given full utterance to the idea that caused his enthusiasm, it is rather a mark of his good breeding as an artist to refrain from padding out with matters which he has found of moment to himself, and therefore considers uninteresting to others. In none of the men of this school is there an attempt to follow that will-o'-the-wisp, the representation of "the thing as it is." In each one there is a rendering of those ideas which were, or are, proper to his own art.

The main factors in the evolution of Cubism seem to me the composition of the volumes which we noted in the work of Cézanne—the quality might be illustrated just about as well in Giotto or Signorelli or Rembrandt—and our demand for an esthetic equivalent for thought. Redon found one answer to this demand in an art where known objects or personages give a means of rendering his vision. The Cubists take the elements of expression from the forms and colors of nature, and use them not to represent objects, but to produce an organism which will contain in terms of art what a given subject means to them in terms of sensation.

This process has been familiar to us for centuries in architecture and music, every one of the great works of which is such an organism as I describe. In the masterpieces of the past the organization called "cubistic" is to be found. It is for this reason that we feel that such men as Picasso, Derain, and Duchamp-Villon are to be taken as representatives of the classic school of to-day. The fact that they have turned more and more to ideas incompatible with objective painting has surely no more bearing on their place in art than any other question of the subject of a picture. Raphael is classic when he finds one of his great harmonies in the line and plane and mass of an imagined Madonna; Degas is classic when he turns into design the incidents of the daily life about him; Duchamp-Villon is classic when he achieves his "phrasing" of the elements of motion, mass, and accentuation in such a picture as the "Nude Descending a Staircase," even though the nature of his subject and those phases of it that he wished to render led him, after experiments with the older forms of painting, to choose his entirely unrealistic one. Every critic has at some time used the phrase, "art is a means of expression." The Cubists have already shown the possibility of an expression in painting without representation; it will be long before the future arrives at the limit of ideas to be rendered by such an art.

We are constantly made to wonder at the intellectual accomplishment of our time. It is one of intense activity, and our progress in science has made us only the more eager for a corresponding advance in other realms of thought. When I said at the beginning of this paper that we live in an era of the greatest artistic importance it is because the people who have come to appreciate the greatness of the

SEA-SHORE

FROM A PAINTING BY MAURICE B PRENDERGAST

For more than thirty years, Mr Prendergast's joyous vision of nature has gone on in its development and intensity His design and color are among the most beautiful of present-day art

modern movement in art see in it a value equal to that of any other manifestation of modern life. One fact that makes us feel that such an idea is sound is the parallelism that exists between the art I have discussed and the great currents of the world's thought in recent years.

As Romanticism tinged the mind and the art of the early nineteenth century, and Realism, or the scientific spirit, its later years; so every indication to-day points to a deepening interest in the matters which go beyond self-conscious reasoning, and are dealt with by the power of intuition. If there is mysticism in the work of a Redon or a Picasso, it is that supreme mysticism to which Latin clarity gives a precision of its own. The great movement which began with painting has spread to sculpture in such noble works as those of Brancusi and Duchamp-Villon. The latter, a man whom Cézanne could claim with pride as his disciple, has produced what I shall call the first piece of architecture essentially of our time.

The so-called minor arts are affected in every branch. The movement is world-wide. On the day that I write these lines an exhibition opens in the Montross Gallery of New York, where the first fruits of the American interest in the new ideas are shown. Men are working with them in Paris and in Tokio. The Orient helped us not only to find the lost sense of design on surfaces which we first thought of as the message of its art, but to find the design of life which we of Europe had in pre-Christian days. Matisse's color is as beautiful as that of a Persian ceramist, and the pagan joy of life he paints with is found again in our demand for more games and dancing and music. And, what is best in it all is the vitality of the "new" art. It did not expend itself with the perfection of Renoir or with the grandeur of Cézanne. It is inventing and living in the great French people who fostered it, and from their hearth comes the generous fire which to-day is surely kindling in every land.

"A WORK should have within itself its full meaning," writes Matisse, "and impose it on the spectator even before he knows what the subject is. When I see the frescos of Giotto at Padua, I do not bother about knowing what scene of the life of Christ I have before me, but I understand at once the sentiment that emanates from it; for it is in the lines, in the composition, and in the color, and the title will only confirm my impression." (In "La Grande Revue," December, 1908.)

"FROM the beginning," says Redon, "I have always striven for perfection, and, if you will believe me, perfection in form. But let me say now that no plastic form —I mean one perceived objectively, for itself, under the laws of light and shade, through the conventional means of 'modeling'—is to be found in my works. . . . My whole originality consists in placing, as much as possible, the logic of the visible at the service of the invisible." (In "La Vie," December 14, 1912.)

"STUDY," writes Cézanne, "modifies our vision to such an extent that the humble and colossal Pissarro is found to be justified in his anarchistic theories. . . .

"We must become classic again through nature. Imagine a Poussin completely repainted according to nature; that is the classic that I mean." (In the "Mercure de France," October, 1907.)

"BUDDHA"

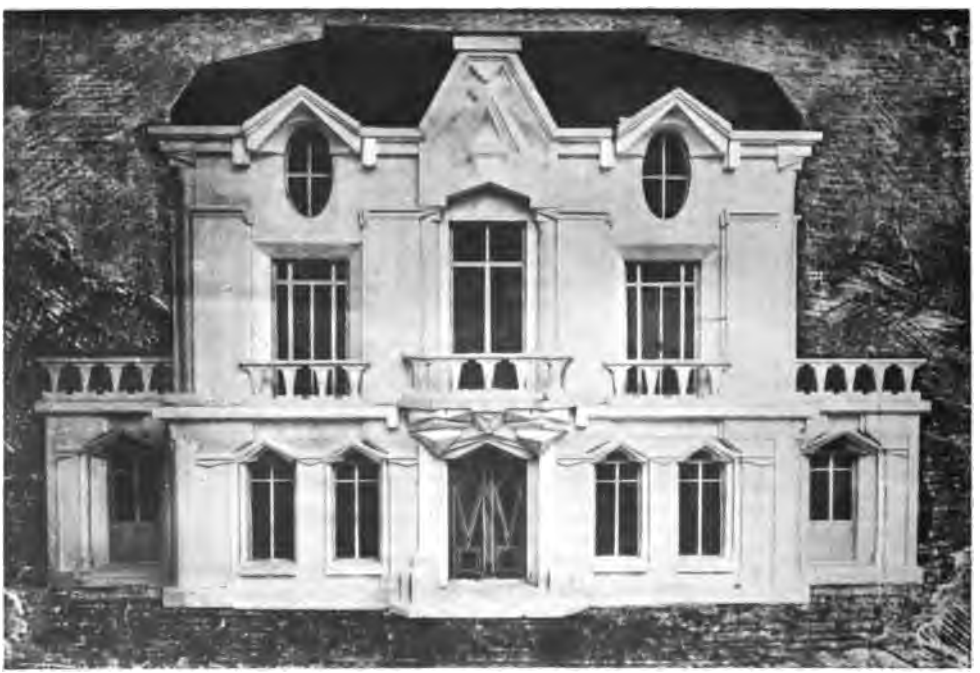
FROM THE PAINTING BY ODILON REDON

At a period when most painters of importance were striving to represent the world as we see it, Redon has kept up the tradition of the great visionaries like Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and William Blake by painting the world of fantasy.

"TREES"

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL PICASSO

It is Picasso's unresting and brilliant mind that, more than anything else, has made possible the developments of Post-Impressionism since Cézanne. This work shows the younger man's relation to his master, but the oppositions of form are even more deliberately pursued, the divergence from mere representation is more marked, and the change to expression purely by form and color is prefigured.



CUBIST HOUSE

FROM THE MODEL BY MARCEL DUCHAMP-VILLON

Until this work appeared at the autumn Salon, Duchamp-Villon was known only as a sculptor. It is a healthy phase of the new movement that the men in it, like the men of the Renaissance, work at the various branches of the fine and applied arts together, and feel that their inspiration is the same.

LANDSCAPE

FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL CÉZANNE

A picture of the latest, and therefore most typical, period of the master's career. It shows the phases of his composition on which subsequent artists have built.

PORTRAIT

FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL GAUGUIN

The painter's sense of decoration, unsurpassed among the moderns, is displayed in this picture, and without prejudice to the expression of his deep feeling for humanity. The drawing is of the great French tradition, the color has the richness of the tropics, where Gauguin spent much of his life.

V

THE ANCESTRY OF CUBISM

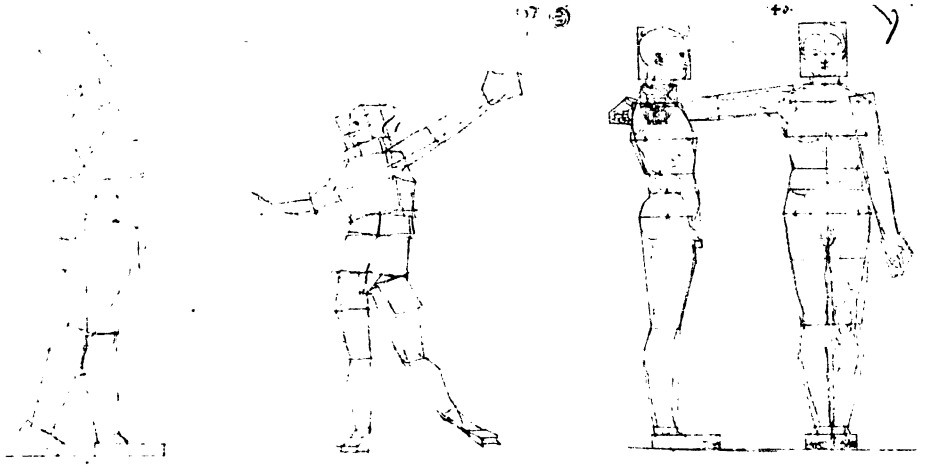
BY JAY HAMBIDGE AND GOVE HAMBIDGE

"CUBISM is an attempt to dissolve facts entirely in design," some one has remarked. It is a pregnant phrase that sticks in the mind and touches many veins of thought. After decades of paintings from Salon and academy, suave, superficial, blatant with the wearisome technical daring of the virtuoso, or smeared thick with a syrup of pretty sentiment, we are ready for nearly anything, provided it smacks of really creative art. The artistic mind has for so long assiduously degraded itself to the position of an observant human camera that only a strong reaction can restore something of its original self-respect. That reaction takes place among certain men who are so alive to our artistic degradation that they feel realism to be a disgusting and intolerable thing; they eschew it completely, and take refuge in pure symbolic design. At least this ultra-idealism comports more with the dignity of creative art than ultra-naturalism. It is better that an artist be poetically mad than a slave to endless copying. Art was not born to fill the position of a clerk in the outer office of nature.

EGYPTIAN CUBISM

But if a very meaty kernel is to be found in the basic idea of Cubism, there is much useless pulp surrounding it, and we are compelled to consider this pulp the real fruit of the movement. After a clear examination, it becomes evident that Cubic iconoclasm is, after all, superficial, even if we consider only its leaders, and put aside all those notoriety-lovers who follow in the van, together with the egomaniacs who are bent upon toying with their pet subjective perversions, and use violent art as a means. With design for a lever, the Cubists wish to break completely the grip of realistic art. Yet what do they give us in return? Try as we may, we cannot but consider their own design ill digested and chaotic. It does not "reach" us in conditions either of normal or of abnormal appreciation. They have, indeed, substituted nothing generally constructive for that which they

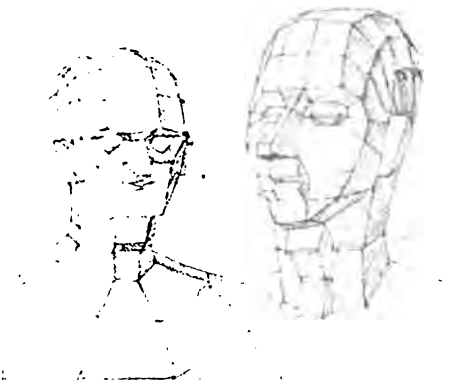
EGYPTIAN CUBISM



By permission of "L'Art et les Artistes"

CUBISTIC TREATMENT BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

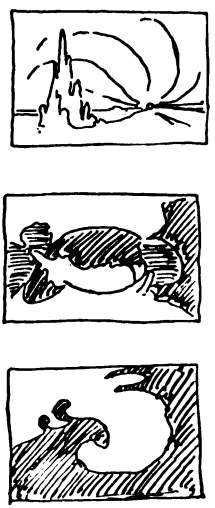
would destroy. They have no design language; they have cut out their tongues in order to talk. Apparently well versed in the psychology and metaphysics of design, and equipped with a sane propaganda, they do not succeed in translating their theory into real artistic terms.



By permission of "L'Art et les Artistes"

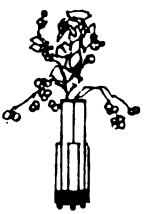
CUBISTIC TREATMENT BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

In each individual case their work would seem to be the result of a union between an elementary geometry and those orthodox rules of composition that have been taught in art schools for many decades. And the forms that result from this curious union are applied not according to any principles of organization, but under the guidance of personal caprice. The Cubist's criteria of design are purely subjective. They rest less upon original, well-ordered, and deep foundations than upon old studio formulæ, and they are built from the outworn sticks of that very realistic and superficial art the Cubists profess to condemn. Cubism is at bottom not radical, but blindly, haltingly conservative.

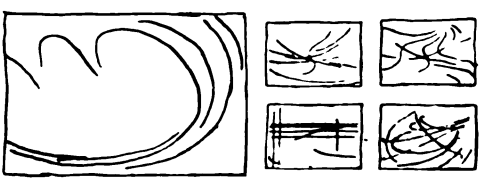


MODERN COMPOSITION—SPEED

That type of the new art, for example, which in painting and sculpture merely aims to cubify actual form, to convey an impression by a ceaseless bald emphasis of planes, is as old as the schools of This and Memphis, when the Pharaohs first placed their royal approval upon artistic conservatism. So the Egyptian sculptors cut heads and bodies, legs and arms, in flat planes, according to a rigid traditional procedure; and so all sculptors with a strong sense of design have done since. It is part of the preliminary blocking necessitated by sculptural technic. Among painters, the most conspicuous instance of the method is Albrecht Dürer, who theorized to the length of several books on geometry in art, and who left numerous Cubic studies among his sketches. As M. Louis Thomas suggested in an article in "L'Art et les Artistes" last year, what more complete Cubism could there be than certain of Dürer's sketches, here reproduced? Indeed, such a method of blocking out was taught for many years in some American art schools, and students still turn to it spontaneously. It is not a new method, due to profound scientific discoveries, as a few apologists of the movement would have us believe; rather, it places in the position of a finished product part of the age-old paraphernalia of all those who work in form.



GEOMETRIC VASES



MODERN COMPOSITION—LASAR

The case is somewhat different with that other Cubism of Picasso, which discards even so slight a connection with reality, and

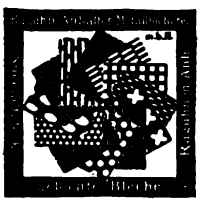
By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"
SCHEMATIC PAINTING BY HANNS PELLAR

deals in bare lines, circles, and angles, abstracted from any save and symbolic connection with the external world of tangible things. The pictures of Picasso aim at expression by pure design and symbolism; but the design they use fails because it is irritatingly capricious and personal. That great romanticist Plato, who reduced all things ultimately to ideal geometrical forms in a search for the geometrical soul of reality, in spirit furnishes Picasso with a working inspiration. Plato is reborn in Picasso, who consciously or not attempts to express the Platonic ideal pictorially. Out of mathematics we are to make art; with mathematics we may set forth our inner feelings and our attitude toward external solidities. It is a splendid conception, a daring attempt. In music it is accomplished daily, for here pure number, cut loose from any bond of materiality, stirs up direct emotion. Yet it is scarcely necessary to say that the Cubist painter cannot manipulate mathematical elements with the unerringly efficient science of the musical composer. Indeed, he has no science; he stands upon a foundation of tenuous intellectualities, where the musician has a foundation of rock. A Cubist painting, with its nice adjustment of planes and angles and curves, fails to convey the impression that a symphony conveys, because the means do not fit the ends.

By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"
GEOMETRIC POSTER DESIGN BY LUDWIG HOHLWEIN

By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"
GERMAN WALL-PAINTING

In other words, the follower of Cubism is forced to utilize whatever broken and inefficient tools he can command for the building of his superstructure, because he has no scientific, coördinated principles of design. This applies also to the devotees of any of the new movements that insist upon the preëminence of design in graphic art. On the one hand, we have those who employ a confused elementary geometry after some esoteric fashion of their own; on the other, those who resort to the empirical methods of composition that have been stored up by generations of art schools, where the primary aim has always been to teach not design, but realistic representation. Gauguin, Van Gogh, and Matisse all stress rhythm of line, all play with this idea of expression by composition. Naturalism for them is only a fortuitous prop to design. Very well; but the difficulty is that they have advanced no further in



GEOMETRIC ADVERTISING DESIGN

MEDIEVAL COMPOSITION—GIOTTO

By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"

GEOMETRIC HAT DESIGNED BY EMANUEL MARGOLD

design than their predecessors of the Salon. They have nothing to contribute save an insistence upon the necessity of stripping to essentials. The pictures that they make are very much like the preliminary sketches of the veriest academist—the old feeling for "continuity of line," for "unity of mass," and no more. Lasar, in his "Practical Hints for Art Students," made up of a thousand studio formulæ, gives many rough compositions of this sort, and Harold Speed, in "The Practice and Science of Drawing," gives many more. Lines drawn by a blind and groping intuition, masses placed with the hazardous guidance of "feeling" alone, and all grouped under innumerable empirical rules collected from special cases; as, a straight line *so* gives strength, a jagged line *so* gives discord, a curved line *so* gives harmony—all this is the substance of our modern knowledge of composition. Yet this is the basis upon which the radicals wish to build a new art. A vast series of empirical rules that furnish no answer to the question why—we cannot make much of these.

"Composition," says Lasar, "teaches how to express one's ideals in the most forcible manner." Save the ultra-realists, most modern artists from Kenyon Cox to Matisse would agree with this. Indeed, each group takes just this as the visible or invisible corner-stone of its particular creed, with the most diverse and chaotic results. The difficulty is that while we have a more or less satisfactory science of color and a consummate science of draftsmanship, we have scarcely made an approach toward a science of design. Design with us belongs to the realm of the occult and mystical, and this is one of our greatest obstacles to real artistic achievement.

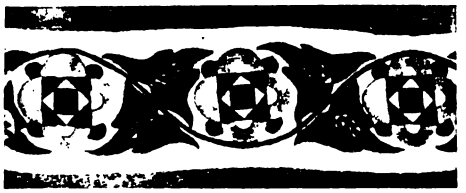
There is, however, a phase of the movement toward composition more avowedly conservative than many of the recent isms that suggests more reasonable possibilities for progress. In Germany and Austria an intense desire for design has manifested itself in the last ten years in every phase of artistic activity. Not restricting themselves to composing in pictures alone, the Germans have produced ornaments, household utensils, furniture of all sorts, and all thoroughly well designed. They make tapestries and mural decorations in which the design is striking and insistent. They apply design to poster-work with astonishing results. Where advertisements not many years ago would have flaunted a crude and inefficient realism, they may now use well-placed lettering alone, or forms that are meaningless save as elements of a unit composition. Even book illustration moves away from a naturalistic treatment toward a decorative one; and stage-scenery, discontented with presenting *the thing as it is*, strives to gain emotional tones and effects by the manipulation of design and color nearly unaided by realistic appearance. Most remarkable, perhaps, is the character of modern German architecture. House after house is laid out on rigid compositional lines, and interiors, from bathroom fixtures to card-tables, are precisely arranged in conformity with some definite

By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"

HAT DESIGNED BY EMANUEL MARGOLD

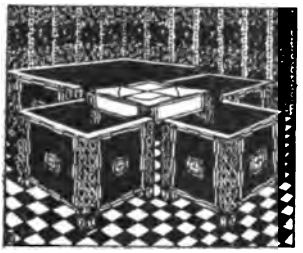
crystalline in the firmness of its design character.

And it must be noted that these household utensils in no way resemble the average American "art-craft," that monstrous product of bourgeois attempts at the artistic; nor are the houses cast from the worn mint of the William-Morrisites. There is about all the work of the movement in Germany a certain freshness, a definite virility, that sets it off from other movements of the kind (Whistlerism in pictures, for example). Looking at German and Austrian art, you can see pulses moving, see the whipping blood of life. There is not the pallid rigor of traditions long discarded, and the hollowness of conventions once useful, but now cast aside like an outgrown shell.



By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"

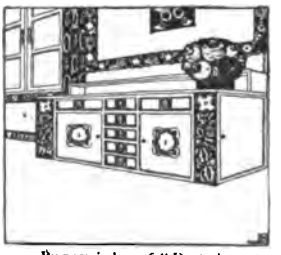
GEOMETRIC NEEDLEWORK DESIGNED BY ELLA WELTMANN



By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"

CUBISTIC FURNITURE DESIGNED BY EMANUEL MARGOLD

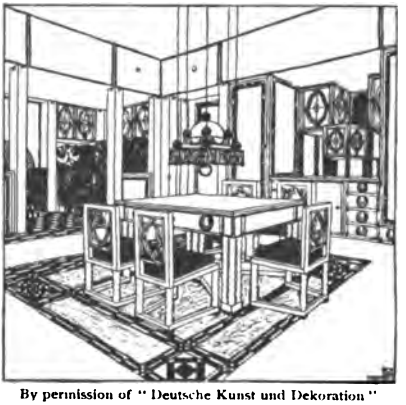
Yet beneath, at the root of this feverish activity which results in unique and effective design, there lies an absurdly simple fact. Look at the vases on page 870. One is composed of three cylinders set upon three spheres as a base; the other of three long and three short cylinders. In each case the result is an equilateral triangle. Look at the wall-painting from a German school of design. Its structural skeleton is a double square, on the diagonals and natural divisions of which the design elements are arranged with a powerfully effective formalization. Look at the poster by Ludwig Hohlwein, a square and a half long, with squares to furnish its chief striking quality. Look at the small advertisement on the same page, taken from a German magazine—whirling squares, suggestive of Cubism. Again, look at Pellar's painting, page 871, a square symmetrically divided. And look at the two hats designed by Emanuel Margold, architect. Their oddity comes from the fact that they, too, are composed with square and circle. Lastly, look at the needlework hat-band at top of this page, an arrangement of pure geometrical squares and circles alternating with formalized leaves. In every case there is a unique design that makes a strongly persistent appeal to the attention.



By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"

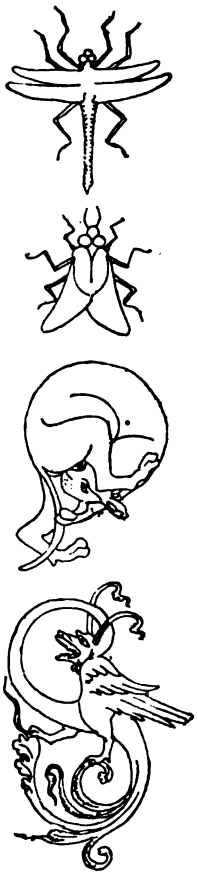
CUBISTIC FURNITURE DESIGNED BY EMANUEL MARGOLD

The reason why this extraordinary productiveness can go on in Germany is, then, apparent. We need not ask how it happens that architects like Margold and Hohlwein are designing needlework, wall-paper, hats, advertising posters, dishes, bric-à-brac, and carpets, all of a very high quality, when no American architect would dream of so multiform an activity. The truth is that the Germans have discovered one of the secrets of design, and once a man does this, he is driven to a productivity that he cannot stop. It is as though he had put on the dancing-shoes of the fairy-tale. With a simple geometrical figure, Margold can de-



By permission of "Deutsche Kunst und Dekoration"

CUBISTIC INTERIOR DESIGNED BY EMANUEL MARGOLD



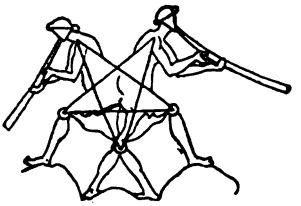
SCHEMATIC DRAWINGS—WILARS DE HONECORT

sign to infinity. Witness the three examples on page 873, where a square and the resultant cube shape all the forms in a room. Inevitably, watching the process, we think of a child playing with blocks, and moving them here and there until he gets an arrangement that suits his fancy. Yet the efficacy of the thing is undeniable. The Germans have found that the power lies in using blocks of a definitely geometrical shape. They prefer to lay bare rather than to conceal the motive, and their motives mean something to the intellect. They deal not in the empty shapes of a groping intuition, but in unabashed geometrical units. And the use of these is bringing about in Germany an unparalleled artistic ferment.

But despite the fact that there is here the seed of a great artistic truth, German architecture and decoration in the end generally become wearisome. They remind you too much of a man who can whistle only one tune, and who is so enamoured of that that he whistles it continually. Definite as the compositional tone is, the questions nevertheless arise: Is there not a certain superficiality about this composition? Is there not a great noise that conceals a lack of depth? Does not German composition, like Cubism, tend to play upon the surface of a geometry that contains still greater unutilized possibilities?

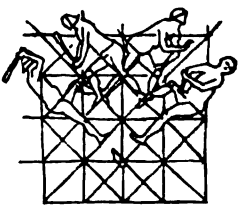
SCHEMATIC DRAWING—WILARS DE HONECORT

These questions are illuminated if we go back for a time into analogous cases in the art of the past. There is, for example, a certain architect of the twelfth century, one Wilars de Honecort, in whose work the same generative seed of truth is plainly implanted, and what he accomplished is full of suggestions. As an architect of such note that he was sent for from France to carry out certain projects in distant Hungary, and as a colleague of those men who brought Gothic architecture to its highest development, any revelations he might make of his methods should hold a particularly vital interest. Just such revelations he did make in his note-book, published in facsimile in Paris in 1858. Here there are, besides some very suggestive architectural drawings, a great many sketches of animals and men so well executed that they prove Wilars to have been a draftsman considerably superior to many of his painter contemporaries. It is peculiar, then, to find this man, like Dürer, in the grip of geometry. At a time when most architects were painters, and all painters were architects (Giotto, Michelangelo, and later Leonardo, for example), he sets up the human figure geometrically exactly as he would a building. He even prefaces this portion of his book with the remark, "Here begin the powers of the lines of portraiture, as taught by the art of geometry." And there follows an abundance of figures and faces made with the ingenious manipulation of geometrical shapes.

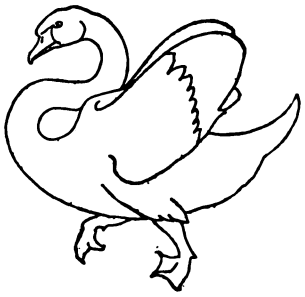


MEDIEVAL COMPOSITION—WILARS DE HONECORT

Suggestive as they are, however, it is not these that form the artistically valuable part of Wilars's work. This lies partly in the skill geometry has given him in schematic drawing,—the swan, for example, so like the famous Egyptian



MEDIEVAL COMPOSITION—WILARS DE HONECORT



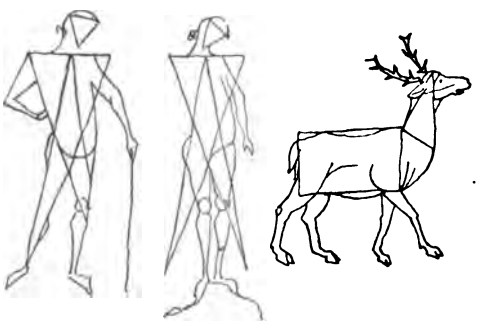
SCHEMATIC DRAWING—WILARS DE HONECORT

geese of Meydum, — but chiefly in his handling of figure groups. Notice the two instances here given: one a pair of trumpeters arranged on a five-pointed star (which Wilars uses elsewhere to construct a tower), the other a partly completed group of fighters, placed by means of squares the sides and diagonals of which furnish all the determining lines of the composition. Here the individual figures are crudely sketched in, but the point is that they are placed with certainty and with an eye chiefly on design value. It is merely a series of squares, yet without this Wilars might have experimented indefinitely and arrived nowhere.

And particularly is it worthy of note that the spontaneous method of composition to Wilars was not our modern method, which relies mainly upon "continuity of line." From the appearance of his book, such a vague and specious thing would not have entered his head as artistically rational. Having inherited directly the compositional methods of the great mosaic painters and decorators, he was concerned with definite shapes, angles, and distances, and not with an intangible line rhythm. Indeed, it would seem that the modern method, which has caught the advocates of the new movements along with the rest, did not arise until after the Renaissance, when the old medieval principles of Wilars and his contemporaries were either completely lost or rapidly disappearing. With Raphael came the distinct domination of curves over angles in composition, though still curves related to architectural settings, and a consequent saccharinity that had seldom appeared before; the Madonna di Foglino sufficiently illustrates "continuity of line," combined with a certain quantum of geometric planning. Cimabue and Giotto composed like Wilars, chiefly with the square, powerful and simple compositions that have enabled the pictures of these men to outlive any technical crudities. Much of their work may seem childish and stiff to us, who are broken to the harness of realism, or have been taught to like a spineless and protoplasmic type of design. In reality, this design of the early masters went through a long apprenticeship to architecture, and came out set in its ways, perhaps, but at least vigorous, schematic, and decorative, capable of fulfilling a great function, and marked with the unmistakable stamp of creative human effort.

SHOWING RAPHAEL'S CONTINUITY OF LINE

A painting in those days was always destined to fit a certain space in a certain building, and the very architectural necessities that gave it birth affixed upon it simultaneously a strong schematic character. Here, in this birth out of architecture, lies the cause of that curious quality in early paintings which has made them preeminent for design. And in the light of the success achieved by German art and by the fundamental ideas of Cubists and Post-Impressionists, it is just here that design will bear investigation. Here may we seek to discover why the Germans are not wholly successful.



GEOMETRIC DRAWING—WILARS DE HONECORT

THE TRIPLE MIRROR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Author of "The Mango Seed," "The Divided Kingdom"

IT has often been said that women have no sense of humor. I consider that I possess it myself; but I confess that I have sometimes wondered whether humor is not, in our sex, the essentially melancholy prerogative of celibate middle age. Do we not pay for it? If I had married the delightful adventurer whom I unmistakably loved, and threw over only out of bitter caution, should I have come into my inheritance? I wonder. The habitually happy women, I think, never have it. At all events, it is not a fireside flower. In the end you grow a little ashamed of it. You realize that if the comic spirit had always prevailed, there would have been no Francesca, no Iseult, no Héloïse; and that would have been a pity.

So it is with the sincerest respect that I declare Adela Waring to have had no sense of humor. She was originally composed for all sorts of pictorial and lyric effects. She is the kind of person who is always being caught in big situations; people have invariably taken her intensely. I 've always felt myself a poor creature, morally, beside her. Physically, of course, all of us are poor creatures compared with Adela. Her type is not in fashion, to be sure; that kind of neck and waist went out long ago. Adela still orders her clothes from Burne-Jones and her attitudes from Rossetti. Esthetically, she is quite right, I fancy. A sense of humor might have led her to modernize her type; instead of which she unblushingly accentuates it. To the end, I dare say, she will wear green Liberty dresses in her motor-car. She is very lovely, but I have seen her when I felt that the poor thing must have mislaid her frame. I have wanted to plead:

"Don't—don't let yourself get knocked about with the tables and chairs, for the only men who could retouch you are dead. Even Watts has gone now, you know."

Of course Adela married early, and of 'rse she married a painter. I really do not think that any man who could not transmute her into art would put up with her. It would be a terrible thing for most of us to live forever with a masterpiece—with just one masterpiece.

I was most interested by the whole affair. Richard Waring, you see, was a very complicated creature. His existence was not restricted to visual impressions. If Adela had been an absolutely homogeneous person herself, it might all have been very different; but her Preraphaelite contours were limited to her exterior. They never worked in. She loved to go to the play; she loved to travel very fast; she adored meeting her fellow-beings on pretty nearly every kind of occasion devised for the purpose. So long as you let her obey her conscience by bundling her coppery hair into a pearl-sewn net, she really liked playing hide-and-seek all over a country house on a rainy afternoon. Of course she was spoiled. Who would not have been, with her success? Naturally, too, when still very young, she came to consider that the great emotions were her just due. That was the romantic taint in the pagan carelessness of her. She was not going to die without the *coup de foudre*. At least so she told me when we were both eighteen. I could see even then that she expected her beauty to get it for her. She was not really vain, but she honestly did not see how romance could pass her by; nor did any one else. Accordingly, when she married Richard Waring, every one realized that romance had come to her; and every one, as is every one's way, was very content to leave her alone with it and go on to something else. Even the people who had known Richard thought everything was settled for all time. Suppose her tastes were not wholly his—well, after all, he had only to look at her.

That did not prevent every one from looking very wise about five years later.—I had been abroad four years, and was

just returning to my native shores,—and saying they always knew that, with two such different persons, something would go wrong. I had been hearing a lot of good talk in France and Italy; I had thrown over my adventurer; I felt very sophisticated and cynical and bored. So, with the firm determination to keep out of the mess, I listened to the eager, innocent babblings of the bridge-playing, motoring crowd into which my own young set had developed. I had had enough psychology for a decade; besides, I liked Richard Waring quite as much as I liked Adela. He was not so out-and-out good, but he had a more coherent personality. No outsider ever knows the whole history of any marriage relation, and unless one is frankly partizan, he had better keep his hands off. So I refused Adela's pretty invitations to stay with them.

For two years they had been living at Dalkeith all the year round. You know Dalkeith in summer: high bluffs garlanded with white cottages, for all the world like a chain of gardenias blooming against the thick green of the pines and oaks. The gardens at Dalkeith are hewn out of the woods, and often the white house has only a narrow vista to the sea. It is a bleak place for winter. I could not see why the Warings chose to stay there, charming as I remembered it to be in August. Unless they carried eternal summer in their hearts, it seemed foolish. Adela had apparently given the excuse that Richard could work better without distraction; but, considering the situations of his earlier studios, that was a little too absurd. I could not find any one who had been down there to see them. The general attitude was one of patient attendance on their folly's fit. Every one thought something was the matter, but no one knew what; and though Betty Carruthers did suggest to me that Richard might be jealous of Clement Place, that was obviously absurd. Betty's divorce has given her the most lurid ideas, and no one pays any attention to her, I least of all. Imagine being Richard Waring and being jealous of Clement Place! If I were a man, I think it would be physically impossible for me to be jealous of a poet. Clement Place was handsome, and he was pecuniarily independent of his very genuine lyric gift; but, in homely parlance, he could not hold a candle to Richard Waring. I did not believe, either, that he would make love to another man's wife. He would confine himself to sonnet sequences. I scolded Betty sharply—all the more sharply because I was afraid, from the rumblings on the horizon and the "feel" in the air, that something was coming.

I saw Richard once or twice that spring when he ran up to town, and I questioned him lightly, as a woman sometimes may when her own heart is irreclaimably elsewhere. Once he broke out a little irritably:

"Adela 's such a dear,—you can't think what a dear she is,—but she saw herself in a mirror once, and it did for her. She 's been trying ever since to live up to her coloring and to make her mind like her figure. She can't see that it 's enough to look like that, without being like it. And she *is n't* like it. Why don't you come down and talk to her, Alice?"

"Heaven forbid!" I said. "Bring her up to town, and we 'll shake her out of it."

"She won't come." He shook his head. "She has a notion that I must n't be distracted from my work, and I 've never been able to do any work in my life unless I was being mercilessly distracted from it all the time. I can get more out of Broadway in ten minutes than I can get out of that monotonous ocean in ten months."

"Are you painting her?"

"I have painted her six distinct and separate times. No, I 'm not painting her." He lingered a little as he was taking his leave. "You won't come, Alice?"

"No, I can't." I could tell from the nervous manner that suited him so badly how bothered he really was; but I was sure I ought to keep my hands off.

"Oh, well," he said as he turned to go, "we shall be very gay by the end of June." Then, with a change of tone, "You really won't?" I shook my head. "Heaven forgive you, Alice!" He was gone.

The more I pondered over the matter,—and no one could have helped interfering in spirit at least, with Betty Carruthers croaking and chirping in one's ear,—the surer I felt that I had done right not to go to Dalkeith. Adela was so good that in the end her heart would be sure

to tell her the right thing to do. There is a deal of wit in sheer goodness, though often, I admit, it arrives on the scene too late to be of any use. I was not at all sure that Richard's thirst for town would move Adela if she were convinced that for his work's sake his thirst should not be assuaged. But I did bank a good deal on Adela's waking up some morning and finding that she herself could not put it through any longer.

Apparently, however, her fortitude matched her beauty, for she never left Dalkeith at all. Richard might vanish and return, but she remained to guard the sacred fire. At least that was my guess at the situation.

There came a time, however, when I had to go to Dalkeith. The critics have not ceased to lament the early taking-off of Richard Waring; if they do not praise one manner, they praise another, and no one has a word to say against him—yet. There was irony, too, in the manner of his going. Almost any death, I suppose, if you go back far enough in the chain of things, seems unnecessary, something that could have been prevented, if some very little fact had only seemed at the time as important as it really was. But this was a death that was ironic on the face of it.

Richard had gone canoeing one afternoon on the bay, and had paddled as far as South Dalkeith. He had called on an unfashionable artist acquaintance in that unfashionable resort,—South Dalkeith being, as is well known, a "poor relation" of Dalkeith proper, possessed of some of the family features, but of none of the family jewels,—and had offered to take the artist acquaintance's younger sister out in the canoe. It was smooth enough when they started, but they never got to Dalkeith. Whether it was a sudden wind or the roll from the wake of a launch, Miss Vance did not know. The canoe had overturned; Richard, knowing that she could swim, had given her a paddle to keep herself afloat. He tried to right the canoe. In the course of his endeavors, cramp or fatigue overcame him, and he went down. Aid came too late to save him alive. She survived. The less valuable person outlasted the more precious creature. When Death has a chance to choose between two, I have noticed that he often shows the same good taste.

They buried Richard at Dalkeith,—Adela insisted on that,—and after the racking business was over, I took Adela back to town with me. With her wavering figure, her flaming hair, the concentrated shadows of her mourning, she was like a splendid funeral-torch. I remember that I rather pitied her for it; it seemed to me that in her place I should have longed to look vaguer, duller, more effaced. I realized that her broken heart probably neither knew nor cared.

Both the Warings had been singularly unblessed with close kin, and Clement Place and I did most of the things that some one has to rise and do. I housed Adela and looked after her clothes; he took her steamer passage and saw all kinds of irrelevant persons, who sprang out of the earth overnight, as they always do after a disaster—people who begin and end in a single detail. I liked him; he was very devoted and very sorry and extremely useful. He did not ask to see her in those few days, though he obviously longed to assure himself of—what? Hardly her happiness. Her health, possibly, or perhaps simply her continued existence in this unworthy world. He was at that point of adoration. He really thought only of her, and of how, unobtrusively, he could serve her. What lyric wings might have stirred in the silences I do not know, of course.

He asked humbly whether he might sail on the next steamer. I opened my eyes wide.

"My dear Mr. Place, what has my permission to do with it?"

"Just to be about, you know. Not so many thousand miles away in case she should need some one."

"She would n't let me go with her," I said. "I think she wants to be alone. But if it would comfort you to be on the same continent, I can't see why you should n't. Only you understand that I 'm not speaking for her, and on this subject I won't speak to her. She 's going to the country in Belgium," I reflected; "to the same nuns who taught her when she was a child in France. I really can't see how your being in London or Paris could annoy her. But neither," I finished frankly, "do I see how it could do either of you the slightest good."

"Then I may go?"

I shrugged my shoulders a little impatiently perhaps. I was thinking far more of Richard Waring than I was of his widow, and young Place's sweet persistency annoyed me. It seemed irrelevant to the point of indecorum. Of course that was unfair. He was living, no doubt, in a bath of fine feelings and subtle silences; he was not saying anything out of the way; and he would have been greatly shocked if he had suspected Betty Carruthers's suspicions. His attitude was purely medieval. He was a young fool, all the same. Yet—my sense of humor returned to me—how like Adela it was to be so busy, in the midst of her own tragedy, unconsciously mounting another! I believe that Adela Waring, as a plain woman, would have been nothing short of a saint—a saint in the Protestant sense, I mean, with sturdy clothes and a good many pampered children. Wholesome plainness and a poor match, those perfect collaborators in the field of virtue, would have polished her qualities and dulled her defects incalculably. It was her beauty that had given her a false start. Though if it has come to calling Richard Waring a false start for any woman, I must pull up and stop psychologizing.

Clement Place did go on the next steamer, and he did not see Adela for many months. She stayed in her convent, and never went farther than the quiet meadows that surrounded the convent wall. She wrote me one or two letters, very calm and concentrated and full of her sorrow, which she objectified with a naïveté that I fancy the nuns had taught her. Adela is very suggestible, though in the end she takes to her own. I expected her to become a Catholic, but she did not, and later I saw that I had been stupid to think of it. None of Rossetti's women ever were real Catholics. There is something immutably pagan in the turn of their throats, and Adela had the Preraphaelite throat.

Then her final letter came. She was ailing; I was to meet her at the steamer and to go straight to Dalkeith with her; I was to make the necessary arrangements; I was positively to give her the whole summer. She was simple and insistent. I gave in. It was unnatural for Adela to stay so long away from people; she would certainly need people after two years.

She nearly took my breath away when I did see her, she was so beautiful. There had always been moments when one suspected her of not being authentic—of having been done not by Rossetti himself, but by Du Maurier after Rossetti, perhaps in "Punch." When, after the rush of things, I had time to face her at Dalkeith, I apologized inwardly. This Adela was, beyond the shadow of a doubt, authentic.

Before long she began to explain to me, not so much in deliberate, arranged accounts as in casual sentences dropped here and there. Bit by bit she had reconstructed her romance, so that there was not a break in the pattern. Everything had been perfect; above all, Richard had loved her perfectly. Certainly I never had hinted that he had not, and I wondered whether she was aware of Betty Carruthers.

"It was strained—it seemed strained—the last months," she said; "but I know now that it was n't, really. I was stupid sometimes, and his wit got beyond me; but I am sure that he never wavered. It has all been made clear to me. I wish I had n't been stupid; I wish there had n't been those strange months when things got bad. He used to go away and see other people,—I used to think it was because I had ceased to suffice to him,—but I see now that he merely wanted to give me time to make it out. The silences help. Always we came back to each other with the real understanding, with the old beautiful flame. We never said unkind things to each other,—we could n't have,—but there were times when the kind things sounded dull and forced. Of course we *felt* them always.

"I used to be afraid sometimes that we ought to go back to town. Now I 'm glad we did n't. It would have been a confession of failure—a confession that we needed something besides each other. I think those moments when everything got tense, and Richard used to dash away—they were simply what one has to pay before one is made free, for all time, of the perfect relation. You can't, all at first, get used to the rarefied atmosphere. It takes years; of that I 'm sure. You shut your eyes and drop down for a moment, and then you go on to the next height.

"I know people talked about our stav

ing here all the year. They could n't see what we were trying for. Most people know nothing about love. I don't blame those other women—the women who chatter. I 've chattered a great deal myself in my time. But I was made for a different thing from them. I 'm very old-fashioned, and so was Richard, in spite of his surface."

I heard more of this; always more of it. Her talk was not up to her looks. I wanted to gasp out, "But did it never occur to you that he might be bored, my dear child?" Then I smote myself for so much as thinking it. The great heroines have had no more sense of humor than Adela, and I do not believe they bored their lovers. Perhaps Adela was right. Perhaps Richard merely did have to stop and rest. Perhaps, in the end, his lungs would have become refined to the upper air. But I would have given a good deal to know how much Adela had unconsciously invented after the fact. There never was a love-affair yet that the two lovers did not eventually believe had begun before the flood.

At all events, Adela, it seemed, was fixed for all time at her altitude. She had taken her sorrow up into the high places; she had redeemed it from the valleys and the market-place. Though her emotion at times seemed to be by William Morris out of Wagner, she ended by convincing me. Nothing, however, could prevent me from seeing that it was really Richard's ritual that she was performing—for him. It was Richard's love, to which she had not, during his life, done complete justice. None the less, it must have been a deep conviction that could gather and fuse the scattering ideas of that beautiful creature. So I oscillated. In any case, she had builded a romance "to wrench the stars apart." Underneath it all was a faint minor note of remorse. She had been stupid, she had not understood; but now, oh, now for all time she would understand better and better every day.

It seemed clear that Clement Place had no chance. He wrote, he even came, and Adela spent a long afternoon in the garden with him. The salt air and the scent of flowers mingle strangely in the Dalkeith gardens. To add to them unachievable beauty seemed to me hard on any man. I was sorry for Clement Place that afternoon, and I did not blame him for not coming in to say good-by to me. I saw him go; Adela did not come back to the house with him. She sat gazing out over the maleficent waters of the bay. I felt sure she had talked to Clement very beautifully about Richard.

Adela said nothing to me that night about Clement Place, and I had no opportunity of telling her how sorry I was for him. She was "wonderful" all the evening. Once or twice I caught myself wishing that Richard could paint her in his latest manner. It would have taken Richard's latest manner to do adequately the remarkable creature that she had become. Her sorrow had improved her in all sorts of subtle ways. He would not have refused to paint her a seventh time, if he could have seen her. Richard Waring never went in for symbolic figures of the old naïve kind; but Adela's beauty was tempered enough then to lend itself even to the intense modernity of his implications.

The next morning I noticed for the first time in her hands a vellum-covered volume that had evidently been Clement Place's pretext for appearing the day before in Dalkeith. Adela thrust it into my hand.

"He asked me months ago whether he might dedicate it to me. I could n't say 'No,' could I? Richard would n't have minded. He liked Clement very much, and of course he knows that, except for dedications, I can't count—for him. I 've always been quite honest. Not that he has intruded," she added; "but of course I am not blind. He has been perfect."

"May I read them?"

"Why, of course. They 're in public print. He merely had this copy bound for me. I really wish you would read them, Alice. Some of them seem to me like big poetry; but of course I 'm not literary. I only think that if you have the sense for beauty at all, you can always *feel* it, if it 's there. But you do know about books. I should so much like your critical opinion, and I know that he would."

So I sat in the big loggia with Clement Place's ex-voto, trying to make up my mind to read it. Because I was there, the maid came direct to me when a shabby little cab drew up to the door.

"Will Mrs. Waring see her?"

I looked at the card. "Miss Judith Vance" was engraved on it rather badly. I became aware of a figure in deep mourning. If Adela were on the heights, I thought, as I rose, this dark and drooping person never could pull her down. "Tell Mrs. Waring," I said to Jeannette. Then I introduced myself, and we sat down. Miss Vance obviously did not think that she needed introducing. Nor did she. When a light like Richard Waring's goes out, one does not forget the breath that blew it. This was the girl who had survived.

I had hardly more than time to realize in a shocked, stunned way that her survival was indeed one of the most ironic things that ever had happened when Adela appeared. Evidently she had had no hesitations. So the three of us met; and probably the others braced themselves, as I did.

In a moment I found my hostility to the sacrificer of Richard Waring curiously neutralized by pity. The girl's cheap prettiness showed up very ill, face to face with Adela's flawless looks. She *was* pretty, after the fashion of the heroines of paper-covered novels: very large dark eyes (I thought of them instinctively as "orbs"); a small, slack mouth, with "cherry" lips; a pallor heightened rather patchily by artificial means; "raven-black" hair that was drawn loosely over her ears; no modeling at all. She had an excellent figure, and her dull-silk dress, though dreadfully designed and trimmed, had been fashioned to suggest every curve of it; there was no esthetic limpness of draperies, such as Adela affected. She had drawn up her crape veil, and was appraising us both in a shy, but competent, way. Despite my sense of humor, I wished myself elsewhere.

Adela began kindly, with a vague little gesture toward her visitor's black attire:

"You, too, have suffered a loss?"

Miss Vance stared at her.

"I? Oh, yes. It 's for him."

"Him?" Adela hardly more than murmured it.

"Mr. Waring. Oh, Mrs. Waring, I 've felt it so!"

Adela flushed a little proudly. One could not wonder at it.

"My husband? He would have been very sorry that you should suffer. He did only what any gentleman would have done for any woman. The tragedy of it is for those of us who loved him."

Miss Vance fingered her black sunshade nervously.

"Oh, I know it 's you who have all the *right,* Mrs. Waring; but don't you see it is n't, for me, quite as if he had died saving any one else? That gives me a right to mourn openly. And I think—I think he would have liked to know that I wanted to do it. As you say, he would n't have wanted any one to suffer. But if any one did suffer, he would have believed in her showing it. It 's—" her ready tears began to come—"my only compensation. If he had lived, I could n't have done anything to show that I cared, could I?"

She was evidently quite sincere; and I remember thinking what a pity it was that even such a lovely thing as sincerity does not make common people any less common.

When I glanced at Adela, it was to see her rigid, staring with the eyes of a statue.

"You—cared?"

Miss Vance blushed slightly, but returned Adela's straight glance.

"I cared. Of course he did n't know it."

I could not help reflecting that there were probably other women than Miss Vance who regretted Richard Waring passionately. I had often thought, since his death, of those unlicensed mourners. Adela never had given them a thought, probably,—why should she?—though she must have known that other hearts had been shivered by the wind of his passing. It was enough, in all conscience, to be the only woman he loved; even Adela, I felt, could not have expected to be the only woman who loved him. None the less, I resented bitterly, for Adela, this futile invasion of her sorrow.

"I—I am sorry." Adela was evidently desirous to do the right thing, but was unprovided with a reply.

Miss Vance smiled sadly.

"Ah, please don't be sorry, Mrs. Waring!" She turned her head away for a moment, then continued: "I 'm not sure he did n't know, he came to us so often that last year. But I mean, of course, I never told him. I kept it back. We were just good comrades—such good comrades!

He used to help me with my sketches; he taught me so much."

Adela was still looking at her, fixing her so intently that she might have been observing every detail of the funereal figure. I was sure, however, that only I really appreciated that pathetically bad costume.

"You paint?" she asked colorlessly.

"Oh, don't call it painting when you think how he painted!" Again the black-edged handkerchief fluttered limply. "But I 've worked for years at the art school, and I *feel* it all so! Some people are like that; they have just knowledge enough to understand the really good people. We used to talk about pictures, he and my brother and I, for hours. If the wonderful things that he said could only be printed!"

I realized that the girl was probably exaggerating, however innocently, and of course she could not know that Richard Waring never talked about art to his wife; but I did wish she would hold her unwelcome tongue.

"We were coming over that afternoon to see your portrait—his masterpiece. He said I ought to see you, that I would understand beauty better all my life if I could see you." Adela flushed, and the girl continued: "He felt he could explain more easily some of the technical things he had been saying if I could see some of his work that had never been exhibited. He wanted me to go on and work, to go to Paris if I could. But I 've not been able to do anything—since. Only I thought I ought to do what he advised. There is nothing I can do but that, and I think my brother and I will both go to Paris this winter."

Adela sat quite silent and still. Miss Vance bent forward.

"Don't you see, Mrs. Waring, that it is the only thing left to me? I have n't any illusions about my work, but it 's the one thing that will keep me living forever with the idea of him. That is the side of him that I knew. I could n't give up my painting now. It brings me nearer him just to have a brush in my hand. I feel sometimes that, if I paint, he will still help me. He never will be really dead for me."

Adela was still silent, and still the girl went on:

"I know it is n't quite the thing for me to come like this, but he wanted me to see you. Everything he ever said he wanted me to do I feel I must do. You 'll never see me again. I sha'n't come back. I waited as long as I could. Oh, I know what you must think of me, and how you must hate me for it all! I 've hated myself so for two years. I even thought I could n't come. But what I had had from him was too beautiful for me not to live up to. Of course he never dreamed what his talk meant to me, or that the lightest word he ever dropped was sacred. And then I thought that probably I was the only other person in the world who could understand, and that perhaps you would rather I 'd come."

"And you came to tell me this?"

There was not a hint of reproach in Adela's tone; it was all sweet civility, but I thought that I detected a note of surprise. Adela was not used to receiving accounts of emotions that did not concern her. Clearly, she did not consider that Miss Vance's emotion concerned her. If the girl had been counting on making an effective leap from her ambush, she must have been disappointed. Indeed, I was not sure how far she would put up with Adela's aloofness. I objected to it all a great deal. Any one who had liked Richard Waring would have objected. Miss Vance's claim could only be a cheap one; and whatever basis it had could be only a cheap basis. Judith Vance was third-rate; I knew, or fancied I knew, what her sort meant by art. I could see her waving an ostentatious cigarette over a mock-Italian table d'hôte, surrounded by a nice assortment of mannerisms in human form. It was proved, none the less, with the authenticity of tragedy that once at least Richard Waring had cared to talk to her. But if a man's worth were judged by the women he liked to talk to, where would our heroes be? Poor Miss Vance! She was histrionic; she was unhappy; she was living a supreme moment, and finding it unexpectedly dull. So at least I read it in the fraction of a minute that I had while she paused to reply.

"Not only this, Mrs. Waring—"

"Good heavens! you don't mean to say that there is anything more?" Adela's calm had broken at last.

Judith Vance stared at Adela, a little

out of countenance, as if she had not expected her beautiful emotion to be taken with irritation. Then she appeared to grow patient under it. I was very displeased by her.

"You must forgive me, Mrs. Waring. Of course I can see how dreadfully I must call it all back to you. I would n't have come if it had n't been life and death to me. I want just once, if you would let me, to see the portrait of you—the one with the inlaid fan, the one he had such trouble in getting your fichu right for."

"Oh, you knew about that?"

"Rather! Oh, I learned so much from the history of that portrait! You see, he really thought it his best. And I 've never seen it. If you would—"

Adela rose.

"I shall have to take you into the studio, Miss Vance. You won't mind?"

It could easily have been said with irony, but not by Adela. I rose to follow them, with many misgivings. Decidedly I wished our guest away. Yet Adela had obviously summoned an uncommon mood to meet an uncommon situation. You see, the studio was locked; no one went into it except Adela, and she spent uncounted hours there. No, I did not wholly like her wooden alacrity, for I did not understand it.

The half-hour spent with Adela Waring and Judith Vance in Richard Waring's studio was the most racking period I have ever put through—in America. Adela neglected nothing: she uncovered the great easels; she dragged sketches out of big portfolios; she pulled a carved armchair away from in front of the portrait, where evidently it was its curious custom to stand.

That strange girl was as surprising in her way as Adela herself. She struck attitudes; she took technical points of view; she commented in phrases quite new to me, which I took to be the formulæ of an up-to-date school. The wave of her hand, I confess, associated itself authentically in my mind with paint-smudged fingers. She murmured appreciative unintelligibilities, to which Adela scarcely responded. Adela, indeed, was like an awkward, conscientious show-woman, only without patter. She contrived so to busy and efface herself that even I lost the sense of watching her. Instead, I found myself building up and storing away the complete image of Miss Vance. I remember still the moment when I realized that her dress was dyed, and how unreasonably it irritated me that any woman should wear dyed mourning for Richard Waring. I remember, too, the precise instant when she became wholly intolerable to me. She was standing at last, having swung round from a group of clever Spanish sketches (I saw us in that instant as three fools who had invaded the privacy of a brilliant, helpless ghost), before the great first portrait of Adela, the one with the inlaid fan.

Adela herself had drawn a curtain, and was looking out over the bay. From her canvas, however, she confronted Miss Vance quite adequately. And like a flash, watching, I saw why the girl was intolerable: she was, *tout bonnement,* a parody of Adela; and the juxtaposition stung. She had tried unsuccessfully to do for her looks and her feelings what Adela for her own feelings and looks had so successfully done. Both women had had the notion of subduing their flesh to some mad conception of what their souls were; each had done her best to conceive for Richard Waring a *grande passion.* They were as far apart as China and Peru: one had everything, the other nothing; one was a lady, and the other a disastrous little vulgarian; one convinced you, and from the other you felt a terrible comic revulsion. But the little initial impulse was the same. It did not matter just then that Miss Vance was cheap while Adela was fine; the dreadful fact was that Judith Vance was a penny version, on muddy paper and in the most awful style, of the very tale that Adela so sumptuously told. Both were sentimentalists, and the difference was a mere difference of class. I was far from minimizing even then, under the shock of my comparison, the importance of that difference for one's own purposes. There was everything to choose between them, but if at that moment I chose at all, it was neither of them that I chose: it was Richard Waring. What would not Richard have made of the three of us? I half expected to hear melodious laughter from some cranny.

"It 's enormously clever," Miss Vance pronounced at last. "He did learn a lot from the Preraphaelites, did n't he? In

detail-work, I mean. Look at the ivory in that fan—the shadows. It 's uncanny. Oh, clever, clever!" She breathed it out in insignificant ecstasy. She made no comment on the portrait as a whole. I wondered wickedly whether perhaps her vôcabulary was not up to it. I was perfectly sure she was not, never had been, and never would be, jealous. She was quite content with her rôle. She would have hated being happy.

Adela came up, carrying a small, unframed canvas.

"Yes, the painting is very clever, I believe. Would you like to see this?"

"Clever—I should say!" The girl turned away then to look at the sketch Adela held out to her.

"This is the last thing he did—the week before he died. Just the bay from our garden. Do you think it good?"

As I have said before, Adela was incapable of irony; but under the insulting strain of life, she had laid hold on something that made a sufficient substitute.

"Good!" It was simply, for once, Richard Waring's vision of beauty untortured by Richard Waring's intellect. Usually so complicated, so ironic, so lavish of insinuation, of insult even, he had been here magnificently simple. I was overwrought, to be sure; that may have been the reason why I fancied I saw in his mustering of sunset lights over Dalkeith Bay a serene salutation of fate. Though so small, it seemed large; though so slight, it seemed significant. It loosed you from bonds; it let you out of the tangle; it drew you beneficently into itself and out upon the waters. It had nothing to do with Richard Waring's restless art. Was it a foreshadowing of a manner beyond his "latest"? By what conscious manipulation of line and color he had got his effect I did not know, of course; I have known artists enough to be sure that even the beauty of the Madonna is only some kind of plastic trick. Perhaps the picture was only an idle experiment in technics. My feeling about it may have been sentimental. I had never seen it before. I have never seen it since.

Miss Vance was breathing upon it her strange emotion.

"The last thing he did—the last thing he touched? And the bay—O Mrs. Waring! I cannot bear it!"

She passed her handkerchief over her eyes. She evidently expected Adela to bear it; but Adela had not encountered the waves with Richard Waring. There was a show of excuse for the girl's shock.

Adela's calm, sweet tones went on:

"Would you like it? I 've seemed to gather that you would like some piece of my husband's work."

"Like it?" The girl clutched it. "May I have it? O Mrs. Waring, you *do* understand! It would mean everything in the world to me. It would make all life different just to have the least inch of anything he 'd done. I may?" She held it to her.

"You may."

Miss Vance made one more try for the rôle that she may well have seen escaping her.

"I think he would have liked me to have it. He would have loved you for giving it to me—for understanding."

I could have boxed her ears for her impertinence; yet she was only just missing the attitude many women take triumphantly. She was trying to be above convention, made free of the "fine shades and nice distinctions" in some supersocial world. If she had hit it off, she would have been "wonderful"; since she had not, she was merely "impossible." I was all with Adela for sternness.

"I don't know what my husband would have felt. He might have been very angry with me. But I believe, on the whole, that it is right to give it to you; and now that he is gone, it is unfortunately for me to decide." She held out her hand. "Good-by." Then to me, "Alice, will you see that Miss Vance gets off safely?"

Judith Vance measured Adela's beauty for one instant as she put out her hand. At the moment it happened to be overwhelming. There really was not anything left even for her to say; yet she said it.

"Dear Mrs. Waring, don't hate me, though I think you 're too good to hate me. I came because I had to; because I wanted to tell you, because it seemed almost wrong we should n't meet. I did want dreadfully to see you. I was selfish, but I did think perhaps you would like to know how I felt—that I was n't ungrateful and careless. I thought it might comfort you."

"Comfort!" Adela was as taken aback as a child before some shattering new event. She stood with lips open for an instant, staring. Then she closed them without speaking again, and turned away. I was left to get rid of Miss Vance, which I did as quickly as I could. She drove away in the rickety cab, clutching her treasure, her black veil streaming rustily behind her in the fresh breeze.

I did not look Adela up; it was obviously for her to look me up. She lunched in her own sitting-room, and I spent the afternoon alone, reading Clement Place's poems. They were rather good, a great relief, at all events, from Judith Vance. Toward the end of the afternoon I felt a sense of activity going on in the house behind me: of footsteps in the corridors; of orders being given; of letters and telegrams being sent off to the village. But I stayed loyally out of sight and waited. Adela and I met at dinner. She was dressed in white.

"I 've always meant to go into white sooner or later," she said. It was clear that, after Judith Vance, Adela never would wear black again.

After dinner, in the cool, stone-floored loggia, she put it to me:

"Alice, tell me the truth. What was she like?"

"My dear, she was impossible. You were admirable, and she was the incredible beast in a fable. Don't think of her again."

"Oh, I must think of her!" Adela beat her hands softly together. "Apparently she cared about him. Do you think—"

I interrupted her briskly.

"Well, he would have loathed her caring about him. If he had been alive, she would n't have taken the liberty of loving him, you may be sure."

"But she did, she says."

I looked hard at her.

"My dear, dear Adela, don't you know that a great many persons build up legends about the dead? I think the creature was perfectly honest in her way; but you don't suppose for a moment, do you, that Richard talked to her seriously about his work? He may have told her what kind of brushes to use."

Adela threw up her lovely head.

"I 'm not trying to pry. Richard was perfectly free; he is just as free now. I could n't talk to her for hours; but she may be clever—perhaps Richard could."

I rose.

"I won't have Richard defamed, my dear," I said lightly. To say it was a risk, but I took it. It went safely. "Don't you know men well enough to know that they 'll talk to any woman who makes a dead set at them? And if Richard had n't talked to all kinds, from the lowest to the highest, where would he have got his almost supernatural knowledge of the modeling of the human face? Think of the types he has done, with his tongue in his cheek! Richard has talked to worse than Judith Vance. But no one need insult Richard by saying that he took her for anything different from what she is. If we can see, we foolish women, do you suppose Richard could n't see even better?"

Adela was irrelevant, but her train of thought was clear.

"He was away a great deal those last months. And I 've never told you, Alice, how bad things did sometimes get. I never shall tell you. I always hoped it would come out all right; but—" she looked at me out of honest, unveiled eyes —"perhaps it never would have." Then she hurried on: "And this woman—she annoys me. If she were any one any man could have cared for, even as a friend; but she is n't. I ought, with Richard, to be above annoyance. Some of the things she said were right. I can imagine feeling just like that. But she somehow spoiled everything. She was out of tune with it all here. She was n't even up to the privilege of being nearly drowned with him."

"She certainly was not," I agreed firmly. "Let us forget her." I really did not wish Adela to meditate on Judith Vance too unbrokenly. I was willing she should think Richard insulted by Miss Vance's devotion, but I did not want her pondering on the rightness of anything Miss Vance had said. If Adela once saw that faint, fatal little similarity I had noted, she would not be able to bear it. Of course she never would see it; yet I edged away instinctively from dangerous ground. Adela was suggesting a kind of intelligence she never had indulged in much before. She had got on so far without a sense of humor; if in reality it came to her, it would be a late and dangerous

birth. I preferred her to remain as she was.

The next week Clement Place arrived to stay with us. Adela announced him carelessly. He was charming, he was even, surprisingly, a little gay. I set myself to study him, oh, discreetly and considerately. I really liked him. Adela still spent hours in the studio, but she was busy chiefly with the superintending of packers. There was to be an exhibition of Warings in the winter, and to my great joy she had consented to lend nearly everything she had. I had been afraid in the early summer that she would not let anything at Dalkeith be disturbed.

Clement Place and I used to talk to each other while Adela was busy. By his third visit I had got a clue to his perplexing gaiety, his unlyric slang. The answer to the riddle of his gaiety was that he really *was* gay. He was no more like his sonnets than Adela was like her looks. He devoted his sonnets to her, and the rest of him to the rest of her. It was a great light on a dark problem. Once I caught them laughing, like children, to the point of pain, over some silly misadventure in the motor. They had their medieval days, both of them,—those were the days, I suspect, when Clement proposed,—but for the most part they did extraordinarily well without gloom. Adela still talked of Richard when we were left alone together, but never, since the day when that cab crawled up to the door with its burden of musty mourning, had her talk been the same.

By autumn I had made up my mind what was going to happen.

Clement told me first. He was very naïve about it.

"I never thought she would; I was hopeless. But she says she will, and you can imagine what it makes of life for me." He broke off, and then continued: "Curiously enough, I don't grudge Waring those years of her, you know. I wish to God I could have had her from the beginning; but I have to admit that it was her feeling for him—the utter beauty of it—that made me adore her. Where is there any other woman who *could* feel like that? All those months before he died, when she was so unhappy, she was wonderful—like a heroine of romance, like her own incredible beauty."

"Adela never told me that she was unhappy with Richard."

"Oh, she would n't, of course. Is n't that just the unbelievable beauty of her? But you can see for yourself how nobly she tried to stick to the idea of their happiness, and how the idea broke down—could n't stand the strain."

I had been present when it broke down, as Clement had not, and I judged it best not to answer. So I very simply and very heartily congratulated him.

It was Adela, an hour later that same evening, who told me the more practical things.

"It 's to be very soon and to be very quiet. You 'll stay by, Alice? You 've been so wonderful." So I was to have my turn at being wonderful!

I had made up my mind.

"Yes, I 'll stay by, and I 'm very glad. He 's a dear."

"Is n't he?" She thrilled sweetly to it, and continued: "I can't tell you how perfectly Clement has understood everything. No other man—"

I cut her short.

"My dear, I 'm sure of it. May I give you some advice?"

She was twisting one long braid over and under her fingers, like a little girl.

"Ah, do—good old Alice!"

"Get a new motor-car, one of the beauties. And then you can travel as fast as you please."

"We 're going to,—a new one, sixty-horse-power,—and go all over France, where you can speed as much as you like."

She spoke happily. Then she blushed, a magnificent, prolonged blush. I think that instant saw Adela's nearest approximation in all her life to a sense of humor.

"Good night." I kissed her and was off before the blush had faded.

The Places went to France, as they had planned, and I remained to close the Dalkeith house. I rather liked being there alone, to think it all over. I, too, was sailing, and not soon to return. It *had* been a dance. The day before I left I climbed the little hill to the cemetery, and laid a great wreath on Richard Waring's grave. I sat there alone till sunset, and understood many things. What I seemed chiefly to understand, as I descended in the twilight, was that Richard and I felt alike about it all.

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT WILSON ON BEHALF OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

MR. PRESIDENT:

Your entire career as student, scholar, educator, and administrator constitutes a guaranty that you deem the spiritual development of a people no less important than its material welfare. It is also a guaranty of your ability to interpret the word "spiritual" in the broadest and most constructive sense. Thus I feel prompted to place before you a question that has been fermenting in my mind for a long time.

Will this nation, as a nation, never do anything for the encouragement or reward of its poets and men of letters?

The problem involved is a vexatious one, for many hold that such recognition ill bestowed is worse than none at all, and genius bears no infallible mark by which it may be known to everybody. Furthermore, genius is at once proud and shy, while unscrupulous mediocrity is ever ready to usurp its place. But no matter how great the difficulty may be, I am convinced that this question must be faced sooner or later, and that some effort must be made to solve the problems connected with it; for the soul of a nation is in its literature.

In pleading for your consideration of this matter, I am not unaware that from time to time a Lowell, a Hawthorne, a Howells has been sent to represent the nation abroad or assigned to some small government position at home. But instances of this kind have been too few. They have mostly been traceable to the action of some person in power rather than to the nation itself. And they represent a form of acknowledgment that must be held equally unsatisfactory to the man appointed and to the service into which he is appointed.

Despite such crumbs, I insist that this nation, as a nation, has done nothing. Officially its poets do not exist, unless it be as numbers connected with the enforcement of the copyright laws. The several States comprised within the Union have done as little. Even private generosity, ordinarily lavish, has remained singularly indifferent to the needs and claims of literature.

Financial support is not the only thing I have in mind now, although the granting of it to writers of promise represents one of the most important aspects of the question to which I am trying to draw your attention. I am thinking of any and every step that may be taken by this nation in recognition of the services rendered by its men of letters in general, and in particular by its creative, imaginative writers of prose and verse.

To my knowledge there is no other civilized country that has been guilty of such indifference or lack of foresight. Every Western nation except our own seems to have devised some way of acknowledging promise or proved merit in those building its national poetry. England knights them or places them on its civil list. France gives them the Legion of Honor or elects them to the Academy. My native Sweden has its Academy, too, as well as a system of literary stipends, not to mention the Nobel prize, for which the nation as such can take no credit. Little Norway, which relatively has done more for modern literature during the last fifty years than any other country in the world, has been making annual allowances of public money to struggling young writers since 1863.

I mention these facts not as examples of what must needs be done, but as illustrations of what may be done. I mention them not as ideal solutions of the problem at hand, but as evidence that other nations, wiser than our own, have at least endeavored to solve that problem.

Here there are neither academies nor pantheons, except "self-made" ones,

which, because of their origin, are lacking in the required prestige. There are no hereditary distinctions, no decorations of honor; and we do not want them. There is no laureateship, and no poet's dole to be given before or after achievement. There is not even a Westminster Abbey to which the nation might relegate the bones of its dead poets with some semblance of dignity.

It is easy to answer that a tomb remembered or a tomb forgot will make no difference to the man buried within it. But such is human nature that the mere hope of a final resting-place in some poets' corner becomes not only an incentive, but an actual reward, because the individual member feels himself a participant in the honor accruing to the profession in its entirety.

When a Peary reaches the north pole, Congress feels impelled to take special action for the reward of his deed. But it has apparently never occurred to anybody in Congress or out of it that the conquest of both poles means nothing to us in comparison with the everlasting possession of those delectable lands of fancy discovered by a Mark Twain.

It might almost be said that poetry is the one form of legitimate human activity that has obtained no official recognition for those pursuing it. At this point of my pleading your thought may turn to the Library of Congress. But that otherwise admirable institution does not hold the same relationship to the man of letters that the Department of Agriculture holds to the farmer, or the Department of Commerce and Labor to the merchant and the mechanic. It has been designed for the public, not for the poet, and even his accomplished work will count for little within its walls until he has passed far beyond the trials and triumphs of human life.

Neither in quantity nor in quality can the poetry so far produced by this nation be held commensurate to its greatness in other fields. A connection between this comparative backwardness and the absence of any conscious effort to foster a national poetry will, of course, be hard to prove. But I, for one, believe that such a connection exists. And I believe that we shall never raise our poetry to the level of our other achievements until we, as a nation, try to find some method of providing money for the poet's purse and laurels for his brow.

I believe, too, that any official recognition of the services rendered to the nation by its singers and story-tellers and playwrights and essayists and critics will have additional value as a sign both to the nation itself and to the rest of the world that it has begun to turn in earnest from that preoccupation with material affairs which in the past has been named as one of its worst shortcomings. Whatever its detractors at home and abroad may say to the contrary, this nation is by no means lacking in idealism. It is, indeed, full of lofty dreams and pure ambitions. All it needs is to give this side of itself a chance. That it do so is the ultimate object of my present appeal.

I come to you, Mr. President, with no definite plan of action, with no panaceas of my own or other people's making, with no detailed demands or minutely formulated desires. I am purposely restricting myself to that one general, all-inclusive question, in order that the possible ineffectiveness of my own ideas may not furnish weapons for those who are hostile to the principle itself. There is no personal expectation or private ambition behind my question. I have simply learned by bitter experience what it means to strive for sincere artistic expression in a field where brass is commonly valued above gold. And I should like to see the road made a little less hard, and the goal a little more attractive, lest too many of those that come after lose their courage and let themselves be tempted by the incessant clangor of metal in the marketplace.

My eyes, with those of many others, have been following you from day to day. My faith has been growing steadily as I watched. I have gradually come to feel that in you the country has found that rarest of public servants: a wise man whose wisdom has not lamed his power of acting firmly and strongly. I know that you have studied human nature as it is, as it has been, and as it may become. I know that you understand us, both those who have been born here and those who have come from other countries in search of a keener air and brighter chances. I know that you discern clearly what can and what cannot be done. For

all these reasons I believe that you are the man to lead in this.

I am making this appeal on behalf of a profession which is dear to me for more reasons than that it is my own—the art of interpreting man to himself by means of the divine power that lies hidden in the word. I am making it on behalf of men and women who are striving against tremendous odds to give this nation a poetry equaling in worth and glory that of any other nation in the world. But I trust that you at least will perceive that, first and last and most of all, I am making this appeal on behalf of the nation itself.

Without the literature that radiates truth as well as beauty, that soul must wither.

The time has come, I feel, when this nation, for the saving of its own soul, must give serious and loving thought to its poets and men of letters. Some one whom the people trust must take the first step in the new direction: there is to-day probably no one whom they trust to a greater extent than you, and I can think of no other fitter for the task I suggest.

GEROUSIOS OINOS

BY ROBERT BROWNING

THIS poem, which was put into type at the same time as the volume "Jocoseria" (1883), was not eventually published, but came to light, in its form as a rough-printed proof of what is known as galley-slip, among the poet's papers offered at the sale of the Browning collections in May, 1913. It shows many of the grotesque abridgments of Browning not at his best, and bears a certain relation to the last two stanzas of his well-known poem "Popularity," though it seems as applicable to modern tendencies as to those of the poet's own time. It seems almost as if the great poet were keenly appraising from beyond the grave our modern minor men.—THE EDITOR.

I DREAMED there was once held a feast:
That lords assembled, most and least,
And set them down to dine;
Till, eating ended, high of heart,
Each guest,—the butler did his part,—
Poured out their proper wine.

Good tipple and of various growth
(You may believe without an oath)
Glorified every glass:
All drank in honor of the host,
Then, high of heart, rose least and most,
And left the room, alas!

For in rushed straightway loon and lout,
Mere serving-men who skulked without:
"Our masters turn their backs,
And now 's the time to taste and try
What meat lords munch, and by and by
What wine they swill—best smacks."

So said, so dine: first, hunger spends
Its rage on victual, odds and ends;
But seeing that rage appeased,
"Now for the lords' wine," all agree,
"Kept from the like of you and me!
Wet whistles, chins once greased!

"How! not content with loading crop,
These lords have scarcely left a drop
In every glass deep-drained!
The niggards mean our feast to prove
A horse-regale! But one remove
From wine is water stained.

"Fill up each glass with water! Get
Such flavor as may stick fast yet;
Fancy shall do the rest!
Besides, we boast our private flasks,
Good, stiff mundungus, home-brewed casks,
Beating their bottled best!

"So here 's your health to watered port!
Thanks; mine is sherry of a sort.
Claret, though thinnish, clear.
My Burgundy 's the genuine stuff,
Bettered and bittered just enough
By mixing it with beer."

O England (I awoke and laughed),
True wine thy lordly poets quaffed,
Yet left—for what cared they!—
Each glass its heel-tap, flavoring sup
For flunkeys when, to liquor up,
In swarmed—who, need I say!

THE INVASION OF REALITY

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Author of "At Bethlehem," etc.

PICTURE BY HARRY TOWNSEND

MME. DE VANNOZ closed her lorgnon with a snap, and her eyelids drooped with an obvious ballast of disapproval. To the uninitiated observer, Mme. de Vannoz might have seemed rash in assuming the seat of the scornful. At certain hours of the day she was accustomed to surrender her person to the hands of her maid with an unfeigned indifference as to the result. Nise, conventionally Parisian to the finger-tips, reproduced in this delightfully plastic material her ideal of a lady of the great world. To a Puritan eye, the result at first glance savored somewhat more of the half-world. Only at first glance, however; there was an austere quality about the woman herself, an almost disembodied impersonality, that nullified all the elaborate armor of coquetry. She was a writer of international reputation, a mind honored by the most brilliant minds of her acquaintance; not all the labors of Nise could make her a woman to be regarded by other women with suspicion and a touch of envy, by men with a smirk and a furtive interchange of glances. The girl at whom the lorgnon had been leveled was as natural of coloring as a flower, and would have felt it as reprehensible to show a powdery nose as a shiny one. Nevertheless, Mme. de Vannoz, gazing at her, settled herself in the Siege Perilous with a judicial composure. She lifted her brows, puffing out a sharp breath like a reversed sniff—the kind of sound that challenges an answer. The answer came from the young man beside her. He, too, was looking at the girl, but with eyes very different from those of his companion.

"Please don't!" he remonstrated involuntarily. "You don't understand. That 's only thoughtlessness."

Mme. de Vannoz looked at him, but not through the lorgnon; her eye in a state of nature had a whimsical twinkle.

"Why do you not ascribe it to the American manner, my child?" she inquired pleasantly, thereby checking an incipient mumble to that effect. She shook her head and smiled at his confusion, and he felt, as usual, much younger than he did in any other circumstances—younger even than before his mirror.

It seemed to Seymour that one could call it by no harsher name than thoughtlessness, the thing that the older woman disparaged. The girl was pretty, and more than pretty; her guileless intensity radiated life and love and joy. It seemed to him that her spontaneous little caresses of hand and voice were as innocent in their exuberance as were the clinging tendrils of a vine. She sent them out freely, heedless of where they clung; it was the lavishness of her own nature spending itself in endearments upon the world at large. She walked now along the terrace, with her arm about the waist of another girl. One could see the ingenuous little squeeze with which she occasionally emphasized a word of her chatter. At the end of the terrace, toward the lake, a young man was kneeling, teaching a dog to shake hands. He held up a lump of sugar as an inducement to obedience. He called over his shoulder a laughing greeting to the two girls, the taller of whom was his bride. They stopped beside him, and, still enlaced, stooped to encourage the pupil; the little girl whom they were watching bent the closer of the two, her hand outstretched to fondle the dog's curly head. That brought the soft curve of her bosom very near the young man's shoulder; a strand of her wind-ruffled hair might have brushed his cheek. He dropped the sugar, and the dog eagerly appropriated it. It was at this point that Mme. de Vannoz closed her lorgnon.

"The dog had not given his paw," she said. "Do you know why he got the

sugar? Ah, yes, you know." Seymour bit his lip, aware with keen resentment of a rich suffusion about the ears. "It was last night, was it not?" she went on. "From my little garden one sees much. You were on the terrace—" She took his arm and drew him toward the nook by the lake; the other party had gone on into the hotel garden, the dog leaping and barking about them. Mme. de Vannoz paused at the stone balcony overhanging the water.

"Here," she said. Seymour flushed again.

"You must n't blame her for that," he protested. "It was all my fault. She had no idea—"

"Thoughtless, in a word—your own word," returned Mme. de Vannoz. "It may be. She is still very young, like yourself, and at first one does not think; one only feels. But one thing I tell you, my child: it is not well to be thoughtless with the husband of a friend."

Seymour winced as if she had struck him; she drew away a little, and her hand fell from his arm.

"Do you think you love her?" she asked, and there was a hoarse tenderness in her voice like the lower notes of a cello. Behind her, far up the lake, the Dent du Midi rose inconceivably white against the darkening blue; despite the cynicism from which he had shrunk, despite the painted mask and the clinging draperies that betrayed an all-too-perfect corseting, she seemed to Seymour as aloof from human weakness and even from human feeling as those pinnacles of snow. Had she been always the unmoved analyst, he wondered; and for the first time in their acquaintance he thought of M. de Vannoz, and wondered what he had been like.

"Do you think that you love her?" she repeated.

"I don't know—what else can it be?" he blurted boyishly.

"No, you would not know," said Mme. de Vannoz, slowly. "There is a sort of sacred imbecility that goes with innocence; because your head swims at a woman's touch, you think she is your mate, soul and body." Her shoulders contracted in a shrug that was half a shiver. "If you only knew! And yet I would not have you like some of my own kindred, who are imbeciles without the innocence." A sudden fierceness flamed through the careful art of her face. "Is your mother alive? No? And if she were, she could give you no help in this; she would be as innocent as you. See, my child, I understand that girl—me; she is what we call a *flammeuse*. She is the type that drives our boys to absinthe and *cocottes;* she lights the fire, but she never means to be burned in it. And seldom is; it is the others who suffer. The worst of it is, that if you ask her to marry you, she will do it, that one. I know. And not for love; do not cheat yourself. The *flammeuse* does not love; she drives a shrewd bargain; and she is always cold—cold at the heart."

"Stop!" cried Seymour. "You are cruel, and—you don't understand."

The savage earnestness went out of her eyes, leaving the twinkle somewhat sadder, but more whimsical than ever.

"And I am only a clumsy old woman who treads upon the toes of your illusions," she said. "Forgive me; *je vous aime—d' amitié, bien entendu,* and I spoke as I would have spoken to a son of my own. But—one cannot save others from pain. I know that so well in my mind; but, see, I have not yet learned it with my heart. One can help only when the harm has been done. I have told that in so many stories—besides my own." She flung back her head with a short laugh. "And you are thinking only that I do not understand!" She turned away abruptly, and went toward the cottage, trailing her delicate embroideries along the path with a superb negligence. The shrubs of the miniature garden hid her from him, and she had not looked back.

Seymour stood where she had left him, bewildered and disturbed. All day he had been obsessed by vague and whirling memories of the evening before; somehow the girl had been so near, so unconsciously alluring, that before he had known what was coming he had caught her in his arms, and his lips had found hers. It did not occur to him that the finding had been easy. Then she had freed herself, and run into the house, but not in anger, evidently, for all day her glances had been graciously forgiving and—he flung the door of his mind violently shut in the face of the thought that there had been an invitation in her eyes. As he did so, he felt

a childish hatred for Mme. de Vannoz, without whom that thought would never have intruded. She had caught the butterfly of his romance in her strong, ruthless hand, and now that she had released it, its frail wings fluttered only feebly, and showed the disfiguring prints of her fingers. He resented it like a sacrilege, for to him this experience was holy. Younger lads than he might have laughed at his unsophistication. The lovely ladies of the classics had engrossed his attention to the exclusion of their flesh-and-blood prototypes; and since men are not wont to desire a woman who has ceased to beckon to that desire, his devotion to Mme. de Vannoz from the moment of his arrival had marked no deviation from his custom. Often and deeply as he looked into her eyes unshielded by the lorgnon, it was as a young seer might study the crystal; and she knew, with a deep gladness in the knowledge, that the touch of her hand or even of her lips would no more perturb him than the touch of a page of Dante.

Now his calm world was convulsed by a sudden invasion of reality; for the first time he found himself made aware of his youth and his manhood by a woman's presence. He repeated as in a dream:

> "I thrilled to feel her influence near;
> I struck my flag at sight.
> Her starry silence smote my ear
> Like sudden guns at night."

The fact that the girl was not greatly addicted to silence did not impress him; he whispered the words to himself now, as he stood on the terrace, and the memory of the evening before quickened to a foreshadowing of the evening that was to come, which was at that moment flushing the white peaks with its rosy beginning. Unsuspected pulses hammered tumultuously in his temples. If this sweet tempest of body and spirit was not love, of what had all the poets sung?

The evening came; but not the moment he hoped for, and yet feared in some remote corner of his subconsciousness. She stayed so near the others that they were never alone together; and yet, somehow, they were always side by side, their hands continually chancing to meet, the warmth and fragrance of her so shaking him that he held his teeth set for fear of their chattering. It was like an hour of delirium, wildly painful and as wildly delicious, wholly unreal. She bade him good night with the rest; it was his habit to stay alone on the terrace till late. Musing happily on her swift, backward smile, he saw neither the hand she laid carelessly on the shoulder of her friend's husband, nor the white scarf she had left lying near his own hand. He turned toward the lake, as the door closed on the gay company, without a glance toward the bench whence they had risen; and presently he realized that he was staring at the serene inaccessibility of the Dent du Midi. Eager pity took him by the throat at the thought of Mme. de Vannoz. How cruelly life must have dealt with her to make her see its lovely miracles with such darkened eyes! He felt sure that her husband had been unworthy; only a broken heart, he thought, could speak so bitterly, and he, her friend, had given her nothing better than blind anger! He turned quickly toward her cottage; the windows were still glowing warmly, and a glance at his watch told him it was not yet eleven. She had not dined at the hotel; perhaps she had been dining out, perhaps—perhaps she had been hurt by his resentment, for, after all, she had meant to be kind. Spurred by penitent tenderness, he entered the little garden.

Mme. de Vannoz had not dined out, nor had the memory of Seymour's resentment remained with her long enough to hurt. As she left him, a new idea suddenly unfolded before her in a dazzling completeness; and when she swept into the cottage, her head high, her eyes wide and shining, Nise immediately savored the pleasures of a free evening. Swiftly, expertly, she undid her elaborate work, with only one remark from her mistress: "My warm dressing-gown; I shall work late." It was quite another Mme. de Vannoz about whom the robe of crimson velvet was wrapped; but Nise did not object to that. Different standards of beauty were permissible for the day and for the night. As she sat now at her writing-table, her flushed cheeks and parted lips glowing in the warm light, her white throat softened by the veil of her unbound hair, her shadowy eyes searching far depths, she seemed a girl about to write her first love-letter, thought Nise, not a widow who lived like

H. C. Mc...

"HE DREW BACK HALF AFRAID FROM THE INTIMATE BEAUTY OF THIS UNACCUSTOMED FACE"

the saint over an altar. Never had M. de Vannoz seen her look like that, so happy, so tender, and all for an empty room and an ink-pot! The maid lifted rebellious hands to heaven with one irrepressible outburst, "Mon Dieu, et Madame si ravissante en chemise!" Mme. de Vannoz heard the voice, but not the words, and nodded with an unseeing smile and an automatic: "Good night, Nise. Amuse yourself." With a shrug and a sigh, Nise closed the door.

MME. DE VANNOZ stretched her arms, moving her long, supple fingers, cramped by their tense grasp of the pen. What she had written would come to barely three pages of the "Revue," but every word would etch itself on the reader's memory. She drew a sharp breath of conscious triumph, and taking up her pen, she kissed the smooth tortoise-shell, still warm from her hand. She kissed it at once reverently and passionately, as a conqueror might embrace his proved sword. Her clock struck eleven; she yawned, and went to the French window, pausing a moment before closing the shutters to look into the shining night. Suddenly she bent forward, narrowing her eyes; there unmistakable in the moonlight the girl was fluttering down the steps of the hotel toward the terrace. Mme. de Vannoz's lip curled back unpleasantly.

"It was a fan that we left behind in my day," she thought. "Well, it is not my affair." She was fond of the boy, and sorry for him; but "it is not my affair," she repeated insistently, and laid hold of the shutter with a hand that was not quite steady. Let him make his own mistakes, and pay for them, as others had done. At that moment she was aware of a movement in the garden. The habit of living alone had made her fearless; drawing the velvet robe more closely about her, she stepped out unhesitatingly among the clipped myrtles of her tiny terrace.

"Who is there?" she demanded.

"It 's only Seymour," came the answer.

"Seymour?" she was brusk with amazement. "Why are you here?"

"To ask you to forgive me."

"What! Have you found I was right, then?"

"No,"—he laughed joyously, with a little gulp like a sob,—"but now I am sure that I love her, and that I can make you understand. I know I can."

To him she was only a dark figure, mysterious and immovable, against the lighted window; but she could see him now, his lifted face radiant in the moonlight, beautiful with the purity of unconscious passion. She leaned back against the window-casing, suddenly faint, closing her eyes in a vain effort to shut out that look; but the face that burned through her lids was the face of Julien de Vannoz. Twenty years ago he had lifted such a face to her in the moonlight—to her, such a girl as the one who waited now for Seymour on the terrace, just such a girl as that.

"You know you love her?" she repeated. "Have you told her so?"

"Not yet. I have not been able to see her alone all the evening,"—Mme. de Vannoz smiled grimly,—"but to-morrow—" his sudden silence throbbed with masterful promise; then he was the boy again—"I saw your lights, and I could not sleep, wondering if I had hurt you—you who have been so divinely kind to me! And I know that now I can make you understand her."

"Do it, then," she said. She came down the steps to where he stood and laid her hand on his arm. "Make me understand, my friend."

Bewildered, he looked at her. This was the voice he knew, hoarsely tender like the lower notes of a cello; but there was a new and strangely troubling quality in its music, as if a devil and an angel together were drawing the bow across the strings. He drew back half afraid from the intimate beauty of this unaccustomed face, the scent of this loosened hair. Her eyes were deep; he had a fancy that a man might drown in them.

"We have shared so many thoughts, you and I," she went on, with a sudden deepening to tenderness. "Share this also with me, this most wonderful thought of all."

A sudden joyous intoxication of completeness caught him; her words had joined for him, with one exquisite touch, his present and his past. It seemed to him that she held out to him the graven cup of his studious dreams, foaming and sparkling with the heady wine of youth. Truly the elixir of life, he thought. To what a miracle it had unsealed his vision!

How had he drawn so near this radiant presence, and remained unaware of all but the calm fellowship of minds? How had he so long conceived her only as a keen, impersonal intellect—this woman, an incarnate perfume among the flowers of the garden, such a passionately human goddess as might have stooped to Endymion in the fragrance of the Latmian night?

She moved as if to rise, and somehow he found her hand crushed between his own. In the hush she heard the steps of the girl on the terrace, but he heard only the beating of his own heart. The steps receded; the girl was going back to the hotel. Now there was silence, and in the silence she, too, heard his heart beating. So she had heard Julien's heart twenty years ago. She caught her breath as with a sob; her eyes drew his; she swayed toward him as if the sheer force of his will compelled her; then she was in his arms.

A hot saltness of tears stung his lips, and suddenly, sick with shame, he slipped to his knees at her feet, hiding his face in the folds of her robe. Silently she drew away from him and stood erect.

"It 's you that I love!" he blurted, breathless, desperate. "You understand that—you must understand that! You—there 's nothing but you in the world—will you marry me?"

"No," she said.

"I know," he whispered brokenly. "You must despise me. What faith could you have in me? And yet can't I prove—"

"That is not why," she said. "Listen to me. You can listen now."

Amazed, he looked up at her. He could still taste the bitter sweetness of the tears that were shining on her cheeks, and yet now he could as readily have kissed the summit of the Dent du Midi as that calm, weary mouth.

"Can you say that you love me now?" she asked, with a touch of irony.

"I—" he choked; and there was a silence.

"You came here to make me understand how you loved her," she went on quietly. "Do not you yourself understand a little better now?"

"You were playing with me, then?" he asked after a moment.

"If you call it that," she answered.

He stood up, staggering a little, and sketched an unsuccessful laugh.

"Well, I congratulate you; you have won your point," he began gallantly, but ended in a cry of frank misery: "Why did you do it? How could you do it? You have killed my faith—"

"My friend," she interrupted sternly, "you know as little what you say now as you did when you spoke of love a while ago. What love is, I do not know, unless it be like what I feel for my work; but I do know, and so henceforth do you, what it is not. As for faith—it is not thus that faith dies; it must be starved to death day by day, hour by hour. I tell you I have made many men suffer as you are suffering now, but I killed the faith of only one. That was my husband."

THE clock struck twelve as Nise opened the door with circumspection and peeped in; then she crossed to the writing-table and touched her mistress gently. Mme. de Vannoz lifted her face from her folded arms, shaking back her hair, and Nise recoiled with a cry of dismay.

"Madame has overtired herself!" she protested.

Mme. de Vannoz's brow contracted with a twitch like pain; then she laid her hand caressingly on the litter of scribbled sheets, and the whimsical twinkle came back to her eyes.

"Tired?" she said. "*Par exemple,* how should I not be tired? In one hour I have lived twenty years, and written a thing to make the world blink. Do you think that costs nothing? It is not so that one grows younger. Now get me to bed quickly and rub my head. It aches."

Decoration by W. M. Berger

To a Lady on the Eve of Easter

BY JULIAN STREET

MAY fairies fashion frocks for you
From sunbeam, shadow, dawn, and dew;
May elfin milliners devise
Your hat from wings of butterflies;
May goblin gardeners pluck a pair
Of lady's-slippers for your wear;
And may some swift, audacious sprite
Wing up and up into the night
And filch for you, howe'er he may,
A fragment of the Milky Way
To scarf you, and bright stars to deck
The slender softness of your neck.

And then, when you are all arrayed
As doth befit so fair a maid,
O gods and fairies, grant that I
May glimpse you, lovely, passing by!

THE ENGLISH AND THEIR ENGLAND

BY JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain," etc.

"HIS Most Excellent Majesty George V, by the grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British dominions beyond the seas, Defender of the Faith, and Emperor of India," opened the present session of his Parliament in person on February 10 with the customary innocuous "Speech from the Throne." With the inauguration of this Parliament the Government and the people of England are brought face to face with the greatest crisis in their political history since the middle of the seventeenth century, when the famous "Long Parliament" was incidental to a life-and-death struggle between the people and special privilege.

Modern history begins and ends with the activities of the English nation. Whether this will be true of the years now to come will be determined by what is born of the present travail. No nation has before it a greater number of problems of vital significance or greater portent demanding immediate solution. The entire social, political, and economic situation is in a state of flux. Extremes of the new are at war with extremes of the old. The people, without being able clearly or definitely to formulate their demands in a large way, are asking insistently for a redistribution of land, money, opportunity, privilege, and power.

THE BELIEF IN THEIR DIVINE RIGHT STILL GOVERNS THE POLICY OF KINGS

HEREDITARY rulers, as for centuries past, are still trying to deal with the people as with a different race of human beings from themselves, and even such concessions as have been made to the democratic spirit of the age and the demand for a redistribution have been made in a certain spirit of condescension, which robs them of much of their effectiveness in quieting the turbulence, or modifying the spirit of self-determination, shown by the beneficiaries. These consolation measures have therefore only hardened the aggressors in their attack upon constituted and established order.

The House of Lords has already fallen into desuetude, thus leaving the English people with that most dangerous form of government, a single legislative body. Old-age pensions, compulsory insurance, employees' liability, and numerous other measures have failed to satisfy. The wage-workers and the tenantry, embracing as they do a vast majority of the people, have banded together to wrest from the employer and the landlord the profits and privileges that landlords and employers have long enjoyed. Remarkable progress has been made under the present Liberal government, for its appeal for power and the reason for its possible continuance in office lie in its avowed sympathy with this attack upon the possessions of those who have, whether it be earned or unearned increment.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE WELSH CHURCH

THE first matter which will be disposed of by the present Parliament is the proposed disestablishment of the Welsh Church, a move premonitory of final separation of church and state, which will be demanded and secured by the English people in the course of time. Preliminary and public discussion of this measure is only a sparring for time, however, as following close upon it the matter of home rule for Ireland looms tremendously upon the near political horizon. There is far more in this Irish question than merely the administration of Irish affairs. The people of the northeast corner of Ireland, led, aided, and abetted by the opposition to

the Liberal party, have openly rebelled at the threat of political segregation from England. The campaign so far has developed one of the most magnificently conceived and carried-out pieces of political strategy and obstruction the world has ever seen.

THE SERIOUS PROBLEM IN ULSTER

IMAGINE the citizens of Maine declaring their purpose to resist the enactment of a proposed federal law by force of arms, and the difficulties immediately confronting the party in power in Washington quickly suggest themselves. Go further than this, and imagine a meeting of the general staff in Washington to consider a plan for armed demonstration against these same citizens of Maine to enforce a law that Congress might enact, and the enforcement of which was opposed by the people of that State. Such a council of war has been held by the British general staff, and as each regiment was suggested for service in the recalcitrant Irish county of Ulster, it was rejected for some reason or other as being undependable in a campaign against fellow-citizens. A majority of the Irish people want to have their government administered from Dublin, with the largest possible measure of freedom from English interference. The minority, who are opposed to this plan, however,—and the line is fairly drawn between Catholic and Protestant, the former being home-rulers,—are vigorous in opposition to the point of open rebellion against any government which may be established at Dublin. In other words, the English Government is placed in the position of opposing its loyal citizens who happen to live in Ireland. The people of Ulster are in deadly earnest. No one really familiar with the situation accuses them of bluffing, and it is this very sincerity which is forcing the Liberal government to a compromise measure which shall exclude the Irish county of Ulster from the operation of any Irish home-rule bill which shall become a law. Back of the Irish question, however, looms a larger purpose on the part of the Unionist, or opposition, forces. These forces include those who believe that the House of Lords should be rehabilitated in some manner, so as to give the English people an effective second legislative body, and the organization of such a chamber is one of the conditions for compromise over the question of home rule for Ireland.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RADICAL SUGGESTION

THE suggestion that the British system of government be entirely reconstructed to meet present needs is far too radical, and may not find any considerable following; but it is significant that nearly twenty years ago Mr. Joseph Chamberlain put forth the idea that the only possible way to solve the Irish home-rule problem successfully was for England to adopt the American form of government in so far as it provides for state legislatures and federal government. With local parliaments in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, an imperial parliament sitting in London, comprising within its organization not only representatives of the political divisions of the British Isles, but of the British oversea dominions as well, there would come to pass a British empire of such solidarity as to raise no question of dissolution for generations to come. It is within the possibilities of the future that this may come about, for with home rule for Ireland will come new strength to the demand for home rule for Scotland, and to grant that would give practical form to the suggestion of an imperial or federal parliament. This is all the more likely in that the overseas dominions are already asking for representation; and if this is not granted, more and more power will have to be relegated to colonial legislatures, thus inevitably weakening the ties of empire.

THE IRISH HOME-RULE SITUATION

IF the present English Parliament enacts an Irish home-rule bill, even though it excludes Ulster from the jurisdiction of Dublin, such a measure will be rejected by the present House of Lords. It can be made into a law, however, by being passed again in the House of Commons over the veto of the Lords. The Liberal party now has a sufficient majority in the Commons to do this, but before the measure can be resubmitted, there will be a general election in England. An election for Parliament is compulsory every seven

years, and 1915 will see the end of that period.

The Liberals have lost steadily in all recent by-elections, and if this may be taken as indicating a waning popularity, although the by-elections are not at all a sure forecast of what might happen in a general election, the Liberals, even if returned to power in 1915, might not be able to muster a sufficient majority to insure a reversal of the vote of the upper chamber. Should the Unionists triumph in 1915, they will find themselves in an awkward predicament, for to repeal an Irish home-rule bill will be almost as difficult as it was to secure the original enactment. From any point of view the Irish question is most serious and full of pitfalls for wary politicians, to say nothing of the gravity with which it must be regarded by every British citizen concerned as to the future of his country.

The cause of Ireland is a compelling brief. A conquered country to begin with, a country and a people bled to death by English tax-gatherers and non-resident landlords in the past, the list of grievances is appalling. In this case the sins of the English fathers are visited upon their sons, for within three generations one billion five hundred million dollars of Irish money has been spent in England over and above the amount expended on Irish necessities. The English workman is the Irish laborer's fiercest competitor, for with greater opportunity, better organization, and no trade restrictions, English industry has driven Irish producers out of business. The reforms of the present and the promises for the future do not entirely compensate the Irish for what they have suffered in the past—evils of administration which have laid the country prostrate, pauperizing the Irish community almost beyond hope. A million of Ireland's best workers have gone to America in the last hundred years, leaving the weak and the incompetent to breed and occupy without the strength or initiative to combat the rigor of circumstance.

THE PROBLEM OF BIG ESTATES

FOLLOWING close upon the heels of legislation for Ireland comes the English land question. The Liberal party has virtually pledged itself to the breaking-up of the big estates, the control of tenancies in the interest of the tenants, the taxing of holdings reserved for pleasure and sport, and the worrying of landlords both urban and country by every possible device. The mere fear of this policy has already put vast areas of land upon the market, and the Duke of Bedford frankly gave his fear of future tax penalties and restrictions upon landlords as his reason for selling twenty million dollars' worth of real estate in the heart of London.

By common consent the question of imposing an import duty, or "tariff reform," as it is called, has been postponed until the Irish question is settled. The party in favor of a tariff for protection, revenue, imperial preference, and retaliation is as strong as ever, but so far it has been impossible to secure an expression of public sentiment upon this question alone. Recent elections have been contested upon a multiplicity of issues, many of them considered by the people, or at least put forward by the politicians, as of more immediate concern than a change in the fiscal policy. The cost of living has risen in England as much in proportion as in any other country. The middleman is even more the foe of the ultimate consumer in England than elsewhere, and old business methods are so firmly established that it is difficult to eliminate any of the tolls paid by produce on its way from the grower to the retail purchaser. To frame a tariff act for England which will not increase the cost of living, which will not destroy any part of the great distributing trade of the country, is a task worthy of the greatest economist. To tax foods or raw materials will not be practical or popular, and yet to develop imperial trade sympathies it is held by some to be necessary to base new colonial relations upon a preference in this direction.

The demand for votes for women is an insistent cry which will not be stilled. Militancy is quiet for the moment, as the real leaders of that movement are either ill or in exile. The great army of non-militants is still at work, however, and the issue cannot long be avoided.

THE CRITICAL LABOR QUESTION

THE most fearsome thing in the economic life of England to-day is the labor

situation, and this of course touches upon all the activities of politics. Relations between labor and capital have been seriously disturbed for years. With a certain grim courage the English employer has gone on doing business as though he had no fears for the present or future. Not one of them fails to realize, however, the slenderness of the barrier between industrial activity and industrial chaos. Every few weeks this barrier seems about to give way. Trouble breaks out here and there in varying degrees of seriousness, but by superhuman effort order is restored, or effective steps are taken to localize the disturbance. The British working-man demands more pay, less work, more food and comfort, and greater opportunity for himself and his children. Not being given this in the degree desired, he avenges himself by combining with his fellow-workmen for the purpose of securing more pay and less work. He concludes that as long as he is not given an equal chance, he will so arrange that his employers will get the least possible return for the money expended. This idea is not confined to those who work for individuals or corporations, for government employees have found the strike an effective weapon with which to secure additional privileges from a government in power by the grace of labor. Postal clerks, letter-carriers, and even the police have either struck or threatened to strike at critical moments. Syndicalism has been imported from France, though it is known in England as "Larkinism." The sympathetic strike and lockout have come about, and Larkin's banner, inscribed "To hell with contracts," has brought fear not only to employers, but to conservative and intelligent wage-earners who, while believing in unionism, have been quite ready to share the responsibility of agreement with those who pay the wages.

The English nation is inured to labor trouble, but in the past, when labor organizations have been recognized and dealt with, mutually accepted agreements have been observed by the employee as well as by the employer. It was only in the last year that close organizations of highly skilled labor deliberately tore up their contracts with the employers and ordered a cessation of work because of their own grievances or in behalf of workers elsewhere. The fact that this could come to pass without the serious disapproval of organized labor as a whole has been considered the most ominous sign of the moment in the English labor world. In the summer of 1913 it seemed for a few weeks as though the end of English industry was soon to come, but with that wonderful and effective faith in established order characteristic of the English mind and heart, every one, master and man alike, plodded along, and industry outlived the storm. Whether this will always be the outcome is an open question. Few believe it will be, but to "muddle along" is all men can do when faced with bewildering complexities, and to chart a course for English capital and labor which will insure even a semblance of peace for the future is apparently impossible with the conditions as they are.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA

THERE is another great question before the English people, and that is the future of India. England's greatest possession is credited with a population of three hundred million. The total white, or English, population is about one hundred and fifty thousand. For fifty years every effort has been made for the spread of education. The result is that a little over one per cent. of the population has benefited by these efforts, and this small percentage is found almost entirely among more or less important castes, but three out of the eight hundred sects more or less into which the population is divided. The Nationalist party has grown enormously in strength. This party advocates what it calls a democracy, though if India were self-governed, it would be controlled by the so-called upper classes, whose democracy is not that of the Western World.

The safety of English rule in India has lain largely in the separation of the people into different religious sects, generally speaking Hindu and Mohammedan. The recently established National University, and especially the Indian coolie trouble in Natal, have helped to bring all Indians together, and once thoroughly united through a common cause and purpose, their control by the English will be seriously threatened. It has been said recently that the government of India has now been

removed from Calcutta to Downing Street, and the English Secretaries of State for India have not always been men who have even visited that country, still less have been possessed of a close knowledge of Indian character and Indian affairs.

The English government of India has been the greatest example of successful colonial administration the world has ever seen, and in return the possession of that country has largely constituted the basis of England's commanding position in the affairs of the whole world. The question of the future of India is not one of to-day, but it may very possibly become the greatest question of to-morrow to the English Government. The loss of India would break the world power of Great Britain, and it cannot be held by any force of arms that England can muster. It must be held by statesmanship, and thoughtful Englishmen familiar with the peculiar needs of an Indian administration are pessimistic as to the value of present policies.

Not long ago the British colony of Natal in Africa, where many Indian coolies are employed, assessed a head-tax against these immigrants. The coolies struck work in protest against the demand. As a result, the great sugar and other industries of Natal have fallen upon hard times. The cause of their fellow-citizens, be it just or unjust, has awakened keen sympathy and interest throughout India, and even Lord Hardinge, that experienced and clever administrator, now Viceroy of India, has openly expressed his sympathy as being with the Indian coolies in Natal. The feeling in India is that if England cannot so control a small British colony like Natal to the end that these coolies may be free from what they deem to be an imposition, the power of the mother country has been vastly overestimated in India. The cause of the Indian coolie in Natal has been used as a rallying-cry by the Indian Nationalists, and it has done more to unite Indian sentiment than anything which has happened since the English rule of India became an established fact. It is only fair to say, however, that the problem of a united India is nearer solution than it has ever been before, hence the unusual effectiveness of a common cause.

KING EDWARD'S PROPHECY

SERIOUS questions have always confronted the English people, and at no time have there been prophets wanting who were ready to predict, in view of a current crisis, the speedy downfall of the empire. Each and every time has the British nation solved its problems after a fashion, and grown stronger with every passing year. The Government and the people have apparently thrived upon perplexities of such magnitude as have arisen to vex no other community in the world. The year 1914, however, brings a supreme test to the home government of England. It is told of the late King Edward that, in prophesying as to the future, he once remarked, "My son will rule as king, and probably his son; but he may be the last king of this country." If this prophecy be found true, it will throw doubt upon the first clause in the title borne by the present King of England, for that is based upon the idea of the divine right of royal succession. It is now proposed to weaken the ties between "Great Britain and Ireland" by giving to the latter country a very large measure of self-government. The "British dominions beyond the seas" are now loyal subjects only by their own free will, and along economic lines have already completely separated themselves from England.

THE INCUBUS OF THE UPPER CLASSES

THE so-called upper classes of England long ago laid the foundations for the troubles of the upper classes of England today. They killed hope in the hearts of their humbler and less-fortunate fellow-countrymen. There is no polite compromise on foot to end this feud. It is a war against special privilege, with no particular animosity toward the possessor. The ownership of these lands has carried with it seats in the lawmaking body of the country in perpetuity. War has been declared upon this oldest and most cherished institution, and in the coming triumph of the new its downfall is already written. In this war of the many against the few can be found all of the problems of the Englishman at home, thinly disguised under various names, and he must settle these before he can fare abroad or attend successfully to other matters.

SHAVIAN RELIGION

BY THE REV. P. GAVAN DUFFY

IT will be admitted that it involves some degree of real venture to write on the subject of religion in connection with so startling a personality as Mr. Bernard Shaw. Quite apart from the withering sarcasm such a course might bring from the great man himself, provided one were sufficiently known to merit even his scorn, the attempt to show anything constructive in his attitude to religion is sure to invite protest from those we commonly speak of as the religious-minded. For with the great mass of the orthodox and the nominally orthodox, the terms Shaw and religion have all the sharp emphasis of contradiction. Leaving out those who unhesitatingly declare him positively irreligious and a menace to the morals and established proprieties of Christian orthodoxy, he is viewed in turn as a Schopenhauer pessimist, a Nietzschian disciple, a spiritual iconoclast, a man who, for the sheer fun of the thing, revels in shattering Christian ideals into tiny fragments.

Many have written and spoken of the destructive side of Mr. Shaw's religious philosophy. Therefore, to urge now the possibility of seeing anything constructive will no doubt be regarded as an impudent assumption to interpret the Shavian paradoxes, which, we are told, not only are incapable of interpretation, having none, but which both pall upon and bore the average among intellectual people to-day. For this seems to be the latest attitude of those whose peace Shaw disturbs. People who look at life in a serious way, remarked the London "Times" recently, are "bored with his fireworks, find his jests puerile, his paradoxes mechanical and monotonous, and his vivacity a cover for loose reasoning." All of which must be hugely amusing to Mr. Shaw, who insists that the ponderous seriousness of the Englishman is to be measured by degrees in stupidity, out of which unhappy condition he is trying to shock him.

The fact is, Shaw is still a hopeless enigma to the general public, a personal problem defying solution, an evasive, though brilliant, intellect that mystifies by striking for and against every subject he discusses. Dr. Neville Figgis, himself a high Anglican, in his lecture on Shaw at Columbia University two years ago, both prefaced and closed his remarks with a statement intended to explain the riddle of the man. Said he, "Mr. Shaw was born a north of Ireland Protestant." Much as this might, and undoubtedly does, mean to the mind of a very English priest of the Church of England, it probably serves only to heighten the marvel in the minds of Shaw's sometime fellow-religionists.

SHAW'S SERIOUS PURPOSE

ONE thing is at least certain, and that is that we cannot dismiss Shaw in these curt or light-hearted ways; for he refuses to be dismissed. Let the conscience of modern religion scream as it may, he sits only the tighter on its shoulders after the manner of the Old Man of the Sea in "Sindbad the Sailor." Frankly, we must bring something more to bear than sorely offended prejudices and outraged conventionalities, whether religious or social, on the one hand; and, on the other, rid ourselves of the affectation that pretends to see in Shaw merely the jester in cap and bells, if we are to arrive at any true estimate of his relation to modern religion.

It is only after this manner that we begin to perceive, under the scourge of irony, the play of paradox, the apparently destructive wit, the unrivaled sarcasm—all of which are simply regarded as negation and iconoclasm by the merely superficial reader, the deadly earnestness and serious purpose of the man. This particularly applies when Shaw is assailing the purely conventional in religion, and the conduct that grows out of it. He shows us empty deceits and shams which, masquerading under the disguise of Christianity, only too often represent the antithesis

stopped at the door in the latticed passage that connected the kitchen with the house. Presently Lyde came through with a tray.

"Ah 'm er-waitin' faw yo', honey," he whispered.

She smiled, nodded, and passed on, a tall, comely girl who walked with graceful erectness, carrying her head proudly.

Jude went to a bench in the angle of the wall and sat down. Being tired, he lay down with his face to the wall and almost at once was asleep. He awoke at length with a start at the touch of a hand on his cheek.

He did not know how long he had slept, but the change he awoke to was appalling. There was still little thunder, but the play of the lightning was incessant, and looking out from the court, he saw a tall cocoa-palm that stood by the gate bowed down to the ground with the wind. All other upstanding vegetation on the lawn was swept away; the garden wall was down; the stone gate-posts were leveled. Above the roar of the gale, even as he woke, he could hear the crash of falling timbers as buildings were dismantled. The beat of the rain was like the throbbing sound of many drums.

"It come on jes lak dis," Lyde screamed in his ear, "jes lak turnin' ober yo' hand. It was still as er grabe, den all at once lak dis." He drew her close to him.

"We cyan't go yit, honey," he said, and looked up apprehensively, for the wall of the building he leaned against seemed to move on its foundation. It was throbbing like an agitated pulse. "We 'll wait till it 's ober."

They heard the crash of falling timber, and the kitchen went out into the darkness like scraps of brown paper. She put her hands over her eyes.

"It 'll nebber be ober," she sobbed. "It 's da las' day."

He did not hear her. He felt a grating jar through his body, communicated by the wall he leaned against, and rightly surmised that the roof had broken loose and had moved a little on its supporting walls.

He felt the grating jar of the wall again, and then an outward spring as the roof was swept away and fell with a splittering crash. A deluge of water, like a turned-on hose, swept them apart. Then as she was whirled away like an eddying leaf and he caught her and drew her back to the wall, he knew that it had become their greatest menace.

"We gotter git out," he shouted. "We 'll go down tow da low lan', whah da win' will be lighter. Thank da Lawd, honey, we 're togedder!"

"Yas, honey," she said. It was their last speech together.

He caught her hand and, bracing himself, stepped forth, and stood at once face to face with his own insignificance. Nature caught him up and made a mock of his humanity; he who had gloried in his strength was as a puppet in the grasp of irresistible forces. It cowed him, sapped his courage, sapped his intelligence. As his defeated body was whirled through the night, beaten down to the earth, crushed against walls, there remained with him only one sentient emotion: whatever might happen, he must hold fast to Lyde. In setting out, his thought had been to make his way to lower ground, where the force of the hurricane might be less and the low sugar-houses offer a possible protection.

There came a time when, after interminable hours, as it seemed, he recognized, with a sort of dumb stupor, that he had been driven down to the waterside and that the force of the gale was no less. In flashes of lightning he saw the roadstead before him, white with froth, and flattened by the gale that blew off the land. It was swept as clean as a man's palm, and he had a momentary wonder as to what had become of the ships that at sunset had dotted it with their riding-lights.

There came to him then a new thought: they would be driven into the sea. He felt no fear, but only a dull apathy that it would be the end. They had reached the beach now and directly in the path to a great rock. In the flashes of lightning it loomed before him as the one stable thing in his dissolving world, and he felt that if they might win to its leeward side, there they would find shelter and refuge. Bracing against the wind, and crouching close to the sand, he essayed to reach it.

In the intense blackness that followed a flash of lightning the rock disappeared, and dropping to the ground that he might not be borne past it in the darkness, he braced himself against the gale and the

beat of the torrential rain. He might as well have tried to stop the wheeling earth. It beat him down, it flattened him, it plowed him forward through the wet sand.

He was suddenly aware of a new note in the tumult of sound that beat upon his ears—a dull and continuous mutter, like a far-off humming of bees, that rapidly grew louder. As he glanced about him, the heavens were lighted again by a greenish flame, and looking seaward, he saw a huge, black wall raised high across the roadstead beyond the jutting points of the harbor. About its foot the waves broke in white foam.

The lightning ceased, and quick darkness fell, but the humming sound came nearer; then in a returning flash he saw the wall approach the headlands and the headlands melt away. With an inarticulate cry, he tried to rise, but was beaten down by the gale and whirled along the beach with Lyde still in his arms as the black wall of the tidal wave loomed for a moment above their heads and, roaring along the beach, bore them apart in a great rush of on-leaping water.

It was with shame rather than with grief that Jude sat desolate and heedless amid the ruins of his home. All about him his neighbors in Love-Lady Court were busily patching up their wrecked houses, but he was indifferent. The town was well-nigh destroyed, many people had perished, the shipping in the harbor driven ashore or sunk, and in the general chaos and neglect yellow fever had broken out; but Jude went his own road of sorrow. Bruised, torn, and unconscious, with broken ribs and arm, he had been found in an angle of a wall high up on King Street and carried to his dismantled home. Lyde had not been found. For days, almost without rest, he had searched the littered coast-line for her body.

"Ah broke ma wud," he said; "Ah tol' her Ah 'd nebber leabe her, an' whah is she now? An' Ah am alibe. Ah broke ma wud."

"It was er wud yo' could n't keep, boy," Sis' Mame remonstrated, "an' da Lawd done broke it, not yo'. Yo' yen't no match faw Him, big an' strong as yo' is."

"Ah yen't tow big faw tow keep ma own wud," he retorted. "An' now Ah gotter keep it; Ah gotter go tow her."

"Wait faw er sign," Sis' Mame advised. "It 'll come."

"When?" he demanded.

"Wait," she said.

He waited three days, and then one night his huge form suddenly blocked Sis' Mame's doorway. It was late, and she was sitting by her brazier brewing a cup of tea, for she was very weary from caring for the sick. She looked up at him with eyes heavy with sleep.

"Whah 's dat sign, Sis' Mame?" he demanded. "Ah waited lak yo' said, but it doan' come."

"Whah yo' goin'?" she asked.

"Tow Lyde," he answered.

"How yo' goin'?" she asked again.

"She went out on da sea-water, an' Ah 'll foller," he said.

"Yo' know da road?"

"Ah 'll fin' it."

"Huh!" she grunted. She lifted her cup to her lips and gazed at him as she slowly drank. The fixed stare of her deep-set eyes made him uncomfortable. She liked Jude, and was determined to save him from his own resolution to die. "Come in an' shet da do'," she said sharply.

He came in hesitatingly. She rose, and from a box in the corner of the room brought forth various small articles which, carefully concealed in her hands, she dropped into the brazier, then seated herself again. As the flames rose higher, and a pungent smoke raised a cloudy veil between them, she said curtly:

"Look at da fire, boy! Look at da fire!"

He looked, and presently she began to rock on her heels, muttering to herself, "Come sign! Come sign!" with a monotonous iteration that had a curiously rhythmical quality in its sharply accented cadences.

The strange, pungent odor seemed presently to numb his brain; the words, monotonously uttered, to become, by some curious transference, merely the excited beat of his own heart given a voice. The beating stifled him. He put his hand weakly to his head and wiped away the great drops of perspiration, which felt cold to his hands; the room grew dark; and he saw the fire and the rising incense

only as a mysteriously wavering blur in the general blackness that seemed engulfing him. He moaned, and set his hands to the floor, bracing his swaying body.

It was the moment for which Sis' Mame had been covertly watching, and with a swift change from her singing chant and the slow, rocking motion of her body, she leaned over the brazier with a little exclamation of fervid satisfaction.

"Da sign! da sign!" she muttered. "Dah she is, er-settin' on er golding throne, an' er-smilin' an' er-wavin' yo' back with her han'! Yo' see, boy—da spit an' image o' Sis' Lyde herse'f! An' she 's er-wavin' yo' back. Da time yen't come faw yo' tow go."

And Jude, his imagination made receptive to visions by long fasting and suffering, and now excited by the mysterious obi rites and Sis' Mame's narcotic herbs, saw the vision, and bowed before Sis' Mame's interpretation.

"She said she 'd watch faw me an' wait faw me," he groaned.

"She will," Sis' Mame replied; "but da time yen't ripe yit. She 'll wait in da Lawd's time, not yo's. How come He sabed yo' dat night lak He done, huh? Jes faw meanness? No, seh; yo' gotter wuk tow do firs'."

"What wuk?" he asked.

"Huh! yo' ask dat when da sick an' da dyin' is er-needin' er big, strong man lak yo'?" she exclaimed.

She rose to her feet, and he followed her out of the house and up to the far end of the court. As she turned in toward a door, he put a detaining hand on her arm. It was the house where dwelt a girl of whom Lyde had been jealous, for she had openly shown her liking for Jude.

"Ah cyan't do nuthin' faw Sis' Martha, Sis' Mame," he protested. "Lyde would n't stan' faw dat nohow."

Sis' Mame looked up to him reproachfully.

"Doan' yo' know da dade sees cl'ar?" she demanded. "All dat 's done pass erway with Lyde. What she smile faw, what she wave yo' back faw, huh? Faw tow show she 's sorry faw Sis' Martha, an' yo' mus' help her. Now come erlong in."

In the crowded jumble of menacing and distorted figures that in her delirium seemed to Sis' Martha to advance upon her in gigantic shapes, only to contract to mere pin-points and vanish as they drew threateningly near, one figure alone preserved a normal and kindly aspect—the figure of Jude. It became a solace, to be eagerly awaited, and, when at last seen, a potential defense against the oncoming throng of terrifying shapes. It was with no surprise, therefore, that, on awakening to consciousness on the third morning of the fever, Sis' Martha looked up into the anxious and pathetic eyes of Jude as he bent over her in a kindly office. He was bathing her face with a wet cloth, and as she opened her eyes at the cooling touch, he saw that the light of intelligence had returned to them.

"Thank da Lawd!" he exclaimed. "Yo' 's better, chile. Da feber 's done broke'."

She smiled weakly.

"Yo' glad faw dat?" she whispered.

"Ah sure is," he replied, with an answering smile.

"Den Ah 's glad," she whispered again. "Ah did n't 'spec' tow be glad no mo'."

"Doan' talk, chile; jes be glad," he cautioned, and began to bathe her face again. She closed her eyes, and lay there, smiling.

She was very weak, but filled with a great content. His mere presence there now, to her childlike nature, seemed an assurance that from his own ruined hopes he had come to her as to a refuge; and as she rapidly grew stronger, she began unconsciously to exercise the coquettish wiles of one who felt she was sought. Her nature was not deep, but she had always admired him, and now she felt that she had become a comfort to him. Once she said:

"Boy, yen't yo' bery tired? When yo' done git any res'?"

"Ah doan' know," he replied. "Seem' lak Ah yen't needed no res'."

She misunderstood, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Yas, yo' wo' yo'se'f erway faw me," she said with a look that she tried to make reproachful, but was only undisguised joy.

From his great height, as he stood smiling above her, he looked himself over and said:

"Seem' lak dah 's somepin' left yit, Sis' Martha."

"Yas, er big heaht," she said. "An' Ah 'm goin' try tow match it with mine."

"Yo' match it now," he replied.

"Honey boy!" she whispered happily.

Startled, he saw that she misunderstood the significance of his speech, and he looked at her in dumb pathos; but in the look she read only great weariness.

"Now yo' go erway an' res'," she begged. "Ah kin sleep now. Go erway an' res'. Yo' done ernough faw me."

He went out silently, but when he had reached his own door he paused in irresolution.

"What Ah goin' do?" he muttered. "Foh da Lawd! what Ah goin' do?"

He saw Sis' Mame cross the court, going home, and with a sharp resentment against her rising in his heart, he quickly followed her. She turned as his figure darkened her doorway.

"Sis' Mame," he said, "yo' done got me in trouble, an' how yo' goin' git me out?" He explained briefly.

She glared at him with her narrowed old eyes as she said with a laconic sharpness of speech:

"Yen't Sis' Martha er good girl?"

"Tow be sure, Sis' Mame," he replied. "Da bes'."

"Yen't she pretty?"

"Yas, dat 's so, Sis' Mame."

"Yen't she er kin' heaht?"

"Dat 's so, Sis' Mame, jus' lak yo' say."

"Well?" She looked him over with well-simulated scorn. "Den what yo' want? Er queen? Yen't she good ernough faw yo', huh?"

He did not answer, and glancing at his face more keenly, she realized that he had not heard. He was slowly rocking on his feet; his face had the blue, pinched look of intense cold. As he weakly passed his hand across his eyes as though to brush away some obscuring mist, he lurched forward, caught himself, and again stood rocking on his feet.

"Ah 'm col'," he said thickly. "Whah 's da do'? Ah cyan't see it. What 's da matter with me, Sis' Mame?"

Sis' Mame had sprung to his side, and, leading him toward a pallet, pushed him gently down. In utter collapse he sank back in a huddled heap. Sis' Mame ran to the door, calling for help.

In the days that followed she poured out her strength for him as a mother over her child. She never left him; she slept only in brief moments as she watched by his side; and when on the third day of the fever Sis' Martha, wild with apprehension and grief, dragged herself from her own sick bed to Jude's side, Sis' Mame brutally hushed her wailing and set her to work—she set her to work on a white shroud.

It was finished at twilight, and as Sis' Mame took it from the girl she walked to the door and gazed down the valley to the roadstead. The long strip of beach under the fringing cocoa-palms gleamed duskily white in the darkening world. A little gleam of her old-time mischief came into her eyes, and she went back to Sis' Martha.

"He 'll go out with da fallin' tide," she whispered. "Funny how it draws da breaf o' life outen er man!" She took the weeping girl by the arm, and, lifting her to her feet, gently led her to the door. "Go home, chile, an' res'," she commanded. "Yo' yen't fitten tow stay here. Bumby yo' kin come back."

Too weak to resist, Sis' Martha went away, and Sis' Mame softly closed the door behind her.

An hour later, as Sis' Martha went down through Love-Lady Court, returning to Sis' Mame's, the desolation of her heart seemed to shadow her whole little world. Here and there in the open square still smoldered brushwood fires that had been lighted as a preventive against the spread of the fever. Even before she reached Sis' Mame's house she was aware of what had taken place, for two men with spades over their shoulders came out of the gate and hurried away, and as she quickened her pace, a little group that stood back from the door, with eyes intently directed within, stepped silently back and gazed at her curiously. At the door she paused, and with a little moan clutched at her fast-beating heart, for Jude had passed.

He lay on the pallet in the strange majesty of death, clothed in the white shroud that she had made; and even in the first shock of her grief she was not without a certain gratified pride in the mean little pomp and peculiar distinction it gave; for in that dread period of the plague the dead were hurried to their

hasty burials with little thought for ceremony. Sis' Mame had placed a candle at his head and feet, and in their flickering flames Sis' Martha saw that his deeply shadowed face, with its sunken cheeks and fallen jaw, had already taken on a strange, mysterious unreality. His eyes were closed, and weighted down with large copper pennies. Now, at her stifled moan, Sis' Mame, crouching on the floor in the middle of the room, turned sharply, and, seeing Sis' Martha, rose, and, not without dignity, led her into the house.

"He done pass, lak Ah said he 'd pass, with da tide," she said sadly. "But come erlong in; yo' place is heeh, chile. We cyan't hab him long; Buddy Joe an' Jim Fawns hab gone tow dig er grabe."

The girl sat down near the door, with restlessly roving eyes. She longed to slip away, for the unreasoning repulsion for the physical aspects of death moved her strongly. Sis' Mame, with her hand on the girl's shoulder, gazed at Jude with an eagerly expectant look. But suddenly the girl wrenched herself from Sis' Mame's tense grasp, and rose to her feet.

"Ah cyan't stay, Sis' Mame," she faltered; "Ah 's afraid."

"Yo' wait," commanded Sis' Mame, sharply. "Yen't yo' got no last manners tow da dade?"

And Jude heard. The weighting pennies dropped from his eyes as he opened them and gazed dumbly up into Sis' Martha's face, now suddenly stiffened in a terrifying wonder. Then he saw the trappings of death and Sis' Mame bending over him. A quick fear shook him.

"Has Ah been dade, Sis' Mame?" he asked in a shaking voice.

"Yas, boy," she said glibly. "Yo' done pass' out with da tide, but da Lawd done tu'n yo' back faw Sis' Martha." She caught up a damp cloth and bathed his face; but when at last she turned away, she glanced at the cloth slyly. It was covered with the gray ash of burned wood. With a smile of grim humor, she dropped the cloth in her smoldering brazier.

Sis' Martha and Jude had not stirred: the shadow of death lay between them. For Sis' Martha it would always lie between them. She would see it henceforth in his eyes; she would feel its uncanny presence brooding over her, chilling her heart, when she stood by his side. With a shudder, she moved softly toward the door.

Sis' Mame sharply called her, but she hurried away. Jude seemed not to notice.

"Ah 's been down in da Valley o' da Shader, Sis' Mame, but Ah did n' find Lyde," he said in a broken voice. "Seems lak Ah 'd find her in da worl' yet."

"Seems so," Sis' Mame said soothingly.

He rapidly grew better, and three days later he crept to the door and sat down on the sill, basking contentedly in the warm sun. The fever was dying out in the island, and the dwellers in Love-Lady Court were repairing their wrecked homes. The pleasant sound of bustling activity came to his ears, and once he heard the laugh of a woman. Life was again picking up its dropped threads.

Suddenly there fell a hush, and then there came a confused murmur of excited voices. He heard the sound of many running feet, and Sis' Mame hurried to the door, standing above him. He never knew why, but he dropped his face in his trembling hands and sat waiting. He heard Sis' Mame gasp, and a light footfall approach on the path, and then loving arms caught him and a warm cheek was pressed to his own.

"Is it yo', honey chile?" he whispered brokenly. "Is it yo'? Somehow Ah dass n't look up. Ah 's afraid."

It was Lyde. Carried out to sea with the wreckage of a sugar-house, she had been caught on the roof, and two days later had been picked up by a steamer and taken to St. Vincent, coming home at last in a small trading-schooner.

"Ah looked and looked and looked, but Ah did n' find yo', honey," he said later. "And Ah looked beyond da grabe."

"Ah 'd 'a' found yo' deir if yo' had n't come back," she said, with the faith of great love.

"Ah reckons dat 's so," he replied.

SHAVIAN RELIGION

BY THE REV. P. GAVAN DUFFY

IT will be admitted that it involves some degree of real venture to write on the subject of religion in connection with so startling a personality as Mr. Bernard Shaw. Quite apart from the withering sarcasm such a course might bring from the great man himself, provided one were sufficiently known to merit even his scorn, the attempt to show anything constructive in his attitude to religion is sure to invite protest from those we commonly speak of as the religious-minded. For with the great mass of the orthodox and the nominally orthodox, the terms Shaw and religion have all the sharp emphasis of contradiction. Leaving out those who unhesitatingly declare him positively irreligious and a menace to the morals and established proprieties of Christian orthodoxy, he is viewed in turn as a Schopenhauer pessimist, a Nietzschian disciple, a spiritual iconoclast, a man who, for the sheer fun of the thing, revels in shattering Christian ideals into tiny fragments.

Many have written and spoken of the destructive side of Mr. Shaw's religious philosophy. Therefore, to urge now the possibility of seeing anything constructive will no doubt be regarded as an impudent assumption to interpret the Shavian paradoxes, which, we are told, not only are incapable of interpretation, having none, but which both pall upon and bore the average among intellectual people to-day. For this seems to be the latest attitude of those whose peace Shaw disturbs. People who look at life in a serious way, remarked the London "Times" recently, are "bored with his fireworks, find his jests puerile, his paradoxes mechanical and monotonous, and his vivacity a cover for loose reasoning." All of which must be hugely amusing to Mr. Shaw, who insists that the ponderous seriousness of the Englishman is to be measured by degrees in stupidity, out of which unhappy condition he is trying to shock him.

The fact is, Shaw is still a hopeless enigma to the general public, a personal problem defying solution, an evasive, though brilliant, intellect that mystifies by striking for and against every subject he discusses. Dr. Neville Figgis, himself a high Anglican, in his lecture on Shaw at Columbia University two years ago, both prefaced and closed his remarks with a statement intended to explain the riddle of the man. Said he, "Mr. Shaw was born a north of Ireland Protestant." Much as this might, and undoubtedly does, mean to the mind of a very English priest of the Church of England, it probably serves only to heighten the marvel in the minds of Shaw's sometime fellow-religionists.

SHAW'S SERIOUS PURPOSE

ONE thing is at least certain, and that is that we cannot dismiss Shaw in these curt or light-hearted ways; for he refuses to be dismissed. Let the conscience of modern religion scream as it may, he sits only the tighter on its shoulders after the manner of the Old Man of the Sea in "Sindbad the Sailor." Frankly, we must bring something more to bear than sorely offended prejudices and outraged conventionalities, whether religious or social, on the one hand; and, on the other, rid ourselves of the affectation that pretends to see in Shaw merely the jester in cap and bells, if we are to arrive at any true estimate of his relation to modern religion.

It is only after this manner that we begin to perceive, under the scourge of irony, the play of paradox, the apparently destructive wit, the unrivaled sarcasm—all of which are simply regarded as negation and iconoclasm by the merely superficial reader, the deadly earnestness and serious purpose of the man. This particularly applies when Shaw is assailing the purely conventional in religion, and the conduct that grows out of it. He shows us empty deceits and shams which, masquerading under the disguise of Christianity, only too often represent the antithesis

of both precept and example of the Founder of Christianity. And it is only to be expected that this should hurt. The Anglo-Saxon hates to be undeceived about himself, and this is specially true where his religious prejudices are concerned. It is not too much to say that only too often the Englishman's notion of Christian ethics is a private interpretation of the church catechism which he learned as a child. He sees those ethics applied in the conduct and method of the English Government, and, to use a Shavian expression, is convinced of the splendid British patriotism of England's God. And this in no light way, but with the mingled, massive seriousness and emotional sentiment Shaw so mercilessly flays in his preface to "John Bull's Other Island."

It would be unfair, of course, to assume that Mr. Shaw singles England out as being conspicuously stupid and blinded by its own self-deceit. Most nations are wedded to their own conceptions, in things secular and religious, as being a reflection of the divine wisdom, and are still imbued with the notion of a tribal or national God. Only, happily for what he considers their ultimate good, unhappily for their present and offended feelings, this prophet, who lashes with his pen and lifts up his voice and spares not, is hopelessly convinced of his mission being specially to the English people.

SHAW'S PROPHETIC OFFICE

MANY will indignantly protest at Shaw being numbered among the prophets, except it be the false prophets; nevertheless, there can be little doubt that he is exercising a prophetic office. And part of that office has ever been to shock peoples and nations into wakeful thought by giving a certain apparent overemphasis to errors and corruptions that cry to heaven for reform. One ventures to suggest the unwisdom of the common habit of forming too hasty an opinion of Shaw's real attitude to the fundamentals of Christian dogma by what appears simply on the surface in his published writings. His unhesitatingly expressed repugnance for "Crossianity," and his seemingly disrespectful reference to the Trinity, may have had their root originally in a protest against the gross views of the atonement which have prevailed, and still prevail to a large extent, and the unpardonable tritheism of the vast numbers who imagine they are simply Trinitarians. Whether this be so or not, again and again one sees a wonderful comprehension of the Christian ethic and the potentialities of Christian prayer and practice. Some of his creations, even when they are spoken of to be treated lightly afterward, suggest a revelation yet to come of an inner Shaw. One cannot speak of the religious emotions, faith, and hope of a *Major Barbara,* as she appears in the earlier part of the play, or of the Christian fortitude and unconquerable spirit of a *Jenny Hill,* simply as the result of mere observation. To create such characters, and specially the religious phases of such characters, the creator must be able to breathe into them his own breath of life. They must express what he in some very real, if small, measure has experienced in himself. And simply to judge the man irreligious, and fly to hasty conclusions, when he shows us the material triumphing over the spiritual, is not only to show that we forget this, but fail to see the protest at prevailing conditions. For if the shock awakens us to the point of thinking, we are forced to realize that what has been mirrored before us is not theory, but fact; not what ought to be, but what is; not what might be, but what religious people are content to let be. And it is in such seemingly destructive work that we find a constructive value. In the complete failure of the spiritual while allied with worldly compromise, we see the potentialities of the way that is uncompromising. In other words, he shows us how to achieve spiritually by placing before us the way not to achieve, which is consciously or unconsciously the path many of us take.

It has always been a difficult task for humanity to face facts, and it is extremely unpleasant to be compelled to see the inside of things through spectacles like the magic ones of the literary creation of Mr. Harris, which pierce through the form to the spirit. And it is because Mr. Shaw is so insistent that we shall see things as they really are that is largely responsible for the attitude of mind that regards him as a menace to religion and morals. The instinctive desire is to retaliate; smarting under the sting of the cold, relentless facts

he reveals, men are prone to say, "This man blasphemeth." Obviously this is a spirit that loses the lesson as well as the true sense of proportion; invariably it throws fairness of judgment to the winds, and out of offended prejudices puts the period of finality after certain Shavian strictures on modern religion, and writes the author down as irretrievably irreligious.

THE NECESSITY OF EXTRAVAGANCE IN A PROPHET

WHAT we fail to do, especially the religious-minded, perhaps, is to see the almost necessary place of overemphasis, one-sidedness, or even extravagance in the utterances of a prophet. Signor Martinetti has recently revealed to us, much to the chagrin of those who affected perceptive understanding and appreciation, no doubt, that the Futurist extravagances were simply the first necessary step of awakening people to the need and way of advance, to shock them out of a rut that confined them only with the past. In this we see again the place and purpose of the prophetic office. In art, poetry, and religion we must be brought to realize that the golden age lies before and not behind us; that progression belongs to these just as really as we see the evidence of progress in ethical concept. This always means a certain iconoclasm, a breaking of traditions and conventions which are the inheritance of the past, a destruction of certain things with which we are content because we know none better. Consequently, the sound of the prophet's ax always conveys to most of us the idea of destruction. But time invariably shows that what has been destroyed is not what really counts in the past, but the scaffolding which our forefathers erected, and which, instead of pulling down, we have mistakenly regarded as a part of their lasting structure. It is hard for a certain type of the religious mind to grasp the elemental fact that one can break the conventions and keep the commandments.

Now, Mr. Shaw has been breaking the conventions, at least with his pen, for some time, and most of them are very cherished ones. He has been exposing shams and hypocrisies that have deluded the unthinking; he has been undressing idols that we have named Justice, Firmness, Resignation, Love, to mention only a few, and when stripped of their clothing, he has pointed to the canker spots of self-interest. It is not so much that humanity is consciously self-deceived that he plies the lash, but that it remains unaware of its self-deceit by reason of the dearth of thinking and its inordinate love for conventional traditionalism. So he cuts down to our rather pharisaic division of society into the good and the bad, and frankly reminds us that all men are both potential scoundrels and potential good citizens; just as many of our morals, in the possession of which over others we glory, are mostly social habits and circumstantial necessities. Thus, he disturbs our treasured peace and self-complacency, troubles the waters of mere contentment with things as they are, beats down the walls of convention, and shatters the ideals of self-delusion by baring the motives. And this is essentially the work of the prophet; he is preëminently and historically a disturber of the peace.

Of course Mr. Shaw is extravagant and excessive in some of his message; most prophets have been extravagant and excessive. Of course Mr. Shaw errs; all prophets have erred. Angered by religious deceits and moral humbug, he at times, with what seems to be a keen cynical pleasure, flouts truths which are fundamental to the Christian revelation. One does not seek to defend him here. One sees where indignation loses all restraint; where, irritated beyond further endurance, reservation is flung to the winds, when, beholding the religious moralist professing the truth and practising the corruption, he replies by attacking the corruption under the imagery of its truth. This is to be deplored. Yet far greater prophets have lost their tempers and sadly erred; but because the prophet errs, it does not follow the prophet is false. There is a vast distinction between a false prophet and one who prophesies falsely. The latter may be a wholly sincere man in error; the former, directly the contrary, even when, like the false Balaam, he prophesies the truth. We do not mark this difference as generally as we should.

But, after all, it is the dull, negative virtues of respectability and the practice of religious morals, rather than dogma,

that Mr. Shaw is chiefly concerned with. He insists that men shall no longer delude themselves and others by preaching and professing what they inwardly regard as impracticable sentiment simply because this attitude works to their personal advantage. For example, one can only admire the fearless candor of his position on the question of poverty. Mr. Shaw scorns poverty; he has no good word to say about it. "The evil to be attacked," he writes in his "First Aid to Critics," "is not sin, suffering, greed, priestcraft, kingcraft, demagogy, monopoly, ignorance, drink, war, pestilence, nor any of the other scapegoats which reformers sacrifice, but simply poverty." And he shows us an undeniable side of human nature when he asserts that, no matter how lacking in intellect, observation, or intelligence a man may be, "he always prefers five hundred pounds to five hundred shillings." This, he maintains, is the universal want, and to "teach children that it is sinful to desire money is to strain toward the extreme possible limits of impudence in lying and corruption in hypocrisy."

HIS WAR AGAINST CHRISTIAN THEORY AND PRACTICE

HERE he is not simply expressing his own conviction, but taking sharp issue not so much with Christ's teaching as with Christian theory and practice. He skilfully draws the outline of a picture for the thinking and observing to fill in. The governing influence in organized religion has been, and is, teaching contentment and resignation to the victims of present poverty and inadequate wages, while depending for its support upon the rich offerings of the financially powerful. It proclaims the blessedness of being poor, and then moves heaven and earth to obtain money from the wealthy in order that it may continue to assure the sweated slaves that, subject to their resignation, they will enjoy a glorious and inexpensive reward hereafter. And whether we agree with this view of Mr. Shaw wholly or in part or not at all, we cannot be blind to the glaring inconsistency of profession and practice. Undeniably, even if unconsciously, we have fallen into the vicious habit of estimating the value of spiritual leadership in terms of money; that is, we are more than prone to judge the value of the leader from the amount of his stipend, and measure our esteem by his distance from poverty. There is no escape from the point that, if poverty is the blessing—that is, happiness—it is taught to be, it is amazing that not only are so many willing and anxious to embrace unhappiness, but the clergy themselves as a body accept the blessing only when there is no loophole of escape from it. It is true to say, despite religious pretension, that fear of present poverty is far more potent than that of a future hell.

Now, it is out of the ruins of shallow pretense that the promise of construction rises. The very consistency of the Shavian point of view is the striking background against which religious inconsistency stands out sharply. The realization of this must lead to revision of opinion. Unquestionably, poverty, as we know it to-day, with its misery, want, dirt, vice, and crime, is the prolific mother of great evils. Yet there was a wholly different poverty known to the early Christians. They knew it not as a weakness, but as a power, and out of it conquered mighty empires and subdued the world. They called it Christ's poverty, and its synonym was sufficiency. In conjunction with faith, it assured against want, where modern poverty necessitates it. Were this an essay in apologetics, which it is not, it might be possible to illuminate the distinction and the causes which produced such different effects—the difference between a blessing and a curse. But enough has been said to make it evident that the power to transmute poverty from worldly want to certainty of provision was a secret of the potentialities of faith possessed by the early Christians that we modern ones have almost wholly lost, though not beyond the hope of recovery. The only alternative is to accept the evidence of our senses and line up with the Shavian mental attitude to the world's scourge. For, quite clearly, poverty is either a blessing or a curse; it cannot be both at the same time.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SHAMS A HELP TO SPIRITUAL GROWTH

THE writer is not suggesting that Mr. Shaw would recognize any such distinction as he has pointed out, or hear of any

such thing as a lost secret or a lost power without pouring ridicule upon it. The facts of history, however, are undeniable, and the day when organized religion shall set out to recover spiritual power that can be cashed in the world for man's necessities is hastened by the Shavian candor and destruction of present pious shams. We are free to line up with either point of view, Mr. Shaw's or the growing one which has been hinted at. Both may be entirely sincere, and are sincere. But, in Heaven's name, let us give up the religious humbug of present compromise, which prates of the blessing of poverty as we know it, while secretly beseeching the mercy of the Almighty to protect us from it!

To be helped to this point is an evidence of construction. The shattering of every sham has a constructive value; it is inherent in every blow that destroys respectable hypocrisies. Moreover, we are indebted to a frankness that dares to express what numbers have thought and feared to express. One of the great ends of all religions has been to know oneself, and Mr. Shaw helps us to that end in such a way as to suggest his own prior unrelenting pursuit of knowledge of himself. And that inevitably destroys the pharisaic danger, and involves a witness to the truth, which is the opposite pole of irreligion.

That the Shavian course should invite condemnation from conservatively religious society is not to be wondered at. Organized religion has ever been intolerant of rebuke, because so conspicuously blinded to its own shortcomings. And it is so involved to-day, with its operations dependent upon a financial basis, that it is not strange that it faults him when he writes so candidly of poverty in relation to religious profession and practice. Nevertheless, clearly from his point of view, the louder the voice of condemnation is raised, the greater the measure of the success of his mission. If, as has been contended, his purpose is to shock self-complacency and self-gratulation into wakeful thought and reform, there is abundant evidence that he has by no means failed.

In this necessarily limited discussion of the Shavian attitude to religion and religious morals, of course one can touch upon the salient, but typical, points of issue. Not that the quarrel is generally so much with the fundamental of the moral itself, but with the modern interpretation placed upon it by religious people.

Perhaps his most recent controversy—that with the Bishop of Kensington concerning the morality of present-day plays and vaudeville—gives us the best and latest insight into his position. His argument, so far from being irrelevant, as some would suggest, demonstrates the strength of his ethical point of view when he protests against the familiar attempt of religious bodies to enlist the arm of Cæsar in the enforcing of its morals. The theater and the music-hall, beyond doubt, have their evils, and there is such an undeniable unwholesomeness in all too many of our plays and "turns" that decent-minded people cannot help but deplore with the bishop a sad state of affairs. But quite clearly, if we are to be governed from the point of view of Christian ethics, we cannot follow to the extreme position the Bishop of Kensington takes in advocating legal suppression. It is Christianity's duty to persuade and win, but never to coerce; and the one way in which *not* to eliminate the evils is to have recourse to coercion.

THE WORLD'S INDIFFERENCE TO RELIGION

THE present world-wide indifference to religion is the most telling witness to the evil of the coercive principle as it has been employed by organized Christianity in the past, for it is the logical and inevitable result of that course. Now, the one hopeful thing in the modern rush for sensation and questionable entertainment is its revelation of a pathetic spiritual hunger, and this cannot be stayed by the husks the world offers. The one way above all others, however, to defeat or postpone indefinitely the promised reaction to spiritual revival is the purely vain and hopeless method of appealing to the state to enforce Christian morality by coercion. It is to forget the simple elemental truth that force has no place in the sphere of Christian morals, and that the suppression of the evil play in no way affects the public demand that alone gave it birth.

Thus, when Mr. Shaw crosses pens with the London prelate, the fact remains that in protesting the introduction of co-

ercion he is nearer the Christian ethic than the bishop himself. For if one thing is certain before another, it is that in the warfare of Christianity with evil its one weapon is its own power of attraction; and if, as seems to be the case to-day, the battle is going against it, the fault lies in its having lost, or in neglecting to use, that weapon. It is probably the pitiable blindness to this that condemns Shaw's attitude in the controversy as irreligious and destructive to the moral foundations of society. But the reflective person will not fail to see a constructive value in his position, and a distinct contribution to moral and religious ends.

As a matter of fact, when Mr. Shaw insists that the churchman's will shall not be imposed upon the wills of those who reject the churchman's point of view, he is not merely contending for the holy principle of fair play, but defending one of the fundamental ethics of Christianity. On the other hand, the growing habit of religious appeal to the police for the enforcement of Christian morals proclaims, as nothing else can proclaim, the weakness of modern religion. It is the admission that it has lost its spiritual force and power to overcome evil, and is brought to the pitiable point of putting its trust in force that is purely physical. In the teaching of this by implication, the rebuke of Mr. Shaw is to be commended as a wholesome contribution to the recovery of a lost concept of Christian ethics.

THE TIMID SPIRIT OF MODERN RELIGION

To draw the sword is to invite the sword. Therefore one is not surprised at the Shavian thrust that, if the bishop would put an embargo on evil plays, why not on evil sermons, which are far more numerous and have been responsible for far greater evils. Of course this is to awaken prejudice on the score of disrespect, but just why ecclesiastics should be entitled to any special privilege against frank reply has never been made very clear. And the cold, striking fact does remain that in the evil sermon, the many forms of which cannot be enumerated here, we have a menace to society's welfare which is not as plainly recognized today as it should be. Apart from the horrors history shows it as responsible for, and its bigotry and errors of teaching that are not altogether uncommon to-day, the preacher who is dominated by the interests of self in his sermons is a poisonous influence in things social and religious. The cowardly sermon, which carefully avoids the denunciation of avarice and other spiritual vices of powerful respectability, and simply pillories the more obvious fleshly ones of the victims of men's greed, forced into sin-inducing social and economic conditions, is such a base act of treachery to God and man as to make the voluptuous play almost a virtue in comparison. Surely the Shavian candor that recognizes that fact, and the Shavian courage that as frankly states it, call for the respect and not the condemnation of those who have any true conception of the meaning and the mission of Christianity. It is not playing fair to try to smother a candid revelation of facts as they really are, after the manner of the English religious press awakened to wrath, simply because they are clothed in what is not an orthodox garb.

The fact is, the ethics of Christ's Christianity have a habit of rising up and taking sharp issue with much of the practice of modern Christianity. In an age when men will gladly move along the line of least resistance rather than be guilty of thinking, it is not surprising that an inherited corruption of a laudable practice should be mistaken for the practice itself. Mr. Shaw is far too clever a man to mistake the shadow for the substance, and it is what religious convention misses that becomes in his hand the scourge wherewith to chastise it. Consequently, we often misjudge him for his assaults on what we consider vital because he attacks what measure of corruption we have labeled as the truth. Whereas the error lies in our misplacing of the label, and, possibly, in a certain cynical pleasure with which Mr. Shaw insists on the label being kept intact during the assault.

This, together with a total disregard for people's opinions of him, leaves Shaw content to be held up as a menace, and perhaps encourages him, by way of retaliation, in a too familiar handling of some of the fundamental mysteries of the Christian revelation that we are obliged to express in dogmatic terms. One deplores this, and all that flouts the feelings of the

truly religious. But the desire to sting is a very human quality, even at the cost of the inner consciousness of unfairness. Therefore it is to be questioned whether we are to take certain light dismissals of dogmatic truth at the face-value of the words with which they are dismissed. Moreover, we cannot place the period of finality after such Shavian expressions which we fault, or seek to interpret them without some sympathetic attempt to know as much of the inner man as he rather grudgingly reveals. The point remains, however, that in taking not phases of thought, but what is expressed on the whole, we are, therefore, in Mr. Shaw's debt from the moral and religious point of view.

Now, what has been written is not offered as a Shavian defense, but what the spirit of fair play prompts to the point of recognition of what he has contributed to religion in his insistence upon true values by his method of subtle contrasts, implication, and assertion. It is an attempt to form a truer religious estimate of a man who is so singularly gifted and prepared as to need no other defense than his own. The courage that can stand undismayed amid the hurling of epithets—jester, egotist, pessimist, atheist—and give us a conception of greatness in characters that only thinly disguise his own conception of himself, and, with winning results, introduce us to a Cæsar of Shavian voice and Shavian soul as a veritable self-interpretation, is a courage that, whatever else we may think about it, is seen to be rooted in a masterly capability and a knowledge of a fundamentally unchanging human nature. Of course it shocks us; our breath is taken away by what would be termed in most men colossal impudence. But we are unjust if we deny sincerity by calling it egotism. Shaw more than fills the measure laid down by Schopenhauer where man can rise above the conventional conception of modesty—that is, the consciousness of unusual power in himself and the possession of great talent. Genius cannot be blind to itself and its powers, and that which affects a mincing modesty is a genius plus insincerity, which is not genius at all. We have no valid reason for questioning Mr. Shaw's sincerity.

It is when we probe beneath the surface, in so far as we aim to be fair, even though we cannot wholly indorse, that we perceive moral purpose. It is not satire for satire's sake; it is not destruction for destruction's sake; it is not irreligion assailing religion, but the prophetic expression of the paradox that destroys to build up. We have talked all too long of the destructiveness of Mr. Shaw, just as we have assumed all too readily that he has revealed all there is to reveal of himself. And in all the talking and judging of the man from the point of view of our own destructive criticism, we have overlooked the debt we are under to him in his clever, if rude at times, awakening of the religious conscience to the pettiness of shams and deceits and all the smallness that will creep into our lives and hinder the cause we presumably and confessedly have at heart. Mr. Shaw has made a valuable contribution to the welfare of religion, and perhaps in no particular better than in the means he has afforded us of more generally reviving a commonly neglected religious practice and duty, in furnishing us with his most excellent and up-to-date books of self-examination.

MENACE

BY GEORGE STERLING

SAID the sea: "The mountains stand
Far and mighty. Rise, O wind!
On their summits you shall find
Chords to master, harps to cry mine ancient message to the land."

Woke the sea-wind swift and strong,
Lifting pinions broad and sure
Where untrodden sands lay pure,
Hurling eastward in his passion with the undelivered song.

Then upon the scornful height
Rose his bidden voice divine
From the organ-breasted pine,
Singing of his master's empire and his slow and patient might.

"He will come, O shafts of stone!
Granite ramparts, he will come!
In a little I am dumb,
But my captain's purpose fails not, though his ends remain unknown.

"Like a mist the pines shall pass;
For the seasons of the rock
Are but seconds of Time's clock,
And the towers you lift shall vanish like a shadow on the grass.

"You shall crumble slowly down
With the rain at chink and flaw;
At your throne a worm will gnaw,
And the truceless deep, advancing, will reach upward for your crown.

"Though the time be far away,
He is patient, he is vast,
And the year shall come at last
When his waves on gulfs uncharted roll between you and the day."

Then the song and sigh were done,
And the messenger fell dead
Where the eagle's young are fed,
And at bay the stubborn mountains gaze in silence on the sun.

By permission of Hachette et Cie, Paris

A REGIMENT OF FRENCH SOLDIERS
FROM A SHADOW PICTURE BY R. DE LA NÉZIÈRE

THE FORERUNNER OF THE MOVIES

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

A CLEVER woman, recently desiring to express her acute disgust at the inconsistencies of our latter-day civilization, spoke contemptuously of "this so-called twentieth century of ours." And perhaps we are justified in the inference that she did not think that this century was very much better than any other century. Now, we must admit that the world did not turn over a new leaf with the end of the year 1900 and that the seasons still follow each other with monotonous regularity. Yet there are improvements here and there to be noted by the observant; and the more observant we are, the more likely are we to discover that many of the things we proudly vaunt as new are closely akin to other things familiar to our forebears. In fact, it is one of the characteristics of this so-called twentieth century to seize on an old device and to utilize it afresh in a most unexpected manner. What is so up-to-date, for example, as the cinematograph or kinetoscope which projects our moving pictures? And what is so out of date as that discarded toy the zoëtrope? And yet the scientific principle underlying the biograph is the identical one upon which the zoëtrope was also based.

We have all seen performers cast the shadows of their hands upon an illuminated screen to imitate the heads of men and of beasts. And on rainy evenings in country houses some of us have moved in front of a lamp and thrown our own profiles upon a suspended sheet. This latter device was ingeniously employed by Mr. Barrie with humorous effect in the final act of the "Professor's Love-Story," when one of the characters sees the black profiles of other characters projected sharply on the drawn shade of the window before which he stands.

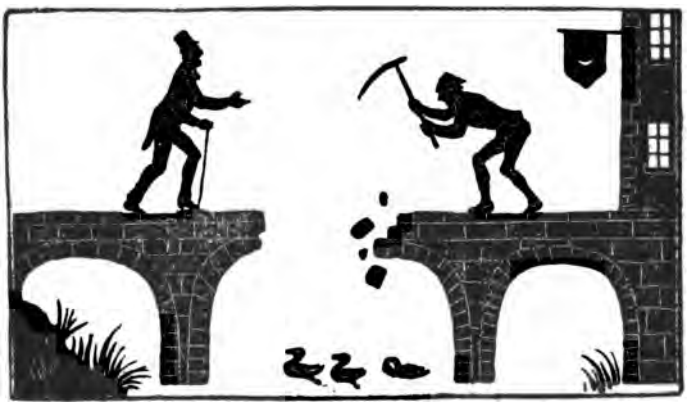
And in the toy-shops the parents of ingenious children can find a box containing directions and materials for a more elaborate exhibition of shadow-pantomimes, whereby little plays can be performed by cardboard figures set before a lamp and behind translucent paper. Nothing could be simpler or seemingly more juvenile, and

yet in the years that immediately preceded this so-called nineteenth century of ours, this childish toy was taken over and improved by a group of progressive French artists, who raised it almost to the level of a fine art. In France the primitive entertainment was entitled Chinese shadows, *ombres chinoises;* and it was Caran d'Ache who transformed them into French shadows, *ombres françaises.*

In France these "Chinese shadows" have been popular for now more than a hundred years, since it was in the eighteenth century that the performer who took the name of Séraphin established his little theater and won the favor of the younger members of the royal family by his presentation of the alluring spectacle, the rudimentary little piece, still popular with children and still known by its original title, "The Broken Bridge."

It may not be fanciful to infer that the immediate suggestion for this spectacle was derived from the contemporary vogue of the silhouette itself, this portrait in flat black taking the name from a Frenchman who was minister of finance in 1759. At all events, it was in 1770 that Séraphin began to amuse the children of Paris, and it was more than a century thereafter that Lemercier de Neuville elaborated his ingeniously articulated *pupazzi noirs.* It was a little later still that Caran d'Ache delighted the more sophisticated children of a larger growth who were wont to assemble at the Chat Noir with the striking series of military silhouettes resuscitating the mighty Napoleonic epic. And it was at the Chat Noir again that Rivière revealed the further possibilities latent in shadow-pantomime and to be developed by the aid of colored backgrounds supplied by a magic lantern. Restricted as the sphere of the shadow-pantomime may seem to be, the native artistic impulse of the French has been rarely better disclosed than by their surprising elaboration of a form of amusement seemingly fitted only to charm the infant mind into an entertainment satisfactory to the richly developed esthetic sense of mature Parisian playgoers. Just as the rustic revels of remote villagers contained the germ out of which the Greeks were able to develop their austere and elevating tragedy, and just as the modern drama was evolved in the course of centuries out of the medieval mysteries, one source of which we may discover in the infant Christ in the cradle still displayed at Christmas-tide in Christian churches throughout the world, so the simple Chinese shadows of Séraphin supplied the root on which Parisian artists were able to graft their ingenious improvements.

The little spectacle proffered originally by Séraphin was frankly infantile in its appeal, and "The Broken Bridge" is as plainly adjusted to the simple likings of the child as is the lamentable tragedy of Punch and Judy or the puppet-show in which Polichinelle exhibits his hump and his terpsichorean agility. The two arms of the broken bridge arch over a little stream, but fail to meet in the center. A flock of ducks crosses leisurely from one bank to the other. A laborer appears on the right-hand fragment of the bridge and begins to swing his pick to loosen stones at



"THE BROKEN BRIDGE"

By permission of E. Flammarion, Paris

THE SPHINX I: PHARAOH PASSING IN TRIUMPH

FROM THE SHADOW PICTURE BY AMÍDÉE VIGNOLA

the end, and these fragments are then seen to fall into the water. The figure of the workman is articulated—or at least one arm is—on a separate piece and moves on a pivot, so that a hidden string can raise the pick and let it fall. The laborer sings at his work, and in France he indulges in the traditional lyric about the Bridge of Avignon, where everybody dances in a circle. Then a traveler appears on the left-hand end of the bridge. He hails the laborer, who is hard of hearing, but who finally asks him what he wants. The traveler explains that he wishes to cross, and asks how he can do this. The laborer keeps on picking away, and sings that "the ducks and the geese they all swim over." The irritated traveler then asks how far it is across, and the laborer again sings, this time to the effect that "when you 're in the middle you 're half-way over." Then the traveler inquires how deep the stream may be, and he gets the exasperating response, still sung, that if he will only throw in a stone, he 'll soon find the bottom. This dialogue bears an obvious resemblance to that traditionally associated with the tune of the "Arkansaw Traveler."

Then a boatman appears, rowing his little skiff, his backbone pivoted so that his body can move to and fro. The traveler makes a bargain with him, and is taken across after many misadventures, one of them with a crocodile, which opens its jaws and threatens to engulf the boat, this amphibious beast having been a recent addition to the original playlet, and probably borrowed from the green monster not long ago added to the group of Punch-and-Judy figures. The exciting conclusion of this entrancing spectacle displays a most moral application of the principle of poetic justice. The ill-natured laborer advances too far out on his edge of the broken bridge and detaches a large fragment. As this tumbles into the water, he loses his footing and falls forward himself, only to be instantly devoured by the crocodile, which disappears with his unexpected

By permission of E. Flammarion, Paris

THE SPHINX II: MOSES LEADING HIS PEOPLE OUT OF EGYPT

FROM A SHADOW PICTURE BY AMÉDÉE VIGNOLA

prey, whereupon the placid ducks and geese again swim over, and the curtain falls.

There are a score of other little plays like "The Broken Bridge" adroitly adjusted to the caliber of the juvenile mind. In an English collection may be found a piece representing a succession of appalling episodes supposed to take place in a haunted house; and in a French manual for the use of youthful amateurs may be discovered a rudimentary version of Molière's "Imaginary Invalid" to be performed by silhouettes with articulated limbs. Here again we perceive the inaccuracy of the term "shadow-pantomime," since most of the figures are not articulated, and, being motionless, are deprived of the freedom of gesture which is the essential element of true pantomime. Moreover, they are all made to take part in various dialogues, and this again is a negation of the fundamental principle of pantomime, which ought to be wordless. Here the French term "Chinese shadows" is more exact and less limiting than the English "shadow-pantomime." It is perhaps a pity that the old-fashioned term "gallanty-show" has not won a wider acceptance in English.

The little pieces due to Séraphin and his humble followers in France and England, devised to amuse children only, were simple enough in plot, and yet they were sufficient to suggest to admirers of this unpretending form of theatrical art plays of a more imposing proportion. M. Paul Eudel, the art critic, has published an amply illustrated volume in which he collected the fairy pieces and the more spectacular melodramas composed by his grandfather in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, in the dark days that preceded Waterloo. And in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, in the dark days that preceded Sédan, M. Lemercier de Neuville, relinquishing for a while the Punch-and-Judy puppets which he called *pupazzi* and which he had exhibited in a succession of gentle caricatures

By permission of E. Flammarion, Paris

THE SPHINX III: ROMAN WARRIORS IN EGYPT

FROM A SHADOW PICTURE BY AMÉDÉE VIGNOLA

of Parisian personalities with a mildly Aristophanic flavor of contemporary satire, turned to the familiar Chinese shadows of his childhood and devised what he called his *pupazzi noirs,* animated shadows. He has issued also a collection of these little pieces with a full explanation of the method of performance, and with half a hundred illustrations, revealing all the secrets of manœuvering the little figures. Indeed, Lemercier de Neuville's manual is the most ample which has yet appeared; and it is the most interesting in that he was at once his own playwright, his own designer of figures, and his own performer.

As the grandfather of M. Eudel had been more ambitious than Séraphin, so Lemercier de Neuville was more ambitious than the elder Eudel. And yet his procedure was precisely that of his predecessors, and he did not in any way modify the principles of the art. All he did was to elaborate the performance by the use of more scenery, of more spectacular effects, and of more numerous characters. He introduced a company of Spanish dancers, for example; and he did not hesitate to throw on his screen the sable and serrated profile of a long line of ballet-dancers. He followed Eudel in arranging a procession of animals, rivaling a circus-parade, many of them being articulated so that they could make the appropriate movements of their jaws and their paws. And he paid special attention to his silhouette caricatures of contemporary celebrities, Zola for one and Sarah Bernhardt for another.

Then the Franco-Russian draftsman who called himself Caran d'Ache made a new departure, and started the art of the shadow-pantomime in a new career. He called his figures "French shadows," *ombres françaises,* and he surrendered the privilege of articulating his figures so that they could move. At least he refrained from this except on rare occasions, preferring the effect of immobility, and relying mainly upon a new principle not before

By permission of E. Lemarié, Paris

THE SPHINX IV: THE BRITISH TROOPS TO DAY

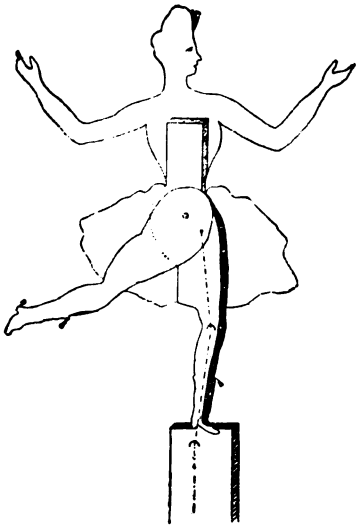
FROM A SHADOW PICTURE BY AMÉDÉE VIGNOLA

employed by any of his predecessors. He made a specialty of long lines and of large masses of troops, not all on the same plane, but presented in perspective. He chose also to forego the aid of speech, and his figures were silent except when some officer called out a word of command, or when a company of Cossacks rode past singing one of the wailing lyrics of the Caucasus, as melancholy as the steppes.

One of the most attractive items on his program was a representation of the return of vehicles and equestrians from the Bois de Boulogne in the afternoon. Some of the figures were merely characteristic types sharply seized and outlined with all the artist's masterly draftsmanship, and some of them were well-known personages easily recognizable by his Parisian spectators: De Lesseps on horseback, for example, and Rochefort in an open cab. These successive figures were simply pushed across the screen one after another, each of them as motionless as a statue, the men fixed in one attitude, and the legs of the horses retaining always the same position. This absence of animal movement was, of course, a variation from the facts of life, like that which permits the painter to depict a breaking wave or a sculptor to model a running boy at a single moment of the movement. Yet this artistic convention was immediately acceptable, since the spectator received a simplified impression, and his attention was not distracted by the inevitable jerkiness of the limbs of the men and beasts.

Caran d'Ache's masterpiece, however, and it may honestly be styled a masterpiece, was not "The Return from the Bois de Boulogne," but his "Epopée," his epic evocation of the grand army of Napoleon. Single figures, like the Little Corporal on horseback and Murat and others of the emperor's staff, he projected with a fidelity and a veracity of accent worthy of Detaille or even Meissonier. Yet fine as these single figures might be, they were only what had been attempted by earlier exponents of the art, even if they were

A HUNGARIAN DANCER (FIG. 1)



A HUNGARIAN DANCER (FIG. 2)

This explains the mechanism of the shadow picture shown in Fig. 1.

FROM A SHADOW PICTURE BY LEMERCIER DE NEUVILLE

more impressive than had been achieved by any one of his predecessors. These single figures were necessarily presented all on the same plane, and the startling and successful innovation of the Franco-Russian draftsmanship was his skilful use of perspective, a device which had not occurred to any of those in whose footsteps he was following. Even Lemercier de Neuville had presented his ballet-dancers in a flat row. What Caran d'Ache did was to bring before us company after company of the Old Guard, and troop after troop of cuirassiers, the profiles diminishing in height as the figures receded from the eye. He attained to an effect of solidity and even of immensity far beyond anything ever before achieved by any earlier exhibitor of shadows. He succeeded in suggesting space and of manœuvering before the astonished eyes of the entranced spectator a vast mass of men under arms, marching forward resolutely in serried ranks to victory or to death.

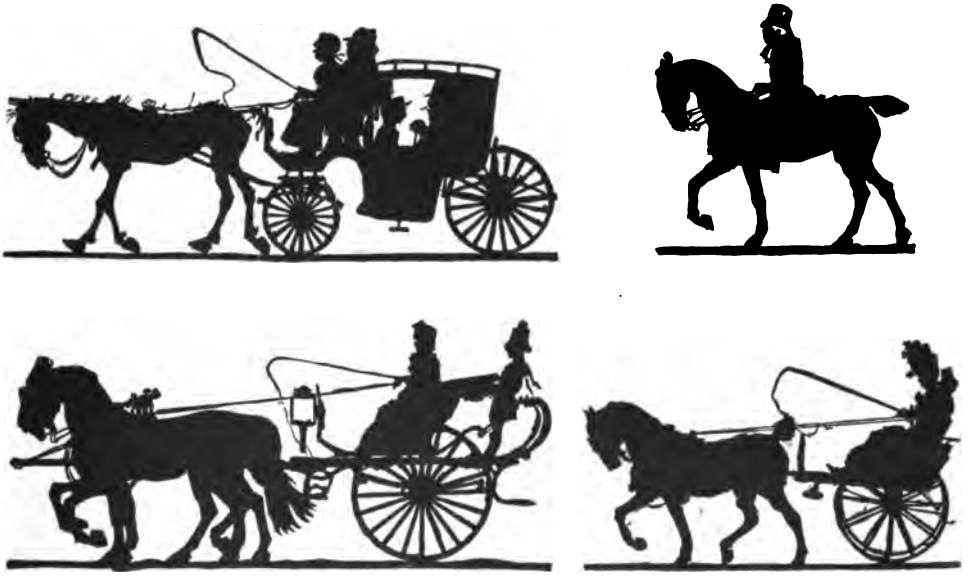
M. Jules Lemaître, the most open-minded of French dramatic critics, and the most hospitable in his attitude toward the minor manifestations of theatric art, has recorded that this Napoleonic epic of Caran d'Ache communicated to him not only an emotion of actual grandeur, but also the thrill of war itself. He declared that "by the exactness of the perspective preserved in his long files of soldiers, Caran d'Ache gives us the illusion of number and of a number immense and indefinite. And by the automatic movement which sets all his troops in action at once, he gives us the illusion of a single soul, of a communal thought animating innumerable bodies, and thereby he evokes in us the impression of measureless power. . . . His silent poem, with its sliding profiles, is, I think, the only epic in all French literature." And those who are familiar with the other French efforts to attain to lyric largeness, and who have had also the unforgetable felicity of beholding Caran d'Ache's marvelous projection of the Napoleonic legend, will be prepared to admit that M. Lemaître has not overstated the case.

What the Franco-Russian artist had done was to reveal the alluring possibilities placed at the command of the shadow-pantomimist by the ingenious employment of perspective; and there remained only one more step to be taken for the final development of the art to its ultimate capacity. This was the addition of color, and this step was taken by an associate of Caran d'Ache in the exhibitions given at the Chat Noir—M. Henri Rivière. Color could be added in two ways. In the first place, the outlines of lanterns and of battle-flags could be cut out, and slips of appropriately tinted paper could be inserted

in the openings, so that the light might shine through. This relieved the monotony of the uniformity of the sable figures, and added a note of amusing gaiety. But this was an innovation of very limited scope, and it could have been earlier utilized in the flat figures of Lemercier de Neuville, for example, if he had happened to think of it. Far wider in its artistic possibilities was the second of M. Rivière's improvements. For the ordinary lamp which cast a steady glow on the white screen whereon the profile figures appeared he substituted a magic lantern, the painted slides of which enabled him to supply an appropriately colored background. Then he went further, and employed two magic lanterns, superimposed, and these enabled him to get the effect of "dissolving views" whereby he could vary his background at will. The immediate result of this ingenious improvement was that the artist could at will bestow upon his shadow-pantomime not a little of the richness of color which delights our eyes in the stained glass of the medieval cathedrals.

M. Rivière was not only an inventor, but he was also an artist gifted with imagination, and his imagination suggested to him at once the three or four themes best fitted for treatment by his novel apparatus. One of these was "The Wandering Jew," another was "The Prodigal Son," and a third was "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," all legends of combined dramatic and pictorial appeal. Yet the most effective of all the experiments in this new form was due not to M. Rivière himself, but to the collaboration of two of his disciples, M. Fragerolle and M. Vignola. This was the "Sphinx," in which the artists most adroitly combined all the advantages of the original flat profiles, and the long files of figures in perspective such as Caran d'Ache had employed, with varied backgrounds due to the aid of the magic lantern first utilized by M. Rivière. Of all human monuments no one has had so marvelous a series of spectacles pass before its sightless eyes as the Sphinx, reclining impassive at the edge of the desert at the foot of the pyramids. Race after race has descended into the valley of the Nile and lingered for a little space, a few centuries more or less, and departed at last. Conqueror after conqueror has come and gone again; and the Sphinx has kept its inscrutable smile.

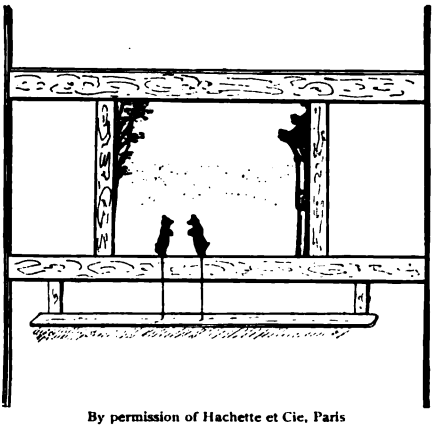
M. Fragerolle composed the music and the words of the stately chant which accompanied the exhibition of the figures passing before the backgrounds, due to the pencil and the palette of M. Vignola. By the aid of the magic lantern, the gigantic



"THE RETURN FROM THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE"

FOUR SHADOW PICTURES BY CARAN D'ACHE

visage of the lion with a woman's head towers aloft, permanent and immutable, while the joyous procession of Egyptian dancers and soldiers and priests celebrates the completion of the statue itself. Then we are witnesses of the fierce invasion of the Assyrians, with the charge of their chariots and their horsemen, and we behold the rout of the natives while their capital burns in the distance. Next we gaze at the departure of the Jews, led by Moses, and laden with the spoils of the Egyptians. After the Hebrews have gone, Sesostris appears, to be greeted by a glad outpouring of the populace. Yet soon the Persians descend on Egypt with their castellated elephants and their immense hordes of fighting men. Still the Sphinx looks down, implacable and immovable, and the Greeks in turn take the valley of the Nile for their own. One of their daughters, Cleopatra, floats past in her galley by night; and in the morning she extends her hospitality to the Roman, Cæsar or Antony. And while the Latins are the rulers of the land of Egypt, the Virgin and her Son, with the patient ass that bears a precious burden, skirt the sandy waste and go on their way to the Holy Land, leaving the Sphinx behind them as they journey forward in the green moonlight. After long centuries the Arabs break in with their brilliant bands of horsemen; and a little later the Crusaders come to give them battle. More long centuries elapse, and suddenly Napoleon emerges at the head of the troops of the French republic. Then we have the Egypt of to-day, with the British soldiers parading before the feet of the Sphinx; and finally the recumbent statue appears to us once more and for the last time, when the light of the sun is going out, and the world is emptied of its population again, and the ice is settling down on the Sphinx, alone amid freezing desolation. And this last vision is projected upon the screen by the magic lantern alone, without the aid of any profile figures, since man has ceased to be.



By permission of Hachette et Cie, Paris

PLAN SHOWING THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SHADOW-PICTURE THEATER

Here we have a true epic poem, simple, yet grandiose, and possible only to the improved shadow-pantomime of France at the end of the nineteenth century, even if this art is only a logical evolution from the gallanty-show of Séraphin. "This humble black profile," said M. Jules Lemaître, "which had been thought fit at best of a few comic effects to amuse little children only, has been diversified and colored; it has been made beautiful, serious, tragic; by the multiplication of the devices it has been rendered capable of giving us a powerful impression of collective life; and the artists who have developed it have known how to make it translate to our eyes the great spectacles of history and the sweeping movement of multitudes."

THE BALLET

FROM A SHADOW PICTURE BY LEMERCIER DE NEUVILLE

EGG-SHELL CHINA

BY KATE JORDAN

Author of "The Creeping Tides," "Time, the Comedian," etc.

TOMMY PERKINS was out of Princeton only six months, and was beginning life in a stock-broker's office. His time there was spent before a small sliding-window with brass bars, where he took in and put out insignificant, oblong slips of paper, wrote in a small hand in a big book, and kept constantly glancing up at the round clock. He was twenty-two and, as it happened, he received the exact sum of his years in dollars every Saturday afternoon. Tommy felt this to be a melancholy coincidence, and often said so, but always added that, unlike millionaires, he had "both his health and his hair."

He could have managed very well if he had not been so incurably hospitable. It was sometimes ghastly having the tastes of a prodigal on "twenty-two per." It was also a terrifying sort of impudence for him to try to rig up a counterfeit of "chambers" instead of ingloriously boarding, or having a furnished room, with meals anywhere. His men friends, who were either unimaginative economists or rich, told him so, and Tommy would reply after this fashion:

"There 's only one way I can explain my craze to get rid of cash. Although I 'm only five feet six and a tow-headed, raspberry blond, I guess I 'm the reincarnation of one of those lavish Roman emperor Johnnies who melted pearls in vinegar and all that sort of thing; for I assure you that to have my friends sitting around my own mahogany, while they watch me stir something in my own chafing-dish and touch glasses of fairly good stuff at my own expense, is the only thing that makes my life worth living. To balance this madness, for a week after a spree I fill up in places that are all white tiles and nickel, like a well-fitted bath-room, and where the juggling of dishes has the noise of a ton of coal rushing down a shaft. You can't change me. As the bad lady says in erotic fiction, 'I am—what I *am*.' "

Tommy did not know that this craving for his own things about him was really the home instinct in him struggling to live against the ugly and expedient. It took Clarissa Van Doorn to find this out and tell him so. We may as well start with a definite idea of Clarissa, because, although a girl of to-day, she had not even the shakiest foothold on the present scheme of things. To meet her at a romping subscription dance was like stepping from a ballet, all red light and brass band, into a Dutch garden as still as a church in a late, yellowing afternoon.

Clarissa's family was old—so very old it was a wonder that it still managed to live. It did so only in a tottering way, in the debilitated Van Doorn mansion on Stuyvesant Square to which in the thirties her grandfather had brought his bride, and which Clarissa's aunt now rented out in furnished floors to professors and Anglican clergymen. Clarissa was a stenographer, but a stenographer de luxe. She had four patrons, all wealthy society women who had been her mother's friends, and every day from ten to four she wrote their letters on thick, crested paper. It will be understood now how Clarissa, though a working-girl, went to dances where she met young men like Tommy, who, though poor, was some day to inherit the considerable fortune of his grandfather, Admiral Perkins.

The fine and ancient quality of the Van Doorns, who had been too proud to marry any but own cousins for generations, showed in Clarissa's type. She was like a faded sampler. She was like a breath of lavender that steals from a long-closed chest. She was like a tune on a spinet whose orange-colored keys have gone flat. She was like a sedate, chintzy room, with windows looking east, where nothing is ever disturbed, that every one admires, but few would presume to live in.

Tommy, from sheer amazement, had,

as he expressed it, "fallen for her" at their first meeting. The demureness of her sprigged mull dancing-gown; the sleekness of her dust-pale, parted hair; the dove-like peace in her vaguely colored eyes; the luminous delicacy of her skin all down her egg-shaped face; the bonelessness and smallness of her narrow hands, with nails of unpolished and convex perfection—all these things operated on Tommy their fairy-like spell.

When he said to her, "Shall we take a turn?" and she had answered, "I should be most pleased," he had guided her about with a religious feeling. She was so frail he held hardly anything. He found himself wondering where her digestive apparatus could possibly find room, but checked the thought as unseemly. She smelled faintly of old rose-leaves. Her breath was like musk. She kept her blue-white eyelids down. Tommy went into a dream as he danced. It was the year 1840. He was his own grandfather, wearing a stock and side-whiskers, and he was dancing with Queen Victoria when she was seventeen.

"I thank you sincerely, Mr. Perkins," he heard Clarissa say as he led her back to the aunt who kept the lodging-house de luxe. "You dance with such exquisite grace."

It was unfitting that Tommy should have given a jolt like a calf, and said to this merely, "Do I—*honest?*" But he did, and all the way home could have kicked himself. As he kept thinking, he had had his chance to register on her memory a gem like, "Oh, Miss Van Doorn, you compliment my poor efforts too effusively!" But he did n't—he *did n't*, and there was an end to it.

He began cultivating Clarissa. From the beginning his English grew purer and purer. When he knew her very well he told her of his rooms and how he had enjoyed "picking up stuff here and there" for them. It was then that she confided to him that she likewise had an adoration for furniture and old, egg-shell china. This became a bond between them. She told him she would inherit only some of the colonial, family pieces in the Stuyvesant Square house, so that in the meanwhile all her savings went on bargains at auctions. She could tell and pick sagaciously, for she had become a connoisseur. More than that, she had hired a room in a ramshackle storage-house not far from where she lived, and in that she was slowly placing one by one her secret treasures.

It was with inward tremblings that Tommy asked her to visit him for the first time, for tea at his "diggings," one Sunday afternoon. This was after his engagement to her. How this, by the way, had come about Tommy never clearly knew. But on a holiday when she had taken him to the Metropolitan Museum, and they were sitting before Bastien-Lepage's "Jeanne d'Arc," he had told her that she was an ennobling influence in his life. Then he had seen a tear tremble on her lowered lashes, and had said:

"I love you. But I don't suppose you could love me!"

"I do," she had sighed.

"How much?"

"Oh, sincerely."

"But I 'd have a cheek to ask you to become engaged," Tommy had begun to explain. "You see, I only get twenty-two per—"

She had looked shocked. Her large, mild eyes sought his fully.

"Are you not asking me to become your wife, Mr. Perkins?" she had said, and he felt her tremble.

"What else?" Tommy had twittered with agility, conquering a feeling of stage-fright. "Only—we 'll have to wait."

"That will not be hard," Clarissa had said with meek happiness, and leaning back with a sigh of content. "It will give us a chance to collect befitting furniture and china for our home."

So on this Sunday she was coming to Tommy's "chambers" accompanied by two Van Doorn cousins. The address was really a rooming-house on lower Madison Avenue, but the "top floor front," which had formerly held the regulation iron bed, oak bureau, and so forth, had been changed into a "den." In the middle of this, at four o'clock, Tommy stood looking about while trying to pull thoughtfully at a modicum of white fuzz next to the dimpled corner of his mouth. He felt satisfied with what he and the negro house-man had done in touching up and getting tea ready. What Tommy called his "etiolated facial effect" did not extend to his mouth, of a healthy coral, which

now smiled broadly; nor to his eyes, which under the long, white lashes were surprisingly, charmingly violet, now glowing with satisfaction.

"No one could help liking this," he said to the servant. "Could they, Sam?"

"*I* like it, suh," Sam said, and blinked so fast in approval that only his eyeballs showed. "Nothing like color, suh, for making a room tasty."

Clarissa, in new spring finery, came with the cousins. She was like a tight, small bunch of pale-mauve primroses, and her eyes had a candle-light beaming. This was when she entered. She looked around, and the smile went out. Not suddenly. It went out in a slow, well-bred way, as light melts unimpressively into dusk. She was polite, but quiet. The quiet deepened until she was absolutely mute. Toward the close of the visit she looked distinctly sick, but this, too, in a saintly, refined way that you felt she would somehow achieve if stretched in agony in the retiring-cabin of a channel steamer.

"You don't like it," Tommy gulped to her when the cousins went into the adjoining room to look over his book of college photographs. He seemed to have half swallowed a knife.

"Oh, Pierpont, I 'm so sorry!" Clarissa sighed.

This name applied to the disappointed hero must be briefly explained. All derivations seemed undignified to Clarissa, while in this case, unfortunately, the baptismal name Thomas suggested a footman to her. She had unearthed her lover's aristocratic middle name, and felt that the situation was not only saved, but improved.

"What don't you like?" Tommy asked wistfully.

"Can't you see, Pierpont, that you have not achieved a consistent picture? The place is typical of nothing—neither class, period, nor style. It is a conglomeration. One thing affronts the other."

"Don't you like the lamp?" Tommy asked in a sort of horror as he remembered what it cost him.

"In its way it 's not bad," Clarissa murmured; "but it 's Burmese, and its light shines on two Bristol plates—"

"I thought you liked old china?" he wailed.

"I do, but *not* in juxtaposition to a Burmese lamp. Then, see," she continued, the color strong in her cheek in the way it came when she talked of old furniture and not at any other time, "your cups are cheap Japanese—"

"Sixty cents apiece," Tommy said resentfully.

"Pierpont,"—Clarissa made a dainty grimace, as if her teeth were on edge,—"spare me! They were turned out by the thousands in New York. The only Japanese china to be tolerated is the very ancient, at prices almost prohibitive, and of course to be used in a Japanese setting. I am only saying this," she added gently, sweetly, as her hand rested on his like a butterfly, "to help you. Now, who—*who*—suggested this excruciating wall-paper?"

"Red?" Tommy asked meekly. "Plain red? A solid color and *cheerful*."

Clarissa did not think this worth an argument.

"Let us see," she said, as she sat up straight, "just what you have gathered here. Your table is a mahogany reproduction. On it is a Mexican jar. That mirror, though it never saw France, is French in style. Your revolving-bookcase belongs in an office. *That 's* a jute rug. *That 's* a Dutch tankard beside that awful Bagdad portière. *That 's* a Swiss clock. You have a few excellent old prints, but mixed with Spanish dancers and college photographs they are lost."

"Well, I must say I thought the whole business made rather a fetching little get-up," said Tommy, who himself now looked vague, like the faded prints, and wan, like the fragile china, which were all she had really liked. "I guess you 'll have to take me in hand in earnest, Clarissa."

She did. Fervid, obsessed times began for Tommy Perkins. He gave the Burmese lamp away to a friend, whose joy at getting it seemed, in the light of his own new knowledge, a pitiful exhibition; sold the revolving-bookcase to the German landlady; kicked out the jute rug; and gave the Spanish dancers to Sam. When all was done, he seemed to himself like a room that had been disinfected after a dangerous fever. Economy made the hectic walls remain, though, for the life of him, he could not help liking that red paper. But he hoped for an eventual, ful'

conversion that would make him shiver at it as Clarissa did.

He watched for auctions of old furniture as the customers in the office watched the ticker. His evenings with Clarissa were spent poring over the catalogues of approaching sales. Their home was to be strictly Georgian, and in the details of this chaste period Tommy soon qualified as an expert. He talked of Adam, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton as formerly he had talked of comic-opera queens. He grew to love egg-shell china, *in its place;* little brass knobs on doors; small, square window-panes; newel-posts; high, shelf-like mantels; glazed cretonnes; Sheffield candlesticks; waxed, darkly shining floors.

He and Clarissa would meet after business hours in dingy auction-rooms, go carefully over the exhibition, pick out what they fancied, and mark opposite them their ultimate price. Afterward, one or the other would manage to attend the sale, and at times some of the things they desired went to swell the collection in Clarissa's store-room.

Now and then a mistake occurred, as, on one very rainy day, when neither had expected the other at a sale where they had marked for possible purchase a luster jug and an old Minton platter. It was unfortunate that Tommy, at the back of the crowd near the door and in a mackintosh that sounded like a wet whale, should have kept feverishly raising the bid on these items against some stubborn woman who sat far down near the dais; for afterward, when to his amazement he saw Clarissa among the home-going bidders, and said jubilantly: "I got the china. Had to bid against some creature in the front row, so paid a good bit for it," she had answered through almost shut lips: "*I* was the creature. Thanks to your carelessness in not telephoning me that you were coming, Pierpont, we are the poorer on this purchase by about eight dollars."

Sometimes Tommy was aware of a lonesome feeling. Sometimes, as he bent over the big account-book, writing in his small hand, he found himself wishing that there was more love and less old china in his romance. Clarissa permitted but little embracing, and the occasional touches of her lips were as cool as they were fragrant. Her delicacy and demureness continued to possess an immaterial enchantment for him; but he had a human longing that sometimes she would let herself go, fling herself into his arms, and kiss him in a way to make his head spin.

The thought was blasphemy. He remembered the once that he had tried a passionate show of his affection upon her. They were in her aunt's Victorian parlor, on a horsehair sofa, and his ten-o'clock adieu was imminent. A mad impulse made him unloosen the thin, smooth plaits of her hair, give her a hungry, pulsating kiss, and burrow his cheek against the speck of throat showing above her high, whaleboned collar.

"Oh, love," Tommy murmured, his lips against her ear, "won't it be rapture when we never part—day or night?"

Clarissa told him that such conduct was "common," that such a question was degrading. A flood of gentle tears made her look a martyr, and she melted from his sight. It had taken three long letters of apology in which he had called himself many harsh names before Clarissa permitted him to be tête-à-tête with her again.

His grandfather, the retired admiral, had come from Albany for his annual spring holiday. Tommy loved the old sailor—loved the way he fought gout; his fog-horn laugh; his plain-speaking; his shock of angry white hair, fine and glistening, like spun-glass, above his pouting face, which was the color of an egg-plant. To him he brought Clarissa, and with anxiety watched the meeting. The admiral had been attentive at first, then plainly chilled, then quite as plainly bored. The next day, with glances that twisted into Tommy like a gimlet, he said some disquieting things.

"That 's a delicate bit of old china you 're thinking of appropriating, Tom."

"Clarissa would like hearing herself described that way," said Tommy. "She 's nuts on old china."

"Not easy to handle," the admiral suggested. "Not suitable for every-day use. Think it over, my boy, before you marry an egg-shell-china woman. No red-blooded man ought to. The experiment is apt to turn him into a secret devil or into a milk-and-water, sick cat of a Nancy, which is worse."

"Why, gran'-dad, you really think—"

"Answer me this!" the admiral thun-

dered, and shook his fist in Tommy's face. "Have you ever hugged that girl to death? No. I can see that by your meek and lowly face. Ever mussed her hair and tried to eat her up? No. And *you never will.* She 'll be one of the wives who 'll wear everything buttoned up to the throat and down to the wrists. *I* know them," said the admiral with feeling. "Don't I, though! Those saintly women were of the vintage of my youth. You 've had the bad luck to draw a survival of them. Now, *you think it over!*"

But this was the very last thing Tommy wanted to do—think. It made him uncertain and a little sad. His grandfather was right. Fate had handed him a sweetheart who had "the tender grace of faded things." In her still lived the formal spirit of the minuet, of supper at six, candle-light and cards, and everything over by ten. How, then, could he expect her to have also the highly colored charm of the usual sort of girl who would be "crazy about him," to whom face-powder was not a misdemeanor, nor the turkey trot a crime? No, you can't have everything. So Tommy cultivated a contented spirit, and grew even critical of girls who were strikingly different from Clarissa.

The store-room was almost full by this time, and Clarissa had inherited an unexpected legacy of twenty thousand dollars from a third cousin. She made a shy suggestion to Tommy that their marriage be hurried.

"Why not about a month from Michaelmas?" asked Clarissa.

After this was explained to Tommy's deplorable low-church comprehension, he consented, and late October was decided upon.

"You see, it seems foolish, Pierpont," Clarissa added in exact explanation, "to keep paying for a place to keep our furniture when we might use it for a home."

The remark not only chilled Tommy as a lover. Its thrift seemed to tie him up in knots. He had often winced under this biting economy in Clarissa: she had put a stop to his giving parties; would never let him buy her ice-cream sodas; tabooed his providing taxi-cabs for dances, preferring to go in the subway, bundled up, and with a veil tied under her chin, so that somehow she suggested a well-dressed apple-woman. At such times she would compute how much he had saved and urge him to lay it aside. Very good advice, excellent; yet Tommy began to feel as if he were in a gray world, walking beside a ghost who had no arms that he could feel about him, no warm lips that could be offered for his kisses.

Early in October they read of a most unique sale to be held in a house in the Thirties just off Fifth Avenue. A famous traveler had died, and his collection of South Sea curiosities was to be put up at auction.

"But I can't see how these could be mixed in with our Georgian specimens," said Tommy, delighted to "get one on" Clarissa when she suggested that they attend it.

"Only for a special place, Pierpont. In the apartment we 'll take there will probably be some little niche where you could retire when you wished to smoke—"

"Why not in the yard?" Tommy snapped with a distinct snort.

"And," Clarissa continued, placidly ignoring the ugly sound, "these weapons and shields would give it an appropriately masculine touch."

So they went. As it was a wild, wet day, the attendance was small, and Clarissa grew excited in her controlled, smoldering way at the idea that the things would go at low prices. Tommy always got nearer to her at these auctions than at any other time. Color would show in her face, and her vague, gray eyes would darken and glow. While bidding cautiously, slowly, lifting the price only by half-dollars, she would grow eerily beautiful, a sort of ladylike vampire.

By the time the sale was finished she was radiant. For ridiculously low prices they had gained an astounding collection of South Sea impedimenta: high bamboo javelins; big shields made of bark and shaped like beetles; earthen bowls painted with daubs of savage color; petticoats of stiff, rattling grasses; coats of fiber; musical instruments, against the resonant wood and stretched gut of which padded sticks sagged, so that from the slightest touch or breeze they gave out savage notes—all these were some of what they had paid for, and which were heaped in one corner of the empty parlor.

"Everything must be taken away at once," said the man who was superin-

tending the sale and who was cross at having had to accept such low bids. "Everything must be out within an hour."

"I 'll just give the address to your expressman," Tommy said briskly.

"We have not supplied any expressman."

"Do you know where I can get one?"

"I do not."

"Is there a telephone?"

"There is not." And the man went away.

Tommy set his teeth, and went in search of Clarissa, who was eying the savage-looking mass with an astute speculation in the gaze.

"To find a chance expressman," said Tommy to her, tensely, "near Fifth Avenue, late on a Saturday afternoon, and the rain coming down like lines of bayonets, is just about as likely as finding safety-razors on sale in a florist's. I 'll go out and get a taxi."

As he expected, he saw Clarissa's frugality turn her into a stone image.

"If we paid for a taxi-cab, we would no longer be getting these at a bargain," she said coldly.

"Well, we 'll lose them altogether if we leave them here. You watch them, and I 'll get a taxi—"

"A taxi would n't accommodate half of them," she objected.

"Then I 'll get *two* taxis," said Tommy, wilfully.

"Pierpont!" The word was soft and shocked. "Please don't say such things."

"Other people are crowding theirs into cabs and motors. We 've got to get this stuff to the storehouse. How? *You* suggest something."

Clarissa swallowed nervously. Her egg-shaped face was of a bluish pallor.

"I was about to say that we could, between us, easily carry them—"

"*Carry?*" was Tommy's limp cry.

"To the Fourth Avenue car," Clarissa continued, unmoved. "It is only two blocks away, and will leave us at Seventeenth Street, quite close to the storagehouse. Though we could n't put up our umbrellas, we would n't get very wet."

Tommy was dead against it. Yet everything conspired to make him do what he detested: a feeling that they were stranded there; the boredom of further argument about expense; and the conclusion that if Clarissa were willing to make this brave and money-saving effort, it was unkind, even unmanly of him to demur.

So he made ready for the dash through the rain to the car. The inhospitable superintendent could not even give them newspapers for wrappings. Naked and gleaming, the sheaf of javelins and two big musical instruments were strapped to his back. Shields were tied to his arms. And against his chest he carried a big pottery bowl piled high with the one-time grass skirts of some nose-ringed, Polynesian belle. Clarissa burdened herself with all of the smaller articles that she could carry, and so they set out.

It had been all very well to think of "dashing" to the car. The javelins and the instruments hanging down Tommy's back kept getting between his legs, while, unless he walked with the utmost nicety, the shields on each arm thumped against his knees. He had not realized his awfulness until out in the grayness of the afternoon. Fortunately, there were few people abroad, but these stopped to investigate what they could see of Tommy. They also listened to him, for with every step he made melancholy music.

"They think we 're doing sandwich work!" he growled through the colored grasses at Clarissa. "I don't know why I ever consented to this. It 's awful. If only those blamed tom-toms would stop playing!" He paused for rest against an area railing, and managed to wipe the streams from his face. He was enraged, and although Clarissa's calm, pensive eyes reproved him, he was keyed to defy her. "If only some empty taxi would come, I 'd take it."

"The car is very near now," she said impassively; "and this is wasting time."

"On with the dance!" Tommy snapped, and began his mincing progress again. But after a few steps he stopped. His face was so bloodless she asked him if he felt faint.

"The club is on this street!" he said and choked. "I 'd forgotten, and there —*look at them!*—Pete De Forest and Roger Davren and Brock Houston—*coming!*"

Tommy's club, a Fifth Avenue one, was a brand-new and beloved dignity for which the admiral paid. To say that at that moment he would have gladly van-

ished down a sewer rather than have his friends see him as he was would be the simple truth. But he could not vanish anywhere. Already at a short distance from him, and before recognition, the three were eying him and Clarissa with the liveliest interest. He had to go on, and he did so with the arrowed heads of the javelins swaying above him from the back, and the painted grass prongs waving in front of him, and the musical instruments giving out with every step big, mournful *plungs* behind him.

"Perhaps they won't know us. Push that poi-bowl higher, so it hides your face!" he groaned. "I 'll get lower, too, behind the grass!"

He tried this, his head averted, yet was aware that the men had to step into the gutter to make room for him and Clarissa to pass upon their bristling, reverberating way. He was also furiously aware that Clarissa, instead of avoiding their eyes, had lifted her Van Doorn chin and bowed to them imperiously. They did not speak to him. For this he inwardly thanked them and God.

Their troubles did not end at the car-line. Four motormen, after open-mouthed stares at them, put on power and whizzed past. Not until Tommy stood in the middle of the tracks was he able to command attention. To enter the car he had almost to unload. Clarissa tripped against the musical instruments, and raised such a moaning that passengers asked what was the matter. The conductor looked derision. Tommy was just as wet from his pores as from the rain. So was Clarissa. Both were silent. But Tommy's speechlessness implied a flood of vituperation waiting behind a dam; and Clarissa knew it.

The ramshackle storehouse was closed. The money that might have been paid for a cab had to go to the old watchman before he grumblingly admitted them. The elevator had stopped running. There was no gas in the upper part of the house. So, after a climb of six stories, and in the candle-lighted store-room crowded with the milestones of their romance, Tommy and Clarissa "had it out."

"After turning me into a South Sea Island hut on moving-day, why, when I asked you not to, did you bow to my friends?" he demanded at white heat, while wiping his pouring face and what he could get at of neck and wrists. "Why?"

"I felt we were doing nothing reprehensible," she said calmly and smiled. "I don't think my position in society will suffer from it."

"Because you 're a Van Doorn! For that reason you think you could walk up Fifth Avenue carrying a mutton-chop instead of a vanity-case, and mutton-chops would become fashionable."

She did not deny this. Leaning restfully against a Sheraton spindle-back settle, she smiled.

"I see nothing humiliating in either poverty or economy," she said in her gentle voice.

"But what about—meanness?" Tommy asked and glared.

"I don't understand," she inquired in a cold, threatening way.

"*Meanness!*" he repeated. "It was mean of you to insist on it, and for me to allow myself to be turned into a truck—an outlandish, musical truck—upon the New York streets just to save the hire of a cab that I could well afford. I 'm boiling with shame. I 'm sick. I feel like a bit of filth."

"Your language is unnecessarily strong," said Clarissa through almost shut lips, and made for the door.

"Everything 's too strong for you," he cried, and faced her fully. "You have a refinement that 's nasty."

"Don't come with me," said Clarissa, coldly.

"I won't!" Tommy blazed, and she disappeared down the dark passage.

The next day, in the neatest of bundles, his ring and letters came back. He also received a check from her which paid for his share of the collected furniture. He was very miserable. He was only twenty-two, he had not cultivated girls, and Clarissa had become a habit with him. So had ancient furniture. When Tommy realized that never again on those wet days beloved of bargain-hunters would he sit beside Clarissa at auctions and hear her bid little by little on something really good, he wanted to place his young face on the big book where his small handwriting was still wet and weep.

He was several pounds lighter when, on the next Saturday afternoon, he went

to the storehouse. He still had the key to the room, and he wanted to put back a very old Lowestoft bowl, with rose decoration, that she had loaned him, and which he felt was now rightfully hers. But the door was open a little way, and beyond it he heard a woman's sobbing. It was deep, but dainty, a perfectly refined outburst that would have been approved of by the very best families. Of course it was Clarissa.

"For me!" Tommy thought, a painful, yet ecstatic, lump forming in his throat. "Weeping for me!" He felt cozily important again.

"Clarissa," said Tommy, and put the bit of exquisite china on a card-table that was shaped like a half-moon and stacked on a fender, "can't you forgive me?"

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Since last night I am in a sense betrothed to Nicholas Gansevoort."

"Your cousin! That anemic little curate!" Tommy gasped. "You don't love him. *Clarissa,* think it over! O darling, take me back, and I 'll do anything! I 'll even buy that apple savings-bank you 're so keen about, and save car-fare!"

They had almost made up—*almost.* Clarissa had allowed him to take her hand when, in his eagerness, his elbow knocked against something that fell with a splintery crash. Tommy paid no attention to it. With eyes alight he tried to put his arm around her, not seeing that horror was crimping her face as she gazed over his shoulder.

"I 'm hungry for you!" Tommy confided passionately.

"The Lowestoft bowl!" Clarissa gasped. "Rare specimen—rose decoration—broken!"

"Darling!" he whispered.

"The—Lowestoft—"

"Oh, to hell with the Lowestoft bowl!" He gave a wild, gay laugh, clutched her, and held her prisoner in a stifling, devouring kiss. "My own!" Tommy murmured in a burning tone as he let her breathe.

But Clarissa did not look in the least as if she belonged in his possessive case. Panting, her skin gone drab, she was unwinding him as she would a snake.

"Leave this room, and never speak to me again!" she said in an icy, remote voice. "A man who could laugh at breaking an old Lowestoft bowl—and *curse*—and presume to kiss me in that *coarse* way, is a man I would not include even among my acquaintances!"

Tommy stood frozen. His mouth hung open. He began wrinkling his nose and winking as if he had come out of sleep to find himself all "pins and needles." Then words began to trickle from him as notes come from a clock running down:

"I guess—my grandfather was right. You 're the sort—to think more of that broken egg-shell china—than of a man—and his love—and his needs, for you 're egg-shell china yourself. You—why, Clarissa—you 're not *human!*"

"Go!" she said thinly, with a pale stare.

He swayed out blindly, like a drunkard, a bit of the Lowestoft bowl sticking in his boot-sole.

He received a letter from the admiral a week or so later. This was in answer to his own, telling of the broken engagement, to which bit of news he had added that his heart was a cinder, that he would never love again, that the beastly, rotten game of life was over for him, and so why could n't he just *die?*

"Dear Tom," the admiral wrote, "I received your welcome letter. Thank God you 're not going to hardtack and water by way of the altar. I am sending you a check. You need a change. Take a year off. Get one of your pals and go round the world. Cultivate the girls you meet—all sorts of girls. Study them. Play around. Be a gentleman. Have a good time. Don't drink.

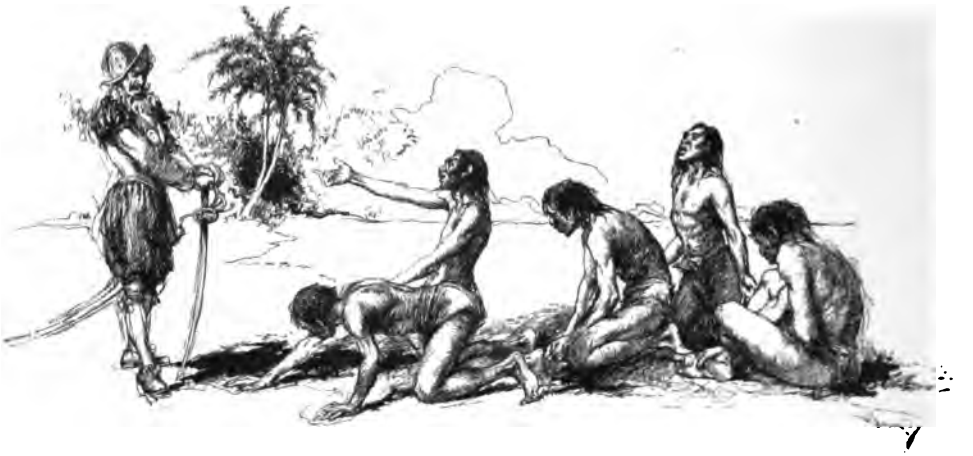
"YOUR AFFECTIONATE GRANDFATHER.

"P.S. Try *hard* not to get married till you come back, so I can size her up for you!"

TO POSEIDON OF SUNIUM

BY JAMES S. MARTIN

O'ER waiting harpstrings of the gods there sweeps
At intervals an ecstasy of song,
A pang of melody, whene'er some strong,
But gentle, fingers touch the harp, that leaps
To yield its music, yet in silence keeps
A tender largess and a power among
The liberalities that yearn and throng,
Unharvested, to fill the hand that reaps.
Poseidon, thou of Sunium's columned chord
That merges with the Ægean symphony,
Wayfarers' guardian keen to catch the word
Of prayer or praise tired sailors wing to thee,
My song falls through the golden evening toward
Thy marble lyre agleam 'twixt sky and sea.



WE FIND THE ISLAND OF SERVANTS

BY JULIUS MULLER

Author of "The Man Who Saw It," "Dead Man's Bar," etc.

PICTURES BY W. M. BERGER

ONE day we took ship and sailed south for some time till we saw a considerable island, where we landed. We found that we had found the Island of Servants.

Of course this sounds like one of those Arabian Nights travelogues produced by the well-known *Sindbad* of Bassora. *Sindbad,* however, limited himself to easily credible matters, such as Islands of Diamonds. He protected himself also against the short, ugly word by concealing the latitude and longitude of his islands. I shall give the precise name of mine. Even the most unadventurous will find it an easy trip. One does not sail from Bassora, but from New York, which is not at all like Bassora except in being fully as dirty. The price is forty-five dollars.

In compliance with the copyright laws, Christopher Columbus must be credited with having discovered this island first. But it was not an Island of Servants at that time. It was an Island of Servant Problems. A steady correspondent to the old chronicles who signed himself Lopez Val describes these servant problems under date of 1587 as:

Being Indians of so hard a heart that they murthered themselves rather than they would serve the Spaniards. Never was there any people knowen of so resolute and desperate mindes; for oftentimes a great number of them being put together over night, they should be found all dead before the morning. Such extreme hate did this brutish people beare against the Spaniards!

It was an unsatisfactory condition. One could hardly have guests for dinner with a cook who, instead of performing on the victuals, was likely to perform on herself. One Spanish gentleman of undoubted genius told his Indians that if they went to the other world, he would kill himself, too, and meet them there, where he intended to make them work still harder. They objected so strenuously to his company for eternity that they settled down to temporary work on earth.

But the solution came too late, or was not effective with all the brutish people. A traveler, visiting the West Indies a few years after Val, was able to report that "some of these people are yet living, but very few."

The Spaniards do not own the island now. They turned it over to the English in Cromwell's time, in consideration of a handsome consignment of shot and shell. Its name is Jamaica.

Mr. John Hawkins, afterward knighted by Queen Elizabeth for distinguished services to civilization, was a chief instrument in making it the Island of Servants. He was a great lover of the Spanish Main, and highly indignant at the Spaniards for owning it. He was specially indignant at their cruel treatment of the Indians, and often expressed himself very feelingly on the subject to Elizabeth.

However, he was blessed with one of those consciences that a man can use in real life. So he always went to the Caribbean by way of Africa, where he took on as large a cargo of Africans as his conscience or cargo-space permitted. These he sold to the Spaniards in the West Indies. There was a Spanish law against the traffic, but the Spaniards had wiped out their original labor problem so successfully that they were eager for a new one. Besides, John used to train his guns on their towns as a sort of inducement to the open door.

Thus the British, when they moved into the island, found it one of the best-filled white man's burdens in the world, and it is getting fuller all the time, owing to an enthusiastic avoidance of race suicide.

Before eager housekeepers or speculators rush to the steamship offices to lay down their forty-five dollars with the intention of returning to the States with a ship-load of servants, they must take warning. They can get the ship-load. They need merely announce their desire from the deck on arrival in Jamaica, and the ship-load will deliver itself so impetuously that the entire royal constabulary will be needed to save the ship from being submerged below its Plimsoll's mark. But immediately on arriving in the States, or soon after, the ship-load will have become just the same old American problem.

To enjoy the Island of Servants, one must live where the island is. The crop will not transplant. One must not try to live in the port and city of Kingston. Kingston is a city, and a city is full of houses, and the law of supply and demand is inimical to human peace even in Jamaica.

In Kingston the servant problem is a perennial topic, as it is everywhere else. To sufferers fresh from the problem as it assaults one in the North, the Kingston problem may not be worthy of being called a problem. But to escape problems altogether, the way to do is to go to the railroad station instantly on arriving in Kingston, and demand a ticket for as far away as it is possible to go. You must demand it. Kingston dotes on strangers, and pretends to them that if they leave its protecting arms for the interior they will be devoured by ticks, mongooses, crocodiles, and natives.

Having extracted the ticket from the government railway, you enter a train the leading feature of which is simplicity of construction. In a few hours the simple train enters a cityless land of mountain cones and deep-slashed valleys. Here and there, not too often, gleaming white spots amid the vast tumult of green show where there is a "great house," as the plantation residences are called. Probably its master owns as far as he can see and beyond. The population works for him or rents small holdings.

The few towns are on the coast. With the exception of Montego Bay, on the ex-

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"COOK"

stinking meanness that don't rightly belong to it. The man behind me came. I supposed it would be some veteran riveter who 'd think nothing of walking a greased brass rail over the fiery pit. I did n't see him till he 'd steadied me to my feet by the elbows, and got me faced round, he a-hold of my hand. Then I saw him—saw who it was. And he saw who I was. Yes, it was Dillard. The poor old man was back at his trade. That pay-day when he could n't pay off had finished him. He was back at day-wages, as I said.

"Well," said Yell, "there was no reason why he should take me off that ten-by-ten. There was no one to see, either. He could have left me where I was, and the rest would have happened naturally, like I deserved. I 'd have gone on down. I supposed he 'd leave me, of course. 'Go on,' I said, tugging to get my hand loose. I 'd beat him to it, anyway. 'Come on,' he said, and he took me back. Just took me back. But," said Yell, with a certain grim satisfaction in the memory, "once my foot was safe beneath me, he dropped my hand like it was filth. I wish he had spit on me. I quit that job. I 've never seen him since."

We had the key.

"But you paid him back the money," I said. This was not a question. Instinctively we knew he had, many times over. It was only a feeble shift at consolation.

Yell frowned impatiently.

"The money;" he repeated. "The money, sent him in driblets as I earned it, how could that balance the lump-sum he had needed that Saturday afternoon? Could I bring that Saturday afternoon back with money, even with the lump-sum over again, or with ten times the lump-sum? Don't think it. Don't think it. Money was not restitution—not for a man once ruined and aging in his ruin."

So we perceived the thing that Luther Yell had faced through the years until this day, when he had faced it openly, as it was flung at him from the foul mouth of a drunken lout.

"I think now, gentlemen," said Yell in his quiet, grave way, "that after what you 've heard, I can ask you not to testify against—what 's his name?—yes, Mortimer. The captain has him locked up. So far it 's only for drunkenness; but if any of you gentlemen spoke, at least before leaving the ship, it would be for attempted murder."

We gave our word, and Yell thanked us.

"Now I 'll go see the captain," he said. "Mortimer? Humph! I wonder what Artie Dillard did to have to change his name. Looks like a life job for me, this Artie Dillard Mortimer, don't it, gentlemen? Sharks ain't a circumstance to it."

But we felt then more than before how competent he was.

AT THE CH'EN GATE

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

AT dusk, as wild geese winged their aery way
Upon the sunset over proud Peking,
To where, darker than jade, the mountains lay,
Set in the misty gold of dying day,
I stood upon the mighty Tatar wall,
By the great-towered gate, the Ch'en, and felt
The yellow myriads move to it and melt,
As in some opiate sleep's imagining.
And slowly through there came a caravan
Of swinging camels out of far Tibet,
Upon their tawny flanks the foam still wet,
And in their eyes the desert's ancient span.
What dreams they bore to me I now forget,
But through me rang the name of Kublai Khan.

THE CELTIC TIDE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin. Author of "Changing America," "The Changing Chinese," etc.

FROM the outbreak of the Revolution until the fourth decade of the nineteenth century there was a lull in immigration. In a lifetime fewer aliens came than now debark in a single summer. During these sixty years powerful forces of assimilation were rapidly molding a unified people out of the motley colonial population. In the fermenting West, the meeting-place of men from everywhere, elements of the greatest diversity were blending into a common American type which soon began to tinge the streams of life that ran distinct from one another in the seaboard States. Then came another epoch of vast immigration, which has largely neutralized the effect of the nationalizing forces, and has brought us into a state of heterogeneity like to that of the later colonial era.

THE HIBERNIAN TIDE

AFTER the great lull, the Celtic Irish were the first to come in great numbers. From 1820 to 1850 they were more than two fifths of all immigrants, and during the fifties more than one third. More than a sixth of our 25,000,000 immigrants have brought in their aching hearts memories of the fresh green of the moist island in the Northern sea. The registered number is about 4,250,000, but the actual number is larger, for many of the earlier Irish, embarking in English ports, were counted as coming from England. No doubt the Irish who have suffered the wrench of expatriation to America outnumber the present population of the Green Isle, which is only a little more than one half of what it was before the crisis of famine, rebellion, and misery that came about the middle of the nineteenth century. It is, indeed, a question whether there is not more Irish blood now on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. It is possible that during Victoria's reign more of her subjects left Ireland in order to live under the Stars and Stripes than left England in order to build a Greater Britain under the Union Jack.

In his "Coronation Ode," William Watson sees Ireland as

> . . . the lonely and the lovely Bride
> Whom we have wedded, but have never won.

The truth of this shows in the way the wandering Irish still shun the lands under the British crown. Most of the inviting frontier left on our continent lies in western Canada. Already the opportunities there have induced land-hungry Americans to renounce their flag at the rate of a hundred thousand in a single year. Yet the resentful Irish turn to the narrower opportunities of what they regard as their land of emancipation. During a recent nine-year period, while the English and Scottish emigrants preferred Canada to "the States," eleven times as many Irish sought admission in our ports as were admitted to Canada, although Canada's systematic campaign for immigrants is carried on alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Very likely the Irish exodus is a closed chapter of history. Ireland's population has been shrinking for sixty years, and she has now fewer inhabitants than the State of Ohio. People are leaving the land of heather twice as fast as they are abandoning the land of the shamrock. The early marriage and blind prolificacy that had overpopulated the land until half the people lived on potatoes, and two out of five dwelt in one-room mud cabins, are gone forever, and Ireland has now one of the lowest birth-rates in Europe. Gradually the people are again coming to own the ground under their feet; native industries and native arts are reviving, and a wonderful rural coöperative movement is in full swing. The long night of misgovernment, ignorance, and superfecundity seems over, the star of home rule is high, and

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"EDITH"

simplicity, we have found that there are degrees of simplicity more uttermost still. Every new landlord has explained over again to us that little explanation about breakage or loss.

We believed it at first. I counted my money gloomily, and visioned it all passing away at the end of the season to pay the landlord for vanished things. When it became incumbent on us to give our first entertainment, we thought with terror of the smashing of crockery and glass that would punctuate the conversation.

There were to be thirty guests. Of course we did not have dishes enough for half a dozen, but in Jamaica one lays his acquaintances under eternal obligations by borrowing from them. One of our maids arrived that morning from a borrowing tour. She brought twenty-four plates stacked on her head. In each hand she bore a large and heavy basket. When I saw her climb the rugged path, I could not take proper pleasure in her acrobatic accomplishment. I thought of the bill. Other people's servants arrived with other crockery perched on their heads. The Jamaican believes always that a mighty bundle on the head is worth two little ones in the hands. A man arrived at the house one day bearing on his head a live pig strapped to a board. That was merely amusing. I should not have had to pay for the pig if it had fallen and broken. The sight of those mounds of crockery moving up the precarious path was terrible.

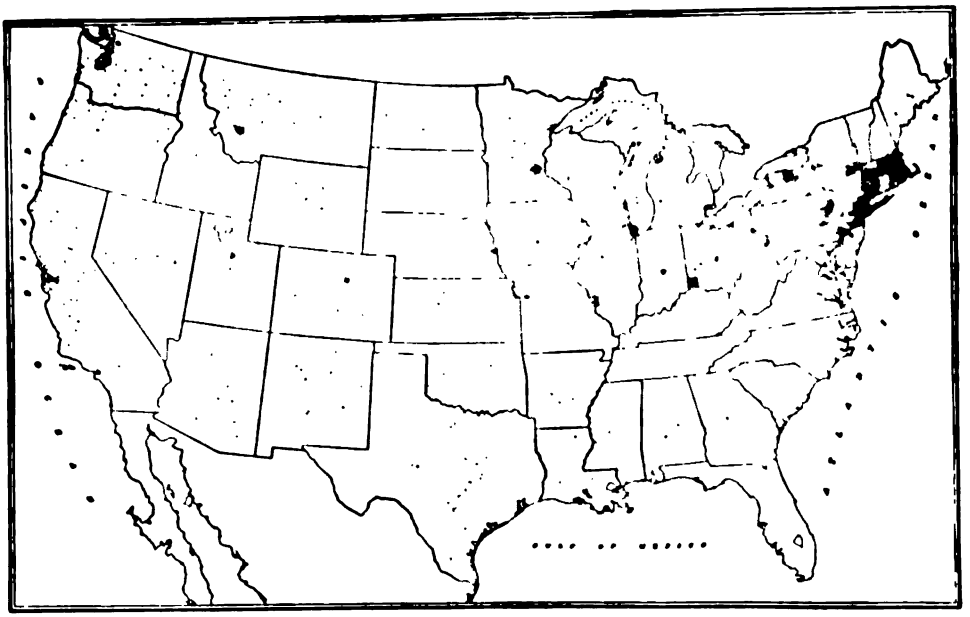
Nothing crashed. Since then we have given many entertainments. At a recent one we had forty guests, all eating from borrowed dishes; and some of our too hospitable Jamaican friends insisted on sending us their choicest European porcelain.

I have just asked Mistress to give me an exact list of the breakage and loss during the last three seasons. I have explained to her that I don't care about literary style in this matter, but minute truth. She states officially that the total number of missing articles has been one pepper-caster, which, however, we believe to have been a mythical pepper-caster in the first place. The dead and injured are three tumblers, one plate, and a butter-dish, which lost a handle. As Edith, our late butleress, explained, "I put him to sleep on the hice, and him handle went away, Mistress."

This list sounds so much like *Sindbad* at his worst that I hardly dare venture on my next statement, which is that in Jamaica a hostess can invite as many guests as she pleases for as long a time as she pleases, and never has to wonder if her servants will stand it. They not only will stand it, but they will be pleased!

They make a festival of it. Edith used to show her delight by wearing her most precious garment, or, rather, garments, for it was a pair of them. They were white kid slippers, very low-cut and very high-heeled. She wore them on her bare, very black feet. Edith always was a great and inexpensive joy to any Northern strangers whom we had as guests.

The other servants used their feet as nature had intended them to be used. When tourists return home and say that in Jamaica the servants wait on table barefoot, it does not create the proper impression unless they are accurate enough to add that the barefooted servants wear stiffly starched white dresses and that their black heads are crowned with snow-white or scarlet turbans, and that they often have crimson blossoms in their hair, and that the barefooted Jamaican girl walks as Hebe or Diana must have walked, and



MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF 3,493,732 PERSONS OF IRISH PARENTAGE IN THE UNITED STATES

. dot this size represents 200 people • dot this size represents 2000 people • dot this size represents 20,000 people

in the present and worries comparatively little about the future. He is not extravagant in any particular way, but is wasteful in every way; it is his nature to drift when he ought to plan and economize. This disposition, combined with an ever-present tendency to drink too much, is liable to result in insecure employment and a small income. And, to make matters worse, in families of this kind children are born with reckless regularity.

In extenuation, let it not be forgotten that at home the earlier Irish immigrants had lived under perhaps a more demoralizing social condition than that from which any other of our immigrants have come. Fleeing from plague and starvation, great numbers were dumped at our ports with no means of getting out upon the land. What was there for them to do but to rush their labor into the nearest market and huddle sociably together in wretched slums, where, despite their sturdy physique, they fell an easy prey to sickness and died off twice as fast as they should? They lived as poorly as do the Russian Jews when first they come; but, being a green country-folk, they understood less than do the town-bred Jews how to withstand the noxious influences of cities and slums.

Certainly, along with their courage and loyalty, the Irish did not bring the economic virtues. Straight from the hoe they came, without even the thrift of the farmer who owns his own land. Many of them were no better fitted to succeed in the modern competitive order than their ancestors of the septs in the days of Strongbow. In value-sense and foresight, how far they stand behind Scot, Fleming, or Yankee! In the acquisitive mêlée most of them are as children compared with the Greek or the Semite. An observant settlement worker has said:

> The Irish are apt to make their occupation a secondary matter. They remain idle if no man hires them; but not so the Jew. If he can get no regular employment, it is possible to gather rags and junk and sell them. . . . If employed under a hard master, he still works on under conditions that would drive the Irishman to drink and the American to suicide until finally he sees an opportunity to improve his condition.

We must not forget that Irish development had been forcibly arrested by the

Drawn by W. M. Berger

"THE YARD-BOY"

The yard-boy is not necessarily a boy. He is called yard-boy because he is the outdoors servant, and the "yard" in Jamaican language is the ground about the house, however large. He runs errands, chops wood for cook, carries burdens, and holds and attends to visitors' horses. Every well-conducted establishment has a yard-boy, and a very excellently well-conducted establishment has two or three, with, of course, a coachman. We, not being an excellently well-conducted establishment, have none. After our visitors' horses have climbed the coral road to our cliff-dwelling, nobody needs to hold them.

The position of yard-boy in our garden is filled speculatively by Sammy, who works by the job. Sammy has many strange arts. He cures chickens of the pip by doing something to them with a stick. Sometimes the chicken survives. Also he can chop a whole cord of heartlessly hard logwood and bully-wood with a rusty machete. When there are garden parties,—there are only half a hundred of us among five thousand natives, and the half-hundred give one another parties incessantly,—Sammy carries our contributions of furniture.

Sammy is not extortionate. He carries two mighty benches, a dozen chairs of honest mahogany, and three or four tables of still more honest and heavy mahogany to the tennis-court half a mile away, and brings them back, for a net charge of sixpence. Sammy gets the same sum for going to the town, a mile and a half away, and bringing back twenty-five pounds of ice, which, of course, he brings on his head.

Cook considers Sammy an overpaid man. When cook goes to market in the town, she hires a man or woman who will carry a box-load of marketing on the head and a basketful in each hand for threepence. That is not so cheap as it appears to the careless American eye. The Jamaican penny is worth two cents in our money, so the charge for the little walk out and back again is really six cents.

It is not as low as the standard rate per mile established by the Government in the case of the Milk River mail-carrier in an adjoining district. His daily walk with a mail-pouch containing mail for several villages is thirty-two miles, making 192 miles a week, and his salary is ten shillings a week, which makes his rate of pay one and a quarter cents a mile. However, the bearers in the market do not expect private employers to be as economical as the Government can afford to be.

Cook's wages are five shillings a week, which is a shilling more than the standard. It is in consideration of the fact that we are bodies in unstable equilibrium, being weakly susceptible to the temptations of chance steamships. It makes cook's tenure uncertain; but she is always ready to depart with her tin trunk and her multitudinous bundles, and so far, whenever we have returned, we have found her sitting on that tin trunk in front of the house.

The other servants get four shillings a week, and their lodgings in the servants' quarters. With the exception of a stated allowance of bread and sugar, they provide their own food. This is a condition and not a theory. In Jamaican housekeeping there is no margin for surreptitious pickings. The tropics being unblessed by the cold-storage philanthropist and the preservative chemist, the day's provisions are brought in fresh every morning, and the day's purchases are limited strictly to the needs of the day. Besides, the Jamaican servants prefer their own food. Instead of coffee, they fancy a decoction of

cola-nut, and they like a native tea brewed from a weed that grows in the gardens and the bush. They are not meat-eaters. They live largely on "bread-kind," which is anything in the nature of yams, plantains, breadfruit, or cassava.

It is quite impossible to reconcile cook's indifference to food for herself with her exquisite care in cooking for us. But, then, it must be admitted that cook is a pearl of undoubted and rare price even in Jamaica. Good cooks do not grow on every bush there, nor do other good servants; but the beauty of it is that if a good cook or servant is not found on one bush, there are many other bushes.

When Mistress lent the admirable butler away, she sent a boy into town to bring her out some butleresses. The use of this haughty word is not due to a spirit of personal ostentation, but to the butleress's professional pride. The boy returned in much less than an hour with a very fair line of samples. Edith was the result.

Edith left us after two months because she had words with the cook. As she told Mistress, regretfully, "I carn't bring myself, Mistress, to be respectful to no black nigger."

"We must forgive her, Mistress," said cook, after Edith had removed herself, with her tin trunk on top of her head and her hat and the white kid slippers in isolated grandeur on top of the trunk. "It been not too much time since her people reside in bush and wear no clothes at all."

Edith's successor, Ione, had to leave us with mutual regret. Circumstances of a magic nature over which neither side had control forced the separation. Somebody had put an obi on Ione. It was a wasting obi, and though to the naked eye Ione's one hundred and fifty-odd pounds seemed to cling to her robustly, she knew herself to be doomed unless she could locate the obi. Finally a skilful conjureman found it for a sixpence; but unfortunately for us, he was inconsiderate enough to find it near the house, under a famous silk-cotton-tree, the mighty buttress roots of which are notorious in all the district as being a very dangerous duppy-hole.

Next to the terrible and fatal Rolling Calf, duppies are the most fearful ghosts in Jamaica. Even cook, who does not exactly believe in duppies, has her opinion of that silk-cotton-tree after dark. The obi-laden Ione simply could not remain anywhere near it.

The lady who has taken Ione's position is a little slower than the well-known mill of the Gods, and not nearly so sure. An order for drinks inevitably means three trips to the pantry for her, and the house is a house of magnificent distances, with the pantry at the end of the most magnificent distance.

On the first trip she brings the bottles very neatly on her serviette-covered tray.

"The glasses, Juliet?" says Mistress, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes, if you please. Forgive me, Mistress," says Juliet.

"And the corkscrew, Juliet!" demands Master after the second trip.

"Yes, if you please. Forgive me, Master," says Juliet.

But when she arrives with it finally, she does not slam it down before her troublesome employers. She will run—no, not run—up-stairs and down-stairs all afternoon for tea and cake and more tea, and drinks, and ice, and more ice, and more tea, and never is there anything except a "Yes, please, Mistress," out of Juliet.

We have a neighbor, an American like ourselves, who does not agree with the rest of us about this Island of Servants. He is a charming gentleman, but when he gets on the subject of native servants he is not to hold or yet to bind. He swears that he will import Chinamen or Japanese or East Indian coolies at any expense. Sometimes he wishes that the island might be submerged in the sapphire Caribbean for an hour. We observe, however, that he has just built himself an expensive house and bought a plantation.

And Master, with a gentle shudder as of one who hears ghost-stories in pleasant company, thinks of his New York streets. He and Mistress look out over their ever-blooming garden, and there is utter peace: cook looking disapprovingly through her enormous spectacles at a vulture that is looking too approvingly on a chicken that she is plucking; the laundress hanging the wash (very white) on convenient bushes and the hen-coop; Sammy repairing the garden faucet with a piece of string which plainly is going to be entirely inadequate; and Juliet moving majestically like molasses from the cook-house with afternoon tea.

THE SHARK

BY EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

Author of "The Lone Star," "His Biggest Venture," etc.

EXCEPT that the color is dead-flesh and not white, it is like nothing so much as only a child's ten-cent sail-boat. But the suggestion of horror in the triangular fin leisurely cutting the surface of green water! If a human being were out there,—bone and blood and tender, pink skin,—and the fin drew nearer—No, the soul breaks back before the suggested picture. The humanness of the soul will not have the picture. It arrests the last grisly stroke.

The humanness of the soul! Of every soul, I think. Would you care to know what a dirty scoundrel did? I 'll just let the noun and epithet stand. "Dirty scoundrel" was his own description, and he had deserved it. There 's no sense in trying to get around that.

His name was Yell. It stood out on the passenger-list, and the other American passengers, idly reading down our cards at our first meal out of Vera Cruz, where we had come on board, paused at that name. Our other names were just the usual ones—names, nothing more, until we should find one another out during the voyage before us. Which of us was Yell, we wondered; and eyes went questing up and down the board on the same errand. Who was Yell? Luther Yell? The great reformer's surname made Christian!

He proved to be a big, rock-hewn, grizzled man of fifty, maybe. Truly a man of frame and countenance that one loved to look at; a type of gaunt, weathered, God-fearing, naught-else-fearing, competent sea-captain. Competent comes last, and includes the others. One rested comfortably in the feeling of his competence. One would not fear storms at sea with this man on the bridge. Yet, as it turned out, he was not a sea-faring man at all. It was simply that a similar hard school for body and brain and eternal soul had put that kind of brand on him; and the man is the thing, after all.

The strength of his limbs seemed so satisfyingly at one with the strength of his brow and eyes and mouth; rugged and in repose, I mean. And kindly; yes, and kindly, too. All his features were large, and his head was long and squared, so that his jaws were lank. His hair was thick, virile; and hair, short beard, and shaggy mustache were a strong iron gray. His mouth was good-humored, not grim; and his steely blue eyes were, too. His eyebrows were darker than his beard, and they were overlined by a crease in the brow, made up of many fine wrinkles, shaped like a gull on the wing. He was quiet, uncommunicative about himself; yet this was not because of any lack of ease. Although grimy overalls would have seemed more congruous on his raw-boned frame than the tailored clothes he wore, he could not be imagined as awkward in either. He was too downright, calmly downright, for that. What he did or said was with the grace of driving a nail true, which is more of grace than there is in a minuet. No, obviously his character had been too painfully chiseled out of rock for anything like faltering diffidence ever.

Scarcely the portrait of a scoundrel, you will say. A man to be trusted, rather; particularly to be trusted. Well, yes. One felt that instinctively and gratefully. It is good to feel that way about a fellow-being; and when you do, you have a sense of owing him something. As a sort of hypothesis, though, consider a man who has wantonly toyed with the responsibilities of life. Take a train-despatcher, for instance, at some water-tank, rebellious because of the smallness of his compensation and the gloom of outlook generally; and in one of these mutinous lapses he lets a comet of human freight get by him when he should have hung out the red lantern. He can neither see nor hear the wreck that is happening off yonder in the dark; but an angel, Remorse, in the devil's flaming cloak screeches the details of the scene, rasping every quivering fiber of him that is human. That man, having entertained

that visitor once, will never make another such mistake. The chances are that he is more to be trusted henceforth than another yet guiltless. And years afterward he will look like a man to be trusted, the same as this man Yell.

Now about the triangular fin. The ship had anchored off Progreso, and that means several miles off, the day after leaving Vera Cruz. There were Yucatan planters and their families to go ashore, after a week of national holiday in Mexico City, and there were bales on bales of henequen to come on board, so that we were rocked by the swell nearly all the afternoon, and had nothing to do except to sit around on deck and get acquainted.

A small group of us sat at the stern rail, where we had drawn our chairs to watch the sharks, which were foraging for what might be dumped out of the cook's port. There was a fascination in watching the lazy, sluggish shadows in the liquid emerald, as there always is for mortal man. A drop of ten feet from the overhang of the stern, and one would be among them. Oh, well, it was the usual fascination of beckoning eternity; a particularly horrible phase, that was all.

On the main deck just below, which was open around the stern, an engineer and two or three of the crew were baiting a line. We could partly see them down the companionway, but we did not know then that they were baiting the line with dynamite. We drowsily rose and fell with the swell, peering down between the rails to see the line cast. I am afraid it gave us a pleasurable thrill to fancy one of those tigerish monsters swallowing a grappling-hook. Here was a sport without the drawback of feeling that we ought to sympathize with the victim. We could sate our pagan lust for blood-letting with a pious conscience. We cannot often have our Roman holiday.

Our fellow-passenger Yell was near by, his slippered feet on the lower rail, reading a technical book of some sort, about dikes and dams, probably. Some of us had heard of him, and recalled that Luther Yell was the big contractor who had been putting in several million pesos worth of jetties for the Mexican Government. In his quiet way he kept among us, and seemed content with fellowship around him, without being actually of us. As for the sharks, he was not interested. Evidently they were an old story.

Then came a steward aft, stupidly half reeling, his face vacuous, yet defiant.

"Does my room, that lump," remarked an Orizaba coffee-planter from Paterson, New Jersey. "I rather thought my *tequila* was ebbing mighty fast through the bottom of the bottle."

"He 's the same pirate," said another of our group, "who spilled the gravy over Mr. Yell at supper last night."

"Wait till an officer sees him," said another. "They 'll find a cooler for him."

If only for his undress, including bare feet, as he had emerged from dawdling in the torrid forecastle, they would have put him out of sight; but so far no one in authority had spied him.

We watched him in the amused disgust of prosaic sobriety. He was a whitish-haired, pink-cheeked, well-built fellow of past thirty; a chinless, weak, dissolute specimen, subdued enough ordinarily, but doggedly resentful of metes and bounds, as we perceived, when liquor was in him. Abruptly one of us sat up a little straighter. Something in the lowering intentness of the steward as he came nearer gave us all the feeling that he was out for trouble, that he had been bibbling deliberately with trouble in mind, and now with discipline comfortably cobwebbed in a foggy perspective, that he was ready for it—trouble. The rest of us sat up a little straighter, except Yell, who was apart from the group, and oblivious in his book. It was against Yell's reclining deck-chair that he lurched; accidentally, we thought.

"Eh, son,"—the old man looked up quizzically at the flushed face,—"making heavy weather of it, seems like." He, too, supposed the jolt accidental, and resumed his book, not minded to notice the interruption any further.

But the steward made no effort to detach himself from the support of the passenger's chair. Instead, he brought his face closer to the old man's; and as he would have pitched over the arm of the chair across the other's lap, he caught at the farther arm of the chair, and so steadied himself after a fashion. With features working, he looked down at the old man over the edge of the book.

"What a breath!" said Yell. "Man, ain't you clear yet?"

The inebriate weaved back and forth. His lips puckered several times for utterance. There was nothing comical about it. It was impotence trying too desperately hard to be deadly for that.

"Sshay," came the snarl, thickly, "name 's Yell, you? Name 's Yell? Got know. Name 's Yell?"

For the first time the gaunt, grizzled, competent old fellow actually took notice of the steward, actually looked at him.

"Yes," he said, "my name 's Yell. But you want to be careful. You 'll pitch overboard among the little fishes in a minute."

"No, won't. Name 's Yell. All I want know. Got you. Got you at last. No f-f'gettin' name. Yell? Lute Yell? Huh! No, not in th-thirty years. Huh, some scream, you! Or is it short f' yellow? Eh, sshay, you—" But the abuse was foul, and may not be written.

Those seated within the curve of the stern rail, waiting for the baiting of a shark, numbered seven or eight, all men. Yell merely glanced our way, noting that there were no woman's ears to be offended, and let the fellow go on. We had not expected that, a competent man like him. He only put out a great hand now and then to keep the steward from collapsing on him when the swell dropped the ship. Then he asked:

"Your name ain't Dillard, is it? Not Dillard, by any chance?"

"No, 't ain't Dillard," said the other, hotly. "Mortimer; my name 's Mortimer."

"I mind me there was an Artie Dillard, about six or seven. Sour little cub. More like a viper than a human kid. I thought maybe you was him growed up."

"My name 's Mortimer, I tell you," cried the steward.

"Then I never heard of you, bub," said Yell. "And there 's no need getting put in irons. Better—"

However, the drunkard was past warning. He was amuck for a purpose. He bent over the man, leering confidentially, and repeated: "Got you. Got you at last." First he glanced round the deck in furtive, stupid craft, as if to reckon on the chance of interference, and then he thrust a hand in his open shirt for a weapon.

Yell seemed not to see. He looked puzzled; more than that, troubled, but not because of his danger.

"I don't guess I understand," he said. "If your name ain't Dillard, if you ain't Artie growed up, what business you got with me? But if you are Artie—"

The steward's clouded brain mistook that for temporizing, and he broke in:

"Don't make no diff'ence. I got you, 'n' I 'm goin' to do what Artie 'd do, f-f' what you did to old man Dillard 'n' Effie. No, won't mention Effie; jus' old man Dillard. What you did to old man Dillard."

The hand in his shirt had closed on the weapon, as we judged from the bulge of the fist over the breast; and he had backed against the rail, planting one naked heel against the lower rail, as if to raise and hurl himself down on the man in the deck-chair.

Yell put down his book, and rose slowly out of his chair. My, but he was a towering, rugged stalwart! None of us saw any need of interfering. But we were enough interested to forget the sharks and the men below fixing the bait.

"What was it I did to old man Dillard?" Yell asked quietly. "That was 'most thirty years ago, bub."

"Jus' same, I remem'—I know what was," retorted the steward, still pawing his heel against the rail. "You broke him, tha' 's what. Stole his money, broke him flat, 'n' he had go back to day wages, when he might 'ave gone on 'n' died rich, 'n' left money f-f'—" the drunkard's sullen scowl quickened in a spasm—"f-f' Artie."

"And Effie," suggested Yell. "There was two children."

We were astounded. He had let pass a charge of theft like that!

"Effie 's out of it, tell you; out of it," cried the steward. "Effie 's married. Married twenty years 'go."

"Married?" The old man's steely eyes softened. "I 'm glad, I 'm glad," he said.

"Glad, you?" The other misunderstood. He thought it a sneer. And his foolish, blubbering rage, though rising insanely, was somehow worthier. "You hound!" he spluttered. "You hid behind what she was to you, or you 'd had your little term in the pen. Glad, you—"

We believed it, knew it, not of course from the drunken ravings, but from the

man Yell himself. The dumb look on his long, gaunt face admitted it. I believe that in the instant we hoped to see the maudlin avenger strike true.

He rose against the rail as if with the froth of his curses, jerking the hand from his shirt, clenching a sailor's knife, and straining backward for the drive of the blow. But the stern of the ship dropped as the swell slipped from beneath, and at the moment a charge of dynamite exploded in the water. Yell grabbed for the steward. Too late, however. He was overboard. A strong current carried him like a cork a hundred feet astern. Behind him he had left his knife, the sailor's long knife. It lay in the scuppers, under the rail, where he had dropped it. The knife here, and he out there—what a sudden gulf between them! A breath of time ago, he and the knife were one, an instrument. It gets me how strange and quick things happen sometime in this world.

Not that any of us noticed the knife just then. We were all eyes for the man overboard, where he lay as if on the side of a cliff—a cliff of glass, say, of green glass. We hardly noted when he began swimming back to the ship. A horrible something, as yet subconscious, was holding us palsied. Abruptly we knew. Yes, the sharks!

Fortunately the charge of dynamite had scattered them, except the one that had swallowed it, which lay in fragments on the wave, and others that were either stunned or killed by the concussion. Some one—Yell—had shouted down the companionway to the shark-baiters there, and by the time they reached him, he was working at the ropes of the nearest lifeboat. The captain and other officers were there by that time, too, and Yell hastened back to us at the stern rail.

We had been cutting the lashing of life-preservers and throwing them over. The man out there, though, did not need them. He could swim, that doubly soused steward. The water, the peril, had sobered him, and he was coming in gallantly. Yell was not looking at him at all. His keen, blue eyes searched out the green bosom of the swell. Suddenly he uttered a low exclamation, and leaned far over the rail, and began coaching the swimmer.

"On your side—the overstroke, man! Kick hard!" he called, and with a waving arm tried to set the pace for the stroke, as a cockswain would with his body. But why "Kick hard?"

Then we saw what Yell's capable eyes had seen first—a triangular fin. It was coming down the slope of the water, cutting the surface, leaving in its wake a faint hair-line of foam, a line of death, as straight for the swimmer as an arrow's flight. He of course could not see, and did not know; it was behind him, yards away as yet. I opened my mouth to shout, to urge, implore the man down there to swim faster; but Yell, next me, tramped my toe with his slippered foot, and he scowled forbiddingly, quickly round on all of us. We understood. He had gaged the imperiled man rightly. The swimmer must not know of the fin behind. He might lose a stroke trying to look back. He might go all to pieces.

"Correct-o!" Yell shouted down, still pacing the strokes with his arm. "We 're betting on your time, bub. But kick! kick hard!"

"For God's sake! kick! kick!" we joined in. A tremendous splashing might keep off the shark, we knew now.

The swimmer had almost reached the overhang of the deck; but there was no rope to throw him—nothing. And the shark had halved the distance between them. If only we had not thrown over the life-preservers, they would have done for the moment to splatter around the monster and frighten him off, perhaps, until the boat could come. But the boat was only just going over the side. It would not come in time. It seemed that the shark had only to dart once. We did not know, or remember, that he must first turn over on his back before he could take his prey between those dense rows of serrated teeth. We made out the sinister shadow in the green water beneath the fin. Our faces were white, and our souls in our stomachs were turning us sick, when Yell picked up from the deck the sailor's knife with which the man down there in the water had meant to kill him.

"Any you men know how?" he addressed us with the sharpness of a command. He half proffered the knife. "Quick! Answer! I don't want him to owe his life to me. Any you know how?"

I suppose we stared helplessly at the

knife. Who were we, inlanders, merchants, office men, to know even what he meant? He saw instantly that we did not, and eliminated us as so much wooden furniture. He sprang to the top rail, holding by a stanchion, the long knife in his right hand, and watched with tense calculation the culminating horror beneath him. The shark was twenty feet long, and not half his length behind the steward. Moreover, the steward knew now what was there. He knew it from our faces bent over him, and he had looked back and seen. His eyes were raised to us, and one arm. He was trying to ask us for a rope, but terror had taken his voice. He could not utter a sound. And the shark— We turned our heads. We could not bear to look.

There was a splash in the water directly under us. We shuddered, and the Paterson man melted to the deck in a faint like a clothed pillar of sawdust. The rest of us looked; the fascination was that compelling. Yell had vanished. He was not on the rail. He had gone overboard, feet first, the knife in his hand. The splash we had heard was of his body shooting downward. We peered over, and there was the shark. Its immense tail was doubling and snapping back, churning the water into froth and bubbles. The froth and bubbles were reddish, and suddenly it was as if a whole jar of crimson fluid had been smashed under the surface and was welling up. At the same time the shark lay prone, then rolled over. We saw that the dead-white belly was ripped open for the length of a yard or more. What a sweep of knife that had been, after the first upward thrust!

Then Yell's virile old head bobbed up, the iron-gray hair wet over his eyes. He was straining, and finally he got the steward's head to the surface, too. The murderous inebriate had fainted. There was not a thing the matter with him, not a scratch.

Sympathy was all for Yell—our sympathy, I mean—as the two of them were taken into the small boat and brought back on board. Of course every one in the ship was crowding round, doing the awed-whispered thing for the blear-eyed, shuddering hulk that had so nearly been slashed up into fish-food, and wanting to do the acclamatory thing for his shaggy, dripping rescuer, who left tracks of wet socks on the deck as he went direct to his cabin. But by sympathy I mean of those of us who had seen it all from first to last. No matter what he had done in the past, no matter if for a moment we had wanted to see retribution fall on him, there was no standing up against the brave, clean deed that had followed swiftly. While all the others were asking themselves, and meaning to ask him, *how* he did it, we who had heard the denunciation, the foul abuse, and witnessed the attempted assassination, were wondering *why* he did it. Why? The question was bound to shape itself. Nay, more, we were almost angry with him to think that he had risked a life such as his, such as the deed had proved his life to be, to save a worthless, malignant cur who a moment before had tried to murder him.

When he reappeared in dry clothes, of course he was besieged to answer the first question. And he answered that easily, with whimsical and paternal indulgence for the curiosity. He had merely timed his jump to come up under the shark; it was a common-enough trick.

"But Mr. Yell," demanded the passenger who sat at the captain's table next the captain, "had you ever done it before?"

"No, 'm," said Yell; "but I 'd seen it done. Sharks was right common round the jetties where I 've been working."

He had only seen it done? And he had risked doing it! Had risked the slight, but ghastly, miscalculation of not getting his shark at the first thrust! Indeed, the question of the rest of us was bound for expression. It was not one that he would answer so easily. And of such a man it was going to be an awful hard one to ask, too. As things turned out, though, we did not have to ask. He came to us himself.

This was when he could get away, without being too brusk, from the general mob.

"I rec'lect you as one of them on the deck there at the time," he said quietly and gravely to me.

I replied that I was, but I was strangely embarrassed—embarrassed for him. It was passing in both our minds that I had heard him denounced as a thief and worse.

"And you know who all else was there?" he asked.

I nodded, and then he wanted to know if it would be too much trouble for me to bring all of them to his state-room "for a bit o' sociable talk, like."

When the seven or eight of us were crowded into his state-room, he went direct to the heart of the thing in the downright way that was a part of the man himself.

"It 's just as—what did he say his name was? Mortimer?—it 's just as Mortimer said," he began. "I did steal, dirty young scoundrel that I was—I did steal, and it ruined a man, and because of the man's daughter I was safe, and knew I was safe. There you are, gentlemen; that 's to start with."

He said it bluntly and unsparingly, as if the "dirty young scoundrel" he had in mind was not himself, but some one else. We stirred uneasily. Why should he be repeating this to us, so many chance strangers?

"The man's name," he went on, "was Dillard, an iron-worker by trade, but for some time past in contracting for himself, and I boarded with him. I was just a carpenter's 'prentice, but with a mind a whole lot more on races and policy-shops than hammers and saws. Then there was old man Dillard's girl Effie. We was engaged, though what she saw in me beats me. Then there was the towhead little cub Artie; but he don't figure.

"Dillard had bitten off a pretty big bite for him, which was putting in the structural iron—girders and things—in a five-story bottling-works. He 'd managed the bond, but he 'd bid right close, and what he could draw on accepted work barely kept him going. One Saturday I was passing the place, having left my own job at noon, and being on my way to put something on the Latonia races, when he quit the derrick he was at and called to me.

" 'Lute,' he says, 'my foreman has bu'sted his ankle, and I can't get away. I 'm going to write you an order, and make it to bearer, and you hustle down to the office of these bottling people and get me the money on it, and hustle it back here. I ain't got a cent to pay off with.' "

Yell paused, looked at the floor, then faced us squarely. The man was weathered granite. "That, gentlemen," he said, "is what I stole."

"But—" one of us blurted out.

He made a gesture for patience.

"Seems," he said, "the money was an advance, and they grumbled when they paid it to me. Then I went and lost it before a smear of chalk-marks on a blackboard in a pool-room. I never went back to Dillard's. I guess Effie 's the reason they did n't hunt me down. Whole neighborhood knew we was engaged, and—oh, well, figure it for yourselves. I knew I was safe."

We blinked incredulously at the man—at the *man* he was now. He could not have been that utterly contemptible thief. Or else there was much yet to be explained. We could not believe in such magic of regeneration. We lacked the key.

"Then what?" one of us demanded involuntarily. Really it was a demand for the key.

"Well, I guess you do need more to understand," Yell admitted. "Some weeks later, then, I got a job on a skyscraper, and we was twelve stories up, and they was rigging up the boom for hoisting girders. It was a shallow building, and they had to project out a ten-by-ten beam to take the slant of the guy-rope on that side. One of the guy-ropes of the mast, you understand; I 'm trying not to be technical. Almost the first thing I was sent out on the ten-by-ten, sticking out into plain empty air, to nail a cleat across the end to keep the guy-rope from slipping back. I was daring in those days, or fresh; maybe that 's better. Anyway, out I walked on that ten-inch timber, and straddled the end of it, and nailed on the cleat. Then I had to get on my feet again, turn around, and come back. But as I got my feet under me, Turk fashion, I happened to look down. Men, it was all off. My head simply was n't there on my shoulders. My hands shook from the wrists like they was tied on by strings. I could n't have budged. I 'd have gone. I 'd have gone for the twelve-story drop. Then somebody called behind me:

" 'Hold on, kid. I 'm coming out to get you.'

"I held on, thanking dear God in heaven. A heap of things got plain to me in the half-minute I was holding on. I guess human nature has got to be held up by eternity once to make it shell out the

stinking meanness that don't rightly belong to it. The man behind me came. I supposed it would be some veteran riveter who 'd think nothing of walking a greased brass rail over the fiery pit. I did n't see him till he 'd steadied me to my feet by the elbows, and got me faced round, he a-hold of my hand. Then I saw him—saw who it was. And he saw who I was. Yes, it was Dillard. The poor old man was back at his trade. That pay-day when he could n't pay off had finished him. He was back at day-wages, as I said.

"Well," said Yell, "there was no reason why he should take me off that ten-by-ten. There was no one to see, either. He could have left me where I was, and the rest would have happened naturally, like I deserved. I 'd have gone on down. I supposed he 'd leave me, of course. 'Go on,' I said, tugging to get my hand loose. I 'd beat him to it, anyway. 'Come on,' he said, and he took me back. Just took me back. But," said Yell, with a certain grim satisfaction in the memory, "once my foot was safe beneath me, he dropped my hand like it was filth. I wish he had spit on me. I quit that job. I 've never seen him since."

We had the key.

"But you paid him back the money," I said. This was not a question. Instinctively we knew he had, many times over. It was only a feeble shift at consolation.

Yell frowned impatiently.

"The money;" he repeated. "The money, sent him in driblets as I earned it, how could that balance the lump-sum he had needed that Saturday afternoon? Could I bring that Saturday afternoon back with money, even with the lump-sum over again, or with ten times the lump-sum? Don't think it. Don't think it. Money was not restitution—not for a man once ruined and aging in his ruin."

So we perceived the thing that Luther Yell had faced through the years until this day, when he had faced it openly, as it was flung at him from the foul mouth of a drunken lout.

"I think now, gentlemen," said Yell in his quiet, grave way, "that after what you 've heard, I can ask you not to testify against—what 's his name?—yes, Mortimer. The captain has him locked up. So far it 's only for drunkenness; but if any of you gentlemen spoke, at least before leaving the ship, it would be for attempted murder."

We gave our word, and Yell thanked us.

"Now I 'll go see the captain," he said. "Mortimer? Humph! I wonder what Artie Dillard did to have to change his name. Looks like a life job for me, this Artie Dillard Mortimer, don't it, gentlemen? Sharks ain't a circumstance to it."

But we felt then more than before how competent he was.

AT THE CH'EN GATE

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

AT dusk, as wild geese winged their aery way
Upon the sunset over proud Peking,
To where, darker than jade, the mountains lay,
Set in the misty gold of dying day,
I stood upon the mighty Tatar wall,
By the great-towered gate, the Ch'en, and felt
The yellow myriads move to it and melt,
As in some opiate sleep's imagining.
And slowly through there came a caravan
Of swinging camels out of far Tibet,
Upon their tawny flanks the foam still wet,
And in their eyes the desert's ancient span.
What dreams they bore to me I now forget,
But through me rang the name of Kublai Khan.

THE CELTIC TIDE

BY EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin. Author of "Changing America," "The Changing Chinese," etc.

FROM the outbreak of the Revolution until the fourth decade of the nineteenth century there was a lull in immigration. In a lifetime fewer aliens came than now debark in a single summer. During these sixty years powerful forces of assimilation were rapidly molding a unified people out of the motley colonial population. In the fermenting West, the meeting-place of men from everywhere, elements of the greatest diversity were blending into a common American type which soon began to tinge the streams of life that ran distinct from one another in the seaboard States. Then came another epoch of vast immigration, which has largely neutralized the effect of the nationalizing forces, and has brought us into a state of heterogeneity like to that of the later colonial era.

THE HIBERNIAN TIDE

AFTER the great lull, the Celtic Irish were the first to come in great numbers. From 1820 to 1850 they were more than two fifths of all immigrants, and during the fifties more than one third. More than a sixth of our 25,000,000 immigrants have brought in their aching hearts memories of the fresh green of the moist island in the Northern sea. The registered number is about 4,250,000, but the actual number is larger, for many of the earlier Irish, embarking in English ports, were counted as coming from England. No doubt the Irish who have suffered the wrench of expatriation to America outnumber the present population of the Green Isle, which is only a little more than one half of what it was before the crisis of famine, rebellion, and misery that came about the middle of the nineteenth century. It is, indeed, a question whether there is not more Irish blood now on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. It is possible that during Victoria's reign more of her subjects left Ireland in order to live under the Stars and Stripes than left England in order to build a Greater Britain under the Union Jack.

In his "Coronation Ode," William Watson sees Ireland as

. . . the lonely and the lovely Bride
Whom we have wedded, but have never won.

The truth of this shows in the way the wandering Irish still shun the lands under the British crown. Most of the inviting frontier left on our continent lies in western Canada. Already the opportunities there have induced land-hungry Americans to renounce their flag at the rate of a hundred thousand in a single year. Yet the resentful Irish turn to the narrower opportunities of what they regard as their land of emancipation. During a recent nine-year period, while the English and Scottish emigrants preferred Canada to "the States," eleven times as many Irish sought admission in our ports as were admitted to Canada, although Canada's systematic campaign for immigrants is carried on alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Very likely the Irish exodus is a closed chapter of history. Ireland's population has been shrinking for sixty years, and she has now fewer inhabitants than the State of Ohio. People are leaving the land of heather twice as fast as they are abandoning the land of the shamrock. The early marriage and blind prolificacy that had overpopulated the land until half the people lived on potatoes, and two out of five dwelt in one-room mud cabins, are gone forever, and Ireland has now one of the lowest birth-rates in Europe. Gradually the people are again coming to own the ground under their feet; native industries and native arts are reviving, and a wonderful rural coöperative movement is in full swing. The long night of misgovernment, ignorance, and superfecundity seems over, the star of home rule is high, and

the day may soon come when this home-loving people will not need to seek their bread under strange skies.

During its earlier period, Irish immigration brought in a desirable class, which assimilated readily. Later, the enormous assisted immigration that followed the famine of 1846–48 brought in many of an inferior type, who huddled helplessly in the poorer quarters of our cities and became men of the spade and the hod. After the crisis was past, then again came a type that was superior to those who remained behind. Of course the acquiescent property-owning class never migrated, and those rising in trade or in the professions rarely came unless they had fallen into trouble through their patriotism. But of the common people there is evidence that the more capable part leaked away to America. The Earl of Dunraven testifies:

Those who have remained have, for the most part, been the least physically fit, the most mentally deficient, and those who correspond to the lowest industrial standard. . . . For half a century and more the best equipped, mentally and physically, of the population have been leaving Ireland. The survival of the unfittest has been the law, and the inevitable result, deterioration of the race, statistics abundantly prove.

Owing to this exodus of the young and energetic, Ireland has become the country of old men and old women. An eighth of her people are more than sixty-five years old as against an eleventh in England. In half a century the proportion of lunatics and idiots in the population of Ireland rose from one in 657 to one in 178. In 1906 the inspector of lunatics reported:

The emigration of the strong and healthy members of the community not alone increases the ratio of the insane who are left behind to the general population, but also lowers the general standard of mental and bodily health by eliminating many of the members of the community who are best fitted to survive and propagate the race.

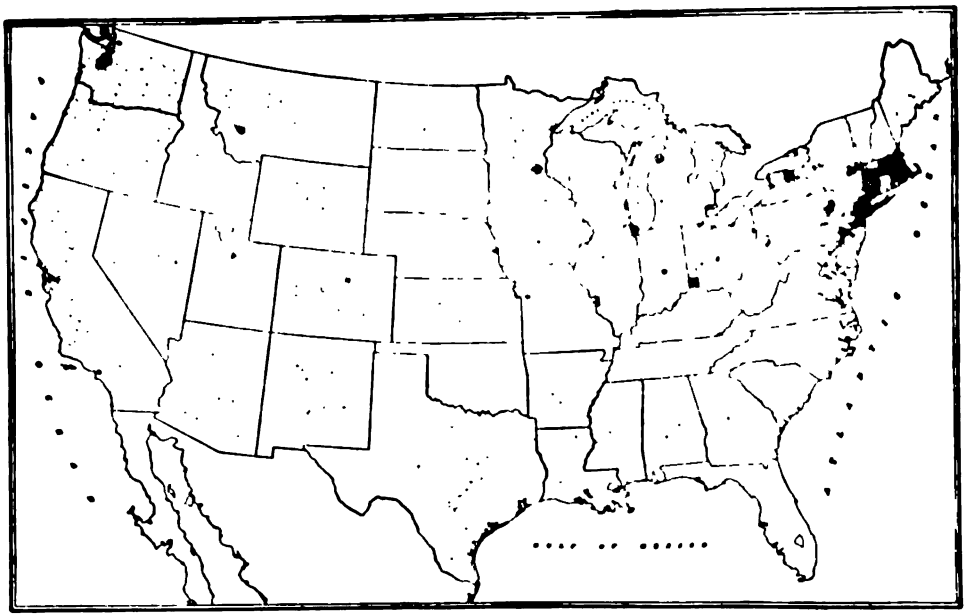
He may not have known that, compared with the rest of our immigrants, the Irish have thrice their share of insanity. The commissioners of national education, after pointing with pride to half a century's great reduction of illiteracy, add:

The change for the better is remarkable when it is remembered that it was the younger and better educated who emigrated . . . during this period, while the majority of the illiterate were persons who were too old to leave their homes.

THE IRISH IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

A CLOSE study of two hundred workingmen's families in New York City shows that the typical German family is thirty dollars ahead at the end of the year, while the average Irish family of about the same income has spent ten dollars more than it has earned. Charity visitors know that the Irish are often as open-handed and improvident as the Bedouins. A Catholic educator accounts for the scarcity of Irish millionaires by declaring that his people are too generous to accumulate great fortunes. They are free givers, and no people are more ready to take into the family the orphans of their relatives. In a county of mixed nationalities there will be more mortgages and stale debts against Irish farmers than against any others. In a well-paid class of workers there will be more renters and fewer home-owners among the Irish than among any other nationality of equal pay. Less habitually than others do the Irish make systematic provision for old age. They depend on the earnings of their children, who, indeed, are many and loyal enough. But if the children die early or scatter, the day-laborer must often eat the bread of charity. A decade ago the Irish were found to be relatively thrice as numerous in our almshouses as in the country at large. In the Northeast, where they formed a quarter of the population, they furnished three fifths of the paupers. In Massachusetts, and in Boston as well, they were four times as common in the almshouses as out of them. Nor do their children provide much better for the future. In Boston, those of Irish parentage produce two and one half times their quota of paupers. In both the first generation and the second, the frugal and fore-looking Germans have less than a tenth of the pauperism of the Irish. Dr. Bushee, who has investigated the conditions in Boston, says:

It cannot be said that the ordinary Irishman is of a provident disposition; he lives



MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF 3,493,732 PERSONS OF IRISH PARENTAGE IN THE UNITED STATES

. dot this size represents 500 people • dot this size represents 2000 people • dot this size represents 20,000 people

in the present and worries comparatively little about the future. He is not extravagant in any particular way, but is wasteful in every way; it is his nature to drift when he ought to plan and economize. This disposition, combined with an ever-present tendency to drink too much, is liable to result in insecure employment and a small income. And, to make matters worse, in families of this kind children are born with reckless regularity.

In extenuation, let it not be forgotten that at home the earlier Irish immigrants had lived under perhaps a more demoralizing social condition than that from which any other of our immigrants have come. Fleeing from plague and starvation, great numbers were dumped at our ports with no means of getting out upon the land. What was there for them to do but to rush their labor into the nearest market and huddle sociably together in wretched slums, where, despite their sturdy physique, they fell an easy prey to sickness and died off twice as fast as they should? They lived as poorly as do the Russian Jews when first they come; but, being a green country-folk, they understood less than do the town-bred Jews how to withstand the noxious influences of cities and slums.

Certainly, along with their courage and loyalty, the Irish did not bring the economic virtues. Straight from the hoe they came, without even the thrift of the farmer who owns his own land. Many of them were no better fitted to succeed in the modern competitive order than their ancestors of the septs in the days of Strongbow. In value-sense and foresight, how far they stand behind Scot, Fleming, or Yankee! In the acquisitive mêlée most of them are as children compared with the Greek or the Semite. An observant settlement worker has said:

> The Irish are apt to make their occupation a secondary matter. They remain idle if no man hires them; but not so the Jew. If he can get no regular employment, it is possible to gather rags and junk and sell them. . . . If employed under a hard master, he still works on under conditions that would drive the Irishman to drink and the American to suicide until finally he sees an opportunity to improve his condition.

We must not forget that Irish development had been forcibly arrested by the

selfish policy of their conquerors. In the latter part of the seventeenth century the English Parliament, at the behest of English graziers and farmers, put an end to Ireland's cattle-trade to England, then to her exportation of provisions to the colonies. Afterward came export duties on Irish woolens, and, later, complete prohibition of the exportation of woolens to foreign countries. "Cotton, glass, hats, iron manufactures, sugar refining—whatever business Ireland turned her hand to, and always with success—was in turn restricted." The result was that the natural capacity of the people was repressed, the growth of industrial habits was checked, and the country was held down to simple agriculture under a blighting system of absentee landlordism. Still, we cannot overlook the success of the Scottish Lowlanders in Ulster under the same strangling discriminations, nor forget that the 3500 German Protestant refugees who were settled in Munster in 1709 prospered as did their brother refugees in Pennsylvania, and became in time much wealthier than their Celtic neighbors.

A thousand years ago an Irish scholar, teaching at Liège, acknowledged his love for the cup in his invocation to the Muses, and addressed a poem to a friend who, being the possessor of a great vineyard, understood "how to awaken genius through the inspiration of the heavenly dew."

ALCOHOLISM THE FREQUENT CAUSE OF POVERTY

It is this same "heavenly dew"—whose Erse name, *usquebaugh,* we have pronounced "whisky"—that, more than anything else, has held back the Irish in America. The Irishman is no more a craver of alcohol than other men, but his sociability betrays him to that beverage which is the seal of good fellowship. He does not sit down alone with a bottle, as the Scandinavian will do, nor get his friends round a table and quaff lager, as the German does. No "Dutch treat" for him. He drinks spirits in public, and, after a dram or two, his convivial nature requires that every stranger in the room shall seal friendship in a glass with him. His temperament, too, makes liquor a snare to him. Where another drinker becomes mellow or silent or sodden, the Celt becomes quarrelsome and foolish.

Twenty years ago, an analysis of more than seven thousand cases of destitution in our cities showed that drink was twice as frequent a cause of poverty among the Irish cases as among the Germans, and occurred half again as often among them as among the native American cases. Among many thousands of recent applications for charity, "intemperance of the bread-winner" crops out as a cause of destitution in one case out of twelve among old-strain Americans; but it taints one case out of seven among the Irish and one case out of six among the Irish of the second generation. In the charity hospitals of New York alcoholism is responsible for more than a fifth of all the cases. Drink is the root of the trouble in a quarter of the native Americans treated, in a third of the Irish patients, and in two fifths of the cases among the native-born of Irish fathers. Contrast this painful showing with the fact that one Italian patient out of sixty, one Magyar patient out of seventy, one Polish patient out of eighty, and one Hebrew patient out of one hundred is in the hospital on account of drink!

IRISH NEAR THE FOOT OF THE LIST IN CRIME

In the quality of their crimes our immigrants differ more from one another than they do in complexion or in the color of their eyes. The Irishman's love of fighting has made Donnybrook Fair a byword; yet it is a fact that personal violence is six or seven times as often the cause of confinement for Italian, Magyar, or Finnish prisoners in our penitentiaries as for the Irish. Patrick may be quarrelsome, but he fights with his hands, and in his cups he is not homicidal, like the southern Italian, or ferocious, like the Finn. Three fifths of the Hebrew convicts are confined for gainful offenses, but only one fifth of the Irish. Among a score or more of nationalities, the Irish stand nearly at the foot of the list in the commission of larceny, burglary, forgery, fraud, or homicide. Rape, pandering, and the white-slave traffic are almost unknown among them. What could be more striking than the fact that more than half of the Irish convicts have been sent up for "offenses against public order," such as intoxication and vagrancy! One cannot help feeling

that the Celtic offender is a feckless fellow, enemy of himself more than of any one else. It is usually not cupidity or brutality or lust that lodges him in prison, but conviviality and weak control of impulses.

It is certain that no immigrant is more loyal to wife and child than the Irishman. Out of nearly ten thousand charity cases in which a wife was the head of the family, the greatest frequency of widowhood and the least frequency of desertion or separation is among the Irish. In only eighteen per cent. of the Irish cases is the husband missing; whereas among the Hebrews, Slovaks, Lithuanians, and Magyars he is missing in from forty to fifty per cent. of the cases. But the sons of Irish, with that ready adaptation to surroundings characteristic of the Celt, desert their wives with just about the same frequency as men of pure American stock; namely, thirty-six per cent., or twice that of their fathers.

GREAT CHANGES IN OCCUPATION AMONG THE IRISH

THIRTY years ago, when the Irish and the Germans in America were nearly equal in number, there were striking contrasts in the place they took in industry. As domestic servants, laborers, mill-hands, miners, quarrymen, stone-cutters, laundry workers, restaurant keepers, railway and street-car employees, officials and employees of government, the Irish were two or three times as numerous as the Germans. On the other hand, as farmers, saloon-keepers, bookkeepers, designers, musicians, inventors, merchants, manufacturers, and physicians, the Germans far outnumbered the Irish. Where artistic skill is required, as in confectionery, cabinet-making, wood-carving, engraving, photography, and jewelry-making; where scientific knowledge is called for, as in brewing, distilling, sugar-refining, and iron manufacture, the Irish were hopelessly beaten by the trained and plodding Germans.

For a while, the bulk of the Irish formed a pick-and-shovel caste, claiming exclusive possession of the poorest and least honorable occupations, and mobbing the Chinaman or the negro who intruded into their field. But the record of their children proves that there is nothing in the stock that dooms it forever to serve at the tail-end of a wheelbarrow. Take, for instance, those workers known to the statistician as "Female bread-winners." Of the first generation of Irish, fifty-four per cent. are servants and waitresses; of the second generation, only sixteen per cent. Whither have these daughters gone? Out of the kitchen into the factory, the store, the office, and the school. In the needle trades they are twice as frequent as Bridget or Mary who came over in the steerage. Five times as often they serve behind the counter, seven times as often they work at the desk as stenographer or bookkeeper, five times as frequently they teach. One native girl out of twelve whose fathers were Irish is a teacher, as against one girl out of nine with American fathers. The Maggies of the second generation are twice as well represented as the native-born Gretas and Hildas. Evidently it will not be long before they have their full share of school positions. In thirty leading cities eighteen per cent. of the teachers are second-generation Irish; and there are cities where these swift climbers constitute from two fifths to a half of the teaching force.

'Tonio or Josef now wields the shovel, while Michael's boy escapes competition with him by running nimbly up the ladder of occupations. As compared with their immigrant fathers, the proportion of laborers among the sons of Irishmen is halved, while that of professional men and salesmen is doubled, and that of clerks, copyists, and bookkeepers is trebled. The quota of saloon-keepers remains the same. There is no drift into agriculture or into mercantile pursuits. In the cities the Irish suffer little from the competition of the later immigrants because, thanks to their political control, they divide among themselves much of the work carried on by the municipality as well as the jobs under the great franchise-holding corporations. So far, the strength of the Irish has been in personal relations. They shine in the forum, in executive work, in public guardianship, and in public transportation, but not in the more monotonous branches of manufacture. In the colleges it has been noted that the students of Irish blood are strong for theology and law, but show little taste for medicine, engineering, or technology.

Among the first thousand men of science in America the Irish are only a fourth as well represented as the Germans, a fifteenth as well as the English and Canadians, and a twentieth as well as the Scotch. This backwardness is in part due to the overhang of bad conditions; and the compilers of the table very properly suggest that "the native-born sons of Irish-born parents may not be inferior in scientific productivity to other classes of the community." The same comment may be made on the fact that of the persons listed in "Who 's Who in America," two per cent. were German-born, another two per cent. were English-born, but only one per cent. came from the land of Erin.

IRISH INTELLECT AND MENTAL ABILITY

No doubt the peaks of Celtic superiority are poetry and eloquence. Their gifts of emotion and imagination give the Irish the key to human hearts. They are eloquent for the same reason that they are poor technicians and investigators, for the typical Celt sees things not as they really are, but as they are to him.

The Irishman still follows authority and shows little tendency to think for himself. In philosophy and science he is far behind. Even when well-educated, he leans on conventional ideas. Unlike the educated German or Jew, he rarely ventures to dissect the ideas of parental authority, the position of woman, property, success, competition, individual liberty, etc., that lie at the base of commonplace thought. Here, again, this limitation by sentiment and authority derives doubtless from the social history of the Irish rather than from their blood. They have been engrossed with an old-fashioned problem —that of freeing their country. Meanwhile, the luckier peoples have swept on to ripen their thinking about class relations, industrial organization, and social institutions.

TRAITS OF THE CELT

WITH his Celtic imagination as a magic glass, the Irishman sees into the human heart and learns how to touch its strings. No one can wheedle like an Irish beggar or "blarney" like an Irish ward boss. Not only do the Irish furnish stirring orators, persuasive stump-speakers, moving pleaders, and delightful after-dinner speechmakers, but they give us good salesmen and successful traveling-men. Then, too, they know how to manage people. The Irish contractor is a great figure in construction work. The Irish mine "boss" or section foreman has the knack of handling men. The Irish politician is an adept in "lining-up" voters of other nationalities. More Germans than Irish enlisted in the Union armies, but more of the Irish rose to be officers. In the great corporations, Americans control policy and finance, Germans are used in technical work, and Irishmen are found in executive positions. The Irish are well to the fore in organizing labor and in leading athletics. "Of two applicants," says a city school superintendent, "I take the teacher with an Irish name, because she will have less trouble in discipline, and hits it off better with the parents and the neighborhood."

Whatever is in the Irish mind is available on the instant, so that the Irish rarely fail to do themselves justice. They keep their best foot forward, and if they fall, they light on their feet. They succeed as lawyers not only because they can play upon the jury, but because they are quick in thrust and parry. They abound in newspaper offices because their imagination enables them to keep "in touch" with the public mind. The Irishman rarely attains the thorough knowledge of the German physician; but he makes his mark as surgeon, because he is quick to perceive and to decide when the knife discloses a grave, unsuspected condition.

The Irishman accepts the Erse proverb, "Contention is better than loneliness." "His nature goes out to the other fellow all the time," declares a wise priest. The lodge meeting of a Hibernian benevolent association is a revelation of kindness and delicacy of feeling in rough, toil-worn men. A great criminal lawyer tells me that if he has a desperate case to defend, he keeps the cold-blooded Swede off the jury and gets an Irishman on, especially one who has been "in trouble." "If you want money to advance a principle," says an observer, "go among the Scandinavians; if you want money to relieve suffering, go among the Irish." Bridget becomes attached to the family she serves, and, after she is married, calls again and

again "to see how the childher are coming on." Freda, after years of service, will leave you offhand and never evince the remotest interest in your family. The Irish detest the merit system, for they make politics a matter of friendship and favor. They warm to a reform movement only when it becomes a fight on law-breakers. Then the Hibernian district attorney goes after the "higher-ups" like a St. George. When the Irish do renounce machine politics, they become broad democrats rather than "good government" men.

Imaginative, and sensitive to what others think of him, the Celt is greatly affected by praise and criticism. Unlike the Teuton, he cannot plod patiently toward a distant goal without an appreciative word or glance. He does his best when he is paced, for emulation is his sharpest stimulus. The grand stand has something to do with the Irish bent for athletic contests. Irish school-children love the limelight, and distinguish themselves better on the platform than in the classroom. Irish teachers with good records in the training-school are less likely than other teachers to improve themselves by private study.

"The Irish are wilder than the rest in their expression of grief," observes the visiting nurse, "but they don't 'take on' for long." The Irishman is less persistent than others in keeping up the premiums on his insurance policy, the payments on his building-and-loan-association stock. He is quick to throw up his job or change his place in order to avoid sameness. "My will is strong," I heard a bright-eyed Kathleen say, "but it keeps changing its object; Gunda [her Norwegian friend] is *so* determined and fixed in purpose!" There is a proverb, "The Irishman is no good till he is kicked," meaning that he is unstable till his blood is up. Once his fighting spirit is roused, he proves to be a "last ditcher." As a soldier, he is better in charge than in defense, and if held back, he frets himself to exhaustion.

A professor compares his Celtic students to the game trout, which makes one splendid dash for the fly, but sulks if he misses it. A bishop told me how his prizeman, an Irish youth sent to Paris to study Hebrew, was amazed at the prodigious industry of his German and Polish chums. "I never knew before," he wrote, "what study is." A settlement worker comments on the avidity with which night-school pupils in Irish neighborhoods select classes with interesting subjects of instruction, and the rapidity with which they drop off when the "dead grind" begins. Their temperament rebels at close, continuous application. The craftsman of Irish blood is likely to be a little slapdash in method, and he rarely stands near the top of his trade in skill. The Irishman succeeds best in staple farming—all wheat, all cotton, or all beets. With the advent of diversified farming, he is supplanted by the painstaking German, Scandinavian, or Pole. Work requiring close attention to details—like that of the nurseryman, the florist, or the breeder—falls into the hands of a more patient type. In banking and finance, men of a colder blood control.

FUTURE OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN

THE word "brilliant" is oftener used for the Irish than for any other aliens among us save the Hebrews. Yet those of Irish blood are far from manning their share of the responsible posts in American society. Their contribution by no means matches that of an equal number of the old American breed. But, in sooth, it is too soon yet to expect the Irish strain to show what it can do. Despite their schooling, the children of the immigrant from Ireland often become infected with the parental slackness, unthrift, and irresponsibility. They in turn communicate some of the heritage to their children; so that we shall have to wait until the fourth generation before we shall learn how the Hibernian stock compares in value with stocks that have had a happier social history.

GIDEON

BY WELLS HASTINGS

"AN' de nex' frawg dat houn' pup seen, he pass him by wide."

The house, which had hung upon every word, roared with laughter, and shook with a storming volley of applause. Gideon bowed to right and to left, low, grinning, assured comedy obeisances; but as the laughter and applause grew, he shook his head, and signaled quietly for the drop. He had answered many encores, and he was an instinctive artist. It was part of the fuel of his vanity that his audience had never yet had enough of him. Dramatic judgment, as well as dramatic sense of delivery, was native to him, qualities which the shrewd Felix Stuhk, his manager and exultant discoverer, recognized and wisely trusted in. Off stage Gideon was watched over like a child and a delicate investment, but once behind the footlights, he was allowed to go his own triumphant gait.

It was small wonder that Stuhk deemed himself one of the cleverest managers in the business; that his narrow, blue-shaven face was continually chiseled in smiles of complacent self-congratulation. He was rapidly becoming rich, and there were bright prospects of even greater triumphs, with proportionately greater reward. He had made Gideon a national character, a head-liner, a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of the vaudeville theater, and all in six short months. Or, at any rate, he had helped to make him all this; he had booked him well and given him his opportunity. To be sure, Gideon had done the rest; Stuhk was as ready as any one to do credit to Gideon's ability. Still, after all, he, Stuhk, was the discoverer, the theatrical Columbus who had had the courage and the vision.

A now-hallowed attack of tonsillitis had driven him to Florida, where presently Gideon had been employed to beguile his convalescence, and guide him over the intricate shallows of that long lagoon known as the Indian River in search of various fish. On days when fish had been reluctant, Gideon had been lured into conversation, and gradually into narrative and the relation of what had appeared to Gideon as humorous and entertaining; and finally Felix, the vague idea growing big within him, had one day persuaded his boatman to dance upon the boards of a long pier where they had made fast for lunch. There, with all the sudden glory of crystallization, the vague idea took definite form and became the great inspiration of Stuhk's career.

Gideon had grown to be to vaudeville much what *Uncle Remus* is to literature: there was virtue in his very simplicity. His artistry itself was native and natural. He loved a good story, and he told it from his own sense of the gleeful morsel upon his tongue as no training could have made him. He always enjoyed his story and himself in the telling. Tales never lost their savor, no matter how often repeated; age was powerless to dim the humor of the thing, and as he had shouted and gurgled and laughed over the fun of things when all alone, or holding forth among the men and women and little children of his color, so he shouted and gurgled and broke from sonorous chuckles to musical, falsetto mirth when he fronted the sweeping tiers of faces across the intoxicating glare of the footlights. He had that rare power of transmitting something of his own enjoyments. When Gideon was on the stage, Stuhk used to enjoy peeping out at the intent, smiling faces of the audience, where men and women and children, hardened theater-goers and folk fresh from the country, sat with moving lips and faces lit with an eager interest and sympathy for the black man strutting in loose-footed vivacity before them.

"He 's simply unique," he boasted to wondering local managers—"unique, and it took me to find him. There he was, a little black gold-mine, and all of 'em passed him by until I came. Some eye? What? I guess you 'll admit you have to hand it some to your Uncle Felix. If that coon's health holds out, we 'll have all the money there is in the mint."

That was Felix's real anxiety—"If his health holds out." Gideon's health was watched over as if he had been an ailing prince. His bubbling vivacity was the foundation upon which his charm and his success were built. Stuhk became a sort of vicarious neurotic, eternally searching for symptoms in his protégé; Gideon's tongue, Gideon's liver, Gideon's heart were matters to him of an unfailing and anxious interest. And of late—of course it might be imagination—Gideon had shown a little physical falling off. He ate a bit less, he had begun to move in a restless way, and, worst of all, he laughed less frequently.

As a matter of fact, there was ground for Stuhk's apprehension. It was not all a matter of managerial imagination: Gideon was less himself. Physically there was nothing the matter with him; he could have passed his rigid insurance scrutiny as easily as he had done months before, when his life and health had been insured for a sum that made good copy for his press-agent. He was sound in every organ, but there was something lacking in general tone. Gideon felt it himself, and was certain that a "misery," that embracing indisposition of his race, was creeping upon him. He had been fed well, too well; he was growing rich, too rich; he had all the praise, all the flattery that his enormous appetite for approval desired, and too much of it. White men sought him out and made much of him; white women talked to him about his career; and wherever he went, women of color—black girls, brown girls, yellow girls—wrote him of their admiration, whispered, when he would listen, of their passion and hero-worship. "City niggers" bowed down before him; the high gallery was always packed with them. Musk-scented notes scrawled upon barbaric, "high-toned" stationery poured in upon him. Even a few white women, to his horror and embarrassment, had written him of love, letters which he straightway destroyed. His sense of his position was strong in him; he was proud of it. There might be "folks outer their haids," but he had the sense to remember. For months he had lived in a heaven of gratified vanity, but at last his appetite had begun to falter. He was sated; his soul longed to wipe a spiritual mouth on the back of a spiritual hand, and have done. His face, now that the curtain was down and he was leaving the stage, was doleful, almost sullen.

Stuhk met him anxiously in the wings, and walked with him to his dressing-room. He felt suddenly very weary of Stuhk.

"Nothing the matter, Gideon, is there? Not feeling sick or anything?"

"No, Misteh Stuhk; no, seh. Jes don' feel extry pert, that 's all."

"But what is it—anything bothering you?"

Gideon sat gloomily before his mirror.

"Misteh Stuhk," he said at last, "I been steddyin' it oveh, and I about come to the delusion that I needs a good po'k-chop. Seems foolish, I know, but it do' seem as if a good po'k-chop, fried jes right, would he'p consid'able to disumpate this misery feelin' that 's crawlin' and creepin' round my sperit."

Stuhk laughed.

"Pork-chop, eh? Is that the best you can think of? I know what you mean, though. I 've thought for some time that you were getting a little overtrained. What you need is—let me see—yes, a nice bottle of wine. That 's the ticket; it will ease things up and won't do you any harm. I 'll go with you. Ever had any champagne, Gideon?"

Gideon struggled for politeness.

"Yes, seh, I 's had champagne, and it 's a nice kind of lickeh sho enough; but, Misteh Stuhk, seh, I don' want any of them high-tone' drinks to-night, an' ef yo' don' mind, I 'd rather amble off 'lone, or mebbe eat that po'k-chop with some otheh cullud man, ef I kin fin' one that ain' one of them no-'count Carolina niggers. Do you s'pose yo' could let me have a little money to-night, Misteh Stuhk?"

Stuhk thought rapidly. Gideon had certainly worked hard, and he was not dissipated. If he wanted to roam the town by himself, there was no harm in it. The sullenness still showed in the black face; Heaven knew what he might do if he suddenly began to balk. Stuhk thought it wise to consent gracefully.

"Good!" he said. "Fly to it. How much do you want? A hundred?"

"How much is coming to me?"

"About a thousand, Gideon."

"Well, I 'd moughty like five hun'red of it, ef that 's 'greeable to yo'."

Felix whistled.

"Five hundred? Pork-chops must be coming high. You don't want to carry all that money around, do you?"

Gideon did not answer; he looked very gloomy.

Stuhk hastened to cheer him.

"Of course you can have anything you want. Wait a minute, and I will get it for you.

"I 'll bet that coon 's going to buy himself a ring or something," he reflected as he went in search of the local manager and Gideon's money.

But Stuhk was wrong. Gideon had no intention of buying himself a ring. For the matter of that, he had several that were amply satisfactory. They had size and sparkle and luster, all the diamond brilliance that rings need to have; and for none of them had he paid much over five dollars. He was amply supplied with jewelry in which he felt perfect satisfaction. His present want was positive, if nebulous: he desired a fortune in his pocket, bulky, tangible evidence of his miraculous success. Ever since Stuhk had found him, life had had an unreal quality for him. His Monte Cristo wealth was too much like a fabulous, dream-found treasure, money that could not be spent without danger of awakening. And he had dropped into the habit of storing it about him, so that in any pocket into which he plunged his hand he might find a roll of crisp evidence of reality. He liked his bills to be of all denominations, and some so large as exquisitely to stagger imagination, others charming by their number and crispness,—the dignified, orange paper of a man of assured position and wealth,—crackling greenbacks the design of which tinged the whole with actuality. He was specially partial to engravings of President Lincoln, the particular savior and patron of his race. This five hundred dollars he was adding to an unreckoned sum of about two thousand, merely as extra fortification against a growing sense of gloom. He wished to brace his flagging spirits with the gay wine of possession, and he was glad, when the money came, that it was in an elastic-bound roll, so bulky that it was pleasantly uncomfortable in his pocket as he left his manager.

As he turned into the brilliantly lighted street from the somber alleyway of the stage entrance, he paused for a moment to glance at his own name, in three-foot letters of red, before the doors of the theater. He could read, and the large block type always pleased him. "THIS WEEK. GIDEON." That was all. None of the fulsome praise, the superlative, necessary definition given to lesser performers. He had been, he remembered, "GIDEON, America's Foremost Native Comedian," a title that was at once boast and challenge. That necessity was now past, for he was a national character; any explanatory qualification would have been an insult to the public intelligence. To the world he was just "Gideon"; that was enough. It gave him pleasure, as he sauntered along, to see the announcement repeated on window cards and hoardings.

Presently he came to a window before which he paused in delighted wonder. It was not a large window; to the casual eye of the passer-by there was little to draw attention. By day it lighted the fractional floor space of a little stationer, who supplemented a slim business by a subagency for railroad and steamship lines; but to-night this window seemed the framework of a marvel of coincidence. On the broad, dusty sill inside were propped two cards: the one on the left was his own red-lettered announcement for the week; the one at the right—oh, world of wonders!—was a photogravure of that exact stretch of the inner coast of Florida which Gideon knew best, which was home.

There it was, the Indian River, rippling idly in full sunlight, palmettos leaning over the water, palmettos standing as irregular sentries along the low, reef-like island which stretched away out of the picture. There was the gigantic, lonely pine he knew well, and, yes,—he could just make it out,—there was his own ramshackle little pier, which stretched in undulating fashion, like a long-legged, wading caterpillar, from the abrupt shore-line of eroded coquina into deep water.

He thought at first that this picture of his home was some new and delicate device put forth by his press-agent. His name on one side of a window, his birthplace upon the other—what could be more tastefully appropriate? Therefore, as he spelled out the reading-matter beneath the

photogravure, he was sharply disappointed. It read:

Spend this winter in balmy Florida.
Come to the Land of Perpetual Sunshine.
Golf, tennis, driving, shooting, boating, fishing, all of the best.

There was more, but he had no heart for it; he was disappointed and puzzled. This picture had, after all, nothing to do with him. It was a chance, and yet, what a strange chance! It troubled and upset him. His black, round-featured face took on deep wrinkles of perplexity. The "misery" which had hung darkly on his horizon for weeks engulfed him without warning. But in the very bitterness of his melancholy he knew at last his disease. It was not champagne or recreation that he needed, not even a "po'k-chop," although his desire for it had been a symptom, a groping for a too homeopathic remedy: he was homesick.

Easy, childish tears came into his eyes, and ran over his shining cheeks. He shivered forlornly with a sudden sense of cold, and absently clutched at the lapels of his gorgeous, fur-lined ulster.

Then in abrupt reaction he laughed aloud, so that the shrill, musical falsetto startled the passers-by, and in another moment a little semicircle of the curious watched spellbound as a black man, exquisitely appareled, danced in wild, loose grace before the dull background of a somewhat grimy and apparently vacant window. A newsboy recognized him. He heard his name being passed from mouth to mouth, and came partly to his senses. He stopped dancing, and grinned at them.

"Say, you are Gideon, ain't you?" his discoverer demanded, with a sort of reverent audacity.

"Yaas, *seh,*" said Gideon; "that 's me. Yo' shu got it right." He broke into a joyous peal of laughter—the laughter that had made him famous, and bowed deeply before him. "Gideon—posi-*tive*-ly his las' puffawmunce." Turning, he dashed for a passing trolley, and, still laughing, swung aboard.

He was naturally honest. In a land of easy morality his friends had accounted him something of a paragon; nor had Stuhk ever had anything but praise for him. But now he brushed aside the ethics of his intent without a single troubled thought. Running away has always been inherent in the negro. He gave one regretful thought to the gorgeous wardrobe he was leaving behind him; but he dared not return for it. Stuhk might have taken it into his head to go back to their rooms. He must content himself with the reflection that he was at that moment wearing his best.

The trolley seemed too slow for him, and, as always happened nowadays, he was recognized; he heard his name whispered, and was aware of the admiring glances of the curious. Even popularity had its drawbacks. He got down in front of a big hotel and chose a taxicab from the waiting rank, exhorting the driver to make his best speed to the station. Leaning back in the soft depths of the cab, he savored his independence, cheered already by the swaying, lurching speed. At the station he tipped the driver in lordly fashion, very much pleased with himself and anxious to give pleasure. Only the sternest prudence and an unconquerable awe of uniform had kept him from tossing bills to the various traffic policemen who had seemed to smile upon his hurry.

No through train left for hours; but after the first disappointment of momentary check, he decided that he was more pleased than otherwise. It would save embarrassment. He was going south, where his color would be more considered than his reputation, and on the little local he chose there was a "Jim Crow" car—one, that is, specially set aside for those of his race. That it proved crowded and full of smoke did not trouble him at all, nor did the admiring pleasantries which the splendor of his apparel immediately called forth. No one knew him; indeed, he was naturally enough mistaken for a prosperous gambler, a not unflattering supposition. In the yard, after the train pulled out, he saw his private car under a glaring arch light, and grinned to see it left behind.

He spent the night pleasantly in a noisy game of high-low-jack, and the next morning slept more soundly than he had slept for weeks, hunched upon a wooden bench in the box-like station of a North Carolina junction. The express would have brought him to Jacksonville in twenty-four hours; the journey, as he took it,

boarding any local that happened to be going south, and leaving it for meals or sometimes for sleep or often as the whim possessed him, filled five happy days. There he took a night train, and dozed from Jacksonville until a little north of New Smyrna.

He awoke to find it broad daylight, and the car half empty. The train was on a siding, with news of a freight wreck ahead. Gideon stretched himself, and looked out of the window, and emotion seized him. For all his journey the South had seemed to welcome him, but here at last was the country he knew. He went out upon the platform and threw back his head, sniffing the soft breeze, heavy with the mysterious thrill of unplowed acres, the wondrous existence of primordial jungle, where life has rioted unceasingly above unceasing decay. It was dry with the fine dust of waste places, and wet with the warm mists of slumbering swamps; it seemed to Gideon to tremble with the songs of birds, the dry murmur of palm-leaves, and the almost inaudible whisper of the gray moss that festooned the live-oaks.

"Um-m-m," he murmured, apostrophizing it, "yo' 's the right kind o' breeze, yo' is. Yo'-all 's healthy." Still sniffing, he climbed down to the dusty road-bed.

The negroes who had ridden with him were sprawled about him on the ground; one of them lay sleeping, face up, in the sunlight. The train had evidently been there for some time, and there were no signs of an immediate departure. He bought some oranges of a little, bow-legged black boy, and sat down on a log to eat them and to give up his mind to enjoyment. The sun was hot upon him, and his thoughts were vague and drowsy. He was glad that he was alive, glad to be back once more among familiar scenes. Down the length of the train he saw white passengers from the Pullmans restlessly pacing up and down, getting into their cars and out of them, consulting watches, attaching themselves with gesticulatory expostulation to various officials; but their impatience found no echo in his thought. What was the hurry? There was plenty of time. It was sufficient to have come to his own land; the actual walls of home could wait. The delay was pleasant, with its opportunity for drowsy sunning, its relief from the grimy monotony of travel. He glanced at the orange-colored "Jim Crow" with distaste, and inspiration, dawning slowly upon him, swept all other thought before it in its great and growing glory.

A brakeman passed, and Gideon leaped to his feet and pursued him.

"Misteh, how long yo'-all reckon this train goin' to be?"

"About an hour."

The question had been a mere matter of form. Gideon had made up his mind, and if he had been told that they started in five minutes he would not have changed it. He climbed back into the car for his coat and his hat, and then almost furtively stole down the steps again and slipped quietly into the palmetto scrub.

" 'Most made the mistake of ma life," he chuckled, "stickin' to that ol' train foheveh. 'T is n't the right way at all foh Gideon to come home."

The river was not far away. He could catch the dancing blue of it from time to time in ragged vista, and for this beacon he steered directly. His coat was heavy on his arm, his thin patent-leather ties pinched and burned and demanded detours around swampy places, but he was happy. As he went along, his plan perfected itself. He would get into loose shoes again, old ones, if money could buy them, and old clothes, too. The bull-briers snatching at his tailored splendor suggested that.

He laughed when the Florida partridge, a small quail, whirred up from under his feet; he paused to exchange affectionate mockery with red squirrels; and once, even when he was brought up suddenly to a familiar and ominous, dry reverberation, the small, crisp sound of the rolling drums of death, he did not look about him for some instrument of destruction, as at any other time he would have done, but instead peered cautiously over the log before him, and spoke in tolerant admonition:

"Now, Misteh Rattlesnake, yo' jes min' yo' own business. Nobody 's goin' step on yo', ner go triflin' roun' yo' in no way whatsomeveh. Yo' jes lay there in the sun an' git 's fat 's yo' please. Don' yo' tu'n yo' weeked li'l' eyes on Gideon. He 's jes goin' 'long home, an' ain' lookin' foh no muss."

He came presently to the water, and, as luck would have it, to a little group of negro cabins, where he was able to buy old clothes and, after much dickering, a long and somewhat leaky rowboat rigged out with a tattered leg-of-mutton sail. This he provisioned with a jug of water, a starch box full of white corn-meal, and a wide strip of lean razorback bacon.

As he pushed out from shore and set his sail to the small breeze that blew down from the north, an absolute contentment possessed him. The idle waters of the lagoon, lying without tide or current in eternal indolence, rippled and sparkled in breeze and sunlight with a merry surface activity, and seemed to lap the leaky little boat more swiftly on its way. Mosquito Inlet opened broadly before him, and skirting the end of Merritt's Island, he came at last into that longest lagoon, with which he was most familiar, the Indian River. Here the wind died down to a mere breath, which barely kept his boat in motion; but he made no attempt to row. As long as he moved at all, he was satisfied. He was living the fulfilment of his dreams in exile, lounging in the stern in the ancient clothes he had purchased, his feet stretched comfortably before him in their broken shoes, one foot upon a thwart, the other hanging overside so laxly that occasional ripples lapped the run-over heel. From time to time he scanned shore and river for familiar points of interest—some remembered snag that showed the tip of one gnarled branch. Or he marked a newly fallen palmetto, already rotting in the water, which must be added to that map of vast detail that he carried in his head. But for the most part his broad black face was turned up to the blue brilliance above him in unblinking contemplation; his keen eyes, brilliant despite their sun-muddied whites, reveled in the heights above him, swinging from horizon to horizon in the wake of an orderly file of little bluebill ducks, winging their way across the river, or brightening with interest at the rarer sight of a pair of mallards or redheads, lifting with the soaring circles of the great bald-headed eagle, or following the scattered squadron of heron—white heron, blue heron, young and old, trailing, sunlit, brilliant patches, clear even against the bright white and blue of the sky above them.

Often he laughed aloud, sending a great shout of mirth across the water in fresh relish of those comedies best known and best enjoyed. It was as excruciatingly funny as it had ever been, when his boat nosed its way into a great flock of ducks idling upon the water, to see the mad paddling haste of those nearest him, the reproachful turn of their heads, or, if he came too near, their spattering run out of water, feet and wings pumping together as they rose from the surface, looking for all the world like fat little women, scurrying with clutched skirts across city streets. The pelicans, too, delighted him as they perched with pedantic solemnity upon wharf-piles, or sailed in hunched and huddled gravity twenty feet above the river's surface in swift, dignified flight, which always ended suddenly in an abrupt, upended plunge that threw dignity to the winds in its greedy haste, and dropped them crashing into the water.

When darkness came suddenly at last, he made in toward shore, mooring to the worm-fretted end of a fallen and forgotten landing. A straggling orange-grove was here, broken lines of vanquished cultivation, struggling little trees swathed and choked in the festooning gray moss, still showing here and there the valiant golden gleam of fruit. Gideon had seen many such places, had seen settlers come and clear themselves a space in the jungle, plant their groves, and live for a while in lazy independence; and then for some reason or other they would go, and before they had scarcely turned their backs, the jungle had crept in again, patiently restoring its ancient sovereignty. The place was eery with the ghost of dead effort; but it pleased him.

He made a fire and cooked supper, eating enormously and with relish. His conscience did not trouble him at all. Stuhk and his own career seemed already distant; they took small place in his thoughts, and served merely as a background for his present absolute content. He picked some oranges, and ate them in meditative enjoyment. For a while he nodded, half asleep, beside his fire, watching the darkened river, where the mullet, shimmering with phosphorescence, still leaped starkly above the surface, and fell in spattering brilliance. Midnight found him sprawled asleep beside his fire.

Once he awoke. The moon had risen, and a little breeze waved the hanging moss, and whispered in the glossy foliage of orange and palmetto with a sound like falling rain. Gideon sat up and peered about him, rolling his eyes hither and thither at the menacing leap and dance of the jet shadows. His heart was beating thickly, his muscles twitched, and the awful terrors of night pulsed and shuddered over him. Nameless specters peered at him from every shadow, ingenerate familiars of his wild, forgotten blood. He groaned aloud in a delicious terror; and presently, still twitching and shivering, fell asleep again. It was as if something magical had happened; his fear remembered the fear of centuries, and yet with the warm daylight was absolutely forgotten.

He got up a little after sunrise, and went down to the river to bathe, diving deep with a joyful sense of freeing himself from the last alien dust of travel. Once ashore again, however, he began to prepare his breakfast with some haste. For the first time in his journey he was feeling a sense of loneliness and a longing for his kind. He was still happy, but his laughter began to seem strange to him in the solitude. He tried the defiant experiment of laughing for the effect of it, an experiment which brought him to his feet in startled terror; for his laughter was echoed. As he stood peering about him, the sound came again, not laughter this time, but a suppressed giggle. It was human beyond a doubt. Gideon's face shone with relief and sympathetic amusement; he listened for a moment, and then strode surely forward toward a clump of low palms. There he paused, every sense alert. His ear caught a soft rustle, a little gasp of fear; the sound of a foot moved cautiously.

"Missy," he said tentatively, "I reckon yo'-all 's come jes 'bout 'n time foh breakfus. Yo' betteh have some. Ef yo' ain' too white to sit down with a black man."

The leaves parted, and a smiling face as black as Gideon's own regarded him in shy amusement.

"Who is yo', man?"

"I mought be king of Kongo," he laughed, "but I ain't. Yo' see befo' yo' jes Gideon—at yo'r 'steemed sehvice." He bowed elaborately in the mock humility of assured importance, watching her face in pleasant anticipation.

But neither awe nor rapture dawned there. She repeated the name, inclining her head coquettishly; but it evidently meant nothing to her. She was merely trying its sound. "Gideon, Gideon. I don' call to min' any sech name ez that. Yo'-all 's f'om up No'th likely." He was beyond the reaches of fame.

"No," said Gideon, hardly knowing whether he was glad or sorry—"no, I live south of heah. What-all 's yo' name?"

The girl giggled deliciously.

"Man," she said, "I shu got the mos' reediculoustest name yo' eveh did heah. They call me Vashti—yo' bacon 's bu'n-in'." She stepped out, and ran past him to snatch his skillet deftly from the fire.

"Vashti"—a strange and delightful name. Gideon followed her slowly. Her romantic coming and her romantic name pleased him; and, too, he thought her beautiful. She was scarcely more than a girl, slim and strong and almost of his own height. She was barefooted, but her blue-checked gingham was clean and belted smartly about a small waist. He remembered only one woman who ran as lithely as she did, one of the numerous "diving beauties" of the vaudeville stage.

She cooked their breakfast, but he served her with an elaborate gallantry, putting forward all his new and foreign graces, garnishing his speech with imposing polysyllables, casting about their picnic breakfast a radiant aura of grandeur borrowed from the recent days of his fame. And he saw that he pleased her, and with her open admiration essayed still greater flights of polished manner.

He made vague plans for delaying his journey as they sat smoking in pleasant conversational ease; and when an interruption came it vexed him.

"Vashty! Vashty!" a woman's voice sounded thin and far away. "Vashty-y! Yo' heah me, chile?"

Vashti rose to her feet with a sigh.

"That 's my ma," she said regretfully.

"What do yo' care?" asked Gideon. "Let her yell awhile."

The girl shook her head.

"Ma 's a moughty pow'ful 'oman, and she done got a club 'bout the size o' my wrist." She moved off a step or so, and glanced back at him.

Gideon leaped to his feet.

"When yo' comin' back? Yo'—yo' ain' goin' without—" He held out his arms to her, but she only giggled and began to walk slowly away. With a bound he was after her, one hand catching her lightly by the shoulder. He felt suddenly that he must not lose sight of her.

"Let me go! Tu'n me loose, yo'!" The girl was still laughing, but evidently troubled. She wrenched herself away with an effort, only to be caught again a moment later. She screamed and struck at him as he kissed her; for now she was really in terror.

The blow caught Gideon squarely in the mouth, and with such force that he staggered back, astonished, while the girl took wildly to her heels. He stood for a moment irresolute, for something was happening to him. For months he had evaded love with a gentle embarrassment; now, with the savage crash of that blow, he knew unreasoningly that he had found his woman.

He leaped after her again, running as he had not run in years, in savage, determined pursuit, tearing through brier and scrub, tripping, falling, rising, never losing sight of the blue-clad figure before him until at last she tripped and fell, and he stood panting above her.

He took a great breath or so, and leaned over and picked her up in his arms, where she screamed and struck and scratched at him. He laughed, for he felt no longer sensible to pain, and, still chuckling, picked his way carefully back to the shore, wading deep into the water to unmoor his boat. Then with a swift movement he dropped the girl into the bow, pushed free, and clambered actively aboard.

The light early morning breeze had freshened, and he made out well toward the middle of the river, never even glancing around at the sound of the hallooing he now heard from shore. His exertions had quickened his breathing, but he felt strong and joyful. Vashti lay a huddle of blue in the bow, crouched in fear and desolation, shaken and torn with sobbing; but he made no effort to comfort her. He was untroubled by any sense of wrong; he was simply and unreasoningly satisfied with what he had done. Despite all his gentle, easy-going, laughter-loving existence, he found nothing incongruous or unnatural in this sudden act of violence. He was aglow with happiness; he was taking home a wife. The blind tumult of capture had passed; a great tenderness possessed him.

The leaky little boat was plunging and dancing in swift ecstasy of movement; all about them the little waves ran glittering in the sunlight, plashing and slapping against the boat's low side, tossing tiny crests to the following wind, showing rifts of white here and there, blowing handfuls of foam and spray. Gideon went softly about the business of shortening his small sail, and came quietly back to his steering-seat again. Soon he would have to be making for what lea the western shore offered; but he was holding to the middle of the river as long as he could, because with every mile the shores were growing more familiar, calling to him to make what speed he could. Vashti's sobbing had grown small and ceased; he wondered if she had fallen asleep.

Presently, however, he saw her face raised—a face still shining with tears. She saw that he was watching her, and crouched low again. A dash of spray spattered over her, and she looked up frightened, glancing fearfully overside; then once more her eyes came back to him, and this time she got up, still small and crouching, and made her way slowly and painfully down the length of the boat, until at last Gideon moved aside for her, and she sank in the bottom beside him, hiding her eyes in her gingham sleeve.

Gideon stretched out a broad hand and touched her head lightly; and with a tiny gasp her fingers stole up to his.

"Honey," said Gideon—"Honey, yo' ain' mad, is yo'?"

She shook her head, not looking at him.

"Yo' ain' grievin' foh yo' ma?"

Again she shook her head.

"Because," said Gideon, smiling down at her, "I ain' got no beeg club like she has."

A soft and smothered giggle answered him, and this time Vashti looked up and laid her head against him with a small sigh of contentment.

Gideon felt very tender, very important, at peace with himself and all the world. He rounded a jutting point, and stretched out a black hand, pointing.

"Yondeh it is, Honey," he said. "We 's almos' home."

The Spirit of The Century

THE REVOLT OF THE WOMEN

THE time has come to define feminism; it is no longer possible to ignore it. The germ is in the blood of our women. The principle is in the heart of our race. The word is daily in the pages of our newspapers. The doctrine and its corollaries are on every tongue. The hope of it, often unrecognized and denied, lies inherent in the soul of every woman. The dread of it rests heavily upon the ignorant, the timid, the unduly conservative, and those who have outlived the capacity for unfamiliar thinking.

But what is feminism? Is it, as the superficial allege, the desire of some women to assume the work and the places and the power and the responsibilities and the rewards of men? Some women desire these things, no doubt. But this is not feminism.

Is it the desire of a few experimental spirits to abolish marriage, and substitute for lifelong monogamy temporary relationships dissoluble at will? This is the dream of a scattered few, especially in Germany, where a small group is experimenting in public. But it is not feminism.

Is it the suggestion of certain reckless ones to abolish the home and have the State bring up our children in order that women may be free to experiment variously with life unhampered by the schemes of mere nature? This has been seriously set forth by several daring writers, and is occasionally advocated by irresponsible orators at gatherings of the ultra-advanced. But it is not feminism.

Nor can feminism be defined by any of the numerous other suggestions of impractical imaginations spurred to abnormal activity by sudden release from the thought conventions of the past.

Granted that most of the so-called feminist writing and speaking so far have dealt with the schemes of visionaries. But visionaries and fanatics are always the first and the loudest in any public cause. The social reorganization now in slow, orderly progress throughout the civilized world was heralded two decades ago by anarchists and nihilists.

Granted that the opponents of feminism seem to have, in the silence of all others, authority for their assumption that the theories of these hasty irresponsibles are the theories of the movement itself. But the hastily terrified are as fatuous as the hastily enthused. Neither deserves credence of the seer.

Let us, then, ignore these impractical doctrines of the hasty. Let us fish for our definition in the still waters beneath the troubled surface. Let us study the Revolt of the Women not in the souls of the volatile few, but of the earnest millions of wives and mothers and workers who are thinking silently in their homes. Here alone shall we find the attitude upon which to base our substantial definition, for these are the women who eventually will determine the fact.

And here first of all we find that feminism does not mean the usurpation by women of the place and the power of men. Psychological sex differences absolutely must have their way in the end despite prophets and propaganda, and none but dreamers will deny it. When women have all the rights they demand, together with the obligations that go with them, still they will be women. They will no more compete then in departments of life unsuited to their strength and genius than they do to-day. None but a few enthusiastic theorists believe they will.

There is this difference, though, and here somewhere lies our definition, that then women's spirits will be freed. For the first time in history, whether in competition with men or not, they will labor without the bond and the stigma of inferiority.

To meet life untaunted; to labor, to succeed or to fail, as human individuals only; to feel handicapped by nature only, not by men; to seek their own success in self-chosen appropriate paths unhampered by laws or conventions from which men are exempt—these, we take it, constitute the ultimate object of the Revolt of the Women.

And that sums up feminism, considered as a great, instinctive human movement. It is another and a very great step toward the realization of human freedom. Freeing the women follows naturally, and in civilization's own good time, upon freeing the slaves.

Feminism, then, is in essence and fact a spiritual attitude. But it follows, as the night the day, that, to be effective, there is involved the power as well as the principle of freedom. Women must become the civil and the social equals of men. It makes little difference whether or not they shall use this power; the fact that they possess it, rather that they should not be forbidden its possession, is the magic that will break the shackles. The object of feminism is to make women equal stockholders with men in the Business of Life.

Like every demand for human freedom, feminism will succeed; and, when it does come to pass, the human race will attain for the first time its full efficiency. Meantime let us possess our souls in peace so far as concerns those who are proclaiming creeds which civilization never will grant.

AD THALIARCHUM

(AFTER HORACE)

BY MARVIN FERREE

WHEN mountain-tops are white with snow,
And on Soractes's crest you see
The laden beeches bending low,
And when the frost with icy key
Locks tight each little rivulet,
Come, Thaliarchus, and with me
Old cares forget.

The fire invites us; take thine ease,
Nor seek to fathom from afar
The hearts of the Eumenides;
Leave to the gods the unending war
Of wind and wave. This, too, shall cease
When they from whom all counsels are
Shall counsel peace.

To-morrow? Shall the fleeting years
Abide our questioning? They go
All heedless of our hopes and fears.
To-morrow? 'T is not ours to know
That we again shall see the flowers.
To-morrow is the gods'; but, oh!
To-day is ours.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

PUBLIC DINNER—FUTURIST STYLE

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

PICTURES BY CHAPMAN

RAT-TAT-TAT! The sound of silver on glass, and half-acre of shirt-front swings about toward speakers' table. Toast-master on his feet. Toast-master's mighty shock of black hair impressive. Rubicund, leonine, slightly flabby features peer over palisade of starched linen at half-acre of those also present. He is at perfect ease, one would say; but in toast-master's eyes a cold glint of impatience, and his smile somewhat too wide, much too professionally wide. He broods with mock fear over half-acre of laundered arctic landscape before him, as if hesitating, one might say, over thought of plunging headlong into White Sea of starch and end it all. Is every one quite ready? No desire on toast-master's part to hurry any one into gulping. But who would be bold enough to lift a demi-tasse? There is silence.

"TOAST-MASTER ON HIS FEET"

"Gentlemen," he says, "it is a pleasure to have you all here. There was once an Irishman named Pat who was driving a pig to market."

Half-acre of shirt-front crinkles with delightful anticipation of what Pat said when something happened to pig, as always does happen to pig at public dinners. Lips are slightly moist, and already half opened for the laugh. Except at toastmaster's right hand, where scheduled next speaker rolls little pills of bread, and gives ear to whispered comment of neighbor on the right; smiling, but hearing nothing. Kindness of Providence casts spell over souls of men and women at great crises of life, a haze of pain and acutely pleasurable anticipation: soldier goes under fire in a daze, bride in a daze approaches altar, next speaker at banquet always rolls pills and listens in a daze, smiling, but hearing nothing.

" 'An' why would I not?' said Pat."

Strange thing about this uniform worn by men—uniform of black and white for dinner. Other uniforms are worn only in the course of stern duty, officers' when going into battle, waiters' while waiting, convicts' while doing time. The ordinary citizen dons his uniform for the most routine service imaginable, the consumption of food. Why should this be so? Why not lawyer in dinner-jacket addressing juries, surgeon in swallowtail over operating-table, black-and-white minister in pulpit, 'longshoreman in open-face dress carting bags? Why uniforms at dinner unless in expectation of glorious death from indigestion? This should be explained.

"HALF-ACRE OF SHIRT-FRONT SHRINKS BACK IN AMAZEMENT"

"The present condition of the dairy trade, gentlemen, is like Pat and his pig."

Laughter, somewhat uncertain as to just why, but laughter all the same.

"I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Smith."

Palms which have risen before shirtfronts in applause of Irishman and his pig continue to applaud in honor of Mr. Smith, who has been rolling bread-pills.

"Gentlemen," says Smith, "it is a pleasure to address so distinguished and representative an assemblage. There was once a colored brother named 'Zekiel who was riding into town on his mule."

Half-acre of shirt-front crinkles and leans forward with anticipation, some wondering whether point of joke will be with 'Zekiel, some thinking it might be with the mule; probably both. Slightly flushed faces uniformly eager, laundered bosoms uniformly arched in suspense. Amazing gift, the laundryman's! It irons out all human variations. So many different men, different views, different tastes. Some like Lynnhavens; some like Mrs. Barclay, Chambers, Galsworthy; some adept at auction; some behind in the bank, some quiescent; some still tingling with memory of sharp domestic altercation while dressing for dinner; all now indistinguishably alined behind battlement of white starch waiting for 'Zekiel and his mule. Amazing gift!

"Brother 'Zekiel would n't budge a foot; silent like an oyster."

Why oysters, or other species of Acephala, as first course at public dinners? Oysters, the most reticent, the most self-contained, the most domesticated of animals always the key-note for banquet oratory. Why? For that matter, look at the menu: crisp celery, the tang of mint, pungent sauces, and followed by flat stream of obvious remarks. Why? This should be explained.

"Thus, gentlemen," continued Smith, "we are confronted with the remarkable fact that the value of the annual dairy output in the United States is equal to four times the value of all cereal crops in the United States, including hay."

Most unreliable thing in the world, statistics quoted at public dinners. Seldom based on research; most frequently based on undated clipping from St. Petersburg, Florida. Banquet researches most often confined to volumes dealing with Irishman and his pig and 'Zekiel with his mule. Consequently, half-acre of shirtfront shrinks back in amazement at remarkable fact about annual dairy products, and palms rise in applause. Not a

remarkable fact at all. Not even a fact. United States Census for 1910 quite explicit on the subject. But speaker's statement all the more remarkable, and only elderly gentlemen catching first twinges of indigestion would refuse applause.

"Gentlemen," says toast-master, "I take pleasure in introducing Mr. Jones, who knows more about an egg than the hen that laid it."

Bravo! Jones rises amid hurricane of gaiety from fast-crumpling half-acre of shirt-front. About mention of eggs there is something irresistibly funny. Why? The most serious thing in the world, an egg. It is the beginning of all things. It is the beginning of life; with bacon, the beginning of the day; with malt and orange-juice for liquid lunch, the beginning of middle age. Yet people laugh at eggs. Why? This should be explained.

"Gentlemen," says Jones, "I shall not detain you much longer. The toast-master's generous reference to me reminds me of a story. An Irishman named Hennessey, whose mother-in-law was sick, was running for the doctor."

Extraordinary race the Irish! Without them after-dinner speeches utterly inconceivable, except that the colored brother helps out. Population of Ireland, according to latest available figures, a little over four millions. Annual consumption of Irish stories at public dinners, say, twelve millions. Allowing for deaf and dumb, babes in arms, Ulstermen, etc., this would make half a dozen side-breaking stories per capita. A notoriously witty race the Irish, of course, and much given to driving pigs to market, but still an incredibly high ratio of humor. This should be explained.

AN EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE came across to me in the semi-silence room of the club.

"I had a rather queer hand at bridge last night," he said.

"Had you?" I answered, and picked up a newspaper.

"Yes. It would have interested you, I think," he went on.

"Would it?" I said, and moved to another chair.

"It was like this," he continued, following me: "I held the king of hearts—"

"Half a minute," I said; "I want to go and see what time it is." I went out and looked at the clock in the hall. I came back.

"And the queen and the ten—" he was saying.

"Excuse me just a second; I want to ring for a messenger."

I did so. The waiter came and went.

"And the nine and two small ones," he went on.

"Two small what?" I asked.

"Two small hearts," he said. "I don't remember which. Anyway, I remember very well indeed that I had the king and the queen and the jack, the nine, and two little ones."

"Half a second," I said, "I want to mail a letter."

When I came back to him, he was still murmuring:

"My partner held the ace of clubs and the queen. The jack was out, but I did n't know where the king was—"

"You did n't?" I said in contempt.

"No," he repeated in surprise, and went on murmuring:

"Diamonds had gone round once, and spades twice, and so I suspected that my partner was leading from weakness—"

"I can well believe it," I said—"sheer weakness."

"Well," he said, "on the sixth round the lead came to me. Now, what should I have done? Finessed for the ace, or led straight into my opponent—"

"You want my advice," I said, "and you shall have it, openly and fairly. In such a case as you describe, where a man had led out at me repeatedly and with provocation, as I gather from what you say, though I myself do not play bridge, I should lead my whole hand at him. I repeat, I do not play bridge. But in the circumstances I should think it the only thing to do."

OLD-FASHIONED, AFTER ALL?

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

I 'VE learned with philosophic calm
To quote my *tempora mutantur;*
I watch with but the slightest qualm
My daughter's bifurcated canter;
Unblanched, I list while Maude (eighteen)
Discourses with Gustave (aged twenty)
On marriage laws and sex hygiene,—
Oh, I 'm a Modern good and plenty!—
And yet one sight still makes me blush,
One sight averts my shuddering glances.
What is it? See! The tea-room crush,
And Grandma in the latest dances!

Each May I view almost with pride
Parades wherein my wife confesses
She wants to vote, though as a bride—
But let that pass; the world progresses.
I do not mourn the crinoline,
Or deem that female virtue perished
What time the first slit skirt was seen;
Scarce one pet prejudice I 've cherished;
No man more tolerant will you find
From Bagdad westward to Durango:
Yet could I wish that I were blind
When Grandma rises to the tango.

Sad, sad, when Fifty turns her back
On time's unsparing diagnosis,
And courts disaster cardiac,
Invites arteriosclerosis,
In panting chase of youth, the fleet,
Long vanished in the purple distance!
What mocking imp persuades her meet
Old age with capering resistance?
Though, as I 've shown, my mind is free
And open to each year's advances,
One spectacle 's too much for me—
Grandmother in these modern dances.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER

I—HIGH-BROW ANXIETIES

WHAT with the tango and the slit skirt, eugenics and the pest of women's thinking, the growing impudence of the poor and the incorrect conversion of certain negro tribes, and the sudden appearance of a rather strong article on feminism, civilization in this country, and perhaps everywhere, is drawing to its close in many a serious magazine article. Down goes the dike, said one; and it seems to have been the only dike that could have prevented "our civilization from being engulfed in an overwhelming flood of riches, and from sinking in an orgy of brutality." Now that religion has gone, said another, "the old-fashioned principles of right and wrong have also largely disappeared." Turn a few pages, and one will find the "ulcer in our new morality"; a few more, and one will see the "canker at the root of education." Then, if one likes, he may learn how low this nation is rated by a connoisseur of all the nations on the globe. "Of all the countries I have ever met," says he, as his mind reverts along the parallels of latitude to the thirty-seven populations he has intimately known, "this country, to speak candidly, is the least desirable"; and so he casts off our wretched country as one who throws away a very bad cigar.

And consider society's danger from astrologers. Abolish astrologers at once, says another contributor, and also spiritualists and quacks and prophets; for if we do not, all clean culture will soon rot and vanish, killed by the germs from this "cultural underworld."

I have chanced on these without looking for them, and I could no doubt find a dozen darker bodings in the Christmas numbers alone; but I do not wish to frighten people. I desire, rather, to soothe.

When perils come out in the new numbers, it quiets one to turn to the old perils in the file—yellow perils, black, white, brown, and red ones, horrors of house-flies and suffragettes, and all the evil kinds of micrococcus, back to imperialism and the bicycle skirt of fifteen years ago, and to read, say, of Carrie Nation ravaging Kansas, and the California lady who hurled college professors through the window, thus destroying academic liberty, and McKinley "blood-guilty" and sitting on a "throne," and Thanksgiving day changed to Shame day or the Devil's own day by some Boston contributors, and the Stars and Stripes painted black and "replaced by the skull and cross-bones," and bloodshed in fiction, and hazing at West Point, and the United States Government "shaking Porto Rico over hell." And every time saved by a miracle—the same old family miracle!

We do not deny that civilization is now in danger, but merely suggest that in any serious magazine it always must be in danger.

The contributor of a great peril to a magazine is not, as a rule, an unhappy person. On the contrary, he is often a large, calm man, with a good appetite, and more cheerful in his mind than we. If one could feel toward any menace to humanity as one used to feel toward tales of Jack the Giant Killer, just believing enough for a little goose-flesh, there would be more fun in it. Any man who is about half convinced that he and a few others are the sole remaining friends of civilization finds some dramatic zest in life.

II—A RECEIPT FOR VILLAINS

WE dislike people for their limitations more than for their vices, and it is the novelist who remembers this unamical propensity who makes the most exquisitely detestable characters. The assassins, blackguards, and shrewd scoundrels who seem to go to the devil with their eyes open rouse us very little. The people who stir the deepest anger are really not bad at all. The impunity of a man with a closed mind is the worst thing about him. Hatred is never complete without a touch of impotence. These are the real villains, and should be used by all novelists who wish to harrow and inflame. Your cut-throats and abductors and clever swindlers do not permanently rankle. When the jail or the gallows do for them, one relents at once.

BETTINA, THE PLACE, OR THE WEATHER?

BY E. L. McKINNEY

DRAWINGS BY BIRCH

WHAT a singular hat! I exclaimed to myself,—
In a milliner's window I saw it last week,—
Such a thing should be labeled and placed on a shelf
As a curious ornithological freak.
I have seen odd concoctions, but certainly that
Is the queerest I 've seen in the way of a hat.

And that suit which last week I observed on a page
Just devoted to fashions pertaining to spring,
I suppose some creation like that is the rage,
But no woman could ever appear in that thing.
That was n't intended for wearing, I 'm sure;
It 's just a sartorial caricature.

But to-day there 's Bettina,—and wearing them both!
That hat and that suit; I can tell them afar;
And yet at this instant I 'll say under oath
That I cannot conceive why I thought them bizarre.
It may be Bettina, the place, or the weather,
But the three are absurdly good-looking together.

"THE THREE ARE ABSURDLY GOOD-LOOKING TOGETHER"

Drawing by Plank

TO THREE CHIAROSCURO CHARMERS AT AFTERNOON TEA

BY WILLIAM R. BENÉT

EUPHROSYNE, Gwendolyn, sweet Arabella,
Of "minaret" madness and modern *esprit*,
Though you favor the fad of the festive umbrella
(So much like umbrellas these costumes we see!),
Oh, prithee, take pity and smile on "a fella,"
Delectable ladies at afternoon tea!
Your costumes and bonnets are poems, are sonnets;
Each ruching, each ribbon 's a marvel to me.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

INDEX

TO

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXXVII NEW SERIES: VOL. LXV

PAGE

AMRITSAR, THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF.....*E. F. Benson*..... 680

ANECDOTES, ARISTOCRATIC.....*Stephen Leacock*..... 803
Pictures by Reginald Birch.

ANNIE LAURIE," "BONNIE.....*J. Cuthbert Hadden*..... 785
Pictures from photographs and old prints.

ANXIETIES, HIGH-BROW. Cf. "Senior Wrangler."

ART, THIS TRANSITIONAL AGE IN..... 825

I. Is Our Art Distinctively American?.....*John W. Alexander*..... 826
Eight examples of modern tendencies from paintings by Robert Reid, D. W. Tryon, Charles Melville Dewey, Kenyon Cox, Frank W. Benson, George W. Bellows, and Edward W. Redfield.

II. The Painting of To-day.....*Edwin H. Blashfield*..... 837
Four examples from paintings by John W. Alexander, Edwin H. Blashfield, J. Alden Weir, and Ernest Lawson.

III. The Painting of To-morrow.....*Ernest L. Blumenschein*... 845

IV. The Point of View of the "Moderns".....*Walter Pach*..... 851
Pictures showing how Post-Impressionism is influencing modern painting, from paintings by Bryson Burroughs, Marcel Duchamp-Villon, Arthur B. Davies, George Luks, Henry Golden Dearth, Robert Henri, Henri Matisse, Paul Cézanne, Maurice B. Prendergast, Odilon Redon, Paul Picasso, Paul Gauguin, and from bust by Brancusi.

"BATTLE OF LIGHTS, CONEY ISLAND".....*Joseph Stella*..*Facing page* 852

V. The Ancestry of Cubism.....*Jay Hambidge and Gove Hambidge*..... 869
Pictures from miscellaneous drawings.

BAKST, LEON.....*Ada Rainey*..... 682
Eight designs for costumes from the color sketches by Bakst.

BALKAN PEACE, THE, THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND.....*James Davenport Whelpley* 411

BAMBOO AND THE HONORABLE LITTLE GOD, MR. .....*Frances Little*..... 165
Picture, printed in color, by Wakana Utagawa.

BOOK JACKETS, THE COMING FASHIONS IN.....*Oliver Herford*..... 319

BOOTS, THE, THAT AFFAIR OF.....*Henry S. Watson*..... 538

BOY WHO GOES WRONG, THE.....*H. Addington Bruce*..... 542

CARIBBEAN TROPICS, THE.....*Julius Muller*..... 368
Pictures by W. M. Berger.

CARRIAGES AT 10)45.....*George Jean Nathan*..... 649

CARTOONS.

The Drama of To-day: F. R. Gruger..... 315

New York Society Note. Drawing by Held..... 317

The Weekly Harper. Drawing by Delehanty..... 319

In the Golden Horseshoe: George Wolfe Plank..... 320

"And When Music Arose with its Voluptuous Swell": C. F. Peters..... 489

Those Five O'Clock Tango Teas: Boardman Robinson..... 492

Vacant: Myrtle Held..... 492

Banquet of the International Eugenical Society: Held..... 652

PAGE

In the Smoking-Car: Held 652
An Indian Mutiny: J. R. Shaver 811
Forecast of Spring Fashions: Reginald Birch 812

CATCHING IT ..... *Amy Wentworth Stone* ... 672

CELTIC TIDE, THE. Cf. "Old World."

CHILDREN, OUR ..... *Wells Hastings* 345

CITIES, PROVINCIAL, ONE OF OUR MORE ..... *Ernest Harvier* 807

COLLECTOR, THE ..... *May Sinclair* 321
Pictures by Harry Raleigh.

COLLEGE DEMOCRACY, THE STRUGGLE FOR ..... *John Corbin* 80
Head-piece from drawing by the architects of Standish Hall.

CONCERT, A PHILHARMONIC, ULTRA-MODERN ..... *Simeon Strunsky* 643
Drawing by Luis Mora.

CONVICT, THE, NEW HOPE FOR ..... *Richard Barry* 609

CREOLE BEAUTIES AND SOME PASSIONATE PILGRIMS ..... *Julius Muller* 558
Pictures by W. M. Berger.

CROWDED HEART, THE ..... *Maria Thompson Daviess* 185
Pictures, printed in tint, by F. R. Gruger.

D'ANNUNZIO, THE PROMISED EXTINCTION OF ..... *The Editor* 489

DEATH, WITHOUT, THE MAN WHO DIED ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 902

DINNER, PUBLIC—FUTURIST STYLE ..... *Simeon Strunsky* 966
Pictures by Charles S. Chapman.

DIPLOMATIC SERVICE, DISORGANIZED, OUR ..... *James Davenport Whelpley* 123

DOG HARVEY, THE ..... *Rudyard Kipling* 813
Pictures by Reginald Birch.

DOROTHEA'S DIARY OF LIFE ..... *Evelyn Van Buren* 382
Picture, printed in tint, by Herman Pfeifer.

DUBLIN ..... *Brand Whitlock* 767

EBB-TIDE, AT THE ..... *Charles Johnson Post* 760

EDITORIALS.

A Great National Problem 151
The Tidal Wave of Indecency 152
Schedule K Again 152
Newspapers and Magazines 310
As Others See Us 310
Several Seasonable Facts 481
Helping the Lame Duck 481
A Modern Prayer 641
Note About Mr. Mackaye's Bird Masque 642
S. Weir Mitchell 801
The Revolt of the Women 964

EDUCATION OF POPO, THE ..... *Maria Cristina Mena* 653
Pictures by F. Luis Mora.

EGG-SHELL CHINA ..... *Kate Jordan* 925

END OF THE DREAM, THE ..... *Elizabeth Maury Coombs* 475

ENGLISH AND THEIR ENGLAND, THE ..... *James Davenport Whelpley* 897

ETHIOPIAN DIP, THE ..... *Ellis Parker Butler* 200
Pictures by Reginald Birch.

EXCHEQUER, NATIONAL, BOLSTERING UP THE ..... *Leonard Hatch* 94

EXPERIENCE, EVERY-DAY, AN ..... *Stephen Leacock* 968

FILIPINOS HAVE A FOURTH OF JULY?, SHALL THE ..... *W. Morgan Shuster* 422
Pictures from photographs.

FORBES-ROBERTSON ..... *Richard LeGallienne* 511

FOREIGN POLICY?, AMERICAN, IS THERE A SOUND ..... *W. Morgan Shuster* 233

FRATERNITY WOMEN ..... *Sarah Gertrude Pomeroy* 289

FRIENDS ..... *Marjorie L. C. Pickthall* .. 754
Pictures by H. J. Mowat.

GENIUS, THE QUALITY OF ..... *Katharine Holland Brown* 735
Picture by Robert McCaig.

GIDEON ..... *Wells Hastings* 956

GLOW-WORM, THE ..... *Henri Fabre* 105
Portrait of the author.

GOLF," "MIND VERSUS MUSCLE IN

I. Mind in Golf ..... *Herbert Sydney Langfield* ... 279
II. First Train Your Muscles ..... *Eben Howard Gay* 282

PAGE

"HARES" ..... *Paul Barchan* 693

HOME. An Anonymous Novel 52, 242, 444
Illustrations by Reginald Birch.

IMMIGRATION. Cf. "Old World."

IMPRISONED VOICE, THE ..... *Virginia Yeaman Remnitz* 434

INDIA, THE HEART OF ..... *E. F. Benson* 581
Picture from photograph.

INVASION OF REALITY, THE ..... *Amelia J. Burr* 890
Picture by Harry Townsend.

INVESTMENTS, A MATTER OF ..... *Allan Updegraff* 792
Pictures by Reginald Birch.

JAPAN, MOTORING IN ..... *Melvin A. Hall* 97
Pictures from photographs.

JOHN OF GOD, THE WATER-CARRIER ..... *María Cristina Mena* 39
Pictures by F. Luis Mora, two in tint.

KEY-NOTE, THE ..... *Katherine Roof* 113

LAST WAR IN THE WORLD, THE. Cf. "Trilogy, Prophetic."

LINCOLN'S, ABRAHAM, SOCIAL IDEALS ..... *Rose Strunsky* 588
Photograph from study.

LITERATURE, AMERICAN, AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT WILSON ON BEHALF OF ..... *Edwin Björkman* 887

MARÍA CONCEPCIÓN, THE EMOTIONS OF ..... *María Cristina Mena* 348
Pictures by F. Luis Mora.

MEN, MODERN, MAY HOPE TO PLEASE WOMEN, HOW ..... *Harrison Rhodes* 312
Picture by May Wilson Preston.

MENU, A ..... *R. C. McElravy* 811

MEXICAN MENACE, THE ..... *W. Morgan Shuster* 593

MILITANT WOMEN, THE—AND WOMEN ..... *Edna Kenton* 13

MISSION PLAY OF CALIFORNIA, THE ..... *Henry Van Dyke* 175
Photographs printed in tint.

MITCHELL, DR. S. WEIR, VERSATILITY AND ..... *Robert Haven Schauffler* .. 267
Portrait of Dr. Mitchell, printed in tint.

MITCHELL, S. WEIR. Cf. "Editorials."

"MONA LISAS," THE TWO ..... *Walter Littlefield* 525
Pictures from photographs, two printed in tint.

MONOPOLIST, THE ..... *L. Frank Tooker* 88

"MOTHER" ..... *Lawrence Perry* 516
Pictures by Reginald Birch.

MOVIES, THE, THE FORERUNNER OF ..... *Brander Matthews* 916
Illustrations from shadow pictures.

NEST, NEW, THE ..... *Katharine Holland Brown* 628

NIGHT OF THE BATH, A ..... *Frederick Lewis Allen* 483
Pictures by Thelma Cudlipp.

NIGHT SCHOOL, THE ..... *James Hopper* 781

NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT ..... *Walter Littlefield* 780
Pencil sketch of Dr. Norton by William Fuller Curtis.

OLD WORLD IN THE NEW, THE ..... *Edward Alsworth Ross*

I. Economic Consequences of Immigration. With map 28

II. American and Immigrant Blood 225

III. Immigrants in Politics 392

IV. Racial Consequences of Immigration 615

V. Origins of the American People 712
Picture by Paul J. Meylan.

VI. The Celtic Tide 949

OPERA IN ENGLISH ..... *Reginald deKoven* 676

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. Cf. "Old World."

PICTURES, MISCELLANEOUS.

Wisconsin Idyls: Robert H. Conklin ..... *Facing page* 12
Four photographs printed in tint.

The Militant: Charles A. Winter ..... *Facing page* 14
Drawing printed in tint.

The Vision: Antonio Camaur ..... *Facing page* 18
Printed in tint.

Young Woman with a Fan: Albert Sterner ..... *Facing page* 96
Drawing printed in tint.

PAGE

The Puma: Charles Livingston Bull.....*Facing page* 112
Drawing printed in tint.

Portrait of Henry James.....*Facing page* 150
Printed in tint from a photograph.

Dorothy and her Sister: William M. Chase..... 164
From the painting acquired by the Luxembourg.

London and Paris After Dark: W. M. Van der Weyde.....*Facing page* 232
Photographs, printed in tint.

Madame Mercier: Jean Baptiste Greuze.....*Facing page* 290
Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and her Daughters: Robert Vonnoh.....*Facing page* 321
Printed in colors.

A Group of Four Etchings: Frank Brangwyn.....*Facing page* 344

An Old-Fashioned Nosegay: Anna Whelan Betts.....*Facing page* 493
Printed in colors.

An Unpublished portrait of Benjamin Franklin:
Attributed to Fragonard..... 503

Rembrandt: From the sculpture by Emile-Antoine Bourdelle .....*Facing page* 510
Printed in tint.

Portrait of a Man, by Rembrandt: Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole..... 524

Old Churches in Mexico: From photographs by H. Ravell.....*Facing page* 592
Printed in tint.

Under the Greenwood: George Inness.....*Facing page* 608
Printed in tint.

Her First Dance: E. M. Ashe.....*Facing page* 640
Printed in tint.

"Truly this Man was the Son of God": George Inness, Jr.....*Facing page* 653

Three Sisters: John S. Sargent.....*Facing page* 662
From charcoal drawings.

The Yellow Room: Frederic C. Frieseke.....*Facing page* 813
Printed in color.

POET IN A FOOL'S CAP, A.....*W. T. Larned*..... 623

PRISON REFORM, THE NEXT STEP IN.....*Richard Barry*..... 746

PROPERTY, THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF.....*Andrew Carnegie*..... 441

RELIGION, A, THE MODERN QUEST FOR.....*Winston Churchill*..... 169
Portrait of the author, printed in tint.

"ROMEO AND JULIET".....*William Winter*..... 399
Portraits, printed in tint, of the author and of Mary Anderson as "Juliet."

RUSSIA?, WHAT ABOUT.....*James Davenport Whelpley* 731

SANCTUARY .....*Percy Mackaye*..... 547
Photographs by Arnold Genthe.

SENIOR WRANGLER, THE.
Individualism—and Car Conductors..... 157
A Literary Grandeur that is Passing..... 157
Club Thoughts..... 318
I. The Old-Fashioned Wife.
II. Political Discussion.
Newspaper "Society"..... 488
Deliquescent Socialism..... 651
British Weekliness..... 808
High-brow Anxieties..... 970
A Receipt for Villains..... 970

SERMON, THE.....*Laura E. Richards*..... 810
Pictures by Harry Raleigh.

SERVANTS, THE ISLAND OF, WE FIND.....*Julius Muller*..... 934
Pictures by W. M. Berger.

SHADOWS .....*George Bronson-Howard*.. 603

SHARK, THE.....*Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.*..... 942

SHAVIAN RELIGION.....*P. Gavan Duffy*..... 908

SKOBELEFF, RUSSIA'S CHIEF WAR-HERO.....*Richard Barry*..... 376
Portrait of General Skobeleff.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN STORE.....*G. K. Chesterton*..... 26

PAGE

SLEEPING OUTDOORS ... *Frederick Lewis Allen* ... 153
Pictures by Thelma Cudlipp.

SLUM, THE, THE BATTLE WITH ... *Jacob A. Riis* ... 49

SON & FERGUSON ... *Holworthy Hall* ... 192

STAGE-CRAFT IN AMERICA, THE NEW ... *Kenneth Macgowan* ... 416
Pictures from photographs.

STARRY SOLITUDES, MY ... *Elizabeth McCracken* ... 209
Decoration by W. T. Benda, printed in tint.

SYMPHONY CONCERT PROGRAMS, THOSE ... *Lawton Mackall* ... 316

TALK ABOUT?, WHAT SHALL WE ... *Agnes Repplier* ... 127

TEMPLE OF THE COUNTLESS GODS, THE ... *John Luther Long* ... 493
Picture and decorations by Charles S. Chapman.

THEATER OF YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW, THE ... *Johnston Forbes-Robertson* 504
Portrait of Forbes-Robertson.

THEATER, THE, THE MAN OF LETTERS AND THE NEW ART OF ... *Walter Prichard Eaton* ... 284

TRAP TO CATCH THE SUN, THE. Cf. "Trilogy, Prophetic."

TRILOGY, PROPHETIC, A ... *H. G. Wells*

I. A Trap to Catch the Sun ... 331
Drawing by Boardman Robinson.

II. The Last War in the World ... 566

III. The World Set Free ... 697
Portrait of the author, and picture by George Inness, Jr.

TRIPLE MIRROR, THE ... *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* ... 876

T. TEMBAROM ... *Frances Hodgson Burnett* ... 132, 291
Drawings by Charles S. Chapman.

"ULTRA-VIOLET MADONNA," THE ... *Ralph Bergengren* ... 469

UPLIFT, THE BEAUTY OF ... *The Uplifter* ... 160

VALJEAN, JEAN, THE FINDING OF ... *Everett L. Warner* ... 20
With etchings by the author, one in tint.

VILLAINS, A RECEIPT FOR. Cf. "Senior Wrangler."

VOTE, THE, WHAT HAVE WOMEN DONE WITH ... *George Creel* ... 663

WATTERSON, COLONEL, AN ABJECT APOLOGY TO ... *The Editor* ... 652

WEAKER VESSEL, THE ... *Katharine Fullerton Gerould* ... 270

WHAT A WOMAN WANTS ... *Caroline Duer* ... 531

WHAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD ... *Charles Battell Loomis* ... 724
Picture by Herman Pfeifer.

WOMAN FROM YONDER, THE ... *Stephen French Whitman* ... 1
Picture by N. C. Wyeth.

WORLD SET FREE, THE. Cf. "Trilogy, Prophetic."

VERSE

ARMS, TO ... *Louis Untermeyer* ... 530

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM ... *Theodosia Garrison* ... 806
Designs by Eugene Sanford Upton.

BEETHOVEN ANDANTE, A ... *Grace Hazard Conkling* ... 415

BETTINA, THE PLACE, OR THE WEATHER? ... *E. L. McKinney* ... 971
Drawings by Reginald Birch.

BOOKS MY BEST COMPANIONS ARE," "MY ... *Carolyn Wells* ... 491
Picture by T. M. Bevan.

CARPENTER'S SON, THE ... *Sara Teasdale* ... 161
Decorations by R. Weir Crouch.

CH'EN GATE, THE, AT ... *Cale Young Rice* ... 948

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, MY ... *Edward L. McKinney* ... 490

CRUCIBLE, THE ... *Robert Haven Schauffler* ... 719
Decorations by Charles S. Chapman.

DOLORES, TO ... *Lewis Holmes Tooker* ... 809
Drawing by J. C. Coll.

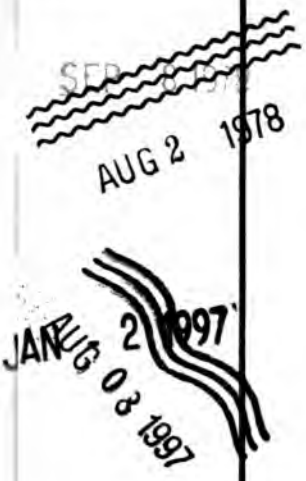
DREAM AND THE SONG, THE ... *James D. Corrothers* ... 398

		PAGE
EASTER, ON THE EVE OF, TO A LADY Decoration by W. M. Berger.	*Julian Street*	896
ELSA, TO Picture by Harriet M. Olcott.	*Grace Hazard Conkling*	36
EX ORIENTE	*R. H. Titherington*	122
FAVORITE, THE	*Anna Glen Stoddard*	779
FIFTH AVENUE IN FOG	*James Norman Hall*	622
"GEROUSIOS OINOS." (Posthumous)	*Robert Browning*	889
GODS AND HEROES OF THE GAEL	*Eleanor Rogers Cox*	440
GROWING OLD DISGRACEFULLY Pictures by Thelma Cudlipp.	*Louis Untermeyer*	650
HÉLAS! Drawing by J. C. Coll.	*Charles Hanson Towne*	587
HILDA, BABY, TO MY	*Grace Hazard Conkling*	752
HOMER, INSECT'S, THE	*John Pearson. Facing page*	109
HOPE	*Oliver Herford*	375
JOAN	*Laura Benét*	640
LOST AND FOUND	*Lawton Mackall*	811
LOVE, OF	*Marvin Ferree*	751
LOVE'S LANTERN	*Joyce Kilmer*	778
MENACE	*George Sterling*	915
OLD-FASHIONED, AFTER ALL? Picture by Thelma Cudlipp.	*Anne O'Hagan*	969
PERUGIA	*Amelia Josephine Burr*	12
POET REBUKES HIS FLATTERERS, THE	*Fannie Stearns Davis*	480
POSEIDON OF SUNIUM, THE With a photograph.	*James S. Martin*	933
RIVER, THE Pictures by Charles Huard.	*John Masefield*	359
SARVACHRADDÊN	*Leonard Bacon*	191
SHOES OF HAPPINESS, THE Pictures in tints and colors, painted by Frank Vincent Du Mond.	*Edwin Markham*	218
SILENCE AND NIGHT	*Ednah Proctor Clarke*	208
SON, LITTLE, TO MY	*Pauline Florence Brower*	824
TEA, AFTERNOON, TO THREE CHIAROSCURO CHARMERS AT Drawing by George Wolfe Plank.	*William R. Benét*	972
"TEARS, IDLE TEARS" Pictures by Reginald Birch.	*Louis Untermeyer*	158
THALIARCHUM, AD	*Marvin Ferree*	965
TWILIGHT MYSTERY	*Madison Cawein*	266
VALENTINE, MODERN, A Pictures by Harry Raleigh.	*E. L. McKinney*	646
WAITING—EUGENICALLY Pictures by Reginald Birch.	*Anne O'Hagan*	487
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY	*Alice Felicita Corey*	510

		PAGE
EASTER, ON THE EVE OF, TO A LADY Decoration by W. M. Berger.	*Julian Street*	896
ELSA, TO Picture by Harriet M. Olcott.	*Grace Hazard Conkling*	36
EX ORIENTE	*R. H. Titherington*	122
FAVORITE, THE	*Anna Glen Stoddard*	779
FIFTH AVENUE IN FOG	*James Norman Hall*	622
"GEROUSIOS OINOS." (Posthumous)	*Robert Browning*	889
GODS AND HEROES OF THE GAEL	*Eleanor Rogers Cox*	440
GROWING OLD DISGRACEFULLY Pictures by Thelma Cudlipp.	*Louis Untermeyer*	650
HÉLAS! Drawing by J. C. Coll.	*Charles Hanson Towne*	587
HILDA, BABY, TO MY	*Grace Hazard Conkling*	752
HOMER, INSECT'S, THE	*John Pearson. Facing page*	109
HOPE	*Oliver Herford*	375
JOAN	*Laura Benét*	640
LOST AND FOUND	*Lawton Mackall*	811
LOVE, OF	*Marvin Ferree*	751
LOVE'S LANTERN	*Joyce Kilmer*	778
MENACE	*George Sterling*	915
OLD-FASHIONED, AFTER ALL? Picture by Thelma Cudlipp.	*Anne O'Hagan*	969
PERUGIA	*Amelia Josephine Burr*	12
POET REBUKES HIS FLATTERERS, THE	*Fannie Stearns Davis*	480
POSEIDON OF SUNIUM, THE With a photograph.	*James S. Martin*	933
RIVER, THE Pictures by Charles Huard.	*John Masefield*	359
SARVACHRADDÊN	*Leonard Bacon*	191
SHOES OF HAPPINESS, THE Pictures in tints and colors, painted by Frank Vincent Du Mond.	*Edwin Markham*	218
SILENCE AND NIGHT	*Ednah Proctor Clarke*	208
SON, LITTLE, TO MY	*Pauline Florence Brower*	824
TEA, AFTERNOON, TO THREE CHIAROSCURO CHARMERS AT Drawing by George Wolfe Plank.	*William R. Benét*	972
"TEARS, IDLE TEARS" Pictures by Reginald Birch.	*Louis Untermeyer*	158
THALIARCHUM, AD	*Marvin Ferree*	965
TWILIGHT MYSTERY	*Madison Cawein*	266
VALENTINE, MODERN, A Pictures by Harry Raleigh.	*E. L. McKinney*	646
WAITING—EUGENICALLY Pictures by Reginald Birch.	*Anne O'Hagan*	487
YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY	*Alice Felicita Corey*	510

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY

DATE DUE

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY

DATE DUE